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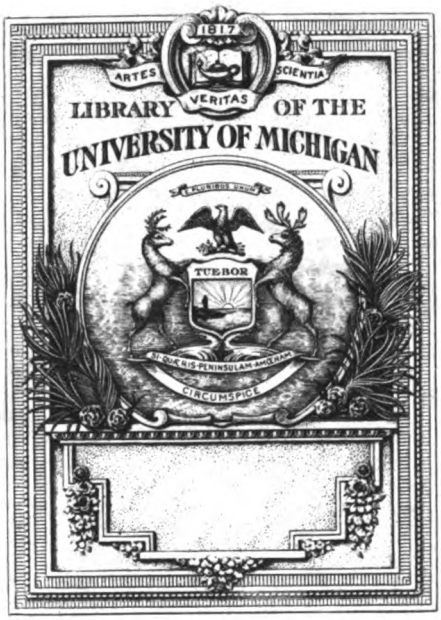

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THE GROWTH OF RUSSIAN POWER.—THE ARMS OF RUSSIA.

THE GROWTH OF RUSSIAN POWER.

THE early history of that great empire, whose boundaries have been gradually extended until it now occupies almost the entire northern portion of the Eastern Hemisphere, embracing, in its immense area, more than half of Europe and one-third of Asia, is involved in great obscurity. Its earliest annals only furnish occasional glimpses of numerous barbarian hordes roaming over its surface. These nomadic tribes, classed under the common appellation of Sarmatians and Scythians, began at a very early period to menace the Roman frontiers. They inhabited the countries described by Herodotus between the Don and the Dnieper, and even before the time of Cyrus the Great of Persia had invaded Southern Asia. Strabo and Tacitus mention the Roxolani, afterward called Ros, as one of the most powerful and warlike of the Sarmatian tribes. The Greeks established several colonies in this region, and entered into commercial relations with the various tribes.

In the second century the Goths overran the country, and established themselves from the Don to the Danube. Successive migrations of Alans, Huns, Avarians, and Bulgarians followed, and in the fifth century the Slavi, or Slavs, as they are now termed, came from the northern Danube, and spreading themselves along the Dnieper, drove the scattered Finnish tribes dwelling in this territory higher north toward Finland and the region of the Arctic Sea.

The Slavs soon acquired, from commercial intercourse with their southern neighbors, habits of civilized life, and embraced the Christian religion. They founded the cities

THE CZARS VLADIMIR AND YAROSLAV.

of Novgorod and Kiev, which early attained considerable importance. Their wealth, however, soon excited the avidity of the fierce nomadic tribes by whom they were surrounded, and with whom they were compelled to maintain a perpetual warfare.

More formidable enemies were the Varagians, a race of bold pirates inhabiting the shores of the Baltic, who were called by the Slavs *Rus*, and having subdued the Finnish tribes, undertook the conquest of the Slavic peoples.

It is probable that these Varagians formed a part of those Scandinavian nations who, under the name of Danes and Saxons, successively made themselves masters of England; and to these bold invaders the name of *Russi*, *Russes*, or *Russians*, is believed to owe its origin.

From the confused and improbable legends and vague historical records which comprise all that we know of this period, we can derive little reliable information. This much, however, appears certain: that in these dark ages the country was divided among a great number of petty princes, who made war upon each other with great ferocity and cruelty, so that the people were reduced to the utmost misery; and the Slavs, seeing that the warlike races threatened their rising state with destruction, were compelled by the necessity of self-preservation to make terms with them.

THE CZAR IVAN III.

Their negotiations resulted, in 862 A. D., in the arrival of a celebrated Varagian chief, named Rurik, with a body of his countrymen, in the vicinity of the Lake Ladoga, who laid the foundation of the present Empire of Russia, by uniting his people under one government with those who already occupied the soil. Rurik seems to have been a bold and sagacious ruler, and is credited with zeal for the strict administration of justice, and enforcing its exercise on all the *boyars* or nobles who possessed territories under him.

With this prince began that sovereignty, which, gradually extending its area, mainly by conquest, rarely by inheritance, has grown in ten centuries to four times the dimensions of the Roman Empire in the zenith of its power. For nearly eight hundred years Russia remained under the autocratic sway of his descendants, steadily growing in territory, population and power, although its advance was much impeded by the repeated partition of the empire among several heirs, and the dreadful internecine wars which accompanied such divided rule.

Rurik died in 879, leaving his kingdom, not to his son, Igor, who was but four years old, but to Oleg, his cousin, a successful soldier and wise ruler. Oleg conquered the Principality of Kiev and united it with his own; vanquished the Khazars, a people of Turanian origin, who in the seventh and eighth centuries had established a powerful kingdom between the Dnieper and the Caspian; drove the Magyars out of the borders of Russia toward the country now occupied by them; and made an expedition by land and sea against the Emperor of Constantinople, with whom he concluded, in 911, an advantageous peace. He made Kiev and Novgorod the sister-capitals of Russia, a distinction they retained for nearly three hundred years. Igor, the son of Rurik, who succeeded Oleg, extended his territories along the shores of the Black Sea, from the Danube to the mouth of the Dnieper, and his son

Sviatoslav carried the borders of the empire to the Sea of Azov.

From the practice of dividing the territory of the empire between the sons of the reigning monarch, the death of the latter was usually the signal for a fratricidal war of greater or less duration, and always of indescribable atrocity. For the same reason, the number of sovereigns who have occupied the Russian throne is very large. Thus, the ninety years between 1238 and 1328, covered fourteen reigns; and the last fifty years of this epoch is said to have been the most disastrous period in Russian history. The aspect of the country was that of a gloomy forest rather than an empire.

While space will not permit a chronological record of the rulers of Russia, we may refer briefly to those among its sovereigns who chiefly contributed to the extension of its territory and the establishment and consolidation of its power.

Vladimir, who came to the throne in 980, having put to death his brother, Yaropoek, received the surname of the Great, on account of the benefits he conferred on the empire. He engaged in numerous wars, and subjected several of the neighboring states to his dominion. He seized on part of the Polish territory, compelled the Bulgarians to do him homage, subdued the Patchenegans and Khazares, and reduced to his authority the countries now known as Galicia and Lodomeria. Marrying the Princess Anne, sister to the Greek Emperor Basilius Porphyrogenitus, he embraced Christianity, and the vast empire under his rule was thenceforward considered as belonging to the Patriarchate of Constantinople.

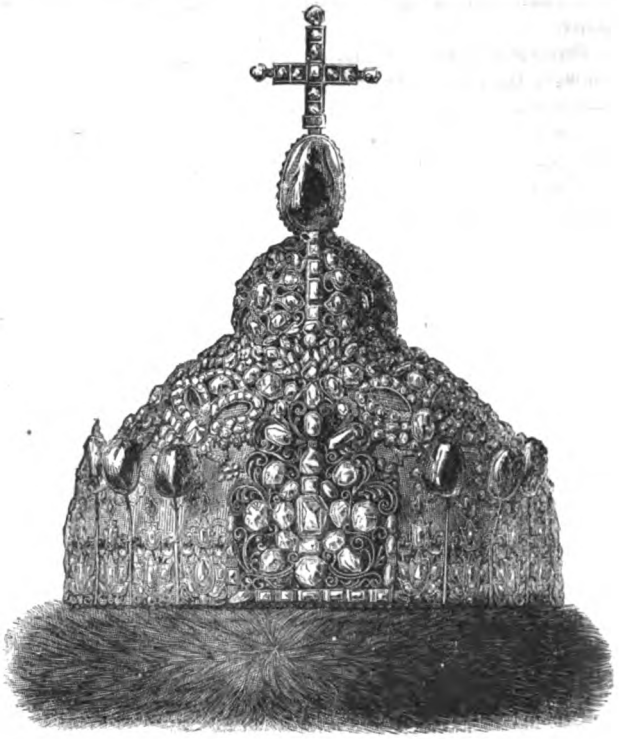
THE CZAR IVAN IV.

We are told that Vladimir called the arts from Greece, cultivated them in the peaceable period of his reign, and generously rewarded their professors. His merits as a ruler, indeed, appear to have been very considerable; he founded many towns, established churches and schools, and left the empire in a state vastly improved from that in which he found it at his accession to the throne.

His son, Yaroslav, who reigned thirty-five years, and died in 1054, was also a prince of considerable attainments, and made his name known and respected throughout Europe. Three of his daughters were married to the Kings of France, Norway, and Hungary, and his eldest son, Vladimir, who died before him, had for wife a daughter of the unfortunate Harold, the last of the Saxon kings of England. This shows that the intercourse and traffic between these nations at that period must have been far more extensive than is commonly supposed.

Yaroslav, at his death, divided his empire, according to the usual custom, among his sons. Vladimir Monomachus, his grandson, who died in the early part of the next century, did the same; and as the Russian monarchs were blessed, generally speaking, with a numerous offspring (the last-mentioned sovereign had eight children), the country was continually a prey to internal dissensions and strife; and these family feuds were seldom settled without an appeal to the sword; a method of adjudication which, being congenial to the disposition of the people and the temper of the times, was frequently prolonged for years.

The reigns which followed this period of Russian history



CROWNS OF THE RUSSIAN CZARS.

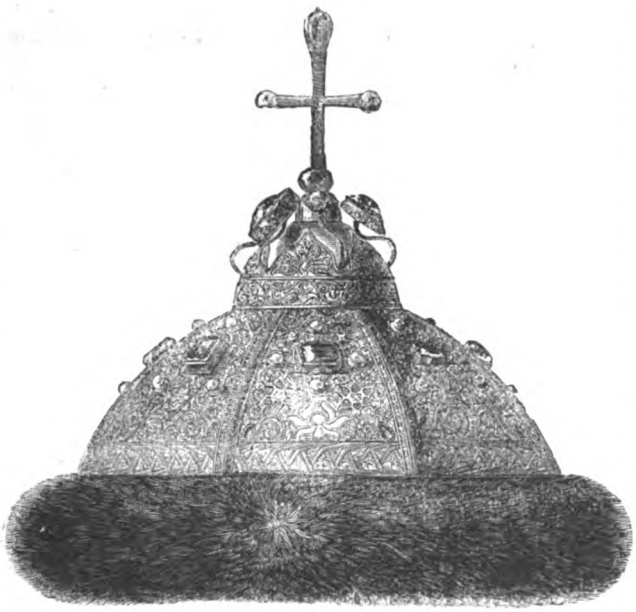
are distinguished by little else than continual wars with the Poles, Lithuanians, Polovetzes, and Tchoudes, with this exception, that the town of Vladimir, built by Yury I., in 1157, became in that year the capital, instead of Kiev.

A more formidable enemy than the inhabitants of the countries already mentioned now drew near the Muscovite territory, in the person of Tuschki, the son of the great Tartar conqueror, Genghis Khan, who, emigrating westward, led his Tartars, about the year 1223, from the shores of the sea of Aral and the Caspian to those of the Dnieper. The Circassians and Polovetzes, after endeavoring in vain to arrest the progress of the horde, were at length constrained to apply to their hitherto inveterate foes for assistance; and, the cause being now equally dear to all parties, the Russians made a desperate stand on the banks of the Kalka. The impetuous attack, however, of the invaders was not to be withstood; the Russians were completely routed, and scarcely a tenth part of an army composed of 100,000 men escaped. The Tartars pursued their way unmolested to the capital, which they took, and put to death 50,000 of the inhabitants of the Principality of Kiev.

Thirteen years later, Batu Khan, grandson of Genghis, invaded Russia, and desolated whole provinces, committing every species of cruelty, even in the towns which submitted to his arms.

Yury II., who then occupied the throne, placed himself at the head of some troops hastily called together, and marched to meet the foe. The contest was sanguinary and short; after performing prodigies of valor, the Russians were overpowered by numbers, and their prince left among the slain. The ruthless Tartars pushed forward to within sixty miles of Novgorod, laying waste everything in their track; but, for some unaccountable reason, failed to attack the city, and soon retired from the Russian territory.

The wretched condition into which the southern and central parts of Russia were thrown by these invaders afforded a most advantageous opportunity for other enemies to attack it, and, accordingly, in 1242, during the reign of Yaroslav II., the Swedes, Danes, and Livonians sent a numerous and well-disciplined army to demand the surrender of Novgorod. This Alexander, the son of the reigning sovereign, refused; and, leaving his capital, he advanced, unaided by any allies, to meet his opponents, and fought the celebrated battle of the Neva, which gained him the surname of *Nevski*, and a place in the Russian calendar. The personal courage of Alexander in this battle was of the highest order, and mainly contributed to secure the victory. His memory is still cherished by the Russians, and the Order instituted in honor of him is much valued.



CROWN OF THE RUSSIAN CZARS.

A cruel and constantly fluctuating war with the Tartars—various incursions by the Livonians, Lithuanians, Swedes, and

Poles—and the most frightful civil discord among the almost regal provinces of Russia, consumed nearly a century, comprising fourteen successive reigns, from Yury II., who died in 1238, to Ivan I., who succeeded his father in 1328. The latter sovereign, whose father had greatly beautified and improved Moscow (founded in 1147), made it his royal residence, and the city increased rapidly in importance. In the reign of Ivan II. it became the capital of the empire.

Toward the close of the fourteenth century the Tartars captured the cities of Moscow and Vladimir, destroying both utterly with fire, while no less than 24,000 of the inhabitants of the former were put to the sword.

Basil II., who succeeded Demetrius in 1389, was also destined to see his country invaded by the Tartars, led by the famous Tamerlane, but they suddenly retreated just as he was about to give them battle.

A new period in the progress of Russia began with its entire deliverance from the rule and influence of the Mon-

PETER THE GREAT AND CATHARINE II.

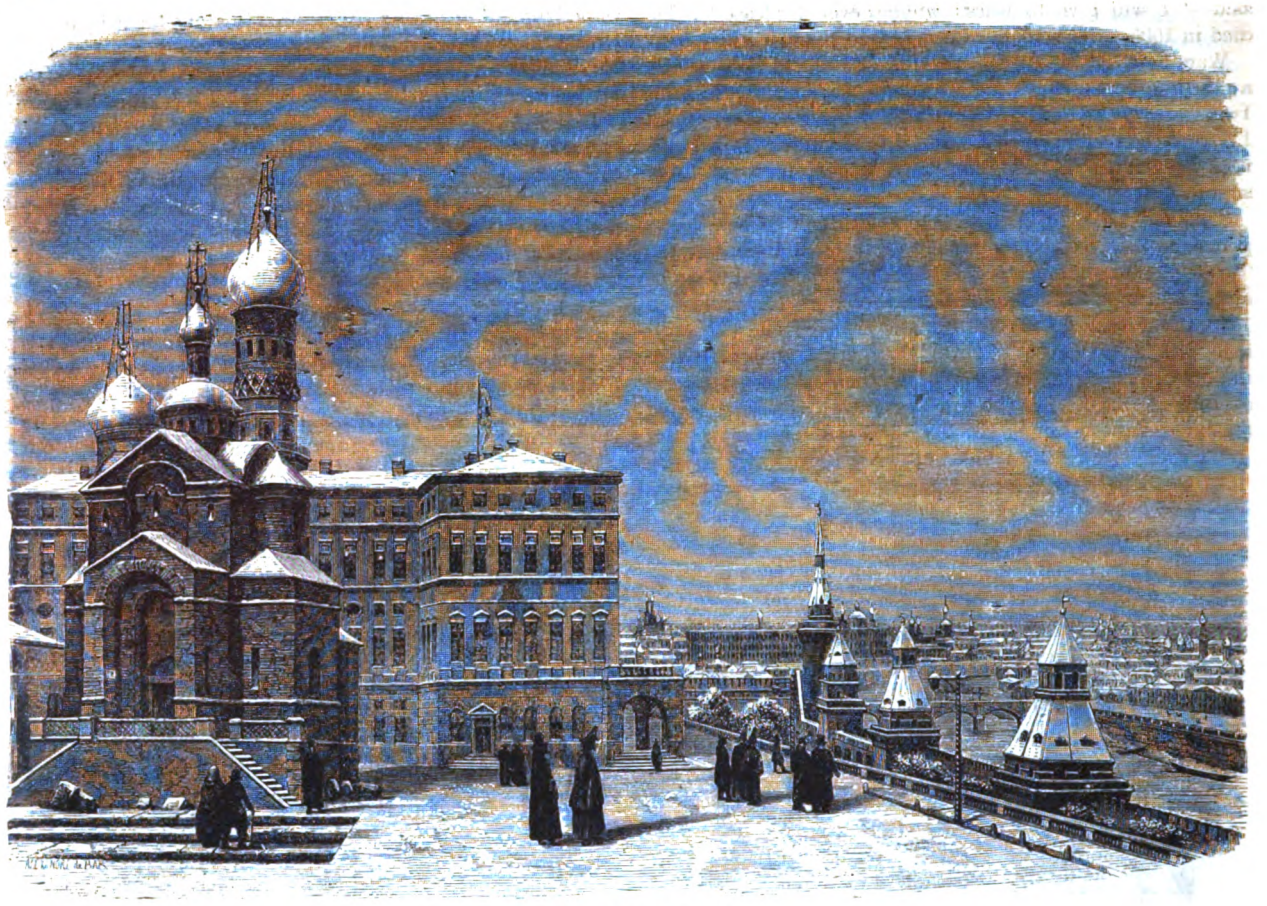
again invaded Russia, and Demetrius IV., raising an army of 400,000 men, met them near the Don, and defeated them with great slaughter. This terrible contest lasted three days, and was known in after ages as "The Battle of the Giants." The victors, however, suffered greatly, and when Demetrius reviewed his army after the battle, he found it reduced to 40,000 men! This success obtained for him the surname of *Donskoi*.

Subsequently, however, the Tartars again advanced, and gols through Ivan III., surnamed the Great, and also called "The Terrible," although that title belongs rather to his grandson, Ivan IV. Ivan III. came to the throne in 1462, and may be called the true founder of the modern Russian empire. His first exploit was the reduction of the province of Kazan, in which he succeeded after two severe campaigns. The next was the subjection of Novgorod, in which he also succeeded, incorporating that city and province in his own dominions, and having received the oaths of allegiance of

the inhabitants, he carried off with him to Moscow their celebrated town-clock, which he suspended in a tower before the Kremlin, to be used only to call the people to their devotions.

PETER THE GREAT IN AN ENGLISH DOCKYARD.

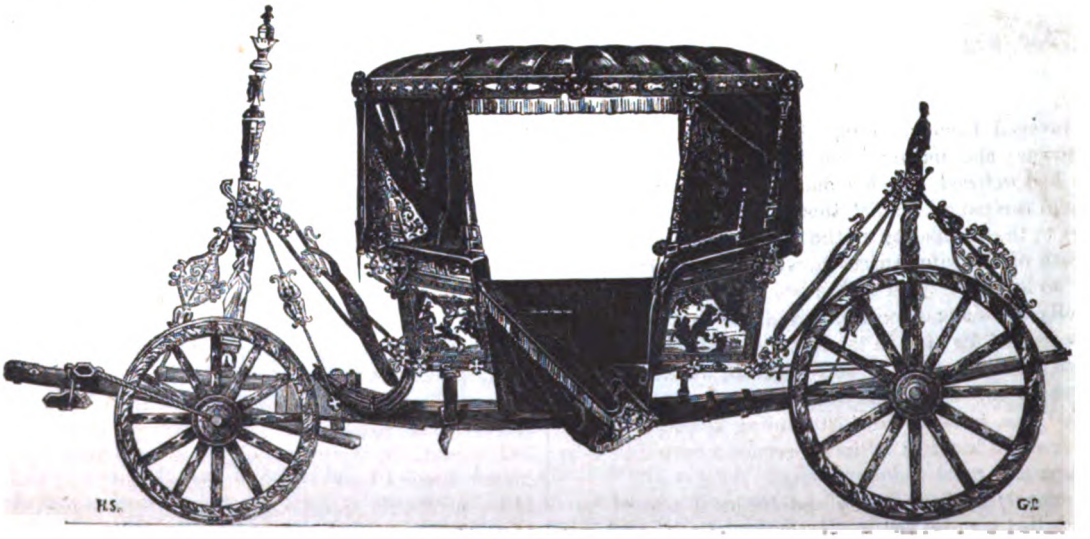
His next and most arduous undertaking was the destruction of the "Golden Horde," under Achmet, which he effected in revenge for the insult offered him by that Khan in demanding the homage he had received from his predecessors. Ivan spat on the edict and Achmet's seal, and put his ambassadors to death, sparing only one to convey the intelligence to his master, who prepared the following year to take his revenge; but, awed by the preparations made to receive him on the banks of the Oka, he retired for a time, and subsequently took the more circuitous route through Lithuania, from which country he expected support. The Russians, however, met and defeated a part of his horde, and



THE PALACE OF PAUL I.

were returning home, when the Khan was met on a different route by the Nogai Tartars, who routed his army and slew him in the battle. Ivan soon after defeated Casimir IV., King of Poland, Achmet's ally, and successfully invaded the Polish territory.

This powerful and ambitious prince also made treaties with, and received ambassadors from, the Pope, the Sultan, the Kings of Denmark and Poland, and the Republic of Venice. He assumed the title of "Grand Prince of Novgorod, Vladimir, Moscow, and all Russia," and changed the arms of St. George on horseback for the black eagle with two heads, after his marriage with Sophia, a princess of the imperial blood of Constantinople. Without being a tyrant like his grandson, he had received from nature a certain harshness of character, which he knew how to moderate by the strength of his reason. It is said, however, that a single glance of Ivan, when he was excited, would make a timid woman swoon; that petitioners dreaded to approach his throne; and that, even at his table, the *boyars*, his grandees, trembled before him. When the same *boyars* demanded that he should give the crown to his grandson, Ivan, whom he had dispossessed in favor of a son by his second wife, he



STATE-CARRIAGE OF THE CZAR.

said—"I will give to Russia whomsoever I please!" He died in 1505, after a reign of forty-three years.

Wars between the Russians and the Poles and Tartars, and a rebellion of the Novgorodians, again arose on the death of Ivan; and it was not until the death of his successor, Vassili IV., and the termination of a minority of twelve years in the reign of Ivan IV., that internal troubles were, for a time, suppressed.

This monarch, the first to take the title of "Czar," soon perceived that, to preserve his power, he must annihilate the Tartar dominion, and to this task he felt that his uninstructed army was unequal. He therefore established, in 1545, the militia of the *Strelitzes*, and armed them with muskets instead of bows, hitherto their arms, as their name imports, from *strelai*, an arrow. He then laid siege to and captured Kazan, taking the Khan prisoner. He also defeated Gustavus Vasa, King of Sweden, in a pitched battle near Viborg; ravaged Livonia, taking Dorpat, Narva, and thirty fortified towns; and made war on the King of Poland because he had refused him his daughter in marriage. An unsuccessful campaign against this potentate, attributed by the *boyars* to the incapacity of the foreign generals, as well as the death of his wife, Anastasia, whose controlling influence was no longer felt, led to the unlimited indulgence of his naturally ferocious disposition; and the remaining acts of his life gained for him, in the history of his country, the surname of "The Terrible." In Novgorod, which he hated on account of the free spirit of the citizens, he put more than 60,000 men to death in 1570, adding to the slaughter the most dreadful tortures. Similar scenes occurred in Tver and Moscow.

Independently of these many and frightful acts of barbarity, he killed his own son in a paroxysm of rage, and died a prey to the grief and remorse which this fearful crime occasioned him, after having endeavored to atone for it by giving large sums of money to different monasteries. Yet he contributed more to the greatness of Russia than any of his predecessors.

Besides the conquests we have already recounted, he opened, in 1553, a commercial road to Archangel; in 1554 subdued Astrakhan, made successful campaigns in Livonia and Esthonia, and in 1570 united the country of the Don with his empire. In 1581-2 a Cossack freebooter, named Yermak Timofeyeff, conquered for him the vast region of Siberia.

As a legislator, Ivan IV. was superior to all his predecessors, having, with the assistance of his nobles, compiled a code of laws called "*Soudebnik*." In his reign an English ship, commanded by Richard Chancellor, on a voyage of discovery in the Arctic Sea, anchored in the mouth of the Dwina; and, when information of this circumstance was forwarded to Ivan, he invited Chancellor to Moscow, where, on his arrival, he was received with marked attention, and presented with a letter to carry back to his sovereign, Queen Elizabeth, expressing the Czar's desire to enter into commercial relations with England, and to have English artificers and workmen sent to him.

NAPOLEON'S RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.

It is curious that even at this early period the fair which he established at Narva was so glutted with English, Dutch, and French goods, that some of them were sold for less than the original cost in the home markets.

In the memory of the people the brilliant renown of Ivan survived the recollection of his bad qualities. The groans had ceased, the victims were reduced to dust; new events caused ancient traditions to be forgotten; and the memory of the prince reminded people only of the conquest of three Mongol kingdoms. The proofs of his atrocious actions were buried in the public archives; while Kazan, Astrakhan,

and Siberia remained in the eyes of the nation as imperishable monuments of his glory. Ivan IV. died in 1584, having reigned for fifty-one years; a longer period than any other Russian sovereign.

Feodor I., who succeeded Ivan, and was a feeble and vacillating prince, died in 1598, and with him ended the dynasty of Rurik, which, during eight centuries, had wielded the Russian sceptre.

A hideous period of internal strife followed, with many rival claimants for the throne. To the horrors of internal warfare was added the shock of invasion by the Poles, who burnt Moscow in 1611, and slaughtered tens of thousands of the inhabitants.

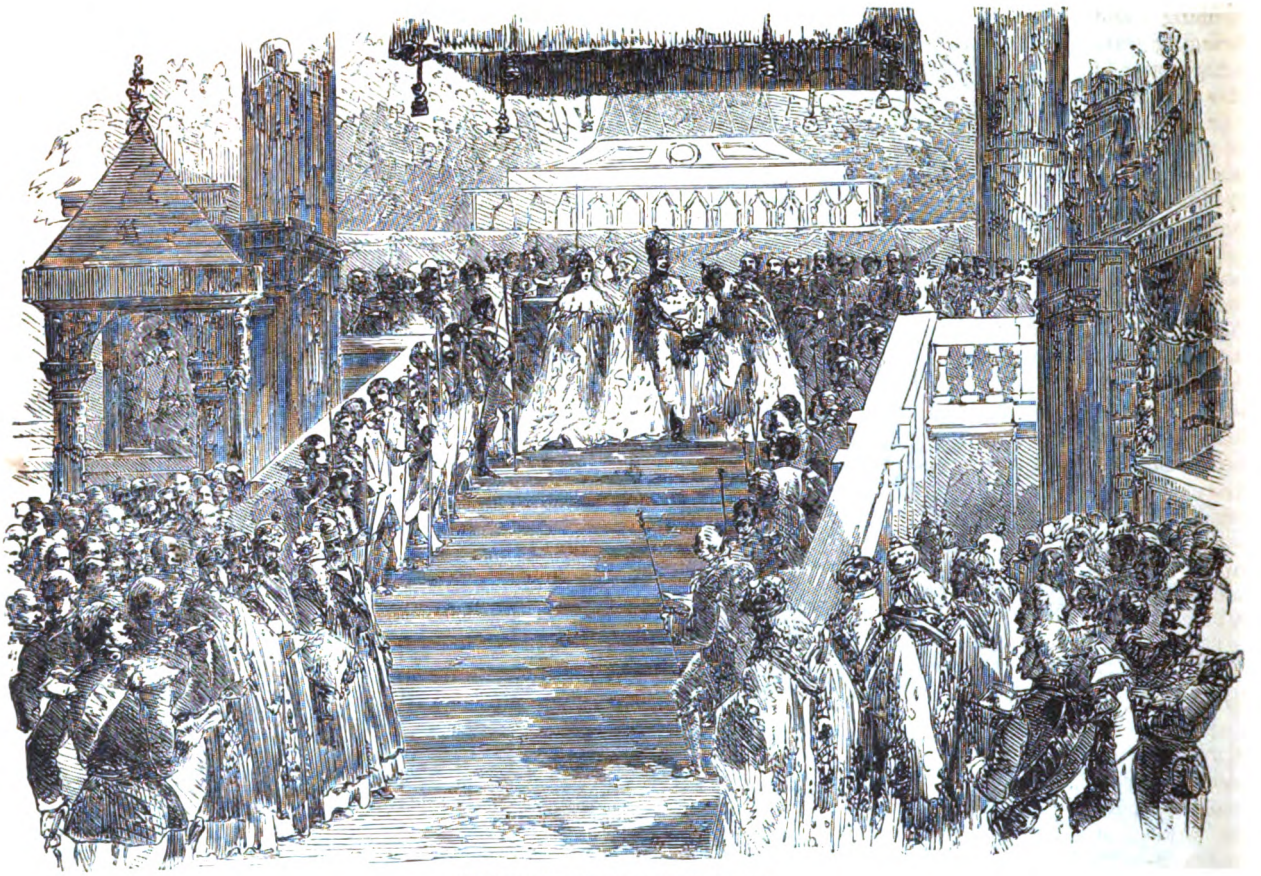
The turmoil was finally ended in 1613, by the elevation to the throne of Michael Feodorovitch Romanoff, the first czar of the present imperial family. He was a son of Feodor, Archbishop of Rostov, whose grandfather had been connected by marriage with the house of Rurik.

Michael concluded in 1617 a peace with Gustavus Adolphus, of Sweden, and with the Poles, and devoted his whole energy to promoting the internal prosperity of his empire. Commerce, which had been entirely prostrate, was revived by treaties with England, France, Persia, and China; and the borders of his Asiatic possessions were extended to the Pacific in 1639. Under his son, Alexis, the Cossacks, who had risen under Chmielnicki against Poland, in 1654, acknowledged the sovereignty of the czar. A war with Poland ended with the restoration or annexation to Russia of Tchernigov, Smolensk, Kiev, and the Ukraine.

In 1689 a new era opened for Russia on the accession of Peter, known in history as the Great. In a brief time he transformed the entire nation; Russia became the most powerful empire of Northern Europe, and henceforth regarded herself, and was generally regarded, as a leading member of the European family of States.

The ruling passion of Peter the Great was a desire to extend his empire and consolidate his power; and, consequently, his first act was to make war on the Turks, an undertaking which was at the outset imprudently conducted, and consequently unsuccessful. He lost 30,000 men before Azov, and did not obtain permanent possession of the town until the year 1699, and then by an armistice. In the following year he was defeated in his intrenched camp at Narva, containing 80,000 men, by 8,000 Swedes, under Charles XII., then only a boy of seventeen; and on many other occasions the Russians suffered severe checks and reverses.

But at length the indomitable perseverance of Peter prevailed. In 1705 he carried Narva, the scene of his former defeat, by assault; and two years after, by the crowning victory of Poltava, where he showed the qualities of an able general, he sealed the fate of his gallant and eccentric adversary, and the brave nation over which he ruled.



THE CORONATION OF A RUSSIAN CZAR.

In 1711, Peter once more took the field against the Turks; but his troops were badly provisioned, and, having led them into a very disadvantageous position, where they were surrounded by the Grand Vizier's army, he was only enabled, by a present of his consort's jewels to the Turkish commander, to negotiate a humiliating peace.

From this period to 1718, Peter was constantly occupied in pursuing with vigor the plans which he had originated for extending the frontiers of his kingdom toward the west. In the latter year he drove the Swedes out of Finland, made several descents upon the coast near Stockholm, destroyed whole towns, obliged her navy to fly, and finally, in 1721, by the peace of Nystadt, retained Esthonia, Livonia, Ingria, a

part of Carelia, and Finland, as well as the islands of Dago, Moen, Œsel, etc.

Having now no enemy on the side of the Baltic, Peter turned his arms eastward, and took Derbend, on the Caspian, from the Shah of Persia, in 1724. This was his last military achievement, for he died in 1725, in the fifty-second year of his age.

We have said that the Czar's ruling passion was to extend his empire and consolidate his power, but he likewise possessed to an eminent degree the national characteristics—a persevering mind and a resolute will, which bid defiance to all difficulties. By the assistance of his foreign officers, he succeeded in forming and bringing into a high state of discipline a large army; he found Russia without a fishing-smack, and bequeathed to her a navy to which that of Sweden, long established and highly efficient, lowered her flag; he built St. Petersburgh, which may be said to float upon the waters of the Neva, and which soon became one of the richest capitals in Europe; he caused canals and other public works of utility to be constructed in various parts of his empire; endowed colleges and universities, and established commercial relations with China and almost every other nation on the globe.

NICHOLAS I.

His manual dexterity and mechanical knowledge were great. Against the expressed wish of his *boyars* and the clergy, who thought it an irreligious act, he left Russia to make himself acquainted with the arts and inventions of other European nations, and worked in the dockyards of Holland, and also at Deptford, England, until he had acquired the trade of ship-carpenter. He not only built, but sailed, his own boat, which is still preserved at St. Petersburgh, with specimens of his engraving, turning, and carpenter's work. He rose at four o'clock o'clock in Summer; at six he was either in the senate or the admiralty; and his subjects must have believed that he had the gift of ubiquity, so many and so various were his occupations. He even found time to dabble in literature, and translated several works, mostly of a technical nature, into Russian. He had also the virtue of economy, a quality rarely seen in a sovereign.

During the czar's visit to London, in company with Lord Carmarthen, he one day sauntered into Westminster Hall, when it was, as usual, alive with wigs and gowns. Peter asked who all these people might be; and, when informed that they were lawyers, nothing could exceed his astonishment. "Lawyers!" said he, "why, I have but two lawyers in all my dominions, and I believe I shall hang one of them the moment I get home!"

Peter was succeeded by his consort, Catharine, who administered the government with prudence and moderation. During her short reign of two years, the boundaries of the empire were extended in the Trans-Caucasus.

Under the Empress Anne, who succeeded to the throne in 1730, Russia took a decisive part in the politics of Europe. Anne assisted the Emperor Charles VI. of Germany; frustrated the scheme of the French ministry for placing Stanislaus on the throne of Poland, and actually procured the crown for his competitor, Augustus, the Elector of Saxony. During her reign the Kirghiz tribes submitted to the authority of Russia, but the Persian provinces were lost. The northeast coast of Siberia and the Aleutian Islands were discovered, and the incorporation of Siberia was completed. Anne died in 1740, and was succeeded by her great-nephew, Ivan VI., then only two years of age. This disposition of the crown was unpopular; a party was soon raised in behalf of the Princess Elizabeth, daughter to Peter the

Great by the Empress Catharine; the infant czar was deposed, and Elizabeth raised to the throne in 1741. Her reign of twenty-one years was notable for the extension of Russian territory on the northwest by the successful war against Sweden, and the loss of several of the Persian provinces, conquered by Peter the Great, and now reconquered by Nadir Kouli Khan. Elizabeth also espoused the cause of Maria Theresa, Queen of Hungary, against the aggressions of Frederick the Great of Prussia, and was on the point of crushing the Prussian monarch, and possessing herself of his most valuable territories, when death suddenly closed her career, in 1762, at the age of fifty-three.

Peter III., who succeeded Elizabeth, was deposed and murdered, after a reign of only six months, and his czarina, the German princess Catharine, of Anhalt-Zerbst, was solemnly crowned Empress of all the Russias, under the name of Catharine II.

The reign of this extraordinary woman was one of the most remarkable in Russian history. In the early part of it she interfered in the affairs of Poland, which produced a civil war, and terminated eventually in the conquest and partition of that unfortunate country. In 1769 the Turks declared war against Russia, which was at first favorable to their arms, but they were afterward defeated with great slaughter on the Dniester, and compelled to abandon Choczim. At this period was fought the celebrated action before Tchesme, in which the Turkish fleet was completely destroyed—an achievement mainly owing to the gallant conduct of Admirals Elphinstone and Greig, Englishmen in the Russian service.

THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER II. ON HIS ACCESSION.

In a succeeding campaign the Russians carried the lines of Perekop, in the Crimea, and thus wrested that important and fertile peninsula from the Porte, while Romanzoff gained several victories in the Danubian provinces. The contest with the Turks was renewed in 1773; and by the treaty of peace concluded in the following year, Russia obtained the

free navigation of the Black Sea, the cession of Enikaleh, together with a tract between the Boug and the Dnieper, and also the town of Taganrog, on the sea of Azov.

In 1791 the intrigues of Russia, Austria and Prussia for the partition of Poland, commenced, and, carried on for several years, were brought to a conclusion by two sieges of Warsaw. In the first, Kosciusko was made prisoner; and in the second the Poles, unassisted by his genius, gave way in that fearful assault which, on the 9th of November, 1794, consummated the ruin of Poland as a nation. In 1795, by the third partition of that unhappy kingdom, Catharine extended her power west as far as the Vistula. Her further plans of conquest and aggrandizement were cut short by her death in 1796, after a reign of thirty-five years.

Her son and successor, Paul I., a weak and vacillating prince, was assassinated through a conspiracy of Russian nobles, sufferers from his despotism and caprice, in 1801.

Paul's son, Alexander I., was disposed to pursue a peaceful policy, but was soon drawn into the anti-French alliance, and led a powerful army into Moravia, where he united with the Austrians, and was, with them, totally defeated at Austerlitz by Napoleon The Czar's alliance with Prussia was equally unfortunate. After the undecisive battle of Eylau, the Russians were utterly routed at Friedland, and Alexander was compelled to conclude the peace of Tilsit.

MARIA ALEXANDROWNA, EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

In a war with the Turks he was more successful, and occupied the provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia; while Gustavus IV., of Sweden, who commenced hostilities against

Alexander, lost his crown, and obliged his country to cede Finland, the Aland Islands, and a portion of Bothnia, to Russia. Other large accessions of territory to the Russian empire received during Alexander's reign, were the district of Tarnopol, in Galicia, taken from Austria by the treaty of Schönbrunn, in 1809; Bessarabia and part of Moldavia, ceded by Turkey, in 1812; and Daghestan and Shirvan, former conquests of Peter the Great, surrendered by Persia at the peace of Galistan, in 1813.

The violation of the Treaty of Tilsit by Alexander led to the invasion of Russia by Napoleon, and the capture of Moscow. The destruction of that ancient capital by its inhabitants, and the consequent retreat and destruction of the French army, enabled Russia to again assume the offensive, and during the subsequent campaigns, which resulted in the overthrow of the empire of Napoleon, Alexander took a very active part. In the settlement of the affairs of Europe, under the auspices of the "Holy Alliance," the Kingdom of Poland was restored to the Russian sceptre.

Nicholas I., who succeeded Alexander in 1825, pursued the same plans of conquest and annexation which have distinguished the policy of Russia from the ninth century. A war began by Persia, in 1825, resulted, in 1828, in favor of Russia; and the latter gained the entire provinces of Erivan and Nakhitcheran, with an indemnity of eighty millions of roubles and the entire control of the Caspian Sea. A brief war with Turkey, begun in 1828, was terminated the following year, when Turkey was obliged to cede several fortresses on the frontier and the mouths of the Danube, and to pay a heavy indemnity.

MICHAEL ROMANOFF, THE FOUNDER OF THE IMPERIAL FAMILY OF RUSSIA.

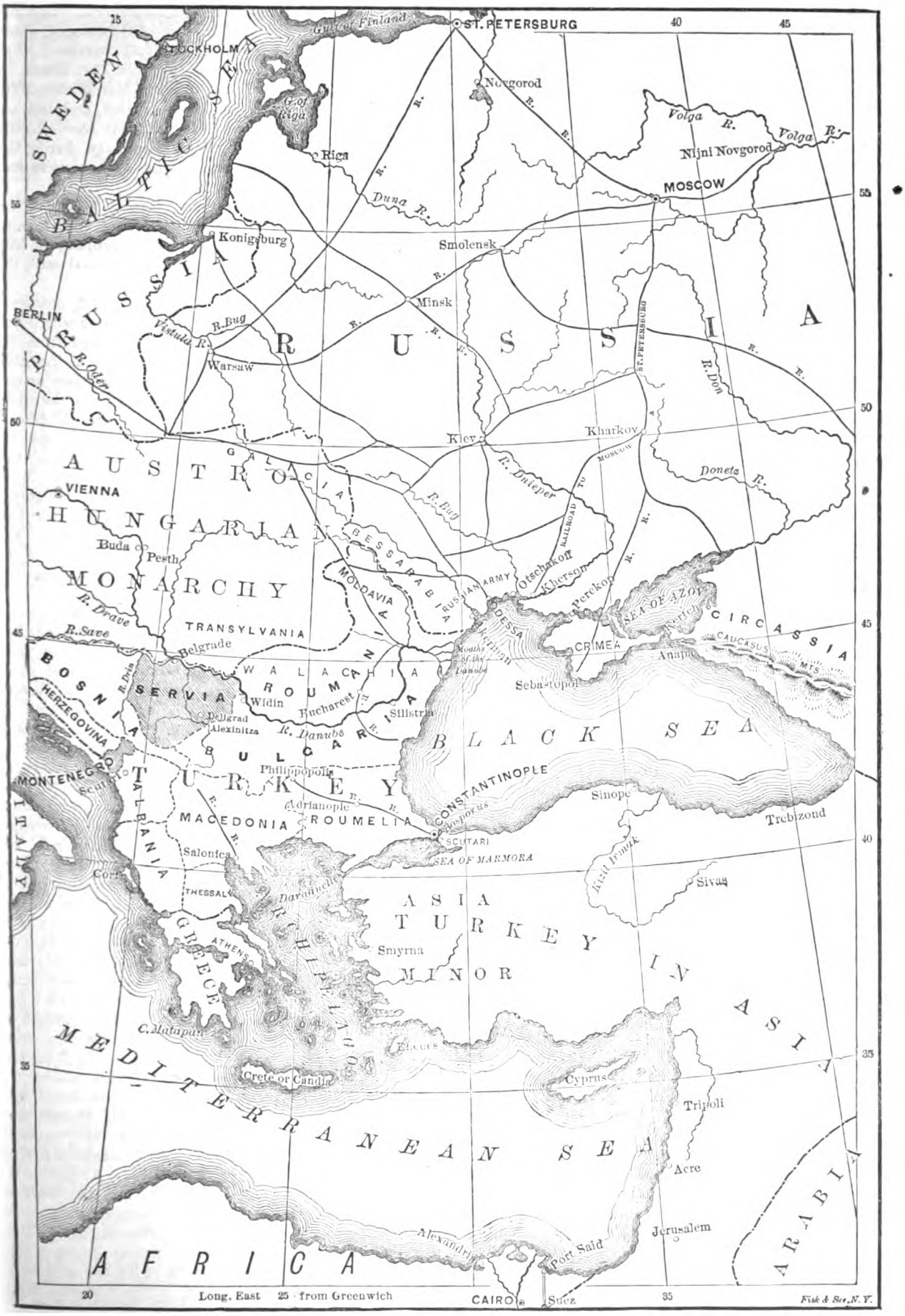
In 1830, the Poles revolted, but after the most heroic efforts to recover their independence as a nation, they at length succumbed to the overwhelming power of the czar, who, in 1832, issued a ukase, declaring the Kingdom of Poland a Russian province, without a diet and without its own army, and made no secret of his intention to transform the Poles into Russians. The same plan was followed with the numerous other tribes and nationalities of the empire, and no means left untried to extend the dominion of the Russian language and the Russian church. A war with the independent tribes of the Caucasus was kept up, with varying success, through the entire reign of Nicholas. After 1834, the Circassians were led by the celebrated chieftain Schamyl, who was finally captured in 1859, when the protracted struggle terminated. When the Hungarians, in 1849, rebelled against Austria, and fought for independence under the leadership of the gallant Kossuth, Russia sent an army to the assistance of Austria, and was mainly instrumental in suppressing the insurrection.

The Crimean War began in 1854, and was caused by Russia's demanding from the Turkish Government certain guarantees of the rights of the Greek Christians of Turkey, which the Porte believed to involve an actual abdication of its sovereignty, and therefore refused to concede. This war terminated in the siege and capture of Sebastopol, which event took place under Nicholas's son and successor, Alexander II., the present czar, who ascended the throne on March 2d, 1855. By the Treaty of Paris, March 20th, 1856, Russia was deprived of a part of Bessarabia, and lost her naval preponderance in the Black Sea; but recovered the latter in 1870, by withdrawing from the treaty, during the Franco-Prussian War, when none of the other powers were able to compel her to respect it.

A new rebellion in Poland took place in 1863, but was speedily repressed, and the administration of that country was thereupon assimilated to that of Russia proper; the long exercised Russianizing process being developed with the utmost rigor.

The extension of Russian territory has steadily continued under the reign of Alexander II. By treaties with Japan and China, in 1858 and 1860, Russia received from the former power the Island of Saghalien, and from the latter a very large and valuable tract of land on the River Amoor. Russia's only departure from her traditional policy of territorial aggrandizement was witnessed in 1867, when she sold to the United States the vast territory of Alaska, which had been an appanage of the Russian crown since the reign of Paul.

The conquests of Russia in Central Asia have within a few years attracted general attention; yet the Russian advance into these regions began centuries ago, when the czars of Moscow, who succeeded Ivan IV., being freed from the Tartar invasion, began to retaliate upon the Mongols, and also endeavored to find markets for their manufactures, which were so inferior in quality as to be unsalable in Europe. Between the Ural River, which is the natural eastern boundary of European Russia, and the Irtish, formerly on the southwest frontier of Siberia, extended boundless, arid plains, called steppes, inhabited only by a few thousand wandering Kirghis. These tribes maintained an almost constant warfare upon the Russian frontier settlements, and compelled the Russians to pursue them far into the interior of their vast territory. In this manner the Russian domain was constantly advancing eastward, but, although some of the tribes submitted to the Russian rule, for two centuries no one could say who was really master of the vast tracts of land between the rich Khanates of Central Asia and the banks of the Ural and Irtish. A considerable trade existed between these Khanates and the towns of Astrakhan and Orenburg, but it was carried on rather by Bokhara merchants, who crossed the steppes, than by Russian traders; for the latter could not venture abroad without great risk of being robbed and killed in the steppes, or plundered and sold into bondage in the Khanates themselves; while the former managed to traverse the wilderness in safety, and to make good bargains with the Muscovites.

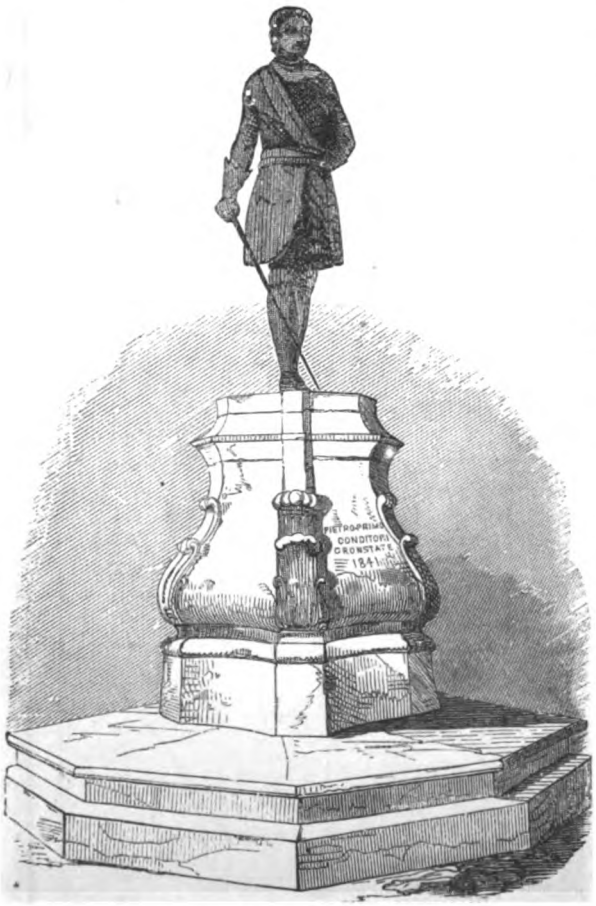


MAP OF RUSSIA, TURKEY, ETC.

The Emperor Nicholas attempted to compel the Khanates to a fairer system of trading, but with little success. An expedition sent out in 1839, under Count Petrovsky, perished in the wilderness for want of food and water, their sufferings being aggravated by constant fights with the hostile nomadic tribes and the regular forces of the Khans.

Toward the end of Nicholas's reign, the steppes beyond the Ural came to be considered Russian territory, and were respectively called the domains of the Kirghiz of Orenburg and the Kirghiz of Siberia. Some outpost settlements were established beyond the steppes, on the banks of the Sir Darya. Fort Petrovsky was the most distant, as well as the largest and most important, of these, and enabled the Russians to launch two steamers on the Sea of Ural, and thence to navigate a portion of the Sir Darya. Yet the predatory warfare continued, and sometimes whole settlements were destroyed by the wandering tribes, and the inhabitants slaughtered; while even the fortified outposts were attacked and occasionally regularly besieged by the troops of the Emir of Bokhara and the Khan of Khokan.

Nicholas finally decided to erect new fortified posts along the Sir Darya to the foot of the Thian-shan Mountains, and to the Lake of Issik-kul, forming a continuous line uniting with the advanced posts on the southern frontier of Siberia; but the outbreak of the Crimean War necessitated the postponement of all his projects in Asia. They were resumed by his successor about 1860, and in 1864 the plan above detailed was carried out by Colonel Tchernayeff. The original design of the Russian Government being thus accomplished, it was not Alexander's intention to advance his troops any further; but the Khans of Bokhara and Khokan, and afterward of Khiva, constantly attacked the Russian outposts, compelling the troops to attack them in turn. Tashkend was taken in 1865, Khojend in 1866, and Samarcand, by General Kaufmann, in 1868. In 1873, the same general vanquished the Khan of Khiva, and in September, 1875, won another victory and took the city of Khokan.



STATUE OF PETER THE GREAT, CRONSTADT.

In consequence of these operations, the Khan of Khiva was forced to make cessions which brought the entire east coast of the Caspian into the hands of Russia, enabling her to communicate with and supply all her military lines of operation by rail, river, and the sea, from St. Petersburgh and the Baltic.

Russia estimates the military importance of the Caspian Sea so highly, that, while reserving to herself the unrestricted use of its waters, she has forced Persia to accede to a treaty which prevents that power from maintaining any vessels of war upon it, although the south and southwest shores are part of its territory.

We have now traced the gradual rise of Russian power, from the period when the rude Varagian chieftain first established his sovereignty, a thousand years ago. The comparatively small territory which then yielded to his sway is now part of the most majestic empire the world has ever seen. Extending from latitude 38 deg. 20 min. to about 77 deg. 30 min. north, and from longitude 17 deg. 38 min. east to about 170 deg. west, its greatest length from west to east is about 6,000 miles, and its greatest breadth (exclusive of islands), about 2,300 miles. Its total surface is estimated to comprise one-twenty-sixth of the entire surface of the globe, and to represent one-sixth of its firm land. Its total area, in square miles, is 8,350,000, and its population more than 85,000,000 of people!

Under the wise and beneficent rule of the present czar, the progress of Russia has been very great. By declaring the freedom of 30,000,000 of serfs, the emperor converted a cause of weakness into an element of strength, and rendered it certain that, when he shall sound the tocsin of war, in the name of "God and Holy Russia," a united people will enthusiastically sustain its burdens and sacrifices.

The Russian army, when on a war footing, numbers 1,500,000 men, the navy is powerful and well-appointed, and the resources of the vast empire such, that it can scarcely be questioned that the continuance of Mohammedan rule in the south of Europe and in Asia Minor depends solely on Russian forbearance.

Remembering that the historical policy of Russia demands the extension of her frontier to the Mediterranean, while the population of the Danubian Principalities, descended from the same Slavic peoples who founded the empire of the czar, and now united by kindred race and hatred of the Turk, are ready for absorption into the Russian dominion, it is difficult to imagine what can stay the southward march of Russian power. England, dreading the steady approach of Russia to her Indian empire, may bar the way for a time, but the pressure will become irresistible, and the brutal Turk, drunk with centuries of blood and crime, be compelled to abandon for ever his European possessions. Already the clouds are gathering, the storm is apparently about to burst, and while European diplomatists vainly strive to patch up a hollow peace, and avert the coming struggle, Russia calmly completes the preparations that will in all likelihood ring the knell of Mohammedanism in Europe.

MORALITY without religion is only a kind of dead reckoning—an endeavor to navigate a cloudy sea by measuring the distance we have to run, but without observation of the heavenly bodies.

CINDERELLA.—"A FACE—A GLANCE—A FLEETING FORM—WHAT WAS IT? ONLY BARBE, FRIGHTENED FROM HER RETREAT UNDER THE TREES."

CINDERELLA.

MISS HOWARD was handsome, but it was a cheap, common beauty of red-and-white skin, abundant purple-black hair, and jet-black eyes. She was large and ungraceful, but she draped herself elegantly, and generally passed for a magnificent woman.

She was the heiress of Birchwood. And when Everard Burke came there on a visit, he fell in love with her.

"You'd better take him, Gratia," said Mrs. Howard. "He is wealthy, and his family better than ours. You are eight-and-twenty, and will fall off considerably before next season. There's hollows coming under your eyes. Mrs. Ray is going to bring Rose out next Winter, and *she* will carry all before her."

Gratia heard, and knew that there was wisdom in her mother's words.

"Well," said she, rolling her napkin, and pressing it into the golden ring, jeweled with her monogram, "but keep Barbe out of the way."

"*Barbe!*"

Mrs. Howard raised her gray eyebrows.

"Yes. Don't you see how pretty she is growing?"

Mrs. Howard sat amazed, her fat hands folded on the edge of the table.

"He'd never think of *her!* He'd never *see* her except in the kitchen."

"I don't know. She don't look like a servant. Yesterday, when she came into the drawing-room, Everard rose and bowed to her, and she had on nothing but a print dress."

"What was she there for?" demanded the old tyrant, with flashing eyes.

"She came in to water the ivy, I believe," said Gratia.

"Umph!"

With this significant response, the conversation closed. Gratia knew that her pretty cousin *would* be kept out of the way.

So the tide of influences brought to bear bore Everard Burke straight into Gratia Howard's arms. He was unused to women, having neither mother nor sister. The Howards were not related to him by blood—only by marriage, Mrs. Howard having in early life made a first-marriage with his uncle. He was five-and-twenty, of fine nature, good habits, ardent temperament. He believed Gratia to be all that woman *could* be, being as unsuspecting as a child of the ambitions of society and the wiles of the sex. He offered himself in fear and trembling, and was transported to the seventh heaven when Miss Howard promised to become Mrs. Everard Burke.

The marriage was not to take place until the following Summer — Everard's father lying ill in his home, called Ashpark, the most beautiful estate in the country. Gratia knew what a palace of luxury the mansion was, and though she would have preferred a husband of different character from Everard Burke, caring nothing for his fine, scholarly tastes, she decided that she could not make a better match. She would gain high position, and wealth most abundant. The young gentleman's interest in antiques, and his enthusiasm over poetry, bored her; but when she *could* not endure it, she could go to sleep!

But Miss Howard *was* possessed of one unusual taste. She had learned chemistry of her father, when fifteen years old.

For this reason she had cultivated the acquaintance of a strange character—an old man, insane on the subject of producing gold, and called, by many, a wizard.

He lived in a little hut, deep in a wood, out of the town. The outer aspect of the place was humble. Its interior was a most elaborately furnished laboratory. Miss Howard had taken pains to win his favor, and even done him great

service, and for this reason she would sometimes drive that way, and entertain herself for hours, making chemical experiments.

But since her engagement to Everard Burke, old Delmar had not seen Miss Howard.

The Autumn days went by. Everard came as often as possible to Birchwood; but General Burke was slowly dying, and the son was faithful to the fond father.

Gratia cared little for this. She saw her betrothed quite as often as she wished, and her mind was wholly occupied with her *trousseau*.

That *trousseau*—what a horror it was to Barbara Deslonde! From early daylight to dark, the poor girl was chained to it, though her side ached cruelly. But that Winter's bracing breath gave her strength, she would have fainted at her task.

It was nearly finished at last. The multitudinous garments, stiff with embroidery and adorned with lace, were taken, completed, from her hands, and she saw no more of them. Spring was breaking. Mr. Burke had come and taken his betrothed wife to his father's funeral. There was a lull in the house, and at last she could oreathe and stretch her weary limbs.

She dragged herself down into the garden. The foliage of the birches on the lawns was breaking forth, dainty and delicate. There was a balmy scent in the air; the sky was warm and blue.

She was Mrs. Howard's own niece, this little girl — the daughter of a poor French music-master, with whom her mother had run away in her sixteenth year.

From girlhood Mrs. Howard had been ambitious, and successfully so, and she never forgave her sister Barbara for her misalliance. When the child, with her dead sister's name and personal loveliness, came upon her hands, she revenged her disappointment upon little Barbe, as her French father had called her during the short year of her life he had lived. The girl's lot had been bitter, and seemed hopeless.

As she walked in the Spring garden that day, the great hound, Haroun, came and put his silky head under her hand.

His was all the love she had ever known at Birchwood, though she had lived there ten years. At the thought her lip quivered, and her eyes overflowed.

"I am tired, and it makes me babyish," she said to herself, in excuse, for she had been long self-schooled in restraint.

Fortunately Barbe was fond of books. In them she found her real life. Her fine, appreciative mind grasped readily at the highest and best.

A week passed. Everard Burke came journeying back with his betrothed.

It had been an eventful week for him. His eyes were partially open to the character of Gratia. While his heart was touched to the quick by that last sight of his father's dead face, her black eyes were taking in the costly funeral appointments. While grief blinded his vision, she looked up and down the vaulted halls, and congratulated herself on the fine appearance she would make as the mistress of Ashpark. If Everard Burke did not fully discover this, he felt a want of sympathy, of unselfishness, of softness, which gave his heart a sudden pang.

A dull and hopeless feeling settled upon him as he rode back to Birchwood, Gratia by his side.

"Are you sure you love me, Gratia?" he asked, suddenly leaning toward her, pale with yearning.

"Oh, yes!" she answered. "Don't rumple my dress."

At Birchwood he was forced to beg pardon for the unconquerable sadness and silence which settled upon him.

Gratia privately complained to her mother of his dullness, but added;

"I suppose people always mope when their relations die. He'll come out of it."

But the young man had *not* "come out of it," when he went down the lawn-path one afternoon, mechanically wandering, numb to everything but to suffering, though the young leaves danced in the sunshine, and the birds chanted sweet as heaven.

A face—a glance—a fleeting form—what was it? Only Barbe, frightened from her retreat under the trees, leaving her books, and shawl, and bits of scribbled paper, upon which she had dashed down words out of her own full heart.

Everard Burke read one; he looked at the books—Browning, Ruskin, Emerson. A faint smile of pleasure stole over his lips.

"Rare little thing! Who is she?"

He spoke a word to Steve, whom he had brought to take care of his horses. Steve knew all about little Barbe already. She was Mrs. Howard's own niece; she was a lady, though she worked in the kitchen. She read beautifully, and she had written a letter for him to his brother Dick in New York, that was "prime." Everard Burke understood.

The character of the Howards was unvailed to him. It was a painful experience, but, thank God! they had not yet snared him.

A little careful seeking, a kind word, a tender glance, a courteously worded note, and Barbe met him in the garden.

There he won her confidence—there she poured out her whole heart to him—a beautiful heart.

Everard Burke knew that his life had found the treasure it was seeking.

Then he told Gratia Howard, most plainly, that he was disappointed in her. She was not to blame for her nature, but he could never be her husband.

And early in the royal June weather he married little Barbe, taking her away to dwell in the palace of Ashpark.

Whether or no Gratia Howard learned a lesson, I cannot say; but she gave up all matrimonial manœuvres, and devoted herself to study, becoming really well-known among scientific men as a very able and superior woman.

Her ambitious mother is forced to content herself with this new *rôle* adopted by her daughter, and even gains some comfort from Gratia's receptions, at which distinguished persons are often present.

But, out of my *dramatis personæ*, it is probable that *only* Everard Burke and his little Cinderella are happy.

AN ADVENTURE WITH A WALRUS.

Doctor Kane, in his "Arctic Exploration," gives a short but vivid description of an adventure one of his crew had with a walrus. It was a clear, bright moonlight night, when he, with this man, left the sleigh, and walked on the jagged ice. All of a sudden, one of these tusked monsters, called walruses, or sea-horses, came silently and seized the man. The captain, always on the *qui vive*, raised his rifle and fired. Fortunately the marine animal elevated his throat, so that the shot was effective.

There is scarcely any amphibious animal which presents a more terribly grotesque appearance than the walrus, morse, or sea-horse, as the creature is indifferently termed. The most conspicuous part of this animal is the head, with its protuberant muzzle, bristling with long, wiry hairs, and the enormous canine teeth that project from the upper jaw. These last, in large specimens, measure from fourteen inches to two feet in length; in the girth, at the base, seven inches,

and weigh upwards of ten pounds. Ivory of very fine quality is obtained from them, and commands a high price in the market.

A walrus is a valuable animal, for its skin, teeth and oil are in much request, while, among the Esquimaux, its body furnishes them with almost every article in common use among them. The skin of the walrus is also used for harness and other similar purposes, where a thick and tough hide is required.

The walrus is a dangerous antagonist, for though peaceable, yet when they are wounded, they become furious, and fight with wonderful energy. Their enormous tusks are truly formidable, and many an old walrus has succeeded in drawing off with it a Polar bear which had hoped to make a meal of the sea-horse.

The walrus is found in vast herds, which offer a very curious sight, as the huge, clumsy animals are ever in movement, rolling and tumbling over each other in a strange fashion, and constantly uttering their hoarse bellowings. The Arctic and Antarctic regions are the range of these animals.

ARBORESCENT EUPHORBIAS OF CENTRAL AFRICA.

On the abrupt slopes and primitive mountains of Dar Foq, in Africa, are seen singular trees, whose massive outlines are easily distinguished from all the surrounding landscape; their bright green never dimming, though all else fade and wither. No light penetrates their dark masses. These trees are Euphorbias of extraordinary size.

"While sketching a view of Kasane," says Tremaux, author of "Travels in Eastern Soudan," "I asked one of the negroes to sit at the foot of the great Euphorbia sketched in this picture. He did so reluctantly, and when, after completing my sketch, I went up and broke off a piece, he fled in terror, crying, '*Inté ahouze mâat?*'—'Do you wish to kill yourself?' A torrent of white sap burst out over my clothes, and penetrated to my skin. I learned at last that this was a deadly poison, used on their arrows, and that if it entered the slightest scratch on my skin, I was lost, and that even on the skin it was dangerous. It is needless to say that I stripped and bathed with all haste, and carefully washed it from my clothing. This specimen was about seventy-two feet in circumference, the trunk and main branches hard wood, the outer branches soft, like a cactus. Every year, at the very tip of the branches, a little tuft of leaves and yellow blossoms appears."

The representative of this plant best known to us is the spongewort. The name Euphorbia comes from Euphorbus, physician of King Juba II., that monarch, who flourished just before the Christian era, having discovered the plant on Mount Atlas, and, naming it after his physician, described it and its properties; the root of some varieties being an aperient, and the sap useful in rheumatism and cramp.

The most common species of Euphorbia is a weed in cottage gardens, where it is commonly called capers. The species have either a common leafy appearance, or are nearly leafless, like that in our illustration. In that case the succulent stems resemble cacti, and are found in the hottest and driest countries. They may be distinguished from cacti by their abundant white sap, and by having the thorns separate, and not in clusters, as is the case with the varieties of cactus.

BIRDS-OF-PARADISE.

The Rev. J. G. Wood says that the supremely glorious members of the feathered tribe which have, by common consent, been termed birds-of-paradise, are not very numerous in species, but are so different in form and color, according to the sex and age, that they have been considered far more numerous than is really the case.

The plumage of these birds is wonderfully rich and varied, and not even the humming-birds themselves present such an inexhaustible treasury of form and color as is found among the comparatively few species of the birds-of-paradise. In all, the feathers glow with resplendent radiance; in nearly all there is some strange and altogether unique arrangement of the plumage, and in many the feathers are modified into plumes, ribbons, and streamers, that produce the most surprising and lovely effects.

Various strange tales were told of these birds by the ancient writers. The paradise-bird was thought to have no legs or feet, or use for them, but to pass its time floating in the air, and only taking a little occasional rest by suspending itself from the branches of a tree by the feathers of its tail. The obvious difficulty of hatching the eggs was accounted for by saying that they were laid in the hollow formed by the plumage of the male, and that the mother-bird sat upon them while resting on the back of her husband, both birds floating luxuriously in the breeze, and feeding on the soft dews of heaven.

This fable found its origin in the fact that the natives of the country where the paradise-bird resides always cut off its legs before preserving the skin, so that all the specimens which reached Europe were legless. The plan of preservation adopted was simple in the extreme. The interior organs of the bird were removed, the legs cut off, a hot iron thrust into the body, and the bird dried over a fire without any further care.

The food and habits of these birds seem to be very similar, although the plumage is so distinct.

TOO WELL MATCHED;

Or,

THE LOST RING.

"THERE they go, as usual!" said Mrs. Edington, looking from the long parlor-window across the flower-beds of her pretty garden. "What a beautiful couple they are, and the most perfect match I ever saw."

Just as she spoke, a tall, handsome young man, of about twenty-seven, in close attendance on a young girl, nearly as tall, and quite as handsome, emerged from the gate of the opposite house, and proceeded slowly down the village street.

"Of whom are you speaking, mamma?" said Sophia Lane, the youthful married daughter of the house, who, with her two-month's old baby, had just arrived.

"Of Miss Fairfax and her lover, Robert Maxwell," said Mrs. Edington.

She was a sprightly matron of forty-five, who, having successfully married her only child, found herself at leisure to superintend the loves, flirtations, and matrimonial doings generally, of the village of Deepwood, which she did indefatigably and with zeal.

"Robert Maxwell! What! is that shy, proud, distant fellow caught at last? I used to think he would never fancy anything more earthly than the moon or the planet Venus. I dare say his inamorata is some golden-haired fairy, all dimpies and roses."

"Indeed, dear, you are mistaken. She is a tall, dark,

stately beauty, as like himself, for that matter, as if she were his sister."

"And her name?"

"Virginia Fairfax. She is a niece of Mrs. Rayburn, whose husband bought old Dr. Johnson's practice. She has been staying there for two months, but her home is in Baltimore."

Sophia clapped her hands.

"The very same! She was at school with me in New York—the prettiest girl there, and the cleverest, with a voice that, Signor Cantatore said, if she were poor, would make her fortune. But she was so proud! And if she were offended, she would hardly ever make it up. She would not make an apology, and hardly take one."

"Were she and you good friends?"

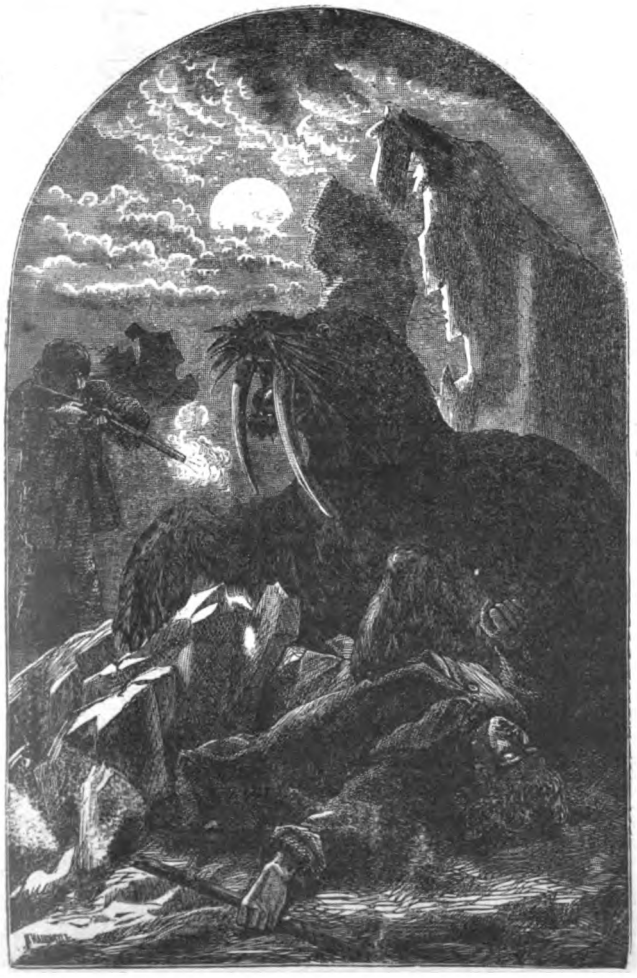
"Oh, yes; we were good friends, not violently intimate; but I shall be glad to meet her."

"You will, to-morrow, for she is coming early to call. Well, Robert Maxwell has been paying her devoted attention, and, I think, they are engaged. As I said before, they are exactly matched."

"They are too well matched, mother; and, mark me, if they quarrel, it will be serious; for, I know, neither of them would yield."

"Then, I hope they won't quarrel," said Mrs. Edington.

The next day Mrs. Rayburn and her niece stepped across the street to call on the ladies. Sophia, as she welcomed her old schoolmate, thought what a beautiful woman she had grown, and, being an impulsive little soul, scarcely refrained from an exclamation to that effect.



AN EXCITING ADVENTURE WITH A WALRUS.—SEE PAGE 18.

It was not long before the two younger ladies were out amongst the flowers. Sophia made them an excuse, for she longed to plunge into the momentous question.

"I hope you won't think me impertinent, Virginia, dear," she said; "but I saw you coming home yesterday with Mr. Maxwell, and—won't you let me congratulate you?"

"Yes," said Virginia; "we are engaged. I do not mind telling you, though I don't care to have it talked about. Don't repeat it, please; so many things might happen."

Sophia stared.

"Why, surely, nothing could happen."

"Many things might, Sophia. I knew a girl who left school just when I did, and she has been engaged three times! You can't think how unpleasant it was for her, she got so talked about."

"Then, why did she do it?" asked Sophia, in amazement.

To the village-bred maiden, the happy wife of a husband she adored, such things sounded strange indeed. To her, betrothal was as serious as marriage, and marriage a true sacrament, holy and irrevocable.

"But you love him, surely?" she asked, at length.

"Oh, yes; of course I love him."

Virginia, in the short time she had been out in society, had been much admired, and rather spoiled. She did not yet know what a treasure a woman possesses in the love of a worthy man.

"You won't be angry, Virginia, dear," pleaded Sophy, "if I say, Don't vex Robert! We have known him all our lives, and he is so good and noble. Every one esteems him. He has but one fault—he is proud."

Virginia made a little impatient movement, and a ring dropped on the gravel path from her hand.

"There!" she said, as she stooped to pick it up, "I shall lose that ring to a certainty some day."

"It looks too valuable to be so loosely worn," said Sophia.

"Yes; the device is pretty," replied Virginia, carelessly replacing it upon her finger, and holding out her hand. "Robert gave it to me. The initial letters of the stones form his name—ruby, onyx, beryl, emerald, ruby, topaz. I must have it altered to fit me when I go back to town."

After this, Sophia led the way back to the parlor, where the baby had been introduced, and was now the centre of attraction.

Mrs. Edington had been fully prepared for interesting disclosures on the part of the doctor's wife; but, to her surprise, that lady declared that she knew of no engagement.

"It is true that Mr. Maxwell is very often at our house, and that Virginia frequently takes a walk with him," said she; "but she will not let me hint at anything of the kind. 'If we girls were to marry every one we take a country walk with, there would be hard times for us,' she says; but, indeed, I should like it, of all things."

Neither was Robert himself more communicative, though Mrs. Lenox, the first time that she saw him, attacked him with the little, patronizing air young matrons are apt to assume toward their bachelor friends. He admitted the beauty and attractiveness of Miss Fairfax, but would not acknowledge any deep personal interest in her.

About a week later, Sophy was playing with her baby in her own room, when her mother entered.

"The Rayburns are going to have a party," said she. "Mrs. Rayburn has just been here, but she could not wait to see you. I hope you have something nice to wear. It is to be on Thursday, the day after to-morrow."

"Oh, yes! I have a lovely blue silk, the latest fashion; but Charlie will be here then," said the young wife, with a bright smile.

She thought of the delight of once more seeing her

ARBORESCENT EUPHORBIAS OF CENTRAL AFRICA.— SEE PAGE 19.

husband. Dress and parties had little attraction for her without him.

Dr. Rayburn's eldest son had been in Europe completing his studies, and it was to welcome his arrival that the party had been set on foot. Virginia's visit was drawing to a close. She only waited to see her cousin. It had been arranged, between her and Robert, that he was to follow her to Baltimore in a few days, there to ask her father's consent to their marriage.

"But, in the meantime, dearest," he had urged, "will you not let me speak to your uncle? I think it is due to him that I do so, at least before you leave."

"Very well, Robert; but pray put it off till just before I go. I don't care to be exhibited to the rustics as a tame lioness, with you for my keeper."

She laughed, and Robert joined her. The charm of her presence and manner always carried him away, but he did not quite like either the speech or the laugh. He felt that he had but a light hold on her heart.

The evening came—a lovely one in September. Dr. Rayburn's house stood well back from the street, in rather extensive grounds. The doctor's office was on one side of the door, the principal parlor on the other; but the back room had windows opening on a veranda at the side, and it was Robert's custom to meet Virginia there, often unperceived by any one, when the two would wander off together to a secluded part of the shrubbery, where the tall evergreens effectually hid them from view.

This evening he went early, hoping for his wonted pleasure before the company arrived. It was growing dusk without, but the parlors were brilliantly lighted, and Virginia was in her usual place by one of the open windows. His eye took in, with rapturous admiration, every line of her exquisite face and figure.

A strange feeling came over him—a sense of insecurity in the treasure he owned. If Virginia should die!

But he looked again. The bloom of health was on that rounded cheek, its light in that darkly flashing eye.

"Fool that I am," he thought, "to be scared by shadows."

He took a step nearer to the window, thinking to break the spell by speaking to her; but he started back, for a young man, whom he had never seen before, was bending over her, and his words came low, but fearfully distinct.

"Virginia, darling, it is such happiness to meet you! You cannot think how I have longed for it!"

Robert would not wait to hear her reply. He was too honorable to listen to conversation not intended for his ear. He entered at once and stood before them. But Virginia received him with perfect composure.

"Oh, Mr. Maxwell! This is my cousin, Dr. George Rayburn. George, Mr. Maxwell. I hope you will be friends."

The two young men looked keenly at each other, and bowed. But there was a constraint somewhere, and it was a relief to all three when Dr. George, at a call from his mother, hastened away to receive some of her guests.

"I never saw you in evening-dress before, darling," said Robert, when they were alone.

"And do you like me?"

"Like you? If any one had told me that dress, or anything else, could improve you, I should not have believed it."

"Then you do think me improved?"

"I don't know, dearest. In that white, misty-looking dress, you look ready to fly away from me, or fade off into air."

She laughed.

"Come, Robert, you are fanciful. See, I have a whole basketful of flowers here, and I want you to choose one for my hair. Are not these roses superb?—such a deep crimson. And look at this scarlet passion-flower."

"I don't like those glaring hues," said Robert. "This is my choice;" and he took a pure, delicate tea-rose from the basket, and placed it in her rich locks. Then they rose together, and went to speak to Sophia Lane and her husband.

"We are so glad Mr. Lane arrived in time to accompany you," Mrs. Rayburn was saying, and the wife's smile and delighted reply seemed to imply that all the zest of the occasion would be wanting otherwise.

Sophia, in the blue dress, and looking radiant, was leaning on her husband's arm. She was a diminutive creature, and it would have suited her better to take hold of his hand, for he was a tall, stout man, with the type of countenance that is usually termed "jolly."

He was far from handsome, and not particularly wise, but his wife thought him Apollo and Solon rolled into one; and though he was already middle-aged, she delighted in calling him "Charlie," as if he were a boy.

Knowing all the guests of the evening, she made a sort of triumphal progress through the rooms, introducing and exhibiting her Charlie, who, his round, good-humored face beaming with satisfaction, allowed himself to be led hither and thither.

"Silly little thing," said the younger ladies. "What can she see in that fat old man to make such a fuss over?"

But the older ones liked it. They thought such affection as that might be trusted to stand the test of time.

Robert looked on, and thought it beautiful. He wondered if Virginia would look up to him like that, after they had been married a year. A year! it seemed a long time to anticipate, and they were not married yet.

But he resolved not to wait any longer than was absolutely necessary. On the morrow he would speak to Mr. Rayburn, and after his consent and that of Virginia's parents had been given, the rest would be easy.

The evening wore on pleasantly to most present. There was dancing, and Virginia was constantly engaged. This was Robert's tribulation. He had not learned to dance in boyhood, and as he grew older he despised it as a pastime unworthy the intellect of a man; at best, a waste of time. Dr. George, on the contrary, was a graceful and accomplished dancer. He led out his cousin repeatedly—Robert, from a corner, beholding them with looks that vainly strove to appear unconcerned.

George Rayburn seemed to haunt Virginia. He was a gay, frank, good-humored fellow, blue-eyed, brown-haired, full of life and glee. To amuse Mr. Maxwell, he produced several volumes of European views, and spent some time in explaining them.

Robert tried to feel interested, but in vain. He had neither eyes nor ears for anything but his wayward idol, who, on the contrary, never seemed to see him, except when now and then she would send him a pleasant smile as she glided off with some light-footed partner.

He wandered about the room, speaking few words, feeling lonely and miserable. He tried to get Virginia to himself for a little, but she only said:

"I am so sorry you don't dance, Robert; but think how peculiar it would look for you and me to be seen moping together like a pair of melancholy owls. I will go into supper with you if you will look out for me;" and with this he was forced to be contented.

Late in the evening he found himself in the doctor's room—the study, as it was usually called. Here stood some tall oleanders in tubs, brought in from the garden in anticipation of frosty nights.

Robert passed between them and the window, and sat down, moody and disconsolate. He looked out into the starlit shrubbery, and wished that all this racket were over, and he and Virginia once more wandering among those leafy shades, happy and united, with no Dr. George to come between them, with that easy, careless, carry-all-before-me manner of his.

Just then he heard voices at the door, and Dr. George led Virginia in, and seated her in a chair.

"Rest here, darling," he said. "I will fix you up in no time. I am as good as a lady's maid."

"Why, George, you must be a universal genius!" said Virginia.

How lovely she looked! Flushed, excited, the light dancing in her eyes, and one long braid of her beautiful hair unbound, and floating far below her waist. As Dr. George began to twist it up, not quite so deftly as a lady's maid, poor Robert's tea-rose fell out unnoticed on the carpet.

"There!" said George, after a minute; "your hair is as tidy as ever. I took a hairpin from the other side. There are lots of them. Now let me get you a flower."

"Oh, I had a flower! I suppose I have danced it out."

"Yes. Come to the parlor, and I will get you a beauty."

He drew her hand within his arm, and they left the room. Poor Robert, who had been too miserable to move, stepped from his seat by the window, picked up the forsaken flower, and placed it in his bosom.

Mrs. Rayburn hastily entered.

"Oh, Mr. Robert, will you do me a great favor?"

"Certainly. Pray command me."

"Will you find the doctor, and tell him he is urgently wanted at Mr. Watson's? They fear the baby is dying."

"Where do you think he is?"

"At one of these three places."

She sat down, wrote hurriedly on a slip of paper, put it into his hand, and left the room.

Robert was glad to escape from the house, from the sound of the dancers' feet, and what he thought the soulless, frivolous merriment that was going on.

He found the doctor, and accompanied him to Mr. Watson's, where they discovered the little one better, and asleep. Dr. Rayburn was able to comfort the anxious parents with hopes of amendment, then, promising an early visit next day, he took leave.

Mrs. Rayburn had ideas of her own on the subject of party-giving, and her parties, in consequence, were an invariable success.

She never invited more guests than her house would hold, neither would she try the tempers and endanger the toilets of her lady friends in the scramble of a stand-up supper. Moreover, she did not believe in amateur waiters, and the best attendance that could be procured was added on such occasions to her own well-trained family servants. She had seen too many dire mishaps at the hands of awkward young men, or still more awkward "help"; too many plates of ice-cream deposited on silk dresses, to the despair of their horror-stricken but helpless wearers; too many handsome carpets ruined beyond repair. So all were comfortably seated, and nimbly waited on, and no lamentations followed next morning over stained and trodden silks, soiled carpets, and battered furniture.

A long row of tables, extending down the centre of the dining-room, accommodated the majority of the guests, but in the back parlor were placed several small round tables, each capable of holding half a dozen persons. These Mrs. Rayburn called her "Society Islands," and they were greatly in request, especially amongst the elder people, who would get up snug little parties of their own, and be merry after a subdued fashion, apart from the more uproarious fun of the large table.

As the doctor and Robert entered the hall, the hostess met them.

"I am so glad you are come. How is the poor baby?"

"Better, dear. Will do well. Is supper ready?"

"Supper is begun. Dancing is hungry work, you know, so I thought best not to wait. I have put George at the head of the long table, and Mr. Edington at the foot, but there are places for you and Mr. Maxwell at one of the islands."

"I hope it is a sandwich island, for I am half famished."

Mrs. Rayburn led Robert into the parlor, and her husband followed. She did not know that he expected to take Virginia to supper, and, in truth, she was far from sorry to see the good understanding between her son and his pretty cousin. She had found Virginia a charming companion, and she thought how pleasant it would be for her and the doctor, who had no daughter of their own, to have this favorite niece domiciled with them as the wife of their eldest son. Therefore, she looked on well pleased as they went through dance after dance, and finally paired off together at the supper-table.

"I thank you so much," she said to Robert, "for the trouble you took to find the doctor." Robert, of course, disclaimed. "Virginia has gone to supper with George, to help him do the honors."

Robert's countenance fell, and his arm trembled under Mrs. Rayburn's hand. Poor fellow! he had been looking forward all the evening to this hour, and now that it had arrived, he found himself deserted.

"My son is a stranger, you know," she continued, "and I always like to keep myself free on these little occasions, so as to have an eye everywhere," said the smiling hostess. "I have got a sweet little island queen for you, however, and a great pet of my own. Here she is!" and she gave him a seat next pretty Cecil Graham, the clergyman's daughter.

There were another lady and gentleman at the table, and as the doctor and his wife sat down, the little circle was complete.

Notwithstanding his general reserve and coldness, and the pride that was attributed to him, Robert was a great favorite with the ladies of Deepwood. What young man would not be, with an independent income, an unblemished character, and the remarkable personal attractions that every one acknowledged?

But to Cecil Graham he was more than an ordinary favorite. He was her hero and her dream—a dream that she carried hidden in her heart. Her soft, sweet eyes now looked up with a timid welcome, and she blessed the happy chance that had brought her such unlooked-for felicity. To her Robert would often unbend as he did to few; he was too proud to be vain, and he never imagined this young girl's preference other than that of friendship. So, as his paradise was for the present shut out, he resolved to forget his misery, and be as happy as circumstances would allow.

"As we are to be islanders, I suppose we are to be fed on shellfish," said the doctor, deep in a delicious preparation of oysters.

"Oh, no! not altogether," replied his wife. "We have communication with the mainland, and supplies will be forthcoming. James"—addressing a servant—"bring some coffee, and a pitcher of lemonade."

The man she spoke to at this moment threw wide the door of the dining-room, and disclosed a view of the mainland—the long table brilliant with lights and flowers, and loaded with every procurable dainty. But, alas! for Robert. There at the head, close to Dr. George, whose face, beaming all over, was turned toward her, sat Virginia, radiant, laughing, crowned with scarlet passion-flowers!

Robert gazed—the room seemed to swim before him. His flower had been despised, forgotten, almost trampled on, and now she was wearing the very blossoms he had told her he disliked.

How thankful was Robert when the bustle of preparation heralded the departure of the guests. Virginia came into the hall to see them off. Robert, gloomy and silent, stood with his hat in his hand.

"Oh, Mr. Maxwell, you must excuse me, but I entirely forgot that I had to go to supper with you."

"You forgot me, Virginia?" he asked, in a tone audible only to her.

"Yes, at the moment." She spoke with the greatest coolness. "I remembered afterward, of course; but you were nowhere to be seen; and, then it was your duty to find *me*."

Robert would not apologize, nor even explain. He was too deeply wounded to offer her his hand. He bowed his farewell, and left the house.

A little later, Mrs. Rayburn was in the dining-room, when she felt herself seized round the waist, and forcibly conveyed to a sofa in the parlor.

"Come, mother, you have done enough for one evening. They can gather up the legs and wings without you. Dearest little mother, your party has been a triumph, and you are younger and prettier than ever.'

"Just the same foolish old boy, Georgie." She put out her hand, and stroked his cheek. "But I don't want you to tell me how young and pretty I am—say, rather, who was the prettiest girl here to-night."

"Oh, mother! can you ask? But Virginia is not pretty, she is glorious!"

"Take care, Georgie. I fear some one has been before you. She and Mr. Maxwell are very intimate."

"Maxwell! what, that haughty, disagreeable, high-tragedy hero, with his air half Hamlet, half Othello? Mother, I forbid the bans."

"Oh, I don't know of any engagement. She disclaims it to me, but there have been evening walks, and much attention on his part."

"Ah! I thought he looked desperately savage when she and I came out from supper together; but he sha'n't have her. If he does, I shall be M.D. in right earnest—the maddest doctor that ever took a degree."

"Well, you had better try your luck. I love her dearly, and should be proud of such a daughter."

In the old house that had received his parents after their marriage, and from which they had been carried to their last quiet home, Robert Maxwell lived alone. His sisters were all married and away.

People often wondered what Robert could do with so large a house. In truth, it was but a small part of it he occupied; yet now and then, at long intervals, one or more of his sisters would come, with children and nurses, and the long unused rooms would be opened, and the garden-walks once more echo to the sound of little feet and childish voices; then they would go away again, and the house be all shut up, silent and lonely as before.

Robert had grown fond of solitude, as we all do when those we love most are dead or scattered. People called him cold, and set him down for an old bachelor. But of late there had been something unwonted stirring the depths of that earnest, quiet spirit—something that whispered of a time to come, when the old house should once more put on the bright home-look of welcome, when one beautiful as his dead mother should take her place, and this lonely heart of his be no longer shut in with its pent-up power of loving.

THE SUPERB BIRD OF PARADISE (PARADISEA SUPERBA).—SEE PAGE 19.

He had pictured to himself a graceful figure standing in the wide, old-fashioned doorway, and a fair face greeting him with smiles and loving words, filling up his life with all the sweetness that had so long ago passed out of it that he had ceased to regret or think it could ever again return.

And once when he had brought Virginia in, to show her his mother's picture, as she looked up at the soft eyes, they had seemed to smile down approval on his choice.

But to-night a dreary cloud had come between him and the heaven of his hope. Why had this new-comer stolen away his treasure? Even if it were but for a passing hour, could *he* have acted so by her? And so poor Robert, sad, weary, comfortless, entered his own door, and sought his uneasy pillow.

Busy amongst his papers next day, about noon, Robert chanced to lift his head, and espied two figures on horseback passing down the street.—He started from his chair, and looked long and earnestly.

He had never heard Virginia say she could ride, yet, there she was, and Dr. George beside her. Disturbed to the very centre of his sensitive nature, he turned to his work again.

That evening he walked up to the house. Mrs. Rayburn sat by the window, sewing, and her two boys, of ten and twelve, were busy in the corner over some presents George had brought them. That individual was nowhere.

Robert paid the usual compliments, hoped Mrs. Rayburn was not fatigued by her exertions, then timidly asked if Miss Fairfax were at home.

"Oh, yes, she is at home. I fear we are going to lose her very soon, Mr. Maxwell. My sister has written for her again, and her visit cannot be prolonged beyond a very short time. Arthur, go up-stairs, and tell your cousin that Mr. Maxwell is here."

Virginia came down-stairs with her hat on.

"Will you take the old walk to-night?" said Robert.

"Oh, yes. It will be almost the last, for I go on Monday."

Robert's heart leaped for joy. Now it should be all right again. Still, he felt that Virginia had ill-treated him, and she should make amends. He had suffered too much at her hands to let her pass so easily. He was none of your humble, self-deprecating lovers, much as he prized her affection. He felt that he had given as well as received.

They passed out of the garden gate, walked down the street to the first corner, then took the quiet by-road leading to the river. A few remarks were made on the beauty of the evening, and then speech flagged. At last Robert spoke.

"Virginia, it is of no use. I cannot talk about clouds and sunsets. You were cruel to me last night. You used me badly. I didn't deserve it."

He stopped, his face quivering with emotion. Virginia stood still, and looked at him. They were now on the bridge, beneath which flowed the river, deep and rapid.

"I used you badly—and how, pray?" she asked, in her loftiest tone.

"Virginia, you know you slighted me. You neglected and avoided me for that Dr. George Rayburn."

Virginia raised her delicate eyebrows.

"And may I not speak to my cousin? Truly, sir, this is asserting authority rather too soon."

"Nay, I am asserting no authority. I only put it to yourself. Did you treat him or me as a woman ought—the man she has promised to marry?"

She colored.

"You are very unreasonable. I treated my cousin no better than he deserves, and you, I am sure, no worse."

coquette, and as I have no fancy for being despised, I think it is best we should part."

"Do you really mean it, Virginia?"

"I do. I could not be happy with one so jealous and exacting."

"I do not think I am exacting. Did you not dance nearly all the evening with Dr. George, scarcely speaking a word to, or even looking at, me?"

TOO WELL MATCHED.—"SOMETHING GLISTENED IN THE TANGLES OF THE WEED. VIRGINIA STARTED—LOOKED—STOOPED TO EXAMINE IT. IT WAS HER LONG-LOST RING."—SEE PAGE 19.

"Than *I* deserve? It may be so; and yet, I think that one who gives all, merits something better than studied neglect. Could I have acted so to you? I never thought you a coquette before, Virginia."

"And you do now?"

"You force me to it."

"Very well, sir. I once heard you say you despised a

"Am I to blame because you do not choose to do as others do in society?"

"Did you not go with him to supper, regardless of your promise to me? Did you not lose the flower I placed in your hair, and did not his hand supplant it by those flaunting passion-flowers?"

Virginia made a little impatient movement. It was

TOO WELL MATCHED.—"HER UNGLOVED HAND WAS RESTING ON THE RAIL OF THE BRIDGE, AND AS SHE RAISED IT HER RING DROPPED OFF."—SEE PAGE 19.

habitual with her when any one, as she called it, lectured her. Her ungloved hand was resting on the rail of the bridge, and as she raised it, her ring dropped off. There was a momentary glitter as she looked after it, then it struck the water and disappeared.

She started, and gave a little, nervous laugh.

"There! I have lost the ring you gave me. I knew I should some day; it was altogether too large."

Robert turned pale.

"Oh, Virginia! can you part with it and with me so lightly?"

But her pride was up—she answered nothing.

"Only promise me that you will not go out with that man."

"I will go out with whom I please."

"Then it is, indeed, time we parted, obstinate, cruel girl!"

"Thank you, Mr. Maxwell. Have you any more names to call me?"

"Oh, Virginia! will you not relent?"

"Yes, when that ring comes back to my feet, and asks me to wear it again, I will relent, and be the slave of your unreasonable, tyrannical temper!"

She walked quickly away, and Robert, gazing after her for a moment, turned homeward, with a gloomy brow and a troubled spirit.

Next day Robert Maxwell was not in his wonted place at church, and then it was known that he had left Deepwood.

"Of course you knew," said Mrs. Rayburn to her niece.

"Oh, no—not I," said Virginia; and Mrs. Rayburn marveled.

On Monday Virginia was off, too, with her cousin George for escort.

"I have the most charming surprise for you, dear," said Mrs. Fairfax, as soon as she had her daughter to herself. "The Laurences are going to Europe, and have asked you to accompany them. I was sure you would like it, and so I have said Yes."

Virginia started.

"Europe!" said she.

"Just think of the advantages, dear! Your singing will be so much improved, and your French and Italian perfected. They are going to Paris and Italy, will winter in Rome, and be in London for the season; and you and Julia will both be presented at Court. Mrs. Laurence says American girls are the rage in Europe just now. Not one with any pretensions to good looks but may be a countess at the least, if she has a mind to."

During this speech Virginia had time to ponder the matter. It had taken her by surprise, but she welcomed it as a change.

"Thank you, dear mother. I should like it more if you were going; but I shall enjoy it, I am sure. When do they go?"

"This is Monday; the steamer sails on Saturday; the *India*, of the Cunard Line. You will want nothing but a traveling-dress, and that I have provided. And as to me, I will join you, if possible, with Ada, in the Spring."

When Virginia lay down in her own bed that night, she felt how differently this European voyage would have seemed to her two months earlier. She wished that she could recall that hour on the bridge—take back those unkind, relentless words. But pride was uppermost still, and whispered, "Let him seek me, if he wants me;" and if not—why, then she should cross the sea, and forget him.

When Robert Maxwell left Deepwood, it was in the vain effort to escape his own troubled spirit—to turn his back on all that could remind him of his sorrow and humiliation. He had laid his heart at this woman's feet, and after accepting, she had spurned it from her. In the turmoil of the great city he would forget her, and be once more free and happy.

Passing along Broadway at its busiest hour, with his eyes bent on the ground, he ran full tilt against some one.

"I beg pardon," said Robert, without looking up.

"Why, Maxwell, old fellow, is it you? When did you come? I am so glad to meet you!"

It was John West, an old college friend; and almost before he was aware, or had time to escape, Robert found himself carried off up-town, domiciled in his house, and the recipient of the most cordial hospitality.

Mrs. West was delighted to welcome her husband's friend. She laughingly told him she and John had been married nearly three months, and the matrimonial *tête-à-tête* was becoming flat.

"You are doing us a real charity," said she.

"And now we have got you," put in her husband, "we shall not let you go till we have shown you everything. And Lucy and I will come next year, and you shall do the honors of Deepwood.".

Next day, as they sat at dinner, John West said to his wife:

"I saw my friend, Captain Huntly, of the *India*, to-day, and he has invited us all to lunch on board to-morrow. You have never seen a Cunarder, have you, Maxwell?"

"No. I shall be glad of the opportunity. The captain, of course, is an Englishman?"

"Yes; and the best of good fellows. John Bull can be gruff and rampant enough, but these qualities don't crop out in my friend, who is a jolly Briton of the true-blue order."

They went accordingly, and were received on deck by the captain—a tall, broad-shouldered man, with a bronzed countenance, and the frank, hearty manner of a sailor.

A pleasant hour was passed in viewing the magnificent ship, and in the discussion of an elegant collation, at which several friends of the captain were present.

When they left, Captain Huntley handed Mrs. West to the carriage, and, after saying farewell, returned to the ship. Robert, seated by Lucy, was thinking how perfectly he looked the monarch of that ocean palace, when another carriage drove up, and the captain crossed the plank to receive

its inmates. Robert, still idly gazing, saw a gentleman alight, then a group of ladies, and heard cordial greetings, and an introduction, in which his ear caught the name of "Fairfax" twice repeated, and then they all went on board. First, a gentleman and two middle-aged ladies; next, a young one, in a hat, with a profusion of fair ringlets falling behind it; lastly—what is it that makes his heart beat wildly and his cheek grow pale? There is but one such form, but one such step as that, in the world.

"Glorious fellow, isn't he? and glorious ship!" said John, mounting to his seat, and touching the horses.

Next morning, Robert read in the passenger-list of the *India* the name of Miss Fairfax.

At Rome, by a fortunate chance, the American party met Lady Sarah Clifford, a not very distant relative of Mrs. Laurence, and the wife of a distinguished member of Parliament. She was happy to make the acquaintance of her cousins, and rather proud of exhibiting them to her friends.

On learning that they meant to pass the next season in London, she did not wait to be asked, but offered, in the most gracious manner, to present the whole party at Court, on which the shadow of the good Prince Consort's death had not then fallen.

"Those two girls will marry brilliantly," said Lady Sarah. "They are new, you see, besides being undeniably charming. Miss Fairfax is the very image of Lady Edith Fitzcoyle, who came out last year. She had next to nothing, for the estates are frightfully encumbered; but she married a marquis, with a fabulous fortune, and your daughter is quite as handsome, in a different style. They set each other off to a marvel, and your taste in dressing them is, I must say, perfection. You might have been born a Parisienne."

Mrs. Laurence smiled. The flattery was pleasing.

Lady Sarah traveled with the Laurence party, and saw them installed in a prettily furnished house, near her own residence.

London was unusually full that Spring, and, once introduced by her ladyship, invitations flowed in upon her friends. The girls, as she had predicted, became the belles of the season. Wherever they moved, murmurs of admiration followed them.

"Have you seen the lovely Laurence?" "Have you met the superb Fairfax?" were questions constantly asked.

Mrs. Laurence, however, knew what she was about, and she never allowed Julia and Virginia to be seen at more than one party on the same evening, no matter what the inducement. This served three purposes. It saved the health and beauty of her charges; it made them the more sought after; and it pleased the *chaperones* of less attractive metal, who thus found a clear field oftener than they expected.

Their wealth and aristocratic connection, together with their acknowledged culture and good-breeding, secured the popularity of Mr. and Mrs. Laurence.

The London world accepted them.

"Really unexceptionable people, those Laurences! Dinners quite faultless, and one seldom tastes such claret!"

Thus the gentlemen.

"What perfect taste Mrs. Laurence has, to be sure! and receives admirably! I really never expected such good *ton* in Americans!"

Thus the ladies.

"Good situation?—I believe you. Nothing to do, and paid handsomely for doing it. Them American gents thinks no more of their money than nothink. Waits on theirselves a deal, too. Hexcellent situation!"

Thus John Thomas, a representative man of his class.

As to the rhapsodies of the younger men, of which the two lovely Americans were subject matter, I forbear to put them on paper.

The enthusiasm they excited reached its height the day they were presented at the Drawing-room. Both were attired in white—the richest and softest of satin—but Julia's dress was trimmed with clusters of purple and white violets, while Virginia's was adorned with sprays of hawthorn, alternate pink and white. It would be hard to say which of the two was the lovelier; and as to self-possession, one might have thought they had been born and bred in the atmosphere of courts. Virginia, especially, had the air of a young queen.

As she bent over the extended hand of the sovereign, a glance of admiration, felt rather than seen, passed round the circle surrounding her; and it was afterward said that Majesty herself had remarked on the exceeding loveliness of the young lady with dark hair and hawthorn-blossoms,

Yet, even in that hour of conscious triumph, memory wandered back to Deepwood; to the bright September evening; to the bridge over the river; to the lost ring; and, ah! the lost love. Was there anything in all this to compensate for it? and a secret voice whispered—No!

Before the season drew to a close, Julia brought down her bird. She was engaged to Lord St. Ives—young, rich, handsome; all that could be desired as a man and a husband.

Her parents were delighted, and Virginia heartily rejoiced in her friend's happiness.

"Our girl has been very fortunate," said Mr. Laurence to his wife. "St. Ives is a thoroughly fine fellow, and I have perfect confidence in giving her to him. But what is Miss Fairfax about? Has she said anything to you?"

"No; why do you ask?"

"Because, only yesterday, the Marquis of Hampshire asked my permission to address her."

"Indeed! Ah! that accounts! He called to-day, and was admitted; but as Julia and I were both engaged with the dressmaker, Virginia received him alone. When I came down-stairs, I thought she looked very pale, and that Lord Hampshire's manner was remarkably hurried and confused. He left almost immediately, and declined my invitation to dinner."

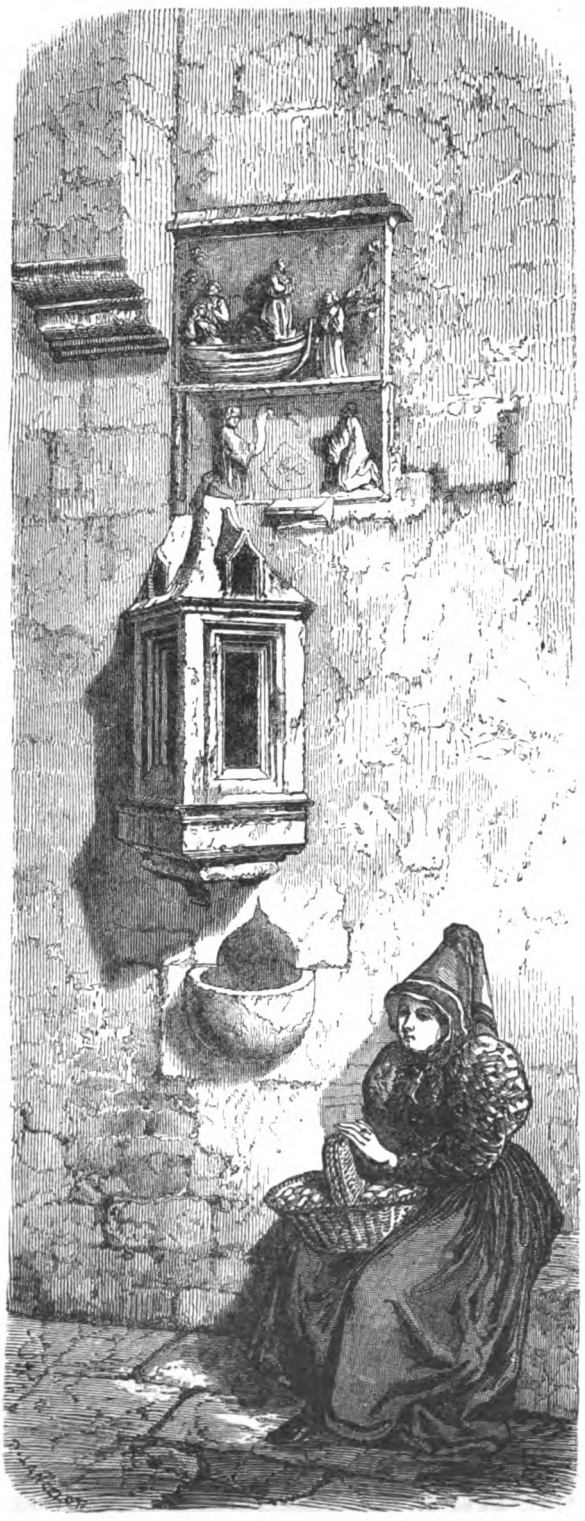
"Strange!" said Mr. Laurence. "It would be a splendid position for her, and she would fill it well. But it is not your fault, dear." And the subject dropped.

Mr. and Mrs. Fairfax and their younger daughter, Ada,

TOO WELL MATCHED.—"THEY WANDERED OFF TOGETHER TO A SECLUDED PART OF THE SHRUBBERY."

came over in time for the wedding. After that the rest of the party turned their faces northward.

First the lovely English lakes, and then the grander ones of Scotland, the Northern capital, with its historic and romantic interest, and the lands of Burns and of Scott, were



A HOLY-WATER FONT AT RATISBON.—SEE PAGE 30.

successively visited and enjoyed with the zest and appreciation always met with in cultured Americans, and which the Scotch are ever so ready to acknowledge and admire.

September is, in Scotland, one of the finest months in the year, with a clearness of atmosphere all the more enjoyable because so rare; but October is drear and gloomy beyond expression, and our travelers fled from it to the sunny South.

Rome was again their destination.

Virginia felt happier this Winter than the last. She was deeply attached to her parents, and enjoyed the fresh delight of her young sister in all she saw. She withdrew from a great deal of general society to keep Ada company.

In fact, Virginia did not contemplate the prospect of another season with particular satisfaction. She felt as if she had had enough of the whirl of fashionable life; and she had an instinctive idea that she was expected to do credit to her opportunities by making a brilliant marriage. She somehow divined that her refusal of Lord Hampshire was known to her mother, and, of course, disapproved; though as yet she had not spoken on the subject.

There were many Americans in Rome; some sojourning there for pleasure, some for health. Amongst the latter were a mother and daughter of the name of Colville, who had been introduced by her physician to Mrs. Fairfax. The mother was dying of a slow decline; the fragile daughter, worn out with watching and anxiety.

"They are perfect gentlewomen," said the good doctor; "but they are timid and retiring, and, I fear, in very reduced circumstances."

This was enough for Mrs. Fairfax. To be sick and a stranger, was to enlist her kindliest sympathies. The poor American ladies were visited, and her delicate tact soon discovered many ways of increasing their comforts without giving them offense.

Virginia took them under her especial care. Every day, for two or three hours, she took Mary's place by her mother's couch, while the poor girl enjoyed the fresh air she so much needed in a drive with Mrs. Fairfax or Ada, and then rested, listening to her new friend as she read aloud.

Mrs. Colville became very fond of her.

"You come into my room like a ray of home sunshine, my dear," she would say.

"I cannot tell, Miss Fairfax," she said, another time, "of whom you remind me. It must be of some one I knew in my youth. I have been puzzling all night about it."

Virginia was standing at the table, arranging some flowers she had brought—fragrant jonquils, roses, and delicious Roman violets. She turned toward Mrs. Colville.

"Ah!" continued the sick lady. "I know now. You are the image of my dear friend Emily Harvey. Not when you laugh, but when you look at me with that pensive air, you have her very expression."

"Was she married?" asked Virginia, not really feeling any curiosity, but to seem interested in what pleased the invalid.

"Oh, yes! She married Robert Maxwell—the handsomest man I ever saw."

Virginia flushed with a sudden emotion.

"I was bridesmaid at her wedding," continued Mrs. Colville, "more than thirty years ago. Then she went to a distant part of the country—Deepwood the place was called—and I crossed the sea, and we lost sight of each other. I don't know if she be living or dead. I only know I never saw such a likeness as you bear to her."

"Ah! Mrs. Colville, she has been dead many years."

Virginia had not meant to say this. It came out before she was aware; but the invalid took no notice. "Dear Emily!" was all she said; but often after that, she would say to Virginia, as she sat by her, "You look like Emily today."

She never asked how her young friend had known of Emily's death, and Virginia was glad of it. She could not

have borne to speak of Robert—Robert whom she had rejected, ill-used, forgotten. Ah, no! not forgotten. She knew now what a treasure she had thrown away.

The London season opened brilliantly. Ada was much admired. Less beautiful than her sister, she was livelier, and not so retiring; and many who had been repelled by the hauteur of the magnificent Virginia found consolation in the more liberal smiles of the younger Miss Fairfax. But Virginia was as much followed as ever. More eligibles were at her feet than she could count on her ten white fingers.

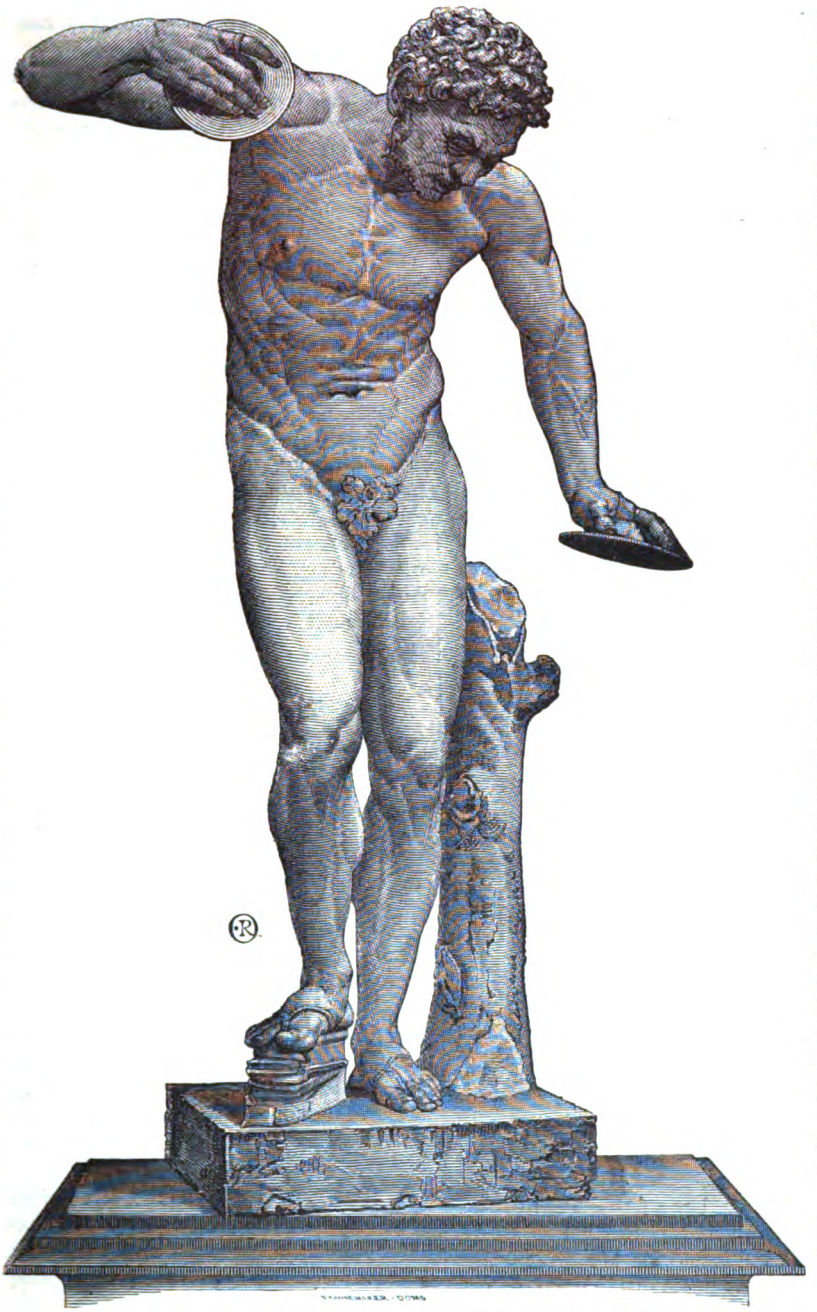
The Marquis of Hampshire haunted Mrs. Fairfax's drawing-room. His horses and groom formed an equestrian group daily in front of her house. He was constantly in her box at the opera. And Mrs. Fairfax was satisfied. She had no hope that her eldest daughter would change her mind, and what a match the marquis would be for Ada; for Ada was certainly the attraction now. And if she married a marquis, why should not Virginia have a duke? Thus she built her Spanish castle. Half of it was destined to come down with a run; the other half grew up, and stood a stately structure.

Lord Hampshire did not go to the elders this time. He proposed to Ada in the conservatory, on the evening of one of Lady St. Ives's receptions. Ada, blushing and delighted, referred him to her father, and before she went to bed that night she was a marchioness-elect; and Virginia, who really liked him for his many noble qualities, felt rejoiced that Lord Hampshire was to be her brother-in-law.

Mr. Fairfax, however, would not consent that the wedding should take place in London. It should be celebrated, he said, amidst his own friends, and at his own house.

Lord Hampshire was too much in love to dispute the matter. He was ready to follow Ada to Australia or Japan, if only she would not make him wait too long. So it was settled that he should join them in America early in August, and be made happy as soon thereafter as circumstances would allow.

Virginia was glad to go home. She had enjoyed her travels, but her heart was over the sea. As to Mrs. Fairfax, she was too full of exultation on Ada's account to feel much disappointment on the subject of her eldest daughter. She said to herself that Virginia was handsomer than Ada, and as she would, of course, be much with her sister, what might not the future seasons have in store? So she sat on the deck wrapped in velvet and sealskin and pleasant meditations, and the good ship India flew westward over the Summer waves.



THE DANCING FAUN, A CELEBRATED ANTIQUE STATUE.— SEE NEXT PAGE.

And what of Robert Maxwell all this time? Home was not home to him any longer. He had left it, and established himself in New York. Thus it came that, strolling down Broadway one hot Summer evening, he stepped into a restaurant to refresh himself with an ice. He was sitting apart, when his ear was suddenly caught by the conversation of two gentlemen at another table. The words that pierced him like a dagger's point were these, "Fairfax," "Baltimore," "magnificent marriage."

"I dare say the old folks are mightily pleased," said the other gentleman.

"I believe you," was the reply. "A marquis, and as rich as a crocus, as Mrs. Partington would say." They moved away, but Robert had heard enough. And yet, what was this news to him? Had not "lost" been written on his heart years ago? and could there ever be for him such a word as "found"?

The wedding over, the bride and bridegroom off on their honeymoon trip, the Fairfax mansion gradually subsided into comparative quiet.

"You look pale and fagged, Virginia," said Mrs. Ramsay, her mother's eldest sister, one day, after the other guests had all dispersed. "I am going down to Rocky Beach to-morrow, and shall carry you off with me."

Virginia assented. She was at home, where she longed to be; but she felt restless still, and she felt ashamed of herself for being glad to be off again. Yet it was still her own, her native land, and she loved the sea.

On a bright September evening she was walking on the shore with her aunt. The latter, feeling tired, sat down, and Virginia walked on alone. Her mind wandered, as it often did, to far-off days at Deep-wood, and to Robert Maxwell. Two years since she parted from him in anger. Where was he now? had he forgotten her, and married some one worthier of his love?

Just then a wave larger than its fellows came leaping to her feet. Virginia stepped back. It kissed the shining sand, and then retreated, leaving behind it a tuft of sea-weed. Something glistened in the tangles of the weed. Virginia started, looked, stooped to examine it. It was her long-lost ring!

The company at Rocky Beach was select and refined rather than fashionable. Amongst it, with an excited flush on her cheek, a brilliant light in her dark eye, moved Virginia, observed and admired of all.

They asked her to sing, and she complied at once.

"It was not worth refusing," she said.

She forgot her audience, and poured her whole soul into the beautiful old song:

"Would you come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,
In the old semblance that I knew,
I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true!

"Never a scornful word should grieve you,
I'd smile sweet as the angels do,
Sweet as your smile on me shone ever,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true!

"I was not worthy of you, Douglas,
Not half worthy of such as you;
Now all men besides are to me but shadows,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true!"

As the strain proceeded, passionate, remorseful, imploring, all held their breath, and thought they had never heard such singing.

"I did not like it," said an old lady afterward. "It sounds too real."

Just as the song closed with its last beseeching wail of "Douglas, Douglas, tender and true!" Virginia looked up, and saw reflected in a mirror on the opposite wall—the dark eyes fixed reproachfully on her—the face of Robert Maxwell!

She started, half rose, and then there was a loud crash of the piano-keys. She had fallen forward, with her face resting on her arms.

There was the usual commotion, but a fatherly old gentleman came forward, lifted her up, and placed her on a sofa. She soon revived, and went up-stairs with her aunt.

"Who is that lady?" asked one gentleman of another, out on the piazza.

"Miss Fairfax, of Baltimore. Beautiful creature, is she not? Her sister is the Marchioness of Hampshire,"

"Her sister?" Robert's heart leaped into the seventh heaven. Could it be possible that *he* was the Douglas of that tender, impassioned strain?

Late in the afternoon of the next day, Virginia came down-stairs. To her great relief, the parlors were empty, and she sat down by a window to read. But the book fell on her knee, and her eyes looked dreamily out on the ocean, while her voice unconsciously murmured the words of her song, "Would you come back to me, Douglas, Douglas?" There was a rapid step, and Robert Maxwell was at her side.

"Virginia, I have come back. Will you forgive me, for the sake of all I have suffered since we parted?"

She held out her hands—his arms were round her in a moment—a passionate embrace reunited them.

"Ah, Robert, I too have suffered! Look at this," and she showed her ring. "It came back to me yesterday, and I felt sure you would come next." And then she told how she had found it.

"Your hand is as slender as ever, darling," said Robert. "This ring must be my care for the present." He took out his pocketbook, and from its depths produced a pale, faded rose. "Do you remember this?"

"Oh, Robert, forgive me! I have hated passion-flowers ever since that evening."

Two months later, Robert placed a circlet of plain gold on Virginia's finger. And beneath it, carefully fitted, was the lost ring, to be its faithful guardian for evermore.

A HOLY-WATER FONT AT RATISBON.

The city of Ratisbon—called by the Bavarians Regensburg—is rich in curiosities similar to the one presented in our engraving. This font is at the corner of the street upon which the cloister of the cathedral stands, and was, doubtless, formerly within the cathedral itself.

The ancient font is surmounted by a stone shrine, black with the smoke of a lamp which is always kept alight. Above this is a *bas-relief*, apparently representing the performance of a vow by persons preserved from shipwreck.

THE DANCING FAUN.

Italy, under the rule of the Roman Emperors, contained almost inexhaustible treasures of sculpture. The finest works of the great Grecian sculptors found their way to the capital of the world; and artists of less renown, but of wonderful power, copied these masterpieces in every size, and not a few, catching the inspiration from the great masters, executed works of astonishing purity, grace and power.

The ravages of the barbarians laid cities and palaces in ruins. The accumulations of centuries cover the pavement of the halls where the Cæsars and their favorites reveled amid the finest creations of art. These accumulations have been to us like librarians. They have preserved much of ancient art. Year by year they open up their treasures, not at once, but just as nature opens the book of science, gradually, as though she did not wish one generation to acquire all knowledge, but to feel its own weakness and its limited powers.

Of the works of art thus recovered, works which Italy rears on the pedestals in her museums and points to with pride, few surpass the "Dancing Faun," of which our exquisite engraving enables the reader to form so adequate a conception.

CHARLES YOUNG, THE TRAGEDIAN.

One of the noblest tragedians on the stage, and a perfect gentleman in private society, Young was an irrepressible *farceur*, constantly playing, with imperturbable gravity, the most whimsical pranks in public.

He undertook to drive Charles Mathews (*fils*) to Cassiobury, on a visit to the Earl of Essex. Having passed through a turnpike, and paid the toll, he pulled up at the next gate he came to, and, addressing himself most politely

to a woman who issued from the toll-house, inquired if Mr. ——, the toll-keeper, whose name he saw on a board above the door, happened to be in the way. The woman answered that he was not in the house, but she would send for him, if the gentleman wished to see him particularly.

"Well, I'm sorry to trouble you, madam, but I certainly should like to have a few minutes' conversation with him," rejoined Young.

Upon which the woman called to a little boy: "Tommy, run and tell your father a gentleman wants to speak to him."

Away ran Tommy, down a straight, long path in the grounds of a nursery and seedsman. The entrance was close to the turnpike—Young sitting bolt upright on the tilbury, solemn and silent, to the astonishment of Mathews, who asked him what on earth he wanted with the man.

"I want to consult him on a matter of business," was the reply.

After some five or six minutes the boy, who had entered a building at the extreme end of the path, reappeared, followed by a man putting on a jacket as he walked, and in due time both of them stood beside the tilbury.

The man touched his hat to Young.

"You wished to see me, sir?"

"Are you Mr. —— ?"

"Yes, sir."

"The Mr. —— who is intrusted to take the toll at this gate?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you are precisely the person who can give me the information I require. You see, Mr. ——, I paid sixpence at the gate at ——, and the man who took it gave me this little bit of paper" (producing a ticket from his waistcoat pocket), "and assured me that if I showed it to the proper authorities at this gate, I should be allowed to drive through without payment."

"Why, of course," said the man, staring with amazement at Young. "That ticket clears this gate."

"Then you do not require me to pay anything here?"

"No. Why, any fool——"

"My dear Mr. ——, I'm so much obliged to you. I should have been so sorry to have done anything wrong, and therefore wished to have your opinion on the subject. A thousand thanks. Good-morning, Mr. ——."

And on drove Young, followed, as the reader may easily imagine, by a volley of imprecations and epithets of anything but a flattering description, so long as he was within hearing.

THE PERSIAN'S LOVE FOR FLOWERS.

Very beautiful is the Persian's love for flowers. In Bombay, I found the Parsees use the Victoria Gardens chiefly to walk in, "to eat the air"—"to take a constitutional," as we say. Their enjoyment of it was heartily animal. The Hindoo would stroll unsteadfastly through it, attracted from flower to flower, not by its form or color, but its scent. He would pass from plant to plant, snatching at the flowers and crushing them between his fingers, and taking stray sniffs at the ends of his fingers, as if he were taking snuff. His pleasure in the flower was utterly sensual.

Presently a true Persian, in flowing robe of blue, and on his head his sheepskin hat,

"Black, glossy, curl'd, the fleece of Kara-Kul,"

would saunter in, and stand and meditate over every flower he saw, and always as if half in vision. And when at last the vision was fulfilled, and the ideal flower he was seeking found, he would spread his mat and sit before it until the setting of the sun, and then pray before it, and fold up his mat again and go home. And the next night, and night after night, until that particular flower faded away, he would return to it, and bring his friends in ever-increasing troops to it, and sit and sing and play the guitar or lute before it, and they would all together pray there, and after prayer, still sit before it, sipping sherbet, and talking the most hilarious and shocking scandal, late into the moonlight; and so again and again every evening until the flower died. Sometimes, by way of a grand *finale*, the whole company would suddenly rise before the flower and serenade it together with an ode from Hafiz, and depart.

This is the true æsthetic enjoyment of flowers, of which those can know nothing who introduce them impertinently into pictures or poems, or about houses, or in any way outrage their historical associations or their individuality.

A PANIC IN JERUSALEM.

A Beyrout correspondent gives the following account of a panic which occurred in Jerusalem: "A strange state of things happened at Jerusalem on the occasion of the rejoicings for the accession of Murad V. No less than a panic seized on the entire population and lasted about two hours. The issue of cartridges by the chief of police to his men to be fired off in aid of the public manifestation of joy, and the necessity of sending most of the firelocks to the city gunsmiths for repairs to allow these ancient pieces to withstand so great a strain, gave rise to the report that a massacre of the Christians was ordered, and was to come off next day, Friday, after the midday prayer.

"This belief gained such ground that the Christians and Jews closed their shops and hurried away to the various convents and hospices of the city, where they barricaded themselves in. The streets presented an extraordinary spectacle. Fathers and mothers with their little ones, loaded with such valuables as they could easily carry; the children loaded with their pets in the shape of lambs, dogs and kittens—all rushing to the security of the convents.

"The Moslems, seeing this, also took fright, the idea prevailing among them that the Christians were about to massacre them; so with like alacrity they shut up their shops and sped away to their homes or to places of strength in the city. In a short time the streets became deserted, and everybody waited for the evil hour. By degrees it became apparent that a causeless panic had seized on the multitude, and the authorities, together with some of the elders, repaired to the convents and other places of refuge and exhorted the people to return to their business and their homes. Shop after shop began to be opened, people again appeared in the streets, and in a few hours the city had assumed its wonted aspect. The power of credulity of the Syrian, no matter of what religion he be, is unequaled in the world. Among the many rumors afloat, believed in by the lower orders of Moslems, were that the French were marching on the city, and that the Russian fleet had arrived at Jaffa. Even now many really believe that a general massacre was ordered by the authorities, and was averted by some unknown cause.

Color of the Hair.—The hair is a beautiful ornament of woman, but it has always been a disputed point which color most becomes it. We account red hair as by no means the most preferable; but in the time of Elizabeth it found ardent admirers, and was in fashion. Mary of Scotland, though she had exquisite hair of her own, wore red fronts. Cleopatra was red-haired; and the Venetian ladies to this day counterfeit yellow hair.

FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE.

THE orange blossoms wreathe my brow,
My finger wears the bridal token;
The holy rite hath all been said,
The binding words have all been spoken;
While life endures, till death us part,
Thro' joy and sorrow, good and ill,
I'll bear thy image in my heart—
I'll cling to, love, obey thee still.
My hopes all centre now in thee,
And thenceforth thou my fate wilt be.

Think not I speak with doubting heart,
Or turn regretful to the past;
Deeming these early, joyous days
Too glad, too bright to last.
Ah, no! I know thee all too well,
Too earnest is my faith in thee;
I would but show thee what thou art,
The very light of life to me.
Earth has no happier fate beside
For me than this—to be thy bride.

And it is mine; I am thy own,
Forever thine, whate'er betide;
From all life's griefs, in all life's cares,
Thy love my shield, thy truth my guide.
I have no hope, I have no thought,
I have no wish thou dost not share;
My being is wrapped up in thine,
Thy name is in my every prayer;
Thy own true heart, thy faithful breast,
My home, my refuge, and my rest.

THE BOOT-BLACK OF THE LAST CENTURY.

THE street boot-black, but recently revived among us, was a necessary institution of the last century, before patent leather, paved streets, and good street-lamps made it possible to walk a few squares with unsullied feet. Renewed as it has been in our days, as a means of giving employment to boys fast going to ruin, it is one of the most creditable and least onerous charities known. Give the unoccupied youth employment that they will take to, and it will be easy to inspire them with manly notions, and give an impulse to the character, which will enable many to rise gradually to good mechanics and tradesmen, instead of graduating through low bar-rooms and engine-houses, to become the political hacks and bullies who crowd our courts of justice. The little fellow who plies his brush on our street or boat, may feel proud of the antiquity of his calling, and of the fact that men took pains in other days to draw his predecessor to the life. Honest toil is always honorable.

THE ROSE OF SHARON.

THE Rose of Sharon is one of the most exquisite flowers in shape and hue. Its blossoms are bell-shaped, and of many mingled hues and dyes. But its history is legendary and romantic in the highest degree. In the East, throughout Syria, Judea and Arabia, it is regarded with the profoundest reverence. The leaves that encircle the round blossoms dry and close together when the seasons of blossoms are over, and the stalk, withering completely away from the stem, the flower is blown away at last from the bush on which it grew, having dried in the shape of a ball, which is carried by the breeze to great distances. In this way it is borne over the wastes and sandy deserts, until at last, touching some moist place, it clings to the soil, where it immediately takes fresh root and springs to life and beauty again. For this reason the Orientals have adopted it as the emblem of the Resurrection. The dried flower is placed in a vase of water beside the beds of women in labor, by the Judeans, and if it expands by moisture, the omen is considered favorable.

THE swallow, swift, and nighthawk, are the guardians of the atmosphere. They check the increase of insects that otherwise would overload it. Woodpeckers, creepers, and chickadees, are guardians of the trunks of trees. Warblers and flycatchers protect the foliage. Blackbirds, thrushes, crows, and larks, protect the surface of the soil; snipe and woodcock the soil under the surface. Each tribe has its respective duties to perform in the economy of nature, and it is an undoubted fact that, if the birds were all swept away from the earth, man could not live upon it, vegetation would wither and die, and insects would become so numerous that no living thing could withstand their attacks. The wholesale destruction occasioned by the grasshoppers, which have lately devasted the West, is undoubtedly caused by the thinning-out of the birds—such as grouse, prairie-hens, etc.—which feed upon them. The great and inestimable service done to the farmer, gardener, and florist, is only becoming known by sad experience. Spare the birds and save your fruit: the little corn and fruit taken by them is more than compensated by the vast quantities of noxious insects destroyed. The long-persecuted crow has been found, by actual experiment, to do far more good by the vast quantities of grubs and insects he devours, than the little harm he does in the few grains of corn he pulls up; he is one of the farmers' friends.

THE BOOT-BLACK OF THE LAST CENTURY.

BALLOONS AND BALLOONING.

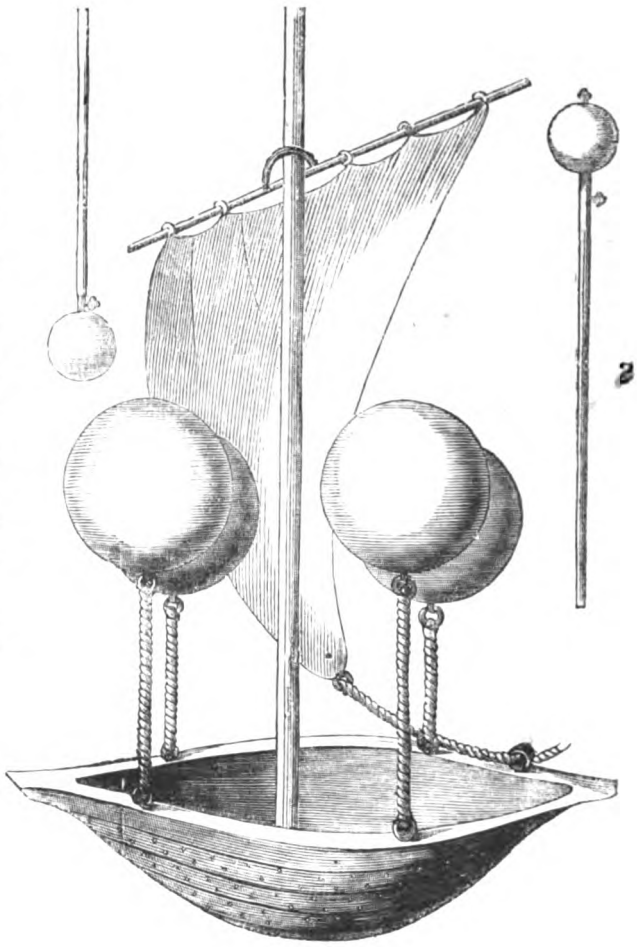
THE question of aerial navigation is one which has exercised the minds of men from times more remote than would be supposed; and from the period when the first known efforts in this direction were made, down to the present, there has hardly been any cessation in the efforts at invention and discovery in the art of ballooning, or aeronautics. It is, in fact, almost impossible to discover the first attempts made by mankind to navigate the air, since numerous allusions are made to the art, even as far back as in ancient mythology, and the earliest of our ancient history.

Dædalus was a Greek, who is said to have formed the Cretan Labyrinth, and also to have invented the saw, ax, gimlet, and other carpenter's tools. He made for himself wings, and being confined in prison by Minos, King of Crete, escaped by means of them, and flew across the Archipelago. He was accompanied by his son, Icarus, aided by a similar fabrication. The latter, however, proud of his new acquisition, neglected to follow his father's direct flight, and soared playfully upward; and the wings being fastened to his shoulders by wax, the heat of the sun dissolved this, and he fell into the sea, where he drowned miserably.

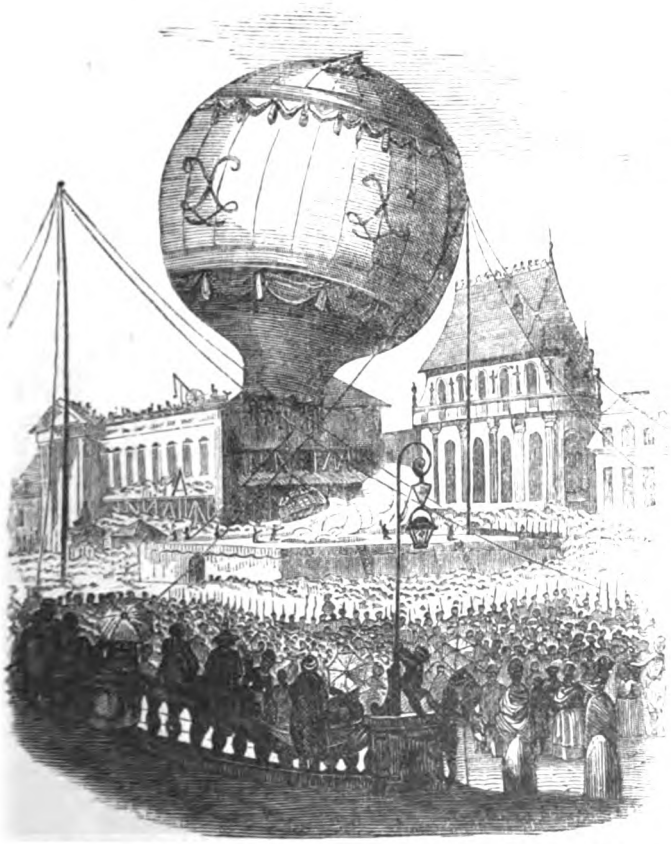
Shakespeare has made use of this myth as an illustration in "King Henry VI.", third part, fifth act, scene 6th, in the interview between *Gloster* and the *King:*

Gloster—Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,
That taught his son the office of a fowl,
And yet for all his wings, the fool was drowned.

King Henry—I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus;
Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;
The sun that seared the wings of my sweet boy,
Thy brother Edward, and thyself the sea
Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.



LANA'S FLYING BOAT.



GREAT MONTGOLFIER BALLOON, VERSAILLES, CARRYING UP A SHEEP, A COCK, AND A DUCK.

Another legend familiar to the general reader, is that of Astolpho, which occurs in the "Orlando Furioso," of Ariosto. Astolpho was supposed to be an English duke, who joined Charlemagne against the Saracens. He is said to have descended into the infernal regions, and to have made a flight to the moon.

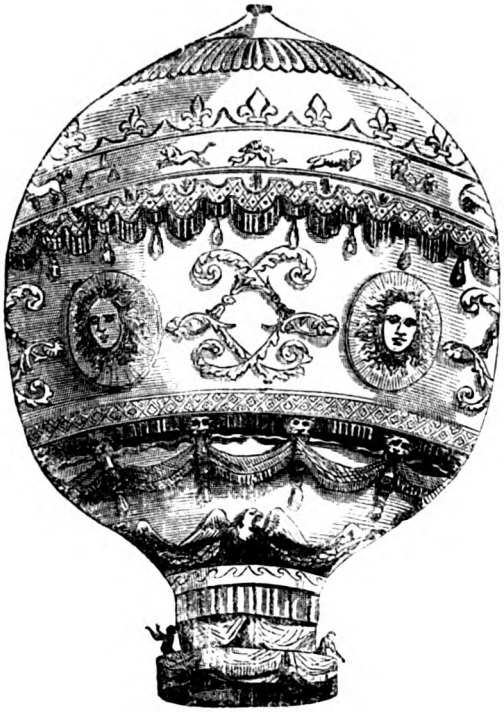
Archytas, of Tarentum, is reported to have manufactured, 400 B. C., a wooden pigeon which sustained itself in the air. Concerning this contrivance, Aulus Gellius says, in the "Attic Nights," that it was "so contrived as, by certain mechanical art and power, to fly; so nicely was it balanced by weights, and put in motion by hidden machinery and inclosed air."

In the "Odes of Horace," 1-28, we find an allusion to the invention of Archytas, as follows:

"Archytas! Thou sage who measured the earth and the sea, and did count the grains of sand that are infinite in number! Now that you lie extended near the Matinian shore, covered only with a small quantity of dust, is it of any service to you, who wert so soon to die, that you penetrated into the broad heavens, and by a vast and comprehensive understanding, extended your views from one pole to the other?"

Cardan, the celebrated mathematician—and astrologer as well—who was born in 1501, alludes to this pigeon in one of his works. Loretus Taurus had a curious theory in relation to birds' eggs. He says:

"The shells of hens' eggs, if properly filled and well secured against the penetration of the air, and



FIRST MONTGOLFIER BALLOON, CARRYING PILATRE DE ROSIER AND THE MARQUIS D'ARLANDES.

exposed to the solar rays, will ascend, and sometimes suffer a natural change; and if the eggs of the larger description of swans, or fine leather balls, be filled with nitre, the purest sulphur, or kindred materials which purify by their caloric energy, and if they resemble pigeons, they will easily be mistaken for these animals. If we desire to give motion to machines, we must apply fire."

He further goes on to explain, "a good imitation of the cooing of the pigeon can be added to this ingenious automaton." He also indicates a contrivance to be adopted, which he says "escaped the ingenuity of Archytas, and the want of which was the cause why his pigeon was unable to rise again when once it descended to the ground."

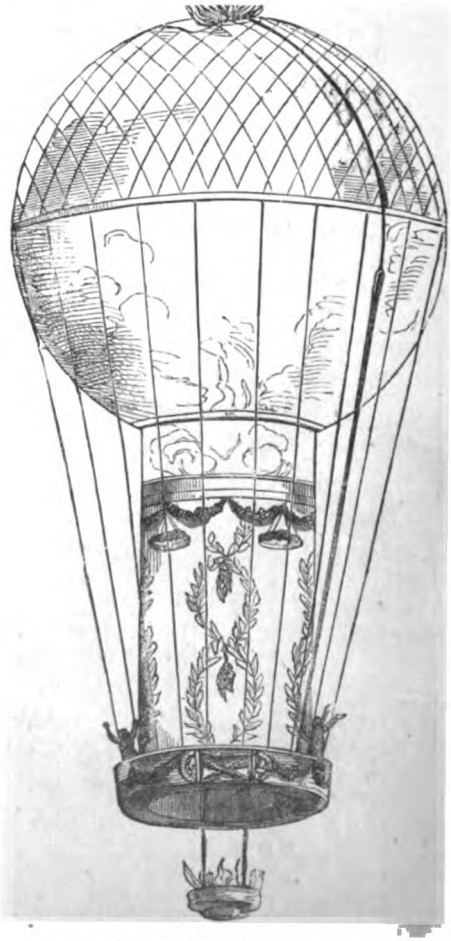
The superstition as to the power of sorcerers to navigate the air, and on which is doubtless founded the same belief with regard to the witches of more modern days, is of primeval birth, and the old monastic histories are full of illustrative incidents. Burns very well expresses the malign intention of such progresses in the following lines:

> Let warlock grim an' wither'd hags
> Tell how wi' you on rag-weed nags
> They skim the muirs and dizzy crags
> Wi' wicked speed;
> An' in kirk-yards renew their speed
> Oure howkit dead.

Suetonius, in his history, relates that Simon Magnus met his death in Rome, during the siege of Nero, while attempting to fly from one house to another. Roger Bacon, who was born at Ilchester, in England, in 1214, had, it appears, some idea of a flying machine, to be propelled by wings; and in one of his works describes a plan for navigating the air. Assuming that the atmosphere is a material possessing consistency, capable of bearing vessels upon its surface, as ships are borne upon the water, he proceeds in his description, by stating that his machine "must be a large, hollow globe of copper or other suitable metal, wrought extremely thin, filled with ethereal air, and launched into the atmosphere, where it will float like a vessel on the water." He also says "there may be made, I think, some flying instrument, so that a man sitting in the middle of the instrument, and turning some mechanism, may put in motion some artificial wings to beat the air, like a bird flying."

Shortly after Bacon's time, projects were actually in vogue, having the intention to educate children from infancy in the exercise of flying with artificial wings; and, according to contemporary accounts, considerable progress was made in the art; at least to that extent that individuals supplied with the necessary mechanism —between running and flying—got over considerable ground in a comparatively limited period.

In the latter part of the fifteenth century, a mathematician of Perugia is said to have risen above Lake Thrasimena by means of artificial wings attached to his body. A story is told by Ferdusi, a Persian writer, in his "Shah Nameh," which was written in the tenth century. He related that a king, who is the hero of this tale, being desirous to ascend the heavens, consulted the astrologers, who suggested a rather ingenious conceit, by which he is supposed to have effected his purpose. He had prepared a frame of aloes wood.



PILATRE DE ROSIERS' AERO-MONTGOLFIER BALLOON, JUNE 15, 1785.

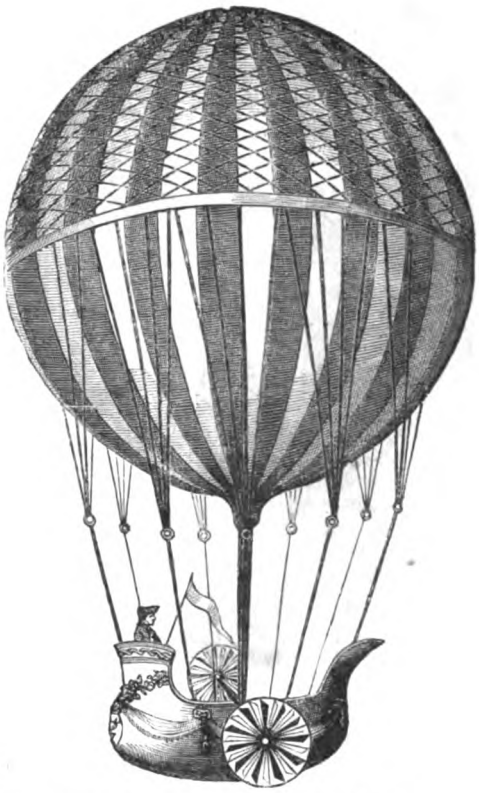
On each of the four corners was a javelin, and on each point of the javelin a piece of goat's flesh. Beneath these javelins four eagles were bound, the king seating himself in the middle of the frame. The eagles having been previously starved, became frantically hungry, and, on seeing the goat's flesh, flapped their wings and sought to reach it by flying, the effort, of course, carrying the king on his novel throne high into the air. The story concludes with a catastrophe. The eagles flew as long as their strength lasted, but on being completely fatigued, fell to the ground, carrying the entire fabric, including the king, who dropped somewhere in the kingdom of China, where the unfortunate monarch was left a prey to hunger and despair.

The tales of the "Flying Carpet," from the "Arabian Nights," are familiar to all, in company with numerous other legends having the same general bearing.

After the mythical, we have the automatic aerial machines. Among the earliest of these, was one said to have been constructed by an English monk, in the reign of Edward the Confessor, which enabled its inventor to fly a considerable distance from a tower on which he perched himself. A similar flight to this was made from St. Mark's steeple in Venice; and a Turk at Constantinople was another among those who made aerial efforts of this character.

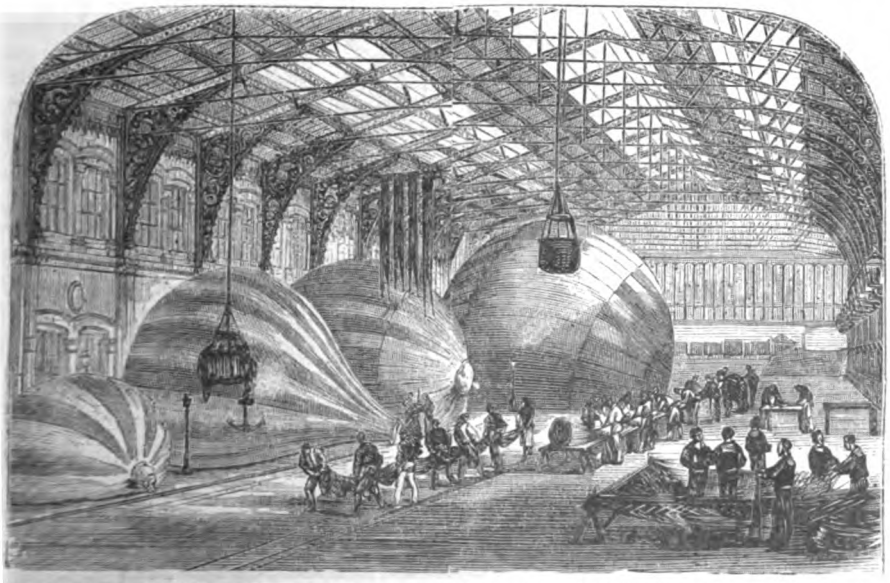
In the reign of Louis XIV. a rope-dancer made an attempt to fly across the Seine with some automatic mechanism. He was, however, unsuccessful, and his escapade resulted in a broken limb. In the seventeenth century, a Portuguese Jesuit, Lana, broached a project for navigating the air in a vessel supported by exhausted globes; and in 1709, a friar, called Bartholomew Lawrence de Guzman, petitioned the King of Portugal for a patent on an invention for "carrying passengers, and navigating the air very swiftly." Guzman got his patent, and also received a professorship in the University of Coimbra, as also a pension. He was, however, seized by the Inquisition and thrown into prison as a magician; and no account exists of his success as a navigator of the air.

It was not until 1766, when Cavendish discovered the properties of hydrogen gas, that aerial navigation began to appear practicable. Following Cavendish, Professor Black, of Edinburgh, in 1767, announced to his class that a vessel filled with hydrogen would rise naturally into the air. It remained, however, for the now celebrated Brothers Stephen and Joseph Montgolfier to originate ballooning as a practical art. They were paper manufacturers, near Lyons, France, and experimented at first with heated air, having no knowledge of the properties of hydrogen. They constructed a balloon made of linen cloth and lined with paper. Under this they built a fire which was fed with bundles of chopped straw, believing that the machine would be raised by the smoke which this made, instead of attributing the result to the rarefaction of the heated air. On June 5th, 1783, they succeeded in raising a balloon weighing 500 pounds into the atmosphere, the experiment taking place in the presence of a great concourse of spectators. The machine rose to the height of nearly a mile, and then, as the vapors escaped, returned slowly to the earth. This event impressed the public with the idea that there could be no end to the immediate prospect of ballooning. On the 19th of September, 1783, the great balloon Versailles was sent up, carrying a sheep, a cock and a duck, the first aerial voyagers.



TESTU BRESSÉ'S ASCENSION, JUNE 17, 1786.

Montgolfier, however, confessed that he derived his ideas from a work by the chemist Priestly. He now experimented with gas, with a certain amount of success, and attracted the attention of the *savans* of Paris, who started a public subscription for defraying the expense of manufacturing hydrogen gas, the materials for which were very costly. One thousand pounds of iron-filings and 498 pounds of sulphuric acid were consumed in filling a globular bag of varnished silk, which



MANUFACTURE OF BALLOONS IN A RAILWAY-STATION AT PARIS DURING THE WAR WITH GERMANY.

A BALLOON WEDDING AT NEW YORK IN 1865.—THE BRIDAL PARTY ABOUT TO ENTER THE CAR.

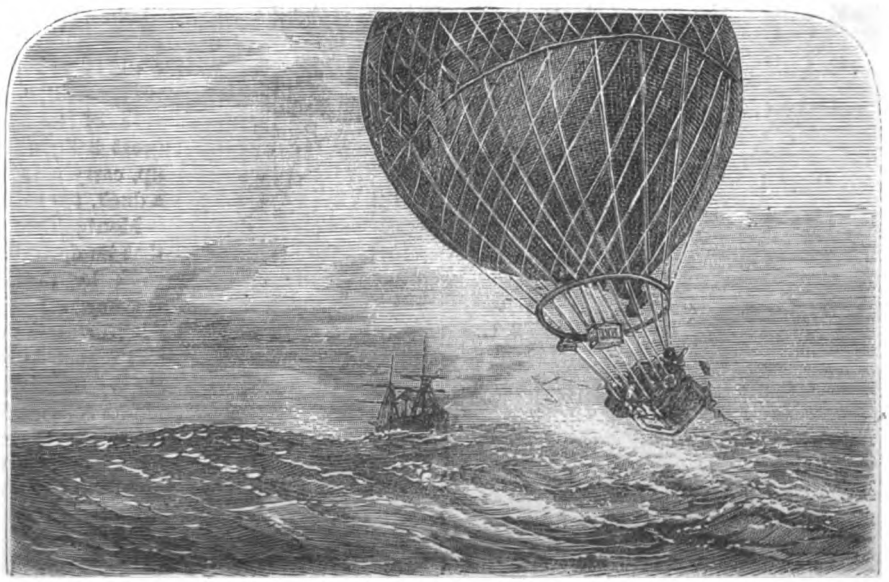
was, for the first time, designated a *Ballon*. The globe was filled in the *Champ-de-Mars*, secretly at night, to avoid the mob.

On the day of the ascent, the place was surrounded by troops, while every house and avenue of approach was crowded with spectators. This, the first ascent of a real balloon known to history, was made on the 22d of August, 1783, in the presence, it is said, of 300,000 spectators—half the population of the city. It was entirely successful, the balloon rising in two minutes to the height of 3,123 feet, when it entered the clouds. It remained up three-quarters of an hour, and fell in a field fifteen miles distant from Paris. The alarm of the peasants on witnessing the fall of this great monster from the skies is reported to have been most ludicrous. At length, one more courageous than the rest, fired a shot into it, and the crowd rushed in with pitchforks and cudgels, and soon completed its destruction.

A similar case occurred not long since at Teheran, in Persia. Some French visitors sent up a fire balloon, and on its alighting, a condition of most serious alarm was occasioned. In further reference to the ascent at Paris, it may be observed that the French Government found it necessary to issue a special bulletin, calculated to quiet the fears of the populace as to the nature of similar experiments, assuring all that this, "far from being an alarming phenomenon, is only a machine that cannot possibly cause any harm, and which will some day prove serviceable to the wants of society."

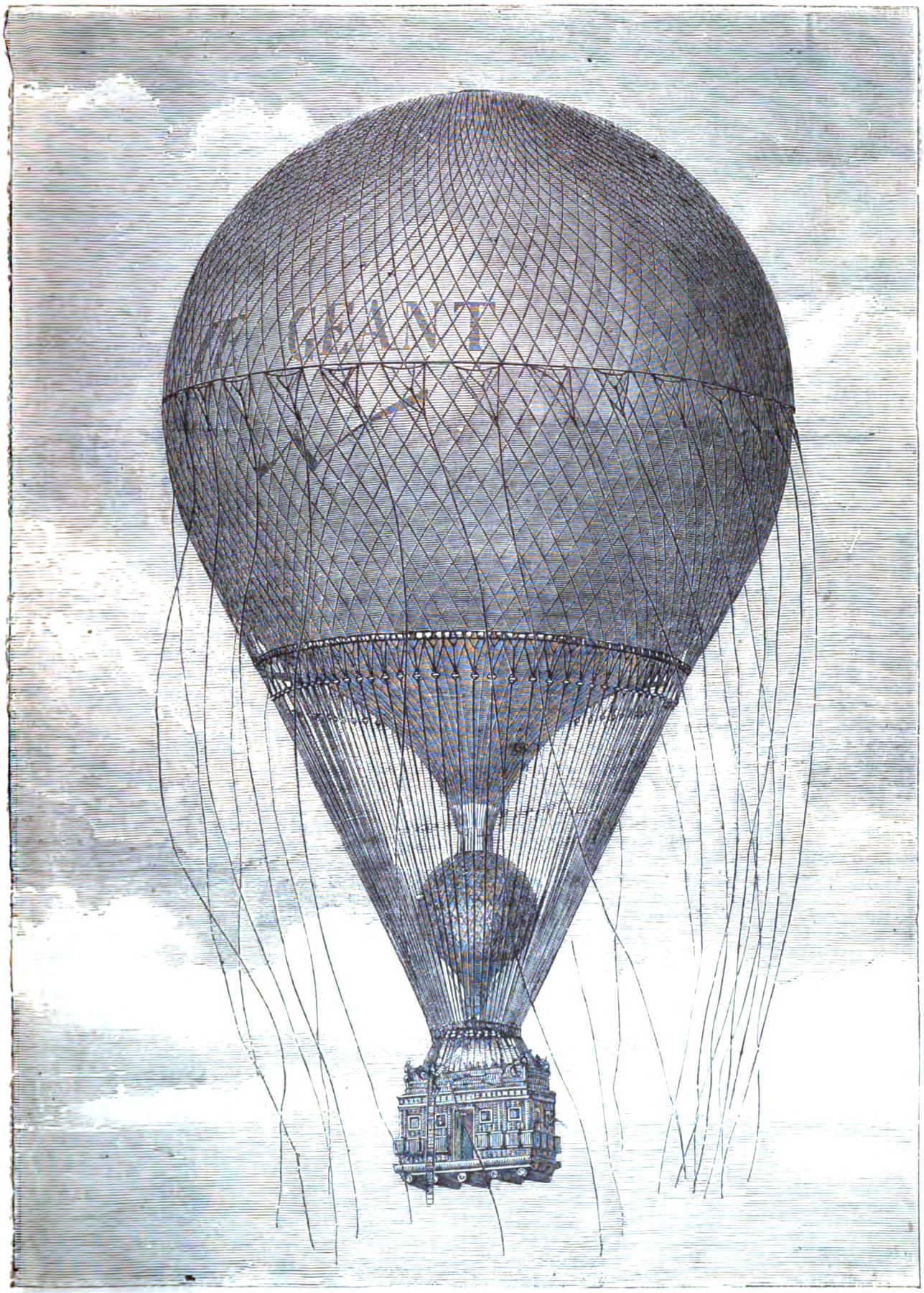
Naturally enough, the success of the Montgolfier resulted in amateur balloonists to a large number; and balloons made of paper were constantly sent up by these, wherever intelligence of the successful experiments had reached.

In the following month, September, Montgolfier sent up another balloon, in which, in a parachute, he had fastened a sheep, cock, and duck, these being the first living creatures which had ever ascended into the air in an aerostat. This experiment was also successful, the animals being brought to the ground in safety.

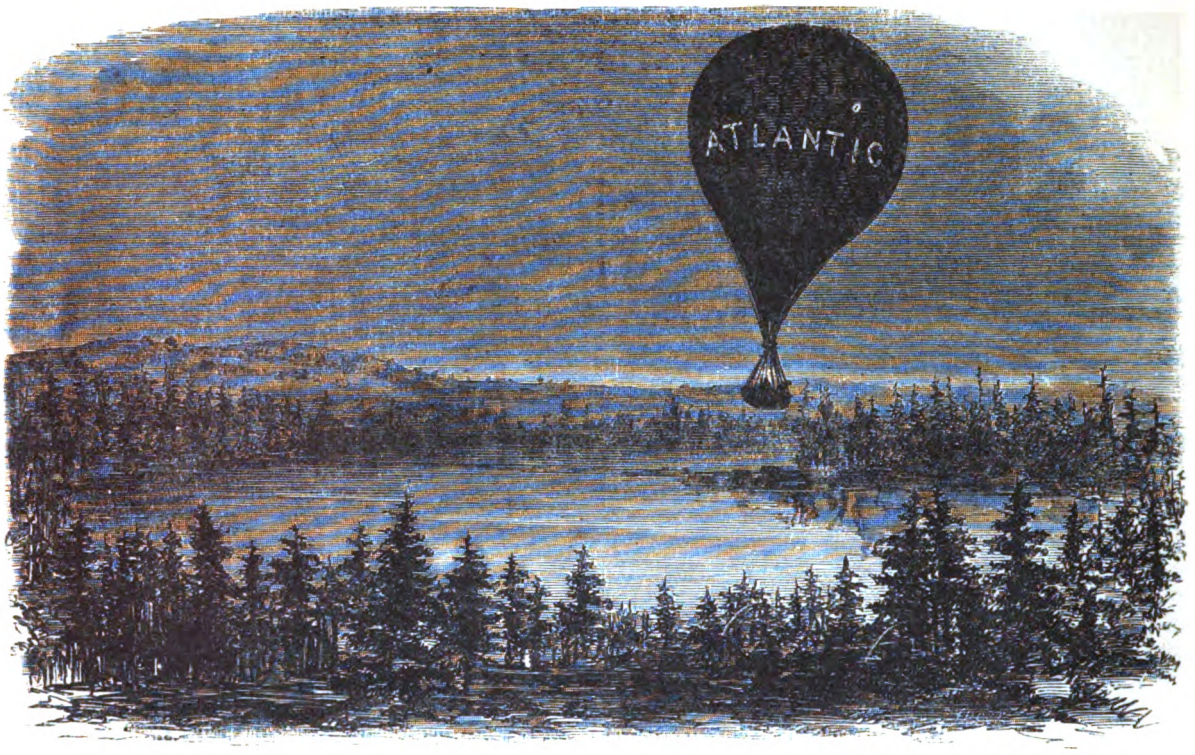


FALLING OF ROLLIER'S BALLOON INTO THE NORTH SEA, ON ITS WAY FROM PARIS TO NORWAY.

In November of the same year, Pilâtre de Rosier determined to make a personal ascent. The king, however, forbade this, and ordered instead, that two men under sentence of death should go



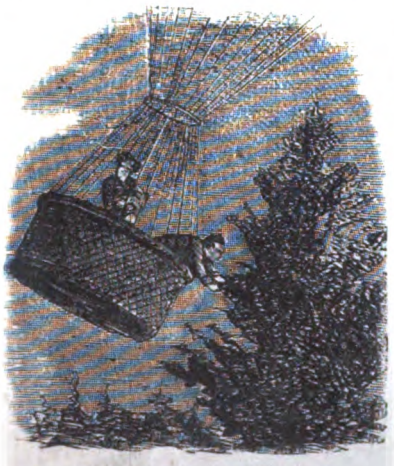
NADAR'S BALLOON "LE GÉANT."



LA MOUNTAIN AND HADDOCK'S PERILOUS BALLOON VOYAGE—THE "ATLANTIC" DESCENDS INTO THE LAKE.

up in the balloon. But against this Rosier remonstrated, saying, "What! shall vile criminals be the first to have the glory of rising into the heavens? No, no! This shall not be." At length, the king yielded, chiefly on account of the earnest entreaties of the Marquis d'Arlandes, who volunteered to accompany the intrepid aeronaut. After several experiments with a confining rope, these two gentlemen ascended on the 21st of November, 1783, from the Bois-de-Boulogne, without being tied. This ascent was successful, the balloon crossing the river, and descending, after twenty-five minutes, into a field 9,000 yards distant from its starting-point.

The first ascent in England was made during the same month, a balloon having been publicly shown in London for several days before being filled. It fell forty-eight miles distant. In the meantime, Professor Charles and Mr. Robert were experimenting in balloon-making, and to one of them is due the credit of inventing the valve, the parachute, ballast to regulate ascent, application of the barometer, and also that of varnish to render the silk impermeable and prevent the loss of gas. These improvements were used in their first ascent, which took place only a month later than those already described. This balloon was twenty-seven and a half feet in diameter, the car being made of basket-work. The two gentlemen made the ascent together, which was without accident; resulting in a landing nine miles from the place of starting. In this expedition, the movements of the barometer and thermometer were first noticed, and applied to the measurement of the height reached, which was, in this case, 9,700 feet. This was the first ascent in which scientific experiment was applied to the art. It may be observed that the Montgolfiers received gold medals on which was afterward inscribed the name of Professor Charles, who received as an additional gratuity and pension, £200; while the father of the Montgolfiers was ennobled by letters patent from the king, as a recognition of his son's services in the cause of science.



LA MOUNTAIN CATCHES HOLD OF THE BRANCHES OF A TREE.

Curiously enough, experiments in ballooning had been made in Philadelphia, simultaneously with those in France. On the arrival of the news of Rosier's successful ascent, Messrs. Rittenhouse and Hopkins, members of the Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, constructed a car supported by forty-seven small hydrogen balloons. After trying this with animals, a Mr. James Wilcox, a carpenter, ascended December 28th, 1783. Seeing himself approaching the Schuylkill River, and being apprehensive of falling into it, the balloonist made incisions into his balloons, one after another, until he had cut eleven of them, which caused so violent a descent that he met with a slight accident.

In 1784, fifty-two balloon ascents were made, the most important being one at Lyons, in the largest aerostat which had at that time been made, and in which seven persons made an ascent, which was not, however, altogether successful.

THEY LAND IN THE CANADA WOODS.

The first balloon which ever crossed the English Channel was launched from Sandwicham, February 22d, 1784. It traveled seventy-four miles in two and a half hours, and was picked up in a field nine miles from Lisle, in Flanders.

Three days after this, the Chevalier Paul Andreain, with the brothers Augustine and Charles Gerli, made the first balloon ascent in Italy, near Milan. They traveled a quarter of a mile in twenty minutes. On the 7th of January, 1785, Jean Pierre Blanchard crossed the English Channel, in company with a Dr. Jeffries, of Boston, Mass., from Dover to Calais, being the first to accomplish this perilous feat.

It should be observed that the most of those aerial voyages were made by means of fire-balloons, the fire being required to produce the necessary gas by combustion, and being tended, under peculiar difficulties, by the aeronaut himself. This system was, however, soon abandoned, and replaced by the use of hydrogen or coal-gas balloons; and, in fact, no important improvement in the matter of aerostation has been added since the time of Professor Charles.

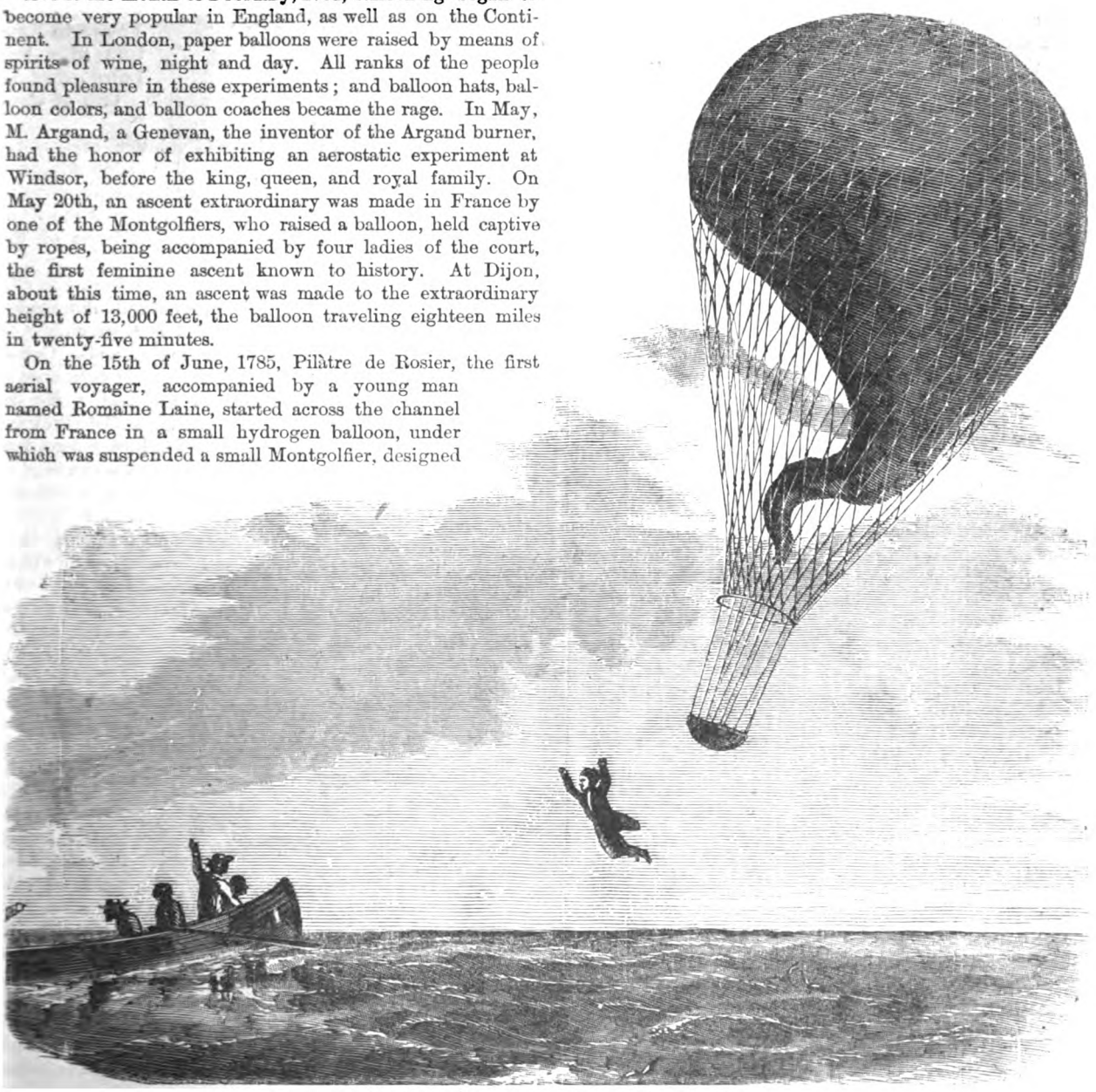
About the month of February, 1784, ballooning began to become very popular in England, as well as on the Continent. In London, paper balloons were raised by means of spirits of wine, night and day. All ranks of the people found pleasure in these experiments; and balloon hats, balloon colors, and balloon coaches became the rage. In May, M. Argand, a Genevan, the inventor of the Argand burner, had the honor of exhibiting an aerostatic experiment at Windsor, before the king, queen, and royal family. On May 20th, an ascent extraordinary was made in France by one of the Montgolfiers, who raised a balloon, held captive by ropes, being accompanied by four ladies of the court, the first feminine ascent known to history. At Dijon, about this time, an ascent was made to the extraordinary height of 13,000 feet, the balloon traveling eighteen miles in twenty-five minutes.

On the 15th of June, 1785, Pilâtre de Rosier, the first aerial voyager, accompanied by a young man named Romaine Laine, started across the channel from France in a small hydrogen balloon, under which was suspended a small Montgolfier, designed to increase or diminish the ascending power, at pleasure. The hydrogen, by its expansion, pressed down the tubular neck of the balloon, and this reached the fire of the Montgolfier, being at once ignited. The balloon was immediately in a blaze, being thirty minutes after they left. The aeronauts, precipitated from the height of 3,000 feet, were picked up dead. They were buried with imposing ceremonies, and a suitable monument commemorating their feat and service was erected over their graves. This was the first fatal accident known in the history of ballooning.

In 1786, Testu Bressé, avoiding the dangerous fire-balloon, ascended successfully in one inflated with hydrogen.

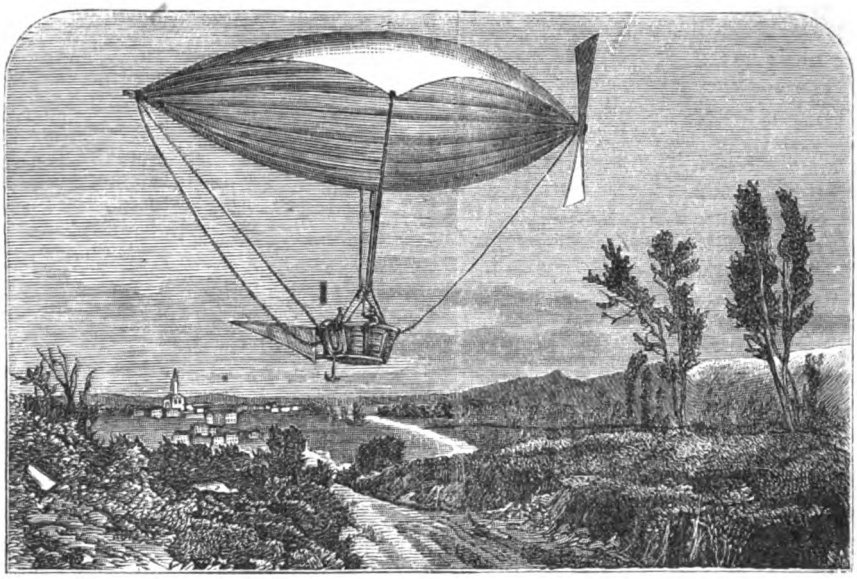
It may be observed here, in reference to this particular fact, although ascents to the number of very many thousands have been made since, it is strange that no more than thirty persons have lost their lives in consequence, and that of this number, very few occurred during ascents made for scientific purposes.

Among the more memorable subsequent ascents was that



STEINER'S LEAP FROM HIS BALLOON INTO LAKE ERIE.

of Garnier, in 1802, from London, on which occasion he descended successfully in a parachute. In 1806 two enterprising Italians ascended to above 34,000 feet, when the air became so rarified that the balloon burst, and precipitated the aeronauts to the earth—fortunately, the remains of the balloon were sufficient to break their fall, and thus save their lives.



CORDENON'S AIR-SHIP.

One of the most remarkable voyages was that undertaken November 7th, 1836, when Mr. Green, accompanied by Mr. Monck Mason and Mr. Holland, crossed over from London to the Continent, and landed at Weilburg, in Germany, next morning.

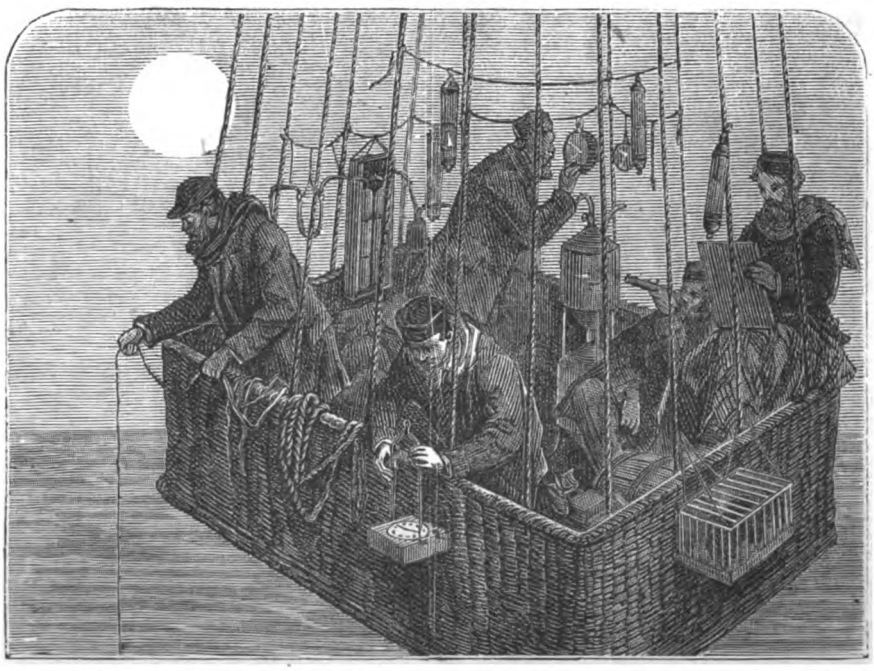
Despite the great improvements in the art, no advance has been made in steering balloons. As far as safety and certainty are concerned, great strides have been achieved, but when once up in the air it is at the mercy of the currents. The idea of some enthusiastic believers in the balloon, that it can be steered like a ship are not nearer realization than in the days of Montgolfier. It must be borne in mind that there is no analogy between the ship and the balloon; the ship has two elements to work upon—one, a very heavy one, such as water, and the other the lighter one of air; both of which are amenable to science, as exact as mathematics, and operating on each other, while aerostatics entirely deals with the most subtle and variable of elements.

Of late years the balloon has been made useful in the art of war, affording means by which the number and position of the enemy can be ascertained. During our own civil conflict there was a special *corps* devoted to this branch of war science, the advantages of which are obvious. It is a remarkable fact that the great reason urged against its adoption, namely, that the "spies in the air," as they were called, would inevitably be reached by rifle-bullets, never once happened, either in Germany or America.

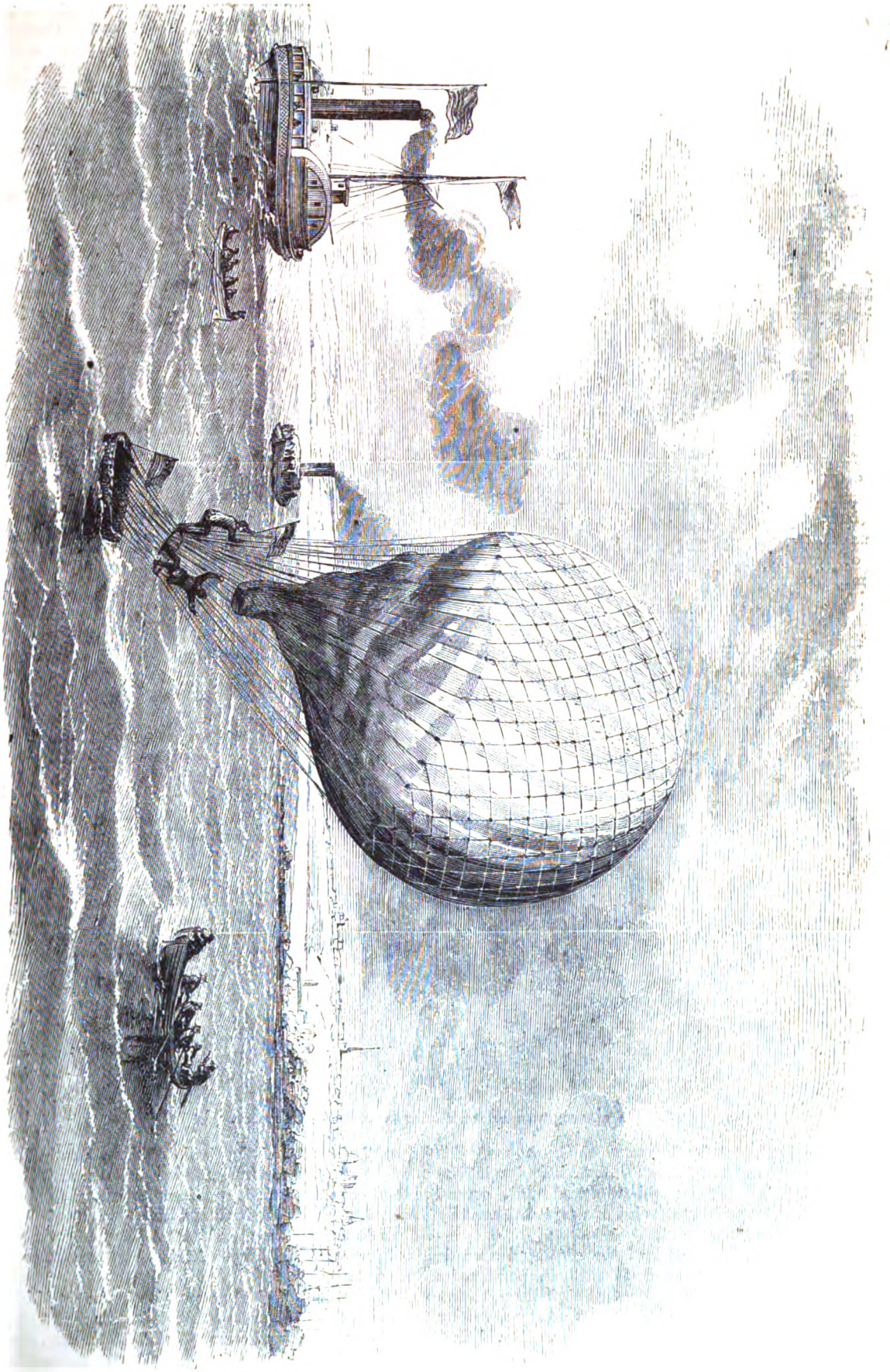
Blanchard, who, it will be remembered, was the first to cross from France to England in a balloon, died in 1809, after having made sixty-six ascents. One of these he made in New York, in 1796.

In 1794, during the wars of the Revolution, aeronautics had reached so prominent a condition that at Meudon, near Paris, an institution was established for training a corps of aeronauts, with a view to observe the enemy by means of balloons—this being probably the first instance of the article being used for this purpose.

The place of Blanchard was taken by M. Garnerin, who was especially noted for night ascensions with illuminated balloons. He became very famous and popular, chiefly on account of the daring character of his experiments. One of these consisted in cutting himself loose in his parachute at a height of ten thousand feet from the earth. He descended in safety, the only ill result being a slight sickness derived from the oscillating motion. In 1803, Count Zanbecarri, of Rome, with two other Italians, ascended in a Montgolfier balloon from Bologna, at midnight. Owing to improper inflation, and to the fact that two of the aeronauts became insensible after rising to a great height, the balloon descended into the Adriatic, from which the adventurers were with difficulty rescued by a passing vessel. This occurred off the coast of Istria, and the balloon reascended, and



FRANCE.—SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENTS DURING A RECENT ASCENSION OF THE BALLOON "ZENITH" FROM LA VILLETTE.

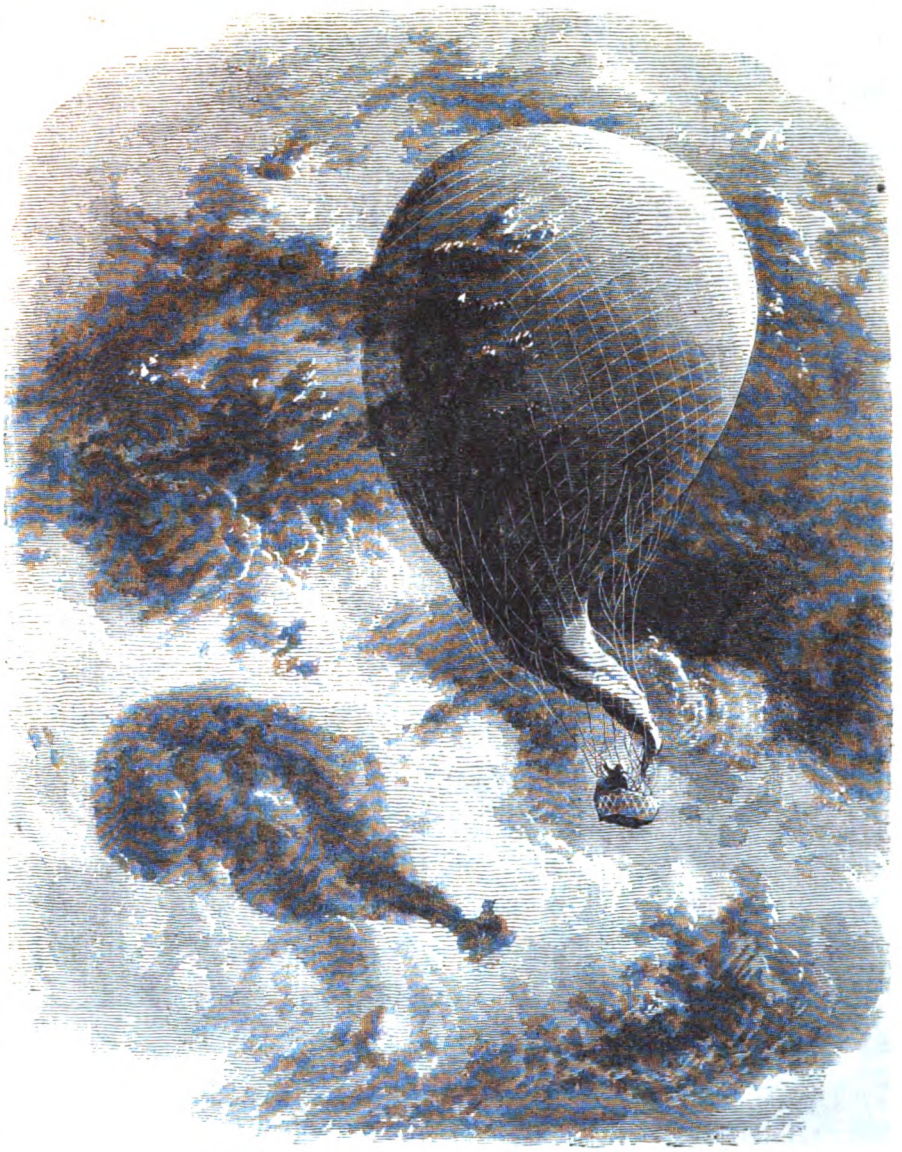


LYNN'S ADVENTURE ON LAKE ERIE IN 1859.

fell somewhere in Turkey. The height to which they attained is conjectured to have exceeded five miles.

In 1804, a purely scientific ascent was made from St. Petersburgh, at the request of the Russian Academy, for the purpose of ascertaining the condition of the atmosphere at different heights. In this ascent the balloonists reached an altitude of 23,526 feet. In the same year, a balloon was sent up at Paris at the time of the coronation of Napoleon I., and fell in a few hours in the neighborhood of Rome. Upon this balloon was inscribed, in large, gilt letters, "*Paris, 25 Frimaire An XII. Couronnement de l'Empereur Napoléon par S. S. Pie VII.*" The balloon was exhibited in the Vatican until the year 1814.

The wife of M. Blanchard shared many of her husband's voyages during his life, and, after his death, made a number of ascents alone. One of these was made on the 20th of March, 1811, from Paris, on the occasion of the birth of the King of Rome, and she announced this event by bulletins scattered from her balloon. In 1819, she ascended from the Tivoli Gardens, Paris, accompanied by some fireworks. Her balloon having become accidentally ignited, she fell, and was dashed to pieces in the Rue de Provence.



A BALLOON RIDE AT NIGHT—THE SHADOW ON THE CLOUDS.

An English aeronaut, by the name of Green, made his sixty-ninth ascent in 1827. In 1835, May 2d, Professor Wise ascended from Philadelphia, and afterward made several other ascents. In one of these the balloon exploded, severely injuring the professor.

The most remarkable ascent of the century was made November 7th, 1836, from Vauxhall Gardens, London, by Robert Holland, Esq., M. P., in Mr. Green's balloon, known as the "Great Nassau." Mr. Holland was accompanied by Mr. Monck Mason, a distinguished personage. The highest elevation attained on this excursion was 1,200 feet. The journey lasted eighteen hours, and the descent was made in the Duchy of Nassau, two leagues from Weilburg. In October, 1837, Professor Wise made an ascent in Philadelphia before Black Hawk, the celebrated chief, and delegations from Indian tribes, who chanced to be in the city at the time.

In 1840, the first proposition to cross the Atlantic in a balloon was made by Mr. Green, who published a long statement, explaining his confidence in the feasibility of the voyage. And about this time Professor Wise announced his confidence in the theory of a continuous current of air tending from west to east, within the height of 12,000 feet above the ocean. In 1843, Professor Wise proposed to give personal evidence of his faith in this theory, by taking an aerial voyage across the ocean, and publicly announced it in the newspapers of the day. This was followed by a public proposition on the part of Archibald McRae and Silas Bent, U. S. N., who volunteered to accompany him; but a petition to Congress, asking for an appropriation to the amount of $15,000 to enable the carrying out of this experiment, was unsuccessful, and nothing more was heard of it at that time. Another of Mr. Wise's ideas was submitted to Congress in 1846—this being no less a scheme than the capture of the Castle of Vera Cruz, in Mexico, by freighting a car, or immense war balloon, with bombs and other explosives, and sending the entire mechanism up from the fleet in the harbor, with a design to bombard San Juan de Ulloa from the skies. Although Mr. Wise offered to take personal charge of this novel expedition, his plan was not adopted.

Still another original proposition in the art of ballooning was made in 1858, and was published in the London *Times* over the signature of Henry Coxwell. This time, the scheme was to explore Australia with a balloon. It is not, however, written, that the plan was carried out.

The scientific application of ballooning which was commenced by Robertson at Hamburg in 1803, and continued by the eminent *savans* Biot and Gay-Lussac in France, was further continued by Humboldt in America and Mr. Rush and Mr. Green in England during 1847 and 1849; but to Mr. Glaisher the world is chiefly indebted for the scientific results of such ascents, as well as for the perfection to which ballooning has advanced in our times. Glaisher ascended on one occasion to the height of seven and a half miles. At this terrible elevation, the great aeronaut became insensible, while his companion retained barely sufficient control of his powers to open the valve and allow the balloon to descend. During this expedition, the aeronaut's hands became so frozen that brandy had to be poured over them to restore the circulation. Even then, the opening of the valve was only accomplished by pulling the rope with the teeth.

The voyages of M. Flammarion, a noted French aeronaut, commenced in 1867, under the auspices of a society for the encouragement of ballooning, entitled the "Société Aerostatique," and with the countenance of the Emperor Napoleon III. The first ascents were made from the Hippodrome at Paris, M. Eugene Godard, aeronaut to the Emperor, having the management of the balloon, this being his 904th ascension. From M. Flammarion's account of one of his night voyages, it being from Paris to Angoulême, we extract the following description:

"The night was cold and dark, the clouds formed a thick curtain overhead, the surface of the ground appeared as an immense plain shaded with various dark tints. The only noise we could perceive was the constant croaking of thousands of frogs, and their concert lasted the whole night long; interrupted now and then by the barking of watch-dogs, and again by utter silence. The frogs indicated peat-bogs, the dogs villages, and absolute silence indicated that we were passing over hills or mountains. About midnight we perceived fires here and there beneath us. They were the fires of charcoal-burners in the woods, appearing like lighthouses in the distance. The croaking of the frogs resembled most perfectly the distant roar of the sea. From time to time we heard the sound of waterfalls. A noise which we supposed, at first, to be that of a railway, was caused by the flow of the river Creuse. The monotonous croaking of the frogs presently ceased. At two o'clock in the morning the cocks crowed in the villages; at three, the birds began to sing, and daybreak slowly dawned upon us."

THE BALLOON IN WAR—A FRENCH BALLOON PURSUED BY GERMAN UHLANS.

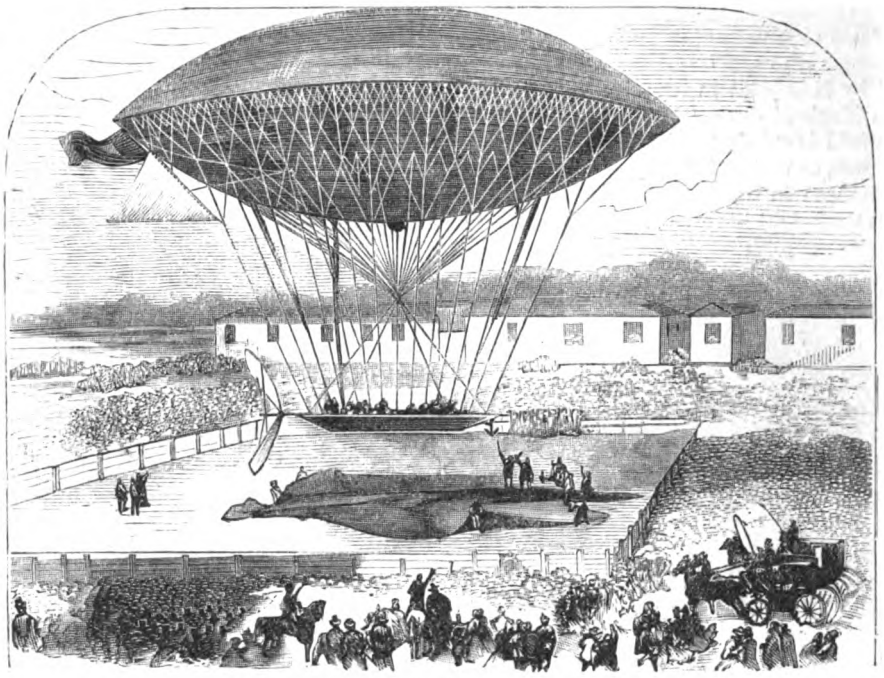
A comical incident occurred to Flammarion on one occasion, while drifting close to the road of St. Germain. He and his companion, in their balloon, were chased by two mounted gendarmes with a demand for their passports.

Two other noted French balloonists, were Defonville and Tissandier. Their first ascents were made in the famous "Le Géant" balloon of M. Nadar. It was of double silk, more than 200 feet in diameter, 196 feet high, with car, and contained 22,000 yards of silk. This balloon made an ascent during the Exposition of 1867. At one of the excursions of "Le Géant," two gentlemen paid a thousand francs each for the privilege of accompanying it.

Paul Rollier and Leon de Bozelles, while trying to reach Norway, fell into the North Sea, and were saved almost miraculously.

Steiner, an aeronaut who had made forty ascents, in an

attempt to cross Lake Erie in June, 1857, was driven down on the lake, and escaped only by leaping into the water, from which he was rescued by a boat let down from a tug. An attempt was made to save the balloon, but the force of the wind bore it off again till it was lost to sight. In 1859 La Mountain, a well-known aeronaut, made an ascent from Watertown, N. Y., with John A. Haddock, editor of a paper in that place. For days no tidings could be had of them; but at last they reached a lumberer's hut in the dense woods of Canada far beyond the Ottawa, after enduring great hardships in the wilderness. Their trip had been full of peril, and they, too, were nearly driven down into the lake as they were crossing. Professor Lynn had a perilous lake adventure the same year.



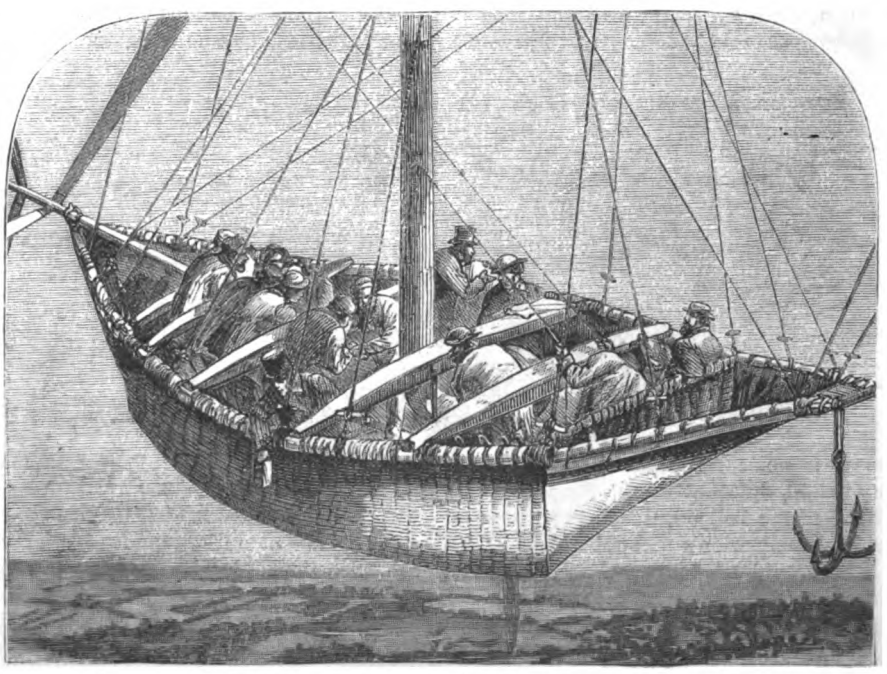
DUPUY DE LORNE'S SCREW BALLOON, TRIED AT VINCENNES, FRANCE, IN 1872.

Balloons for war purposes were revived during the Italian campaign of 1859, and employed by the French, who are said to have derived some benefit from their use during the battle of Solferino.

During our own late war, a balloon corps was organized by the United States War Department, under the management of La Mountain and Lowe. Many reconnoissances were made by this means, and the balloon corps formed a part of McClellan's Peninsula expedition. In the Spring of 1862, it was brought into daily use for the purpose of observation. On one occasion, while General Fitz John Porter was watching the movements of the enemy from a captive balloon, the cable broke, and he was carried over the Confederate lines. Opening the valve, he caused the balloon to descend, and, striking another current of air, was carried back into the Union lines. During the two days of the battle of Fair Oaks, Professor Lowe observed the conflict from his balloon, and was the first to announce the enemy's retreat on Richmond. After the retreat of McClellan to Harrison's Landing, the balloon corps seems to have been disbanded.

In the Franco-German War, balloons were employed to a considerable extent for carrying mails and for the use of spies. Some of these were captured on both sides, as troops were detailed to guard them when ascending and descending, and, if possible, to capture them. A special gun was used by the Germans to pierce them.

The longest flight on record is said to have been made in 1859 by Mr. Wise, Mr. Lowe, and others, who started from St. Louis with the intention of reaching New York. They traveled 1,150 miles in less than twenty hours. A balloon constructed by Mr. Lowe was 387 feet in circumference, with a capacity of 700,000 cubic feet of gas, and an elevating power of twenty-two and a half tons. In 1873, Professor Wise began to undertake the construction of a balloon to cross the Atlantic; and the facts in relation to the various attempts made by the late lamented Donaldson and others in this direction are doubtless fresh



CAR OF DUPUY DE LORNE'S SCREW BALLOON.

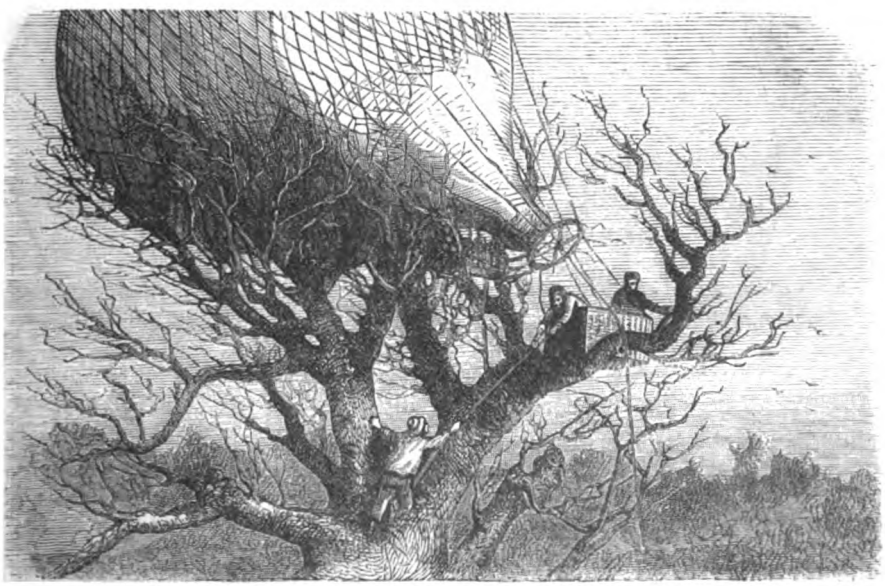
FATAL BALLOON VOYAGE OF MESSIEURS TISSANDIER, SIVEL, AND CROCE SPINELLI.

in the minds of our readers. This particular feat in ballooning, however, remains to be executed by some more fortunate aeronaut in the distant future.

The use of balloons is not confined merely to the daring attempts of the ambitious, or to occasional services in time of war. Science, which conceived and carried out the idea of aerial navigation, could not be indifferent to the result. Balloons afforded means for studying many points, at various elevations, which now prove of the greatest value in meteorology and the kindred sciences.

The study of storms has been taken up in England and the United States, and the government has, in each country, rendered a service not only to science, but also to navigation and humanity. The Zenith, some years since, took up a party of French scientific men, who obtained results of no little value. Other attempts of the kind followed, and this new avenue for observation and comparison is rapidly brought into extended use.

One of these ascensions was attended with fearfully disastrous results. Tissandier, in the Spring of 1875, made an ascension, accompanied by Messrs. Sivel and Croce Spinelli. The balloon, however, became unmanageable, and finally, from loss of gas, descended rapidly. As it came toward the earth, they attempted to save themselves by grappling a tree; but, though some rustics came to their aid, the balloon tore away, and finally struck in a



TISSANDIER'S ATTEMPT TO GRAPPLE THE TREE.

large cemetery, where the grapple again failed to hold. The violence of the descent was fatal to all but Tissandier. The fate of his unfortunate companions excited general commiseration.

Among balloon oddities may be mentioned the freak of a couple, who, in 1865, decided to be married in the clouds, and accordingly ascended in a balloon, having found a clergyman to perform the ceremony in that elevated sphere.

Of course, there have been innumerable variations on the ordinary styles adopted for ballooning; but as yet none have succeeded in filling the place of the latter. Among these have been several attempts on the model of the ship, accompanied with fans, paddles, and various mechanical contrivances for steering, and even for propulsion. We illustrate Marriott's aerial steam carriage, which made a trial trip. It was thirty-seven feet long, cigar-shaped, surrounded by a light framework of wood and cane, with wings of white cloth and a diminutive steam-engine. Another was invented by Professor Cardenons, of the Lyceum at Rorigo, Italy, but the result has not been a complete success. The French Government placed funds at the disposal of M. Dupuy de Lorne, and he made a successful experiment with a screw propeller in 1872. The car below contained the screw and eight men to work it.

THE BALLOON IN WAR—DEPARTURE OF A BALLOON FROM PARIS DURING THE SIEGE.

In 1849, the number of aeronauts was estimated at 471, 49 of these being ladies.

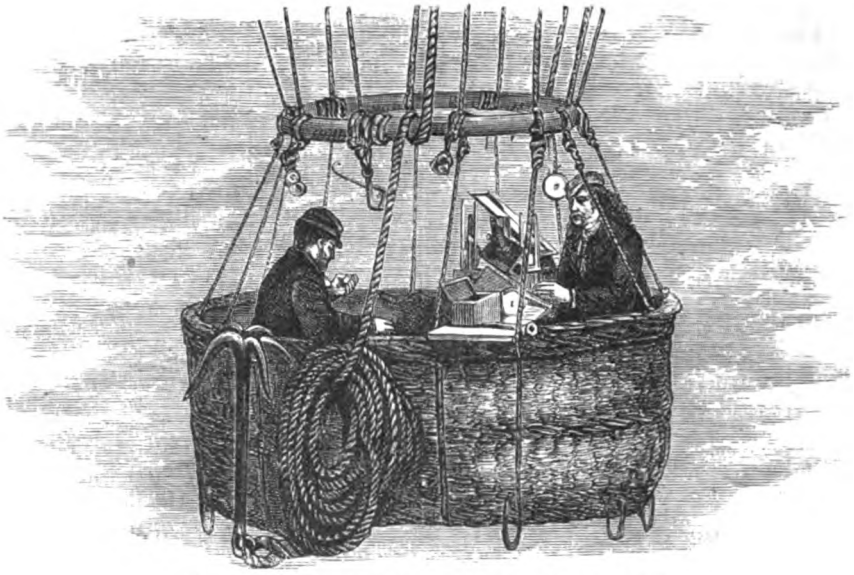
As may be supposed, ballooning has not been always conducted without criticism, and even satire. So late as 1864, "Cornelius O'Dowd" wrote as follows in *Blackwood's Magazine:* "Next to members of the Alpine Club, in the art of utter uselessness, are the people who go up in balloons, and who come down to tell us of the temperature of the air-currents, the movement of the clouds, and the atmospheric pressure in a region where nobody wants to go, nor has the slightest interest to hear about."

The practice was also satirized in a work published in 1865, entitled the "Younger Munchausen." One of the best-known of Poe's imaginative stories is a balloon romance, and will be remembered as the "Unparalleled Adventure of Hans Pfall."

But satirizing the balloon mania was an old trick. Even as early as 1620, Cyrano de Bergerac wrote his "Voyage to the Moon," which is supposed to have been the origin of Swift's "Gulliver's Travels to the Land of the Brobdingnagians."

Very little improvement has been made on the original form of the balloon. But in place of heated air, which is dangerous, and hydrogen, whose preparation is expensive and difficult, it has for many years been customary to use common coal-gas, the mean density of which is about one-half that of air. This improvement was introduced by Mr. Green. The neck of the balloon is left open, because, as the pressure of the external air diminishes, the expansive force of the confined air becomes greater, and the balloon, if the space were not provided for expansion, would be torn to pieces. The machine is also provided with a valve at the top, which can be opened and shut at pleasure. This consists of a

metallic disk, several feet in diameter, which is pressed against a wooden hoop by steel springs, and by means of a rope attached to its centre, may be opened, or on being released, springs back to its place. It is customary to only partially inflate the balloon, and thus leave room for expansion. Sand-bags for ballast are generally carried for the purpose of enabling the aeronaut to ascend when a locality to which he is approaching, seems dangerous.



TISSANDIER'S SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENTS IN THE BALLOON.

The poet Sprague, in referring to the artistic and constructive efforts of men, in his poem upon art, does not fail to remember, in complimentary phrase, the intrepid and ingenious aeronaut. Speaking of man in this connection, he offers the following lines, with which we will conclude our lengthy exposition of the art of ballooning:

> "In fields of air he writes his name,
> And treads the chambers of the sky;
> He reads the stars and grasps the flame
> That quivers in the realms on high."

TIGER-HUNTING REMINISCENCES.

Of all the sports of the field, there are few which give so much diversity as tiger-hunting—varied scenery, different men, fresh shikarees; on foot, in trees, and on elephants; no two tigers of the same nature—one a sluggard, one wide-awake; one a sneaking beast, one a self-confident gentleman; one a coward, one brave, one cunning, one unsophisticated, one savage, and another tame.

Four of us were out on three elephants in Khandeth, when the shikarees told us of a tiger on foot some distance off. After going at full speed for some two miles, we came to a low, thorny grass jungle. Our shikaree told us to form line—Auld on the left, Graham in the centre, Morris and I in one howdah on the right.

After drawing about half a mile, a magnificent tigress jumped up from behind a bush at about eighty yards ahead of the left wing. She sprang away in her majesty, obliquely crossing the line to its right. Each howdah fired; the tigress was wounded, and pulled up exactly facing the right wing, at about a hundred yards. She turned to face the foe with an expression of ferocity never to be forgotten; then, sitting upright, she opened her mouth wide, uttering a prolonged roar.

"At her mouth," I whispered to Morris, as I said, "Fire!"

The brave beast fell over, and died without a convulsion. One front tooth was broken, but both balls had gone through the mouth into the neck and vertebra.

On another occasion, Judge Glasse joined Graham, Auld, and me, with three elephants, in a ravine country. The shikarees marked down a tiger, and stationed us—two to beat, while I was placed ahead of the line. I soon saw a peacock jump up—a sure sign of something moving through the grass. Giving the signal, the elephants came on quickly; a shot from the judge told us he was where we wished him to be.

The tiger was a sneak, sticking to the cover. After a time, another shot, and then another interval; still the line crept on toward me. At last a volley, and the beast rolled over in an open space about thirty yards from me.

While crossing a ravine my elephant got swamped; stepping on to the bank over his head, I joined the party, now on foot,

THE BALLOON IN WAR—FRENCH GUARDS PROTECTING AERONAUTS.

looking at the bag. It was a small tiger, but well fed. As I joined the circle, he began to get up; the judge and others, unarmed, skedaddled, while I stood still, with my rifle at his ear.

"Shall I fire?" I asked, not wishing to injure the judge's first tiger-skin.

"Yes!" called Graham; then they returned.

Graham, Morris, and I were out one hot day, when we could scarcely hold our guns in our hands. A tiger, breaking from a bush beside us, sprang at full speed into the sandy bed of a water-course. M. and I fired together; the tiger rolled over dead as a rabbit, with one ball through the nape of the neck.

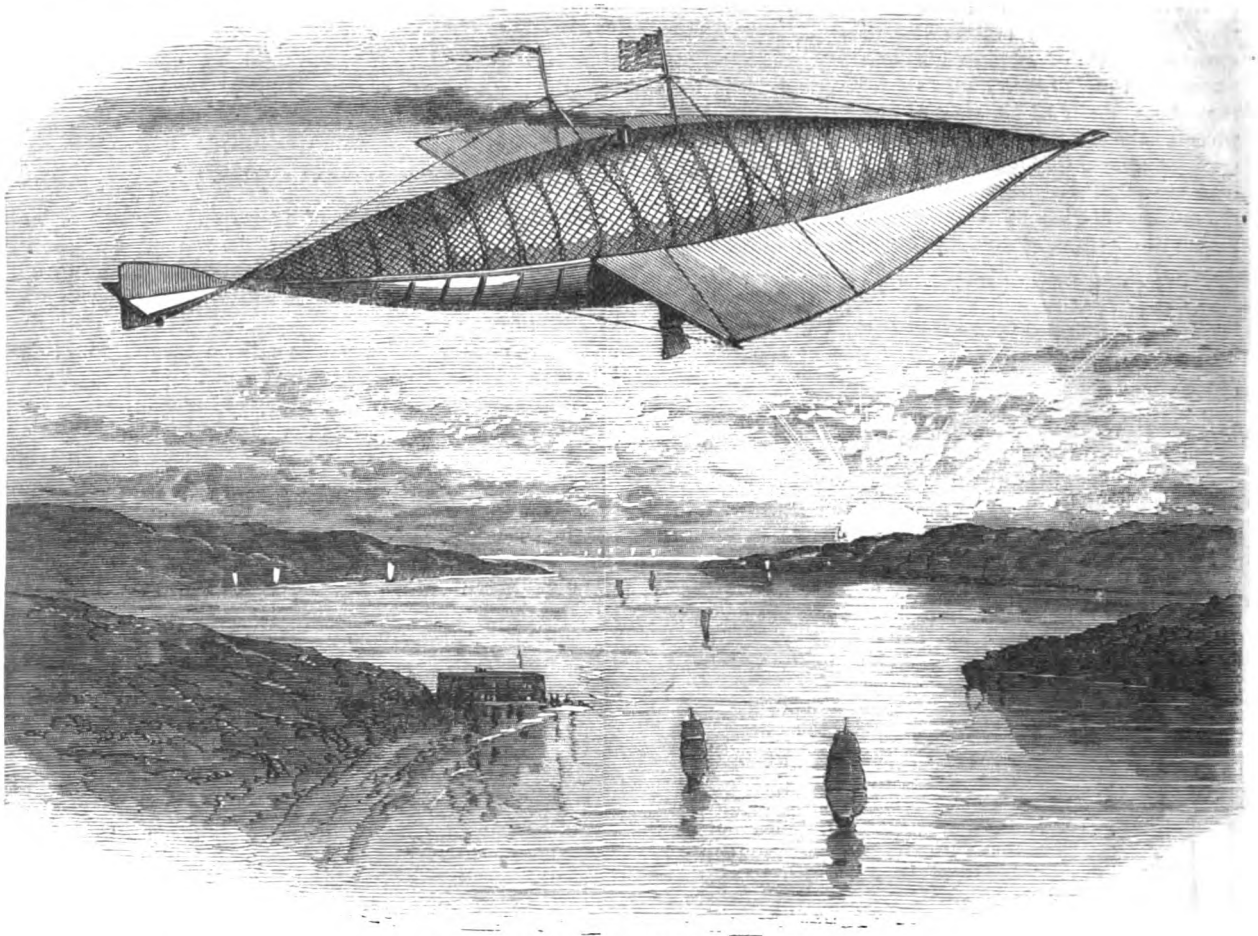
I was out with Graham one day, when we moved a tiger in a jungly, winding ravine. He went on slowly, but was difficult to see. He was, however, hit by some snap-shot, and Graham went ahead to command an open space. Two shots hurried me on. G. was on a high bank, pointing to a thicket below him. Advancing with my eyes intent on the grass, the mahout suddenly stopped, and I was aware of a very large tiger sitting on his haunches, twenty yards distant, grinning savagely at me. A. fired at his shoulder, but before I could fire again, he was on my elephant's head, within a foot of my mahout. All we could do then was to hold on. Luckily, a stiff thorn-tree was in front of us, and into this the elephant jammed his unwelcome burden. The mahout thanked his Prophet for the protection of that tree.

If the elephant had gone down on his knees, he would have rolled over bodily, under the impetus he put on. The tiger rolled off dead, one of several instances of wonderful power exhibited in the last struggle of life in the feline race.

James Whitmore, the two Godfreys, and I, while bear-hunting on foot in the hills about twelve miles from Poona, came upon a bullock fresh-killed. We followed a track through the grass to the hill-top, where a tiger was seen going fast over the edge of the plateau. Running on, we saw him sneaking amongst the bushes near the bottom of the hill; a shot was fired to determine his movements; on he went at full speed round the hillside, while we, moving along the top, kept him well in view till he got into a thick ravine. As he did not cross this, we climbed down one side, a snap-shot hit the tiger on the root of the tail; he then disappeared, but, after a long search, the shikaree Bapper whispered, "He is here!" pointing to a thicket, close to us. We all looked, but could not distinguish anything, so we put a gun in Bapper's hands, standing on each side to stop the expected charge; on being wounded, he went out on the other side, and on reaching the edge of the ravine, he was favored with a volley, and rolled over. At that moment a carriage with four gentlemen in it was passing along the road; they were told what was going on, so they got out and came up the hill to be in at the death. We let them come on within a reasonable distance, and then called:

"Look out; he is not dead yet!"

The retreat was amusing to us; but the tiger could do no more. I believe the travelers fraternized with us over our well-earned beer.



MARRIOTT'S AERIAL STEAM-CARRIAGE "AVITOR."

If a man has a right to be proud of anything, it is a good action done as it ought to be done, without any cold suggestions of interest lurking at the bottom of it.

HENRIETTE D'ENTRAGUES, MARCHIONESS DE VERNEUIL.

THE MARCHIONESS OF VERNEUIL.

By Henry Barton Baker.

Nobody in the good old times suffered more from libel than Henri Quatre, and certainly nobody presented a fitter subject. He had been thrice a renegade; he was distrusted by every political faction; and his court—the last and probably the most romantic of the Renaissance—went far towards realizing the Olympus of the classic poets. Its doings furnished ample occupation to trenchant pens; and

one, keen as any, was wielded for a time by the delicate fingers of a girl of seventeen.

The youthful censor, Henriette de Balzac, belonged to a singular family. Her father, the Count d'Entragues, was an old Leaguer, whose fortune had suffered greatly during the troubles. Her mother, *née* Marie Touchet—a name twisted, according to a current fashion, into the phrase, "Je charme tout"—had been the mistress of Charles IX. Henriette had a sister too, yet a mere child, and a brother, who was also the son of Charles IX. This youth, then known as the Count d'Auvergne, was valiant, witty, adroit, and unscrupulous—the last being a quality that he took no pains to conceal; in fact, he was rather pleased than otherwise to be considered a consummate scoundrel. Not so the old mistress and the old Leaguer her husband. They were always studying that model book, Amyot's "Plutarch," always eulogizing the good old times, always blaming the modern degeneracy, and everlastingly boring their hearers with the magnificent maxims of the sages. They set up, in short, for specimens of antique virtue.

Their household, it need not be said, was a picture of decorum. All therein was precise and Puritanic. No such thing as hunting masses were tolerated in their chapel, and their "graces" were all of due length and drawl. As for other things, Entragues cudgeled his valets when he discovered them lying, swearing, and dicing; while Marie Touchet pinched her maids whenever they happened to manifest a tendency to that unholy thing—flirtation.

All this, of course, was for the edification of a naughty world. In private, matters progressed somewhat otherwise. The stoical old count earned a handsome stipend as Spanish spy, and he did not hesitate to increase it by aiding the unstoical young count in circulating the base money which the latter—following a fashion then prevalent in high life—manufactured largely. On her side, the countess was fully occupied in training her eldest daughter to fill precisely such a post as she herself had vacated some twenty years before.

At seventeen Henriette proved a finished coquette, and her relatives thought it time to take measures for securing her the coveted establishment, which meant also an establishment for themselves. They adopted a suitable course. The young lady was brought out in the Autumn of 1598, and immediately a shower of epigrams of unusual point and severity began to fall upon the notabilities—the king and Gabrielle d'Estrees coming in for, by far, the largest share.

Little notice was taken of them at first, but impunity rendered the writer bolder, and the epigrams more pungent, until, by the close of the year, the authorities were compelled to interpose. A warrant was prepared for the expulsion of the whole family from the realm, and only suspended until an opportunity should offer for executing it without exciting too much scandal.

News of the warrant soon reached the parties concerned, and great was their consternation; for the epigrams had been merely intended to attract the attention of the king to the authoress, whose charms, it was concluded, would do the rest. The unlooked-for result provoked a great row in the amiable family. Everybody blamed everybody else for the false move and its consequences. But they were too shrewd to come to an open rupture. Taking the most prudent course under the circumstances, they held together, withdrew to the country, and carefully abstained from everything that could offend either king or courtier. Yet all, perhaps, would have failed to avert exile, but for an unexpected event.

This event—the death of Gabrielle d'Estrees—merits discussion in its place, which, however, is not here. We shall, therefore, merely remark that it was attended by many suspicious circumstances, and was singularly favorable to certain interests.

Gabrielle's death rendered Henri inconsolable for a month, during which he remained in seclusion at Fontainebleau. It was an age for a man of his temperament, so his courtiers were more pleased than surprised when, one May morning in 1599, he warned them to prepare for an early removal to Blois. The preparations were made at once, and rude and boisterous they were; for in those days monarchs seldom owned more than a single suite of furniture; and beds, hangings, pictures, plate, etc., always accompanied them in their migrations.

It was an awkward plan, but it was much preferable to the earlier one, whereby the monarch and his merry men were enabled to move from palace to palace without encumbrance, since they could help themselves at the journey's end to whatever they needed from the houses of their subjects, according to the statutes of purveyance "in that case made and provided."

The farmers round them were roused, and their carts and carters pressed into the royal service. The night was spent in pulling down and packing up, and by sunrise next morning the caravan was under weigh for the southwest. In the van rode a gallant troop of nobles, headed by the king. Behind came a "mixed multitude" of varlets, pages, horses, and dogs; and in the rear straggled a long line of well-laden wagons; while, last of all, marched a detachment of light-horse, accompanied by the provost-marshal and his executioner—the latter ready to do prompt justice on any of the light-fingered brotherhood that might be found making too free with the royal goods and chattels.

Such marches, especially in the bachelor days of Henri Quatre, were emphatically easy ones. The journey was divided into short stages, and its slow progress was enlivened by hawking, coursing, occasional quarreling, and the old-fashioned device of story-telling. At night the carters encamped under guard, the servants were billeted in the villages, and their masters took up their quarters in the neighboring châteaux.

The first day's march lay through that part of France whose fertility has won it the name of *le pais de rire et rien faire*. Towards its close, and while the king was speculating as to where he should lodge for the night, the party came in sight of the Château of Malesherbes.

"Your majesty," said that veteran courtier, the Marquis la Varenne, pointing to the mansion, "could not make a better choice. Yonder you will find good wine, good cooks, and, better still——" Here the speaker paused and smiled.

"Well," queried Henri, "what is better still?"

The conclusive reply was:

"The prettiest girl in France!"

"Quite true," put in the gay Roquelaure; "especially as to the lady—she is simply bewitching."

"So young!" added a third courtier.

"So witty!" observed a fourth.

"And so appreciative of heroic deeds!" resumed the gray-headed carrier of *poulets*. "Quite a phœnix among women is Henriette d'Entragues."

"What," said Henri, "the sister of the *fourbe* d'Auvergne, and the daughter of the greater *fourbe* d'Entragues—he who married the mistress of Charles IX., and who has taken part in every treason since '93? She, too, if I mistake not, has already proved herself worthy of her parentage, and ought to have been sent packing over the borders months ago, with the rest of her family, had certain persons done their duty."

"It is the lady you allude to," was the response; "but"—and then the hoary reprobate burst into an eloquent apology for the pretty satirist. He was well seconded by

other courtiers; and the scene, evidently preconcerted, ended in Henri's resolving to see the damsel for himself.

The valiant Bourbon found Henriette all, and more than all, that he had been led to expect. Her face, indeed, was not regularly beautiful; but, then, it was singularly expressive, and possessed, besides, a conquering smile, and eyes of living light. Her figure, too, if somewhat meagre, was inexpressibly graceful. And she was so clever, so cultivated, so witty, so various, and so deliciously fresh, that long ere the evening closed Gabrielle was forgotten.

Henri left Malesherbes to return again and again, and still again—not as a king, but in more romantic form. He was naturally fond of perilous adventure, and was, in addition, the most inveterate reader of chivalrous stories in France. So notorious was this habit that the Parisians used to term *Amadis de Gaul* the king's Bible. And, what with his warm temperament and his warm reading, he was, in some respects, quite a Quixote. There was some little calculation, too, behind. Nobody knew better than he did the effect of a little living romance on the dames. Instead, then, of wooing his new love like a monarch, he haunted her under all sorts of disguises. Sometimes he met her as a courier, sometimes as a gypsy or a charcoal-burner, and even at times as a spectral huntsman of Fontainebleau. The last startling shape proved not the least convenient; it saved him from a good deal of impertinent curiosity during his rambles. To his mistress he obtained ready access. The heads of the family shut their eyes to his proceedings. The servants, of course, were willing agents, and Henriette herself met him at least half-way.

The end came in due time. Henri proposed that the beauty should take the place vacated by Gabrielle. She consulted her friends.

"Be sure you make good terms," was the family counsel.

As to what constituted "good terms," there was, however, some difference of opinion.

"Secure a title," enjoined the mother.

"An estate and plenty of money," advised the father.

"A note-of-hand, that may be turned to better account than either," suggested a wily brother.

Each hint was excellent in its way, and Henriette pleased herself and everybody else by adopting them all. This, however, was among themselves.

Before the world the family assumed another tone. So far, they acted as if completely ignorant of what had been going on. But now that matters had reached a crisis, they opened their eyes very wide, saw everything, and were virtuously indignant. Servants were dismissed, and pages whipped. Strict watch was established over the beauty; and the royal wooer was warned ostentatiously to abandon the pursuit. Then Entragues went swaggering about with all the importance of a gentleman who has a grievance.

"The king," said he, "taking base advantage of my absence from home, has attempted to seduce my daughter. But let him beware how he trifles with her innocent affections or my honor. I still wear the sword of my youth, and monarchs are just as vulnerable as their minions."

D'Auvergne seconded his worshipful father-in-law in all things. The nymph pined in her tower—when strangers happened to be in the vicinity. And *Je charme tout?* Well, she pinched her maids and studied Amyot more vindictively than ever.

Henri laughed at all this as an excellent jest, and straightway dispatched the Count du Lude, a trusty servant, who carried a heavy sword and an elastic conscience, to Malesherbes with a tender epistle. Somehow or other, the messenger was allowed to deliver the letter and receive a reply without opposition. But when he prepared to leave the château, he found himself intercepted by the two gentlemen. They saluted him with unpleasant epithets, several of which, it must be allowed, were not unmerited. Nor had he much difficulty in retorting in kind; for in character his antagonists were as seedy as himself, and the nobles of the Renaissance were quite Homeric in the art of scolding. Then they hustled him, and he hustled them. Finally, the three counts drew their swords—and instantly regretted, for the act placed them in an awkward predicament. Du Lude had no wish to come to blows with d'Auvergne, who, though illegitimate, was still the son of a king. And he cared even less to have a tussel with the father of a lady so much in favor with his master. On the other side, neither Entragues nor his son-in-law was at all anxious to spoil the family game by engaging in a serious affray with a royal confidant. Still, swords were out, and, as this was the good old time, there was no sheathing them again without some loss of blood, or, what was of more consequence, reputation. From this dilemma, however, they were speedily released. Henriette dashed shrieking out of one door, and threw her arms round her father. And the countess dashed shrieking out of another door, and threw her arms round her son. Seeing no further risk of a brawl, du Lude put up his sword, bowed low to the ladies, mounted his horse, and trotted away.

"Hem!" grumbled Henri, stroking his gray mustache when du Lude had told his story, "that's the game, is it? Well, we shall see."

And he did see Henriette herself a few hours later. How he saw her on this occasion we are not informed, but we may fairly conclude that it was not in disguise. As to the difficulties in the way, his blood was up, and in that mood he was just the man to sweep away the opposition of the Balzacs like a cobweb. The interview was a curious one. The King went straight to the point, and the lady flitted round and round it. She admitted that she loved him, but made the admission with much modest diffidence. She pleaded all that could be said against the royal proposition, mentioned his divorce, then speeding to a successful issue, and hinted *marriage*.

"Ventre St. Gris!" cried the royal lover, starting to his feet in astonishment and anger; "what rogue has put that into your head?"

A little more, and Henriette saw that she must infallibly lose him. This was not to be thought of, so she threw aside all her maidenly scruples, and propounded the first article of her capitulation—100,000 crowns!

Henri hurried to his great financier.

"A hundred thousand crowns!" cried Sully, "where are they to come from?"

Thereupon the treasurer proceeded to explain, with excruciating minuteness, how many villages must be taxed to supply the sum in the first instance, and how much real good might be done with it in the second. He did not forget, either, to enlarge on the consequences of this new folly; but of course to no purpose, for Henri would have the cash.

It was soon in the possession of the family, who divided it after a good deal of squabbling and one or two downright quarrels.

In a few days more old Entragues astonished all Paris with the extraordinary magnificence of his equipage. But while putting on his finery he did not put off his antique virtue; on the contrary, never before had he been so precise in demeanor or so superbly moral in maxim. The courtiers were vastly amused, for Henri never could keep a secret, and everybody knew perfectly where Entragues had procured the funds.

There were several other articles in the capitulation. Those concerning title and estate were easily dealt with. The last, however, caused some discussion. Henriette declared that she was all the King's in heart and soul; but

how, oh, how—she asked—was she to meet the reproaches of honor and conscience? Would not her magnanimous lover provide her with some small excuse for her weakness? —some little promise of marriage, for instance. Not indeed for use—how could she or hers, mere nobles of the fourth rank, dream of such a thing? But just as a salve for her scruples. The argument was so cleverly put, and so admirably supported by a mixture of tears and tenderness, that Henri could not resist it. So the old Count was called in, and with his aid a promise of marriage—the most singular thing of the kind on record—was concocted. Here is its substance:

"M. de Entragues nous donnant á compagne sa fille, en cas que dans six mois elle devienne grosse et accouche d'uns fils, alors et á l'instant nous la pendrons à femme."

This precious scribble, in which it is hard to say whether the folly or the knavery of the parties who drew it up predominated most, was submitted to Sully. The latter rated his master as he deserved, and tore the thing to atoms without ceremony. A *fac simile*, however, was immediately prepared, which, duly signed by the King and countersigned by two Secretaries of State, was handed over to the lady. And she immediately transferred it to the safe-keeping of her father. It was dated October 1st, 1599.

Henriette was at once recognized as royal mistress. Her father and brother acted as might have been expected. In public they bewailed the family dishonor, and vowed vengeance.

"Woe to the King," cried Entragues in every company, "if he does not satisfy the honor of a gentleman by marrying my daughter!"

"And woe to the King," echoed d'Auvergne, "should he break his royal faith by marrying the Florentine!"

In private, however, their conduct was of another kind. For instance, at this very time we find Henri writing a letter to his mistress, in which he entreats her to deliver him from the importunities of her father, who seemed "never to think of anything except to *accrocher* (grab) some new booty."

Wealth was showered upon Henriette. She received the estate and château of Verneuil, with the title of Marchioness. The courtiers bowed before her to the ground. And the thousands who had suits to push at Court soon discovered that they could employ no more powerful advocate. Nor did any one seek her favor empty-handed; for Henriette had a shrewd appreciation of worldly matters, and was indeed as sordid as the rest of the family. Her splendor far surpassed that of her predecessor, even though the handkerchiefs of the latter were said to have cost 1,200 crowns (about £200) a-piece. Henri, too, was devoted, and gave her every moment he could spare. He took up his quarters at Nanteuil, near Senlis, some leagues from the residence of the Marchioness. His visits were mostly made in the evening, and as this was the season of short days, a light placed over the tower of Nanteuil, and another placed equally high at Verneuil, guided him to and fro. And if it chanced that circumstances carried him for a period beyond the circle of her attractions, he kept his couriers busy bearing consolatory epistles.

Early in December, 1599, Charles Emmanuel, of Savoy, accompanied by a strange medley of priests, harlots, councilors, and portable magnificence, and escorted by 1,200 splendid cuirassiers, paid a visit to Paris. This prince was the firebrand of his age. In him nearly all the talents, and as many vices, were united. He was scholar, diplomatist, orator, soldier, and—perfidy personified.

This amiable sovereign had serious business to transact in Paris. During the troubles of the League he had appropriated sundry broad patches of French territory, of which Henri IV. had determined to resume possession. To prevent this was one object of the Savoyard. And another—perhaps even dearer to his heart—was the rupture of the negotiation which promised shortly to make a Tuscan princess queen of France. For ever since the elevation of the Medici to sovereign rank, the Counts of Savoy had hated them as upstarts and rivals. They had felt the marriage of Catherine de Medici as "a heavy blow and great discouragement." And Charles Emmanuel was determined to avert another such stroke by any means and at any cost—if the thing were only possible. He had not far to seek. The factions that had so long desolated France, though subdued and scattered, were still very capable of mischief, and the Savoyard proceeded to reorganize them. In this occupation he was ably seconded by the Spanish ambassador, a man who, like all his compatriots, was the deadly foe of France. And, between the two, a formidable conspiracy was soon afoot.

Of this conspiracy the Marchioness of Verneuil was the pivot. The Savoyard had read her at a glance, and rejoiced in her dangerous qualities, which he manipulated with masterly skill. He declared that she deserved to be a queen. He roused her jealousy against the prospective bride of Henri. He pronounced the contract of marriage a good one. He vowed to maintain it with his sword. And every word he spoke the Spanish ambassador repeated in the name of his master. Henriette's head was turned. Thenceforward she dreamt of nothing but a crown, and was ready for any work likely to place it on her head. Her father and brother were hardly so sanguine. They would have rejoiced to have seen her on the throne, but they were far too practical to deceive themselves with any such fantasy. Meanwhile, they made the most of the circumstances. And since the contract was thus cried up by such men as the Italian prince and the Spanish envoy, they rang the changes on that cry with skill and effect.

Charles Emmanuel would fain have prolonged the negotiations—chiefly with a view to the perfection of his plot. Henri had no suspicion of what was brewing, but he was not the less resolved to get rid of his dangerous visitor without delay. The method he took was characteristic of the period. He had it whispered that he meant to seize the Savoyard and shut him up in one of his strongholds. Such deeds were not uncommon, as Charles Emmanuel well knew. Judging Henri by himself, he took the alarm, and hastened away by forced marches, never breathing freely until he was safe over the French border. Henri laughed, and followed on his track with an army. The campaign that ensued threatened to be perilous for both. For the first time in his life the Savoyard was unready. But then Henri had a traitor, Marshal Biron, in high command, and behind him the disgusted Huguenots, the discomfited Leaguers, and the ambitious seigneurs, under such formidable leaders as Bouillon, Epernon, and the princes of Lorraine, were prepared to rise in arms at the proper time. That opportunity, however, never came. Biron, blundering at the outset in his new part of traitor, was immediately hedged about with precautions that kept him faithful in spite of himself, while his sovereign carried all before him.

Previous to departing for the war, Henri directed his ministers to hasten the negotiations with Florence. The chief of them, Sully, who longed to see his master "well married," required little pressing, and the terms were soon arranged. When the last signature was attached to the last document, Sully warned Vinta, the Tuscan representative, to keep the matter secret. "For," said the former, "should that madcap Verneuil happen to find it out, there is no knowing what might happen."

The object of Sully's apprehensions, who by this time appeared in a fair way to keep her portion of the contract,

accompanied the king on his way to the war as far as Lyons. There they parted with much tenderness, Henri making a good many promises which he had no intention of keeping; and there Henriette elected to remain until the close of the fighting. There, too, she was delighted with the gift of several standards captured in an early encounter. The present, however, did not mean much. Henri was in the habit of lavishing military trophies, as well as riches and titles, on his mistresses. And not at all unnecessarily; for Verneuil herself, who in this instance may be considered as speaking for all her sister-sultanas, was accustomed to tell him that there would have been no bearing him had he not been a king and a hero.

HENRIETTE'S MOTHER, MARIE TOUCHET, MISTRESS OF CHARLES IX., AFTERWARDS MADAME D'ENTRAGUES. FROM A PAINTING BY COMTE.

What Henriette meant to do at Lyons is uncertain.

Perhaps she desired to take advantage of the earliest intelligence of Henri's death, which had been carefully planned. But while she waited, an event occurred that forbade her to hope much from the conspiracy. Over her residence burst a thunderstorm whose flash and rattle terrified her into a premature accouchement, and her baby, a boy, too—alas for her!—was still-born. Nor was this the worst. While she was still prostrated by illness and disappointment, the embassy that was to conduct the new bride to France traversed the town on its way to Italy. In spite of her character, we cannot help pitying the mistress at this period. And, could we forget that character, we would accord unqualified admiration to the course she adopted. Conquering her anguish of body and mind, she flung herself into a litter, and was transported over the rough Alpine roads to the seat of war. In any other case the journey would have been one of toil, hardship, and peril; in hers it was simply terrible.

The monarch was much embarrassed. He was eager for the Florentine alliance, from which he anticipated much domestic happiness and many public advantages, and—he meant to keep his brilliant mistress too! At any other moment he would have used little ceremony with the woman beside him. Harsh word and harsher deed would soon have reduced her to the proper state of mind of a royal plaything—that is, abject submission. But here he felt that the plain truth, told in his usual very plain way, would have been dangerous to one or both. It might destroy Henriette—a result that would go far toward ruining the reputation for magnanimity that he had been at such pains to establish; and, failing in that, it would certainly drive her into a course that could not but interfere seriously with his political interests, and, what he valued at just as much, his private enjoyment. But such dilemmas were not unfrequent with the gay Henri, and he escaped from this one as from many another, by a method not creditable to him either as a man or a monarch. Henri caressed and flattered and deceived, and Henriette became a willing dupe.

The piece of acting that followed would have done credit to Fouché. Documents were immediately drawn up disavowing the recent proceedings of the French minister in Italy, and instructing them to break off the Tuscan marriage. And the better to deceive Henriette, these documents were intrusted for transmission to an agent of her own, her traveling companion and secretary, the Capuchin Travail.

When the mistress left the camp on one side for Paris, the man departed on the other for Rome. Both were in high spirits, for the one was confident of achieving a crown, and the other just as confident of winning a cardinal's hat, or at the very least a mitre. Had the mistress been a little more experienced, or the friar something wiser, they would hardly have been so sanguine; for neither the messenger, nor the missives he carried, were like to be much respected—that is, should they reach their destination. But this the cunning monarch took care should not happen; for while the marchioness journeyed by easy stages to Verneuil, improving marvelously as she went, the capuchin fell into the hands of a party posted to intercept him, and was detained in close custody so long as it suited the monarch's purpose. To complete the unkingliness of the proceeding, Henri was well aware that on the very day he acted thus, his proxy, the magnificent Bellegarde, was standing at the altar with Marie de' Medici.

The marchioness was not long allowed to enjoy her fool's paradise. Hardly had she reached her snug château, than the news was brought that Marie de' Medici had landed in France and was on her way to meet the king at Lyons. History has not told how the intelligence was received, nor was it necessary.

The king was anything rather than satisfied with his new bride. Previous to this meeting he had formed a very favorable opinion of her person. But the portrait submitted to his inspection had been painted ten years before, when Marie was but seventeen, and she had greatly altered in the interval. She disappointed him precisely as Anne of Cleves disappointed Henry VIII. And the Bourbon vented his annoyance in much the same terms as the Tudor. Further, like all vain and selfish men, Henri was exceedingly jealous. And Marie, besides displaying a very palpable liking for Bellegarde, carried in her train no less than three specimens of a creature then beginning to multiply in Italy—the *cavalier servente*. And finally she was in qualities all that Henri disliked—that is, bigoted, dull, obstinate, and bad-tempered. But if Henri was little pleased with the queen, she was no better satisfied with him. For, in addition to his shortcomings in point of person and morals, Marie considered him as little, if at all, better than that abomination—a heretic.

Immediately after the arrival of Marie she was introduced to the mistress, and by the king. The Louvre not being ready yet to receive Marie, she made the house of the Florentine Gondi her temporary residence. There, one evening when she was at supper, and the house crowded with high-born visitors, a very noble dame—Madame de Nemours—appeared leading the Verneuil. The company started in silent astonishment, which became something more when Henri, stepping forward, took Henriette by the hand and presented her to Marie with the following words:

"Madame, this lady has been my mistress, and desires to be your very humble servant."

The queen's eyes flashed, and her lips trembled, but she said not a word. Henriette then took her robe to kiss it, putting about as little respect into the action as she could, hardly inclining her head, and taking the drapery somewhere near the waist.

"Lower, madame, lower!" commanded Henry, and suiting the action to the word, he pressed the shoulder of the mistress heavily down until he bent her to her knee, and then he guided her fingers to the very hem of the queen's garment.

Great was the speculation on this singular scene. It was, however, as nothing to the speculation that followed. For when the queen removed to the Louvre she was accompanied thither by Henriette! Such a delicate-minded monarch was Henri the Great.

Between the dames Henri had little peace.

"Here I am," said he one day to Sully, "ready to abandon my follies and lead a respectable life, if my wife would only permit me. But she won't. Always snarling, nagging, and brawling, she absolutely drives me out of my own home, and nearly out of my wits. I know the character of the marchioness as well as you can tell me. I know that she is mercenary, deceitful, and dangerous. But then she is so clever, so witty, so tasteful, so entertaining, so everything that Marie is not! I say," he broke off, "cannot you do something to quiet the termagant? She trusts you and respects you more than any man in France. You, if anybody, can influence her. Try, there's a good fellow."

Sully did try, and repeatedly. But even his skill could not effect the desired reconciliation; and at length he gave up the task with something like disgust.

It was well known that Henriette and her family had been deeply implicated in Biron's plot. Indeed, its drift had been to set up herself and her son as queen and dauphin in opposition to "the cow and her calf," as the conspirators, borrowing the sentence from the marchioness, irreverently termed Marie and her boy. Henriette's connection with the king, however, shielded herself and her father from inquiry; and in connection with his descent from the Valois, it shielded d'Auvergne from the worst result of his treason.

He escaped with a short confinement in the Bastile, while the hardly more guilty marshal was led to the block. But a charge more damaging than treason was shortly afterward preferred against the marchioness, and though it was neither sharply pressed nor closely searched into, it struck a blow from which her influence never recovered.

Among the gay gallants of that superlatively gay court, the gayest and most gallant were two princes of the House of Guise. That house, by-the-way, as it then was, compared with what it had been, affords a strong argument in favor of a theory recently propounded. The first three generations of the Guises had been German of the grandest type. But all at once the family became completely French in blood and brain. The sons of the Victim of Blois, as scandal delighted to explain, resembled in all respects the minions of Henri III.; and so did the sons of his brothers. St. Megrim and Bussi d'Amboise, indeed, seemed to live again in the Prince de Joinville and his cousin, the Count de Sommerive. As daring as the minions, these princes did not hesitate to rival the king himself.

It is only with Joinville that we have to do at present. Henri was not permitted to remain long ignorant of the flirtation. He remonstrated with his mistress.

"Pooh!" said she, laughing, "you are getting old and jealous; there will soon be no living with you."

So the matter passed off for that time. But the affair grew warmer, and Henri remonstrated again, to be replied to by the indignant tears of the high-minded and outraged woman that the marchioness delighted to be thought. Henri was silenced, but far from satisfied. Next time he resorted to Sully.

"Frighten her," said he. "Tell her that I mean to shut her up in a convent and take another mistress."

Sully shook his head, and obeyed. With the minister Henriette adopted other airs and arts. She spoke disrespectfully of Henri, and declared that she was resolved to break off all connection with him. She even besought Sully to aid her. He, nothing loath, agreed, and for weeks the question of her marriage or retirement to a convent occupied his leisure. He had cause to regret his facility, for the wily woman ended by accusing him of malicious meddling, and disavowing all his proceedings.

Still the flirtation went on. Joinville, however, was fickle, and a new face, that of the beautiful Madame de Villars-Brancas, won him from the marchioness. Nor was this the first rivalry that had taken place between the aunt and the niece, for thus closely allied were the dames. Henriette had carried off the king from her aunt; and now Madame de Villars was delighted with her success in winning the fascinating prince from her dutiful niece. But in those days such a triumph was little valued unless the victorious dame could display the accustomed trophies—the love-letters of the deserted beauty. These the lover was always expected to surrender, and Joinville surrendered them accordingly.

Now, Madame de Villars, being the rival of the marchioness, was, therefore, the staunch partisan of the queen. The letters, consequently, were carried to the Louvre, where they were first duly laughed at, and then placed carefully in the hands of Henri. He burst into a mighty fit of rage, summoned his privy councilors, stormed and fumed, talked racks, wheels, and blocks to any extent, and then flew off "to have it out" with the faithless she. Before he reached her residence, however, he cooled down enough to see that he was making himself suprememely ridiculous. So he returned to the palace, and sent as usual for Sully. The latter detested the mistress most heartily. But he was a statesman, above all things, and he saw that it would not do to alienate the powerful family of the Guises for a matter like this. So he recommended a little wholesome delay. In conformity with Sully's advice, the marchioness was apprised of her offense, and appointed a day whereon to justify herself, if she could. Meanwhile, Sully communicated quietly with the heads of the House of Guise.

When the day came, all the parties concerned met in the hotel of the marchioness. There Joinville's brother, the Duke d'Aguillon, produced a clerk, who swore that he had forged the letters displayed by Madame de Villars; and Joinville admitted that he employed the clerk, urging in excuse the detestable maxim, "All is fair in love." Henri affecting to believe, the marchioness was pronounced innocent, and the prince handed over to his family for punishment.

Having sacrificed to policy, Henri proceeded to take his revenge, or, at least, as much as remained in his power. He led the marchioness into another room, and closed the door behind him. There for an hour or more his voice was heard rising higher and higher and higher in fierce reproach, while Henriette replied only with her tears. The king then returned to the palace, where he began to make vigorous love to one of Marie's attendants. As for Joinville, he was sent to travel, nor did he reappear in France until the death of the monarch.

Shortly after the affair with Joinville, the king fell dangerously ill. Henriette was greatly alarmed, for she knew that, should Henri die, her vindictive rival would become all-powerful. Impressed with a well-founded dread of the consequences, she threw off her insolence, and sued humbly to be permitted to take measures for the safety of herself and her children. Henri acquiesced, and d'Auvergne was commissioned, by virtue of a royal warrant, to negotiate with the Spaniards, in order to secure his sister a shelter in Flanders. At the same time, d'Auvergne undertook, with his usual craftiness, to practice a little quiet espionage over the Spaniards, and Henri did not object.

The family made just that use of the license that might have been expected. Under its excellent cover, they set to work very busily, and not unsuccessfully, to reorganize the ancient plot. As before, the marchioness and her son were to be recognized as queen and dauphin; as before, the nobles were to canton themselves in the provinces, after the manner of the great barons of the Middle Ages; and, as before, the Spaniard and the Savoyard were to aid rebellion with all their force.

Marie, as well as Henriette, calculated on the king's decease. She looked forward to it as the hour of triumph and revenge. And, designing that the haughty mistress should be thoroughly disabled at its arrival, she demanded the surrender of the promise of marriage.

Hitherto, Henri seems to have remembered the thing with contempt, if he thought of it at all; but Marie gave him no peace until he consented to reclaim it. The demand came at an awkward moment for the Balzacs. To resign it was to abandon their one great advantage; and to withhold it would be to excite those suspicions that might penetrate their secret at any moment.

By d'Auvergne's advice, a forgery was skillfully executed and handed to the king, who detected the cheat in a twinkling, and became all the more resolute to obtain the genuine document. D'Auvergne's resources were exhausted; but the father and daughter held out a little longer. At length, for a bribe of 20,000 crowns in hand, and the promise, which was never fulfilled, of a marshal's bâton, old Entragues resigned the paper. It was found in an iron box, among the roots of an old oak in the park of Marcousi, two princes of the blood and five leading ministers looking on, and afterward signing a declaration that it was the right one.

While this business was going forward, d'Auvergne effected an adroit escape from the court. He quarreled with the Count of Soissons and challenged him. And in return for

his audacity—for Soissons was a legitimate prince and therefore far his superior—the challenger was exiled to his estates in Auvergne.

He was then at full liberty to perfect the plot unwatched. But there his career soon came to a close. Henri recalled the Jesuits and took one of the fraternity as confessor; and immediately afterward an intercepted letter revealed the conspiracy. The coincidence is remarkable. D'Auvergne took to the hills of central France, where he spent some romantic weeks, comforted by a romantic lady, from whose arms he was snatched in a romantic way. He was lodged in the Bastile, whither his father-in-law had preceded him. As for the marchioness, she was placed under strict supervision in her hotel, where the search that ensued brought to light many letters at least as warm as those written to Joinville. A few obscure intriguers were also arrested. No serious notice, however, was taken of other great conspirators.

The Balzacs were brought to trial, though not without much hesitation on the part of Henri, and several unusually stormy meetings with his mistress. All through the trial the parties maintained their respective characters. D'Auvergne proved himself the *superfin* scoundrel that Sully had already pronounced him.

Producing the royal warrant, he argued with much ingenuity that the king was the prime mover of the plot—if plot there had been. Entragues was delighted with such a glorious opportunity of exhibiting himself to all the world in his double character of indignant father and pattern of antique virtue. And the defense of the marchioness was as cunning, violent and satirical as the woman herself.

Their speeches would have been admirable had not the speakers contradicted every word a thousand times over by their previous words and actions. For instance, the marchioness declared that neither torture nor punishment should degrade her so low as to accept the disgraceful title of mistress. And yet, not six months before, she had penned a letter—which is yet extant—wherein she gloried in the fact that she had "once been called mistress by the greatest monarch on earth!"

Having made their separate defenses, the parties were confronted. The result was a triangular duel—father, daughter and brother falling foul of one another and exchanging invectives without stint. When everybody was tried, Henriette put on the tragedy-queen, and turning to the judges, exclaimed, "I demand mercy for my father, a rope for my brother, and justice for myself!" Thus the trial ended.

In the ensuing February sentence was pronounced—the marchioness being condemned to seclusion for life in a convent, whither she was led at once, and the two counts to be decapitated. Of course none of the sentences were intended to be executed. D'Auvergne indeed remained in the Bastile for the next twelve years; bnt the marchioness and her father soon received a full pardon.

Thenceforward Henriette sank down to the level of an abandoned mistress. For the sake of her children, Henri accorded her a certain standing, and even visited her from time to time. He tolerated her father, too, nor did he refuse to exchange occasional repartees with him.

One day the stoic came to court to *accrocher* an order on the treasury. Henri granted it without much demur. "And now," said he, referring to the conspiracy, "did you really mean to kill me?"

"Yes, sire," was the unabashed reply; "and never shall the intention quit my breast until your Majesty shall repair the wrong you have done my honor."

During the king's mad passion for the Princess of Condé, Henriette made her peace with the queen. The circumstance is suspicious; and there are others tending to prove that she had a share in the assassination of Henri. After that event she lived retired, dividing her time pretty equally between devotion and the pleasures of the table. As a devotee she founded a convent, and in her character of gourmand she managed to become a very mountain of flesh. She died in February, 1633.

THE YOUNG CLOCKMAKER.

A YOUNG CLOCKMAKER.

The late Henry Mayhew, in his very instructive and interesting book called "The Young Philosopher," has given a graphic account of a boy whose instincts were for general knowledge.

We have no space to consider the question whether there is an innate tendency in the human mind—some for *this* trade, and others for *that*, and shall therefore content ourselves by observing that, whatever may be the natural gifts of a person, there must be a patient application ere the full fruits can be reaped.

Our sketch shows young Harrison, a famous watchmaker of London, exhibiting to his grandfather the clock he had made, simply by taking a common one to pieces, and studying the works.

We saw, some years ago, in London, a toy-clock, which, by taking to pieces, and by putting together again, gave young persons an excellent idea of the watchmaker's science.

A Promise.—A promise should be given with caution, and kept with care. A promise should be made with the heart, and remembered by the head. A promise is the offspring of the intention, and should be nurtured by recollection. A promise and its performance should, like a true balance, always present a mutual adjustment. A promise delayed is justice deferred. A promise neglected is an untruth told. A promise attended to is a debt settled.

LADY AILEEN'S WARNING.—"THE WOMAN STOOD THERE, AND, THROWING HER ARMS IN THE AIR WITH A GESTURE OF DESPAIR, SHE UTTERED A WAIL SO PIERCINGLY MOURNFUL, THAT ON HEARING IT MY BLOOD SEEMED TO TURN TO ICE."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

LADY AILEEN'S WARNING.

I WAS quite a young girl, not more than twenty, when I first entered service as lady's-maid to the Lady Aileen O'Brian. My aunt had been housekeeper for years at Squire Harcourt's, and I, from quite a child, had waited upon the young ladies. Lady Aileen was a niece of Mrs. Harcourt's, so when she came to Fairholm on a visit, before her marriage, and inquired for an English maid, I was recommended to her.

She was a great heiress as well as a beauty, and was to marry a gentleman as rich and great as herself. She was very lovely, with a soft, blush-rose complexion, tender dark eyes, and great masses of rippling hair, shining in the sun like living gold. She was very bright and restless, never resting a moment in one place, but flitting, hither, thither, everywhere; laughing, chatting—so different from our young ladies, who were very gentle and sedate. She was like a child with her wild spirits and madcap frolics.

I have seen the squire laugh until the tears poured down his cheeks at her drolleries; "his wild Irish lass," he always called her, for she was a great favorite with the old man.

Sorry as I was to leave Fairholm, that had been a home to me all my life, and the family who had always been so kind, I was delighted at the thought of change, and at the prospect of going abroad, as my mistress was to travel on the Continent after her marriage.

She was married from Fairholm, for she was an orphan, and the squire was her guardian and nearest relative. There was a great wedding; all the gentry in the country were assembled. I thought she was just the sweetest creature I had ever seen—with her golden hair shining through her vail of misty lace, and her sweet face all glowing with tears and smiles and blushes. As for the bridegroom, Sir George Eyreton, he was as handsome and radiant with happiness as so fortunate a man could be expected to be.

We went abroad, and then I saw quite enough of strange scenes and new faces; indeed, at times I grew heartily homesick, and were it not that I had learned to love my young mistress so dearly, I should often have wished myself at home again.

Suddenly, while we were in Rome, my lady fell ill of fever, and for some time we thought each day would be her last. Sir George was almost beside himself with grief and anxiety; together we attended her until all danger was past. One day, when she was beginning to recover, I was sitting beside her, Sir George having retired to rest, as he had watched all the night before.

"Anne," she said, looking up at me suddenly—"Anne, I knew that I should not die, though you were all so frightened about me, and poor Sir George was so wild with terror. I never heard the wail of the banshee, so I knew that I was quite safe."

"The banshee, my lady!" I repeated. "What is that?"

"Did you never hear of the banshee?—but, of course, I forgot that you are not Irish. Well, it is a sort of ghost, or spirit—I cannot exactly explain what—but something delightfully unearthly and supernatural, which all old Irish families boast of possessing. This lady—for it always appears as a female, sometimes young and beautiful, sometimes as an old and shriveled hag—appears to be of a melancholy temperament; for it is only at seasons of death and calamity that she makes her appearance.

"Before a death occurs in the family, her wail is heard, loud and shrill. So you see that, though she is not a cheerful retainer, she certainly is an aristocratic one; for, even in these days of social equality, it is not every one who can have a banshee; money cannot buy it.

"Only fancy hearing the wail of a genuine old Irish banshee in classic Rome!" and she laughed merrily, while the bright color surged up into her face, making her look once more like her own blooming self.

"But, my lady," I said, "you are not serious?"

"Yes, I am perfectly serious," she answered, gravely. "I knew perfectly that if I were doomed I should hear that cry. Our old servants at home could tell you tales of the banshee that would make your hair stand on end. However, one thing is certain—the wail is never heard but it is immediately followed by a death in the family. Mamma was in London, visiting at my grandfather's, when, one night, at the opera, she heard the cry of the banshee. At first it sounded faint and far off, and mamma thought that her imagination had deceived her. The famous Swedish nightingale, Jenny Lind, was singing that night, and she held the audience so entranced by the exquisite beauty and sweetness of her voice, that you might have heard a pin fall; then suddenly, high above her, rang out that wailing, piercing cry. The others heard nothing, and only ridiculed mamma's fears; but she would not allow herself to be persuaded, and, though she had only arrived in London the day before, she started for Ireland early the next morning. When she reached home she found the whole household in terror and confusion; papa's gun had burst, and shot him through the heart. So, if you hear any such cries, Anne, you will understand what they signify."

Though the fever left my mistress, she did not regain her strength, but continued pale and delicate, to my master's great anxiety. One doctor after another prescribed for her; but none of them appeared to do her much good, though all agreed in saying that the climate of Italy did not agree with her, and advising an immediate return home. Her native air would prove more efficacious in restoring her lost strength than any medicine could. But my lady manifested a strange repugnance to returning to Ireland. She would go anywhere else willingly, but, "oh, not to Ireland!" she protested.

I could not imagine the reason of this sudden whim, for she loved her country passionately—in particular, one of her estates in Connaught, called Balbrogan, whose wild, picturesque beauties she never tired of describing. In time, however, she yielded to her husband's entreaties, and once more we found ourselves *en route*, this time for Ireland.

Well, when I saw Balbrogan, I thought that my lady's enthusiasm had certainly been justified; for, in a wild, grand sort of beauty, it could certainly compare with anything we had seen abroad. Such intensely blue hills; lakes, clear and placid as crystal mirrors; dashing, foaming waterfalls, and such exquisitely cloudless skies. Still it was a strange, lonely place, with scarcely a soul to speak to; for the servants and the country people about appeared to me nothing better than ignorant, uncouth savages.

However, my lady appeared to understand them, and they just adored her, and I believe would have laid down their lives to gratify a caprice of hers. The air, too, proved beneficial, just as the doctors had said it would; her health and spirits returned, the roses came back to her cheeks, and the glad light to her eye, and she sang like a bird as she moved through the gloomy old house. I think, in those days, she was as happy as the day was long.

Sir George was an Englishman, and I don't think that he was particularly fond of Ireland; besides, he missed his clubs, and the society; but he was passionately attached to his young wife, and was so pleased at the improvement in her health, that he found no fault.

One day—it was in the early Spring—Sir George rode over to see our nearest neighbor, Colonel Clare. Harsdale, the colonel's place, was twelve miles from Balbrogan; so he intended to stay the day, dine, and return home in the evening. All day the sky was dark and lowering, and at about five o'clock a great storm came on—vivid flashes of lightning, followed by thunder like the discharge of artillery; then torrents of rain commenced to pour down; the wind roared, and the sea was churned into yeasty mountains of foam.

My lady was in high spirits; she intended going to Fairholm shortly; her cousin, Miss Mabel Harcourt, was to be married, and Lady Aileen had promised to be present at the ceremony. I was pleased, too, at the prospect of seeing home again. I had been reading aloud to her all evening; the book was an amusing one, and she had laughed merrily over it. About eleven o'clock she ordered me to bring her up a cup of tea. When I went down for it, I found that the servants were all going to bed, for at Balbrogan it was "early to bed and early to rise" with a vengeance.

I did not fancy early hours, so I stood there chattering, quite forgetting my lady's orders, until I heard her bell ring sharply. I then ran up; Lady Aileen was sitting in her dressing-room, where a wood-fire flickered and danced, making a glow like Summer in the room; and as she leaned back in her large, crimson easy-chair, I noticed at once that she was deadly pale.

"Anne!" she demanded, sharply, "what is the meaning of all that noise down-stairs? What is the matter?"

"I heard no noise, my lady," I answered.

"I thought I heard some one crying just under the window. I fancied that it might be one of the servants, and went to the head of the stairs to listen, but could hear nothing. I thought perhaps it might be the under-housemaid, Ellen Dooley. Parsons told me yesterday that her mother was dying."

"Yes, my lady; but Ellen is at home, and they say to-night that the old woman is better."

Then I resumed my reading. The clock had just struck twelve when she stopped me again suddenly.

"Anne, listen. I certainly hear some one crying."

I laid down my book, and listened intently; then I, too, heard the sound—a sort of sighing sob, like a person in pain.

"Look in the hall, Anne," and I immediately obeyed. A lamp burned in the upper hall, another in the hall below. I took a little hand-lamp with me, and carefully searched the upper corridor, the great broad staircase, and the lower hall. I even peered into the great state apartments, so gloomy and dark in their lonely splendor; but not a trace of any human presence could I find—not a sound in the whole silent, sleeping house, save the beating of my own heart, and that low, sobbing cry which always sounded close to my ear. I told my mistress that I could find no one, and she answered, sharply:

"Of course there is no one there. You are a foolish girl to indulge in such fancies. My nerves are quite unstrung. Continue your reading."

I obeyed silently, though I was a little astonished at her manner—it was so different from her ordinary, gentle way. Then, just as I was finding my place, I heard that sound again, louder, and apparently nearer than ever.

"It is just outside the window, my lady," I cried. "It must be some one in sore distress."

I hastily pushed back the curtains and looked out. The storm had abated, and the thunder was rolling off slowly toward the distant hills, and the wind began to lull; and, presently, out glimmered a pale, watery moon, and threw a faint, pale light over the landscape. Sometimes it was almost obscured by heavy masses of ink-black clouds; but by its feeble rays I could see that just below the window a woman was standing.

She was tall—taller than any one I had ever seen, and was robed in a sort of loose white garment that fell in heavy folds to her feet, with long yellow hair which enveloped her like a cloud. Her head was uncovered; her disheveled tresses blown into wild confusion by the wind. Yet there she stood in the mud and damp of the terrace, evidently quite untroubled by wind and weather, weeping. For a moment my amazement deprived me of utterance, then I cried out:

"It is a woman, my lady; such a strange, tall woman, standing on the terrace, in a white dress!"

"How absurd of you to imagine such things, Anne! What could any one want on the terrace at this hour?" Lady Aileen said, almost fiercely; but she cowered down in her chair, covering her face with her slender, white hands, as though to close out some horrible sight, and did not attempt to come and see.

"But there really is a woman there—a woman with long yellow hair, and she is crying bitterly," I persisted.

Then my mistress came and stood beside me at the window. She leaned heavily upon my shoulder, and, as her hand touched mine, I felt that it was icy cold. The woman stood there still. Then, throwing her bare, white arms high in the air, with a gesture of profound despair, she uttered a wail so piercingly mournful, so passionately despairing, that in hearing it my blood seemed to turn to ice in my veins. In the whole course of my life I have never heard any other sound that could compare with it, as it surged and swelled out upon the damp night-air. The music of an Æolian harp, so delicately plaintive, would have seemed wildly gay in comparison to this.

"God help us all!" breathed my lady's pale lips. "George is doomed. Anne, it is the banshee! Before another day has passed my darling will die! Oh, my love, my love! I have loved him so dearly!"

She lay in my arms helpless as a child, so I laid her upon a couch, forced a drop of brandy between the pale lips, chafed the cold hands; but she only moaned feebly, and outside still wailed that terrible cry—sometimes sinking to a low, moaning cry, then swelling out into a full, deep volume of sound, which seemed to fill the whole house.

I am not naturally a coward, and was too hale and hearty not to have sound nerves. I had always rather boasted of my courage, but, as I heard that sound, my heart failed me, and I was fairly frightened. Still, I tried to rally my spirits for my mistress's sake.

As soon as she recovered a little, she sat up, pushing back her fair hair from her face with a gesture of pain.

"Anne," she said, "if there is danger, it is upon the road he will meet it. I cannot wait here patiently, expecting every moment to hear evil tidings. I should go mad before the morning. I shall go to him, and share his perils—if need be, his death. For a death there will be; of that I am convinced. Bring me a shawl, and we shall start."

"But, my lady," I remonstrated, "it has been raining—it is raining still, I think. You could not venture out now—the roads are heavy with mud. You are weak still; you would find it impossible to walk a hundred yards. Let me rouse the men, and they can go out with lanterns, if you feel uneasy about Sir George."

"Storm and tempest can have no effect upon me now. Were the weather ten times as bad, I should go all the same. Could I rest here, and feel that he was in danger!"

"But, my lady," I pleaded, "let me call Masters, and order the dog-cart for you. Will Sir George not be annoyed if he meets you, alone and unprotected, upon the road, such a night as this? Indeed, my lady, such exposure would kill you. You have not the strength to endure it."

"Anne," she said, impatiently, "you shall obey me at once. If you are afraid to obey me, cowardly girl, remain here; but you shall arouse no one. I am not a child, to be dictated to. I could walk from one end of Connaught to the other, by night or day, without receiving even a disrespectful look. Bring a heavy shawl at once!"

I saw it was useless to reason, so I wrapped my mistress up as warmly as her impatience would allow, and unfastened the ponderous bolts and bars of the great hall-door to allow her to pass out. Out into the inky blackness of the night I followed her—across the park, and then on to the high road.

I thought that my mistress had gone mad. As for the banshee, I had always despised superstition, and I did not believe in it in the least—I concluded at once that it must be a trick — most likely one of Sir George's, for he was very fond of practical joking, and I knew that he would be well punished for it when he saw the fright he had given my lady.

The moon had disappeared, and it was pitch dark, so that we could not see a yard before us. Those Irish roads are nothing to boast of, I assure you; at every step we sank ankle-deep in soft, slimy mud. The wind had caught our shawls, and the rain beat pitilessly down upon us, yet my mistress pressed on, appearing to feel no fatigue, saying no word, and I dared not complain. Over wild, lonely roads she hurried — over rain-sodden fields, through dense, tangled forest-paths, through dark, dripping woods, never pausing to rest or take breath —on she fled. Finally we came to a place where the road separated in two different directions; then she spoke for the first time, in a voice that I could scarcely recognize.

COUNTRY SCENE IN THE OLDEN TIME.

"You will take the lower road, Anne, and I shall take the upper one, for fear we should miss him. If you don't meet him before you reach the second cross-road, turn up the cross-road, and come to me. I shall wait for you at Finnamore Cross. You know where that is."

I was desperately afraid of going on alone in the darkness, but I dared not disobey; so I just blundered on, stumbling at every step, my heart beating like a sledge-hammer. I had not gone very far when I heard the sound of a horse's hoofs splashing along in the mud and water; so I waited by the roadside, and presently I heard Sir George's cheery voice trolling out some gay, careless air, as he rode home alone. I called out to him, to his intense astonishment.

"Good God! Anne, what brings you here at this time of night? Is anything wrong?"

I explained the state of affairs as well as I could.

"Surely she won't attempt to cross the ford; it is very much swollen by the heavy rains, and the bridge has never been very safe. That is the reason I returned by the lower road."

A new fear took possession of me. I knew that, in the state of excitement in which my lady then was, she scarcely knew or cared where she was going.

"If you will ride on, sir," I cried, "the cross-road is the nearest way, and you may, perhaps, reach her before she comes to the ford. Oh, sir, hurry, and I will run across the fields!"

I ran then at full speed. I don't know what strange feeling caused my heart to beat with such a dull throb of terror. I knew that something terrible was about to happen, but I never paused to think how or where. I ran on like one in some frightful dream, never heeding mud or mire. I had

forgotten all my own selfish fears; I only thought of my young mistress.

Once, loud and clear, I heard the cry of the banshee; then it was lost in the noisy roar of the ford, which I could hear, loud and threatening, long before I neared it. It was not in reality a great distance; but, in my burning impatience, it seemed like miles to me—the seconds, like long hours. Then the moon shone out from behind a cloud, bright and clear; and, at some distance from me, on the other side, I saw my lady just near the bank of the ford.

I tried to call her, but my dry lips refused to utter a sound; for, behind her on the bank, I saw a tall, white figure wringing its hands, and crying aloud in accents of deepest sorrow. Sir George now appeared near me, and my lady on the other side evidently recognized him. She uttered a glad cry, and advanced on to the bridge.

"Aileen!" I heard him call—"Aileen, darling, don't move! I am coming to you!"

The roar of the ford and the terrible cry must have drowned his voice; for without heeding she still advanced. We watched her on that frail bridge, breathless, fascinated; then the plank, slippery and damp, turned beneath her; there was a heavy plunge in the dark waters, and the bright young life was quenched in the darkness for ever.

Ah me! the next day they brought her home; her golden hair all dripping wet; the fair, sweet face just as perfect as in life; the slender, white hands meekly folded upon her breast. I could not believe but that, as I looked at her, the pale lips would part in a smile. Sir George's despair was very terrible. For days he neither ate nor slept. The house at Balbrogan was closed up. Sir George went abroad, and, a year or two afterward, died at Florence. I returned to England. And that is my first and last experience of a banshee.

THE BEAR HUNT.—"WITH HIS USUAL PRESENCE OF MIND, HE RETAINED HIS HOLD UPON THE LOG, AND DID NOT ALLOW HIS RIFLE TO GO OUT OF HIS HAND."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

A COUNTRY SCENE IN THE OLDEN TIME.

There is nothing so charming to every innocent nature as a rustic scene. The country has ever been the poet's theme, and lovers delight to wander in the breezy meadows, and 'neath the sighing shades of ancestral oaks.

Our picture on the preceding page represents a scene in the times of Henry IV. of France, the monarch who was assassinated by the fanatic priest Ravaillac, which event occurred in Paris in the year 1610.

Michael de Marolles, a writer of that age, gives a pleasant picture of rustic life.

"I recall," he says, "with singular pleasure the beauty of the country at that time. It seems to me that it was more fertile then than it has ever been since; that the meadows were more verdant then than they are now, and that our trees bore more fruit. When the time of harvest came, it was a lovely sight to see the number of reapers bending down, side by side, laying bare the fields, and heaping up the bundles of corn, afterward tied up by the strongest of the number.

"Strong village girls reaped with the boys, and worked steadily and cheerfully until the monotony of their tasks was agreeably interrupted by a repast, spread out for them beneath the shade of a fruit-bearing pear-tree by kind and elder co-laborers."

The author then describes the scene in the evening after the work has ceased, and adds:

"When at about six o'clock in the evening the heat of the sun's rays began to grow less, we were taken out to walk in the harvest fields, and very often my mother, with my aunts and sisters, would come there too. All save the little children went to sit down in some pretty spot, whence they liked to see the reaping. We little ones, having no need of rest, joined the reapers, and, taking their sickles, tried to reap as they did.

"After the harvest the peasants fixed a day on which to meet and have a little feast, called the '*Oison de metire*,' which is a provincial expression. To this they not only invited their friends, but even their masters, who, to please their hard-working servants, would often accept their invitations.

"In our happy village no one ever complained of excessive imposts, and all taxes were cheerfully paid; and I never remember having heard that soldiers in those times, while passing through a parish, had been even guilty of pillaging, much less of laying waste provinces, as has been done but too often since."

THE BEAR HUNT.

In 1822, that eccentric genius, Colonel David Crockett, was living on the banks of the Obion River, in the northwestern part of Tennessee. A freshet had previously swept away all his earthly possessions, and he had come to this new section of the country with his family in order to begin life anew. His nearest neighbor was just nigh enough for the faint crack of his rifle to be heard as he brought down the game that swarmed around him.

With his matchless skill with his rifle there was little danger of his family suffering for the want of food. Whenever he returned from his day's hunt he was sure to be loaded down with elk, deer, turkeys, and partridges. The faces of his children were ever shiny with the rich grease of his game, and the physical condition of himself, as well as all of them, could not be surpassed.

But Crockett's great delight was to hunt bears. He would leave any employment, or resign any game, if he once caught glimpse of a bear-track. He would follow the trail hour after hour, and when overtaken by night, kindle his fire, lie down and sleep till daylight, when he would resume the pursuit.

No matter whither it led him—through tangled swamps, across swollen streams, or over wide stretches of prairie, he would follow with a perseverance that would not be denied, and finally capture his prey by sheer persistency.

Colonel Crockett always had several dogs of the best breed and training, and these invariably accompanied him upon his hunts. In fact, they were so useful to him that he found it almost impossible to get along without them.

In December, 1822, Crockett found himself reduced to the last charge of powder. The weather was intensely cold, and he saw that he must procure more, to prevent his family from suffering for want of food.

His nearest neighbor was his brother-in-law, who lived six miles distant, on the opposite side of a fork of the Obion. He undoubtedly had an abundance of ammunition, and Crockett determined to visit him and secure a supply.

Unfortunately, there had been a storm of several days' duration, and the rivers had risen to an extraordinary height. Several inches of snow lay upon the ground, the air was keen and cutting, and he had gone but a short distance when he caught sight of the river, overflowing its banks to such an extent that it spread out like an open sea before him. There was a thin crust of ice also, broken in patches, and floating swiftly by, and needles of ice put out from the slime, while the current surged so rapidly by that almost any man would have been affrighted and turned back.

But Crockett had come after ammunition, and he was determined to have it. As he stepped into the water and it filled his shoes it was of icy chilliness, but he never hesitated. He waded cautiously forward until he reached the channel, where he found a fallen tree, upon which he crossed.

This brought him to the edge of a deep slough where there had formerly been a log to cross; but this was now submerged by the freshet.

Here Colonel Crocket felt was the critical point. If he could pass the slough there would be comparatively little trouble in reaching the opposite side. In ordinary times the slough was a small island, and a sapling grew beside the log upon which he wished to cross, and which was submerged beneath the water.

Here was the trouble, but the hunter's ready mind hit upon an artifice by which to overcome it. He first cut a forked sapling, with which he reached across the surging current, and fastened into the young, swaying tree. With the help of this he gradually worked his way forward, until, by sounding with the pole, he found the log three feet beneath him. He now went back and got his rifle.

Carefully climbing up the tree, he succeeded in placing his feet upon the submerged log, and began crossing it. This was one of the most difficult of undertakings. The water beneath the log was a dozen feet deep, and above it the swift current surged to his waist. The most delicate poise was necessary to keep his position on the log.

He was compelled to advance inch by inch, not stepping, but shoving his feet along, and watching for any logs that might come floating down stream. The ice was yet so thin that it occasioned no annoyance.

Finally, after a long time, and after a great deal of labor, he found himself across, and shortly reached another slough, across which a log was floating. This was even more dangerous than the other, as it had no stability, and was liable to turn with him; but there was no retreat, and so he stepped upon it.

It sank down almost beneath the surface, but he moved as carefully forward as before, and was about half way across, when, as quick as lightning, it turned with him, and he went down with a gasp as the icy waters closed over him. With his usual presence of mind, he retained his hold upon the log, and did not allow his rifle to go out of his hand.

He was yet in the midst of the stream, but he worked manfully, and at length succeeded in reaching the land.

Here he changed his clothes, and was obliged to run at the top of his speed to keep from freezing. Late in the evening he reached his friend's, who, as may well be supposed, was astonished to see him.

"All this distance for powder?" inquired his brother-in-law.

"Well, you see it is good weather for bears, and I must have a hunt while it lasts."

"But I should consider you in more danger than the bears."

"We'll soon settle that matter."

His relative gladly furnished him with all the ammunition he could spare, and he announced his intention of returning on the morrow; but during the night the temperature became so low that he was persuaded to defer the attempt until the succeeding day.

But the weather continued growing colder and colder, and the second day was found more intensely severe than the former; so that he reluctantly consented to remain another night at his friend's. When the third morning dawned, the thermometer was below zero.

Crockett by this time had become uneasy. The cold weather had evidently set in, and there could be nothing gained by procrastinating the matter for an entire week. He was fearful, too, that his family were suffering, and he would not consent to remain any longer. So he shouldered his rifle and set out on his return.

When he came to the broad overflow of water, he found it frozen over. He stepped carefully upon it, and it cracked and bent beneath him, but still bore his weight, and he ventured forth. This was a pleasant condition of things, if the frozen sheet would only carry him entirely across.

But in the midst of his pleasant meditations the ice suddenly broke, and he found himself clasped in the chilling current beneath. However, he did not allow himself to go entirely beneath the surface, but caught upon the projecting ice, and drew his body forth. He now experimented to see whether the ice had sufficient strength to bear his body when extended, but found that it was too thin even to do that.

With the same resolution, that was never daunted by difficulty, he began cutting his way before him with his tomahawk. This was a most painful and trying means of

progression, but it was the only one left. Prudence commanded him to withdraw, for nine-tenths of the danger and difficulty were still before him, but Crockett did not originate the advice, "Be sure you are right, then go ahead," that it might be followed by others alone. He had made up his mind to go home, and as long as he had the power to move, nothing could prevent him.

After making his way in this manner for some distance, he found the ice somewhat stronger, and clambering upon its surface, hurried along for a few yards, when it again gave way, and he went through as delightfully as before. He had his "bearings," and sustaining his weight by means of the projecting ice, he cut his way with the tomahawk until he reached the log which had served him so treacherously on his previous trip. This was now frozen fast, and he passed over it in safety.

When the submerged log was reached, it was found that the current was so swift that it had not frozen, and Crockett made his way over this precisely as he did when on his way to his brother-in-law. From this point he noticed that there was a "path" to the opposite shore; that is, the ice was broken, as though some person or animal had been through to the log, and then turned back.

He soon reached the shore, where the intense cold froze his clothes to his body, and he could walk only with the greatest difficulty, and when he reached the door his limbs were so benumbed that he could scarcely stand.

Under the affectionate care of his wife, he soon "thawed out," and was himself again, ready on the morrow to engage in his favorite bear-hunt.

When Crockett was thoroughly "reconstructed," he went to bed, and had a terrific dream of an encounter with a burly African.

It may not be generally known to our readers, but it is a curious superstition among the hunters, that a dream like this is a sure prognostic of a bear-fight. We have met old woodmen who have told us that they had been repeatedly advised in this manner, and that never had it failed.

Colonel Crockett shared that singular superstition, and when he arose in the morning, he informed his family that, inasmuch as he had been notified of what was to come, it devolved upon him to make every preparation to perform his part satisfactorily.

Crockett had several men at work for him, and these decided to accompany him upon his hunting expedition.

Upon going out in the morning, it was found that a fine, drizzling rain had fallen all night, and having frozen as it fell, the ground and leaves, the tree-trunks and their branches, were incased in quite a thick sheeting of ice.

This was rather an uninviting prospect, but not forbidding enough to deter the hunters from their contemplated sport. Calling the dogs, the three started.

The brittle ice cracked and crushed beneath their feet until they got fairly into the woods, when it was found that the branches overhead had caught and retained so much of the falling sleet that it was comparatively easy walking.

At this point, Crockett's companions announced their intention of hunting for turkeys.

"You had better join us," said they. "It will be an easy thing to bring down a dozen or twenty."

"If you can do that, there will be no need of my help, then. I thank you. I'm after bears just now."

Calling off his dogs, the hunter bade his friends good-by, and started off in quest of nobler game. Going up the river half a dozen miles, he struck across the mainland until he reached the Obion, several miles distant. When here a terrible storm of sleet was raging, and the fine, needle-like points of hail struck his face with a sharp, stinging sensation, as if they were fine shot hurled through the air.

All at once, his dogs started a flock of turkeys. Crockett shot two of the finest, and slinging them over his shoulder, pressed on. Still the storm raged, until, somewhat exhausted, he sat down upon a fallen tree to rest himself, and to prepare for a more vigorous prosecution of his hunt.

Crockett had sat there a few moments, when his attention was arrested by the curious action of one of his dogs. This creature ran to a log near by, and after smelling around it for a few moments, he pointed his nose to the sky, then gave utterance to a long, peculiar whine, and darted away, followed by the other dog. This was done with such an evident intention of attracting the hunter's attention, that he sat and watched them for a while before stirring from his position.

He soon saw that game had been scented, and arising from the log, started after them. They immediately hurried away, and were heard barking very clamorously at a large tree; but a glance showed that, in hunter's parlance, they were "barking up the wrong tree," as no game at all was visible.

Somewhat puzzled to account for this mistake of his faithful animals, Crockett stood looking at them a moment, when they plunged away, and began barking as fiercely as ever up another tree. Upon following them up, it was found that they had repeated their blunder.

This same thing was done fully half a dozen times, by which time the hunter had lost so much patience that he determined to shoot the leading dog if he deceived him again. The next moment the clamor was repeated, and in a mood that was exceedingly dangerous to his favorite dog, he cocked his rifle and started after them.

What was Crockett's delight and amazement, as he came to the edge of a small prairie, to discover an enormous black bear, coolly and unconcernedly awaiting his approach. The sagacious dogs had adopted the stratagem described in order that the hunter might keep up with them, as their instinct taught them better than to attack the formidable animal alone.

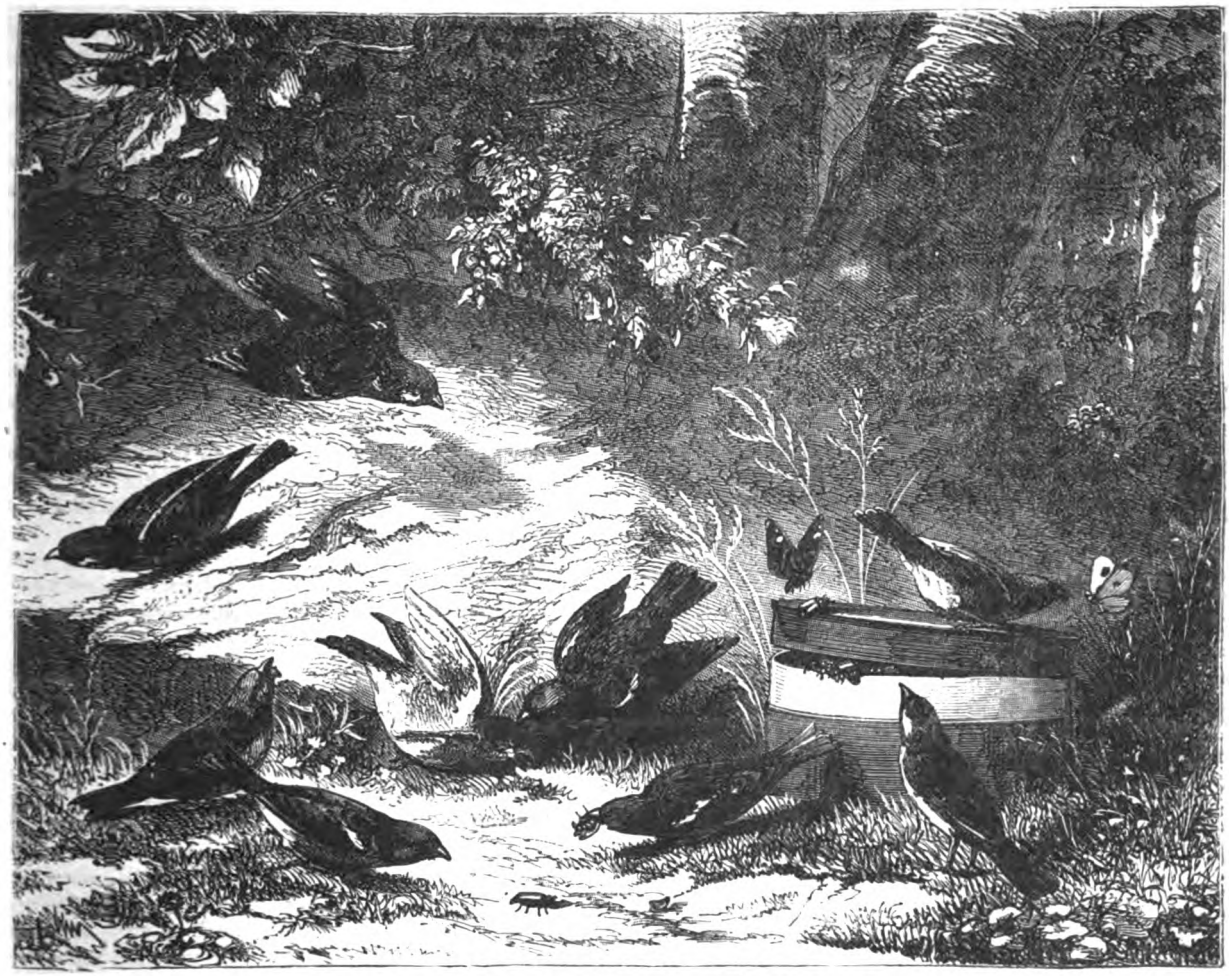
The eyes of Colonel Crockett sparkled as he caught sight of the brute, and dropping his turkeys, he started on a full run after the bear, his dogs barking and running at his side. The bear, apparently, deemed it best to retreat before such an overwhelming force, and made off on a lumbering, awkward trot. Reaching a thicket, he scrambled in out of sight before the hunter could approach nigh enough to give him a shot; but, never hesitating, Crockett followed in his "wake," and soon descried him climbing a large tree. Stealing cautiously forward until within seventy-five yards, he gave him a shot. The bear showed that he was struck by a start and a growl, but he did not fall from his position.

Reloading his gun, Crockett crept still nearer, and making his aim more sure, he sent his second bullet into the vitals of the monster, which came tumbling to the ground, catching one of the dogs in his death-hug. Not willing to lose one of his brutes in this manner, the hunter dropped his rifle, and, armed with his knife and tomahawk, rushed forward with the intention of ending matters most speedily.

Before the hunter had reached him, the bear caught sight of him, and dropping the dog, advanced to meet his human antagonist; but Crockett did not see the necessity of submitting to one of his tremendous embraces just then, so he made a rapid retreat for his gun.

Securing this, he hastily rammed a charge home, and sent a third bullet into his body, upon which he rolled over and died. Crockett immediately started home for means of transporting the carcass thither. Four horses were necessary to do this, and it was found that his weight was more than 1,000 pounds.

A BACHELOR'S DREAM.



THE MASSACRE OF THE INNOCENTS.—FROM THE PAINTING BY ROBIE.

GLADYS ARDEN'S DISLOYALTY.

By the Author of "She Never Told Her Love," "The Last of the Carnes," Etc., Etc.

Chapter VII.

Unperceived Rooke had led Gladys away to a quiet and dusk-haunted corner of the garden at Linford Grange; unperceived he had asked her for a few uninterrupted moments apart from the slight confusion which the departure of Mrs. Arden's friends was making; and she, with a cold, hard sensation near her heart, had consented.

He had brought her to a spot where the larches grew thickest, and the laurels and lilac-trees cast intermingled shadows upon the previous year's dead leaves and broken twigs, with which the grass was strewed in this unfrequented corner.

It was at the farthermost extremity of the Linford Grange garden, where a green, undulating meadow formed part of the boundary, and the house itself could not be seen for the wild growth of shrubs and climbing tangled underwood. It was very still and solemn here, for the dusk was deepening perceptibly. The grass was wet with the dew, and one or two stars were in the sky.

Amongst the shadows, facing each other, the two stood alone. The woman's face was woefully white, and her great violet eyes were wide and strained with pain. The man's arms were folded across his breast; his face, too, was pale and his mouth rigid and drawn.

"Is this your answer?" he was saying, roughly—"your final, unalterable answer, Miss Arden?"

"Don't!" she cried, faintly, with a sort of sob. "Oh, Rooke, you are not kind to speak to me as you do!"

"Kind!" he repeated, scornfully. "Kind! How can you expect kindness from me when, loving you as I do, you coldly tell me that I am too young to rightly understand the true meaning of love—that my love is nothing more than a boyish infatuation, which in time——"

"You seem a boy to me," she said, in quick interruption, turning aside her face. "I am older than you are, both in years and worldly experience. I know what is best for us, and what I have said I cannot unsay."

"I love you like a man, Gladys—with a man's strength," he cried, hotly; "oh, my dear love, do not send me from you! I could not bear it!"

She sighed wearily, still with her face turned from him. It was hard, she thought, to hear him pleading—very hard. Why would he not take a first refusal—why tempt her beyond her feeble strength?

"But you are only a boy," she murmured again, "and——"

"Well, and what?" he asked, trying bravely to keep cool; for she had faltered, and locked her hands together.

There came another weary, long-drawn sigh, but no answer; so he seized the locked hands in a fierce and cruel grip. They were as cold as ice.

"I am a boy," he said, ironically; "and what more?"

With a sort of shudder she tried to wrench her hands away; but, failing to do so, she let them be.

"And—and I do not love you," she uttered, in a scared kind of voice—"can never love you—never"—repeating the words with feverish haste—"never, I mean, in the way you would have me—in the way you have been asking me to do this evening. I will love you as a friend, Rooke, but as—as nothing else."

He threw the false, cold little hands from him, as he would have thrown a poisonous serpent, and hot and bitter words rose fast to his pale, angry lips.

"You are heartless—thoroughly heartless, Gladys Arden," he cried, wrathfully—"false and heartless as Delilah of old. I do not believe that you have spoken the truth. I believe, though, that your love is all my own, say or do what you may. Do you deem me blind, that you think me incapable of seeing through your mean, contemptible scheming, and the part——"

"How dare you!" she exclaimed, passionately, his words stinging her to anger, turning upon him in her passion, her face no longer white and woebegone, but flushed guiltily with somewhat of its old insolence and nonchalant loveliness. "How dare you!" she repeated, stamping her foot upon the rank, wet grass. "Tell me that I lie! You say that I do not speak the truth. You say that my love is yours, in spite of all that I myself may say to the contrary; and you call me false and heartless into the bargain. Surely such words, from a man to a woman"—with intense and bitter scorn—"are very manly! Surely such words are worthy of a gentleman!"

"They may not be manly," cried he, fiercely; "but to you, I can plainly see, Gladys, they are painfully just. They strike home too well to please you, perhaps. And is it womanly in a woman, think you, to spoil and blight a man's life, when it is in that woman's power to gladden and beautify it, without either hardship or repugnance on her part? You may think so; but I tell you that beneath heaven there can be no falser or more heartless woman than yourself; for to-night you have almost broken my heart—willfully and unpardonably—and made my whole future an utter blank."

"Let him find it out for himself," she had said, in the lawyer's old-fashioned garden, at the back of the great red house in the High Street, when she had given Mattie, on that afternoon not long before, a sketch of what she had called her true character—when she had recklessly told Mattie to acquaint Rooke as soon as she liked with all she had said, and Mattie had refused. And yet, now that he was finding it out without assistance, she was feeling enraged and hurt because of his telling her of his discovery with a truthfulness so rough and plain—because of his casting back her own words, as it were, into her very teeth, although he was totally ignorant that before he had done so she had applied those same or similar words to herself.

A gentle, rustling breeze stirred the branches and leaves about them; they could hear the wheels of a late carriage rolling away from the gate of Linford Grange. From over the lea came the distant lowing of cattle, and a clock chimed a quarter to eight from the roof of the stables near. For one brief minute Gladys's willful heart softened dangerously toward the young fellow whom she really and truly loved with all the warmth of her passionate nature, yet whom she was about to send from her forever, with a cold assurance of her utter indifference. "And why?" she asked herself, doubtfully. Ah, she scarcely dared think! She shivered as she thought. There was no help for it—and yet how she loved him, as he had so rightly said!

"You should not blame me," she replied steadily to his last speech, though her face paled swiftly again as she spoke the lie. "How can I help it if—if I—I do not love you?"

And then she tottered as though she would have fallen. His arms were folded on his breast as they had been before, his firm, square jaw appeared immovable. In his dark eyes burned a dull, threatening fire, though the ashen hue of his face surpassed that of the girl before him. In grim silence he regarded her for a few seconds; and she, vainly struggling for outer calmness, confronted him in her baseness and sin.

"May Heaven forgive you, Gladys Arden," he said at last, slowly and solemnly, "for it is more than I can do! I at least have spoken the truth to-night—you know that I have. I can only say that with the man for whom, there is not the shadow of a doubt, you have thrown me aside, I hope you may be happy, though happiness in this world is more than you deserve; for you have wrecked and destroyed mine without the slightest compunction. I pray Heaven that I may never look upon your face again!"

He walked away and left her standing motionless in the dusk—a woman petrified she looked, though there was a wildly-bounding heart within her breast, the fierce beats of which well-nigh swayed her where she stood.

Rooke Paget, a different man in his complete disappointment, retraced his steps in the direction of the house. He found the wagonette in waiting at the gate, and Leah and Mattie in readiness for the homeward drive to Mount Linford. They were standing in the hall-doorway with Mrs. Arden.

"Oh, Rooke," exclaimed Leah, when she saw him, "where have you been all this while? We thought you were lost or something dreadful had happened, didn't we, Mrs. Arden?"

"Yes, indeed," assented that lady, airily, guessing shrewdly at what had taken place, and thankfully reading favorable conclusions, as she termed it, from poor Rooke Paget's gloomy brow. "Nobody could find you, Rooke, or Gladys either, when they wanted to say good-by just now. Sir Bethel Oswestry went off in positive distress"—the words made Rooke wince palpably—"when nobody could find my naughty child. He would so have liked to stay until she had been found, but Lady Templeton bore him off *nolens volens* in her carriage, so of course he could not remain. He dines with Lady Templeton this evening, and I have been telling Leah that you all ought to remain with us. What have you done with my daughter?" exclaimed Mrs. Arden, maliciously playful.

"She will be with you soon, doubtless," replied Rooke, stiffly. "Good-night, Mrs. Arden. Leah, Mattie, are you ready?"

"Yes, dear," Mattie murmured, gently.

Like Mrs. Arden, she, too, guessed well enough what had taken place, and her tender, loving heart bled for her brother.

"Then you will not stay and dine with us?" cried Mrs. Arden, with mock reproach.

"Thank you, no," Rooke answered, brusquely.

They drove home in the purple dusk, Rooke speaking never a word to one sister or the other. Leah wondered vaguely at his unusual silence; but Mattie, knowing the reason of it, wept stealthily in the gloaming.

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It was late that night before Rooke Paget went to his bed. He and his father, alone together in the dining-room, had had much to say to each other—much to talk over quietly and dispassionately—much to propose, for the best on both sides, regardless of the hopelessness of the past.

The old lawyer by this time was in full possession of the story of the young fellow's non-success, and he, the elder, had done what he could—his simple best—to comfort the younger in this, his first real trouble.

Father and son separated as the clocks through the silent house tolled out the hour of twelve—separated with no word

beyond an ordinary "Good-night"; but in the accompanying hand-clasp there seemed to be a tacit and mutual understanding, the result, perhaps, of their recent conversation.

It was a haggard, care-worn face that pressed Rooke Paget's pillow that night, and to the dreary, dark eyes there came little sleep to soothe them, the first roseate streak of the early Summer dawn finding them open and wide, dreary and hopeless still.

Chapter VIII.

SWESTRY WOLD, Sir Bethel's country seat, was of Elizabethan architecture, gray, venerable-looking, and ivy-clad. Its zig-zag, weather-stained chimneys were partly hidden in the dark, clustering leaves, as were also the gaunt, rough gables, with their carved oaken spikes, so grim with age. Some of the windows in the front were broad and elaborate, whilst others were as small and inconvenient as the casements of a wayside cottage. Over the principal entrance was a porch with a base of stonework, roofed with rugged oaken beams, and seated with heavy oaken seats. The walls were lichen-grown and hoary in their grayness, with a thickness that bordered on the marvelous, and with an irregularity as picturesque as it was striking.

The mansion was built on a grassy eminence, on all sides surrounded by its own beautiful parkland, in which some of the timber was as ancient and time-worn as Oswestry Wold itself—oaks and beeches with gnarled, moss-grown trunks and knotted, awkward-looking limbs, with an outer bark as tough and horny as the hide of an elephant, mistletoe-loved where the branches were withered and the sap dried up forevermore in the twigs that were damply-green once, rook-haunted and nest-darkened, and enlivened by the agile leaping squirrels that would scare the aged crows from their homes—oaks and beeches in the grand hey-day of their existence, towering and perfect in their growth, and ever restless in the soft Summer winds, whispering, shivering, sighing, full of secrets which the birds only knew far up in the topmost swaying boughs, calling forth those secrets—so faintly mysterious—to Him who gave them their little lives, so precious because so short—poor little feathered warblers!—oaks and elms in clustering majesty together, with their spreading, twisted, groveling roots overgrown with trailing underwood; prickly blackberry thickets, and stunted hawthorn bushes, and tangled feathery wood-ferns, drooping moistly in the soft warmth of the shade, rustling ghost-like in the green-shadowed stillness as the rabbits and their young ones scudded fearlessly through brake and bramble, and vanished precipitately down the tunnels of their sandy-mouthed warrens, burrowed under the hilly sward of the buttercup and daisy-strewed park. Hill and dale were rich alike in verdure, and the copses and plantations swarmed with game, from a snipe to a kingly pheasant.

Oswestry Wold was an inheritance to be proud of—an inheritance to reverence because of its ancestral antiquity; and Sir Bethel was undoubtedly as proud of it as he well could be, loving it because it was his birthplace, and because it was his birthright likewise.

But still Oswestry Wold, large as it was, for a solitary and comparatively tieless man was a lonesome and desolate place; and lately the idea had been seldom absent from Sir Bethel's thoughts that, with some one to share them with him, the big, deserted rooms, so stately and chilly of aspect now, might, if one only knew how to set about it, be made cheerful and elegant enough. It would be both pleasant and desirable to inhabit them then—pleasant to feel that somebody beside himself was taking pride and delight in the dear old house, and to know, moreover, to revel in the satisfaction, that it was the presence of a wife that was changing unconsciously the clinging, empty dreariness and silent desolation into the very comfort and holiness of "home, sweet home" itself—his wife, Lady Oswestry, the mistress of it all.

Yes, to have that idea realized would be pleasant indeed; and Sir Bethel knew, and often told himself, that there was but one woman living in all the world whom he would take pleasure in creating mistress of Oswestry Wold, and that one woman was Gladys Arden.

"If she were only more cordial toward me," he would think sadly, sometimes, "I might hope to win her in time. I hardly think she can care for me; she is always so cold and indifferent."

It was a clear, bright afternoon, about three days after Mrs. Arden's garden-party, and Sir Bethel Oswestry was alone in his library—a handsome though sombre apartment with a great deal of crimson and paneling about it. There was a soft odor of morocco leather pervading the cool atmosphere, and the windows looked out upon the western side of the park, one window opening to a shallow stone step on the grass-bordered terrace which flanked that part of the house.

The master of Oswestry Wold was seated at the littered library table; before him were a wide-spread writing-case, pens and paper, and his partly-bowed head was supported by his left hand. His eyes were resting perplexedly on the blank sheet beneath them, and his other hand trifled with a long quill that wandered restlessly over the blotting-pad near; every now and then his lips, beneath the brown, flowing beard would part in the ghost of a smile that faded and died gradually into a settled gravity.

"Shall I write," he mused, "or speak to her myself? What will her answer be? I dare not think. The other night—poor child!—she appeared startled and pained when I forgot myself so far as to call her by her Christian name in the quick temptation of the moment to tell her all I felt. I am older than she is, too—too old, she will think, I dare say, yet heaven knows I could not love her more than I do, were I ten years older or ten younger than I am."

He smiled again to himself, the same half-sad smile, and traced more lines vacantly on the blotting-pad under his pen.

The great house was very still, both within and out of doors. Through the crimson-lined blinds that were drawn down over the windows widely open the Summer sun streamed in, and would not be excluded. The bees buzzed by the creepers that crept along the window-sills, and the faint lowing of the oxen, in groups, hot and fly-tormented, under the shade of the parkland oaks, came in on the whispers of the breeze that just rattled the blind-tassels against the paneling by which they hung.

"How shall I address her?" he thought, his doubts and fears increasing. "It seems so cold and formal to commence with 'My dear Miss Arden'; and yet I dare not, could not presume—— I will see her!" he cried, with sudden determination. "I will see her, and offer her my love in person. It will be, after all, the easier and safer plan. I shall be better able then to tell from her manner if she really cares for me, or ever will. I will see her at once—this very afternoon; I have lost too much time already."

He pushed the writing materials away from him all in a heap together, and got up with a sigh of relief from his chair at the thickly-littered table. As he stood up, and was about to move across the room, he cried out sharply and suddenly—a low, clear cry of dire, unmistakable anguish. His

features in a second seemed transformed and convulsed; his eyes were wide and staring. One hand went swiftly to his left side; the other clutched wildly at the back of the chair from which he had only just risen. The chair was massive and strong, yet it creaked with the weight which in dreadful heaviness was leaning upon it.

Leaning with all his helpless force upon the piece of furniture he had grasped at, his breath held fast and none coming from between his drawn lips, far from the bell-ropes, tongue-tied with agony—save the pitiful cry which at first, short and involuntarily, had escaped him—the powerful figure rocked gently to and fro in pain too deep for utterance—a pain in its pain too terrible.

It was soon over, lasting scarcely a minute; the face became less contracted, the wild pain died out of the eyes, the color by degrees stole back to the baronet's cheeks, and the ashen grayness fled before it. His vice-like grasp loosened slowly from the back of the chair, and Sir Bethel Oswestry stood upright again—the spasm past—himself once more.

It was over, and he drew a deep, free, thankful breath. There happened, fortunately, to be wine on a side-table; he crossed over to it and drank of it eagerly.

"It was a hard one," he muttered, as he placed the glass down, "a very hard one—harder than I ever had before. I suppose by rights I ought to seek advice, and learn if anything really serious may be likely to result from the attacks. My dear mother's death," he thought, gloomily, "I must not forget."

It was the half-hour after three then, and the afternoon sun was at its brightest. At four o'clock, just as the sleek cows from the bailiff's paddock were going slowly home to the farm to be milked, Sir Bethel Oswestry, his face pale and drawn, passed out of the lodge-gates on his way and errand to Linford Grange.

Chapter IX.

N the pretty, airy drawing-room at Linford Grange, listlessly staring out of the window at the flaming flower-beds tipped with the golden radiance of the afternoon sunlight, sat Gladys Arden, her white hands folded idly on the lacework in her lap, her head resting gracefully back against the cushion of her low easy-chair.

She was looking paler than she was wont to look—paler and more haggard—and there was a sort of uneasiness in the large, dark-rimmed eyes, as though she were sick at heart and miserable, with a restlessness she could not control. She had seen nothing of the Pagets since the croquet-party three days before. Neither Leah nor Mattie had called, and it was not likely that Rooke would do so.

With all her effrontery and cool way of meeting disagreeable things generally, she could not just at present summon up sufficient courage to make a visit to the red-brick house in the High Street; and she wondered what Mattie would say to her—for of course Rooke had told them all by this time, she thought—all that she had said to him in the garden on the night of the party.

She wished Mattie would call this afternoon, and, if she had made up her mind to fly into a temper about her brother, she would like her to fly into it and have it thoroughly out while Mrs. Arden was not in the way—and she was not in the way this afternoon, as it happened, Gladys being at home by herself.

Miss Arden felt sure that some kind of unpleasant explanation with Mattie Paget respecting the well-loved brother whom Gladys had not treated well would be inevitable. Mattie was Rooke's defender—there would be no such thing as avoiding her just indignation and wrath.

Occupied with her thoughts, she did not hear the unfastening and closing to again of the iron gate, nor the tread on the gravel-drive, nor the distant sound of a ring which soon followed at the visitors' bell.

The opening of the drawing-room door, together with the servant's voice, startled her out of her reverie.

"Sir Bethel Oswestry."

And then the door closed, and they were alone.

It had come at last—that which she had waited for, yet dreaded as well. Yet, she instinctively knew what he was there for, and was not surprised at all. She had not seen him, either, since the day of the garden-party, and the quiet nervousness which was so evident in his demeanor would have told her that his visit was not of ordinary importance, even had there been no other signs to go by.

She rose to meet him, pale yet self-possessed, and held out her hand; and she smiled on him, too, with slight friendliness, just as she would have smiled on any other visitor whom she was not particularly glad to see.

"Mamma is not at home, Sir Bethel," she said, the first greeting over. "She has driven out to pay some calls."

He sat down near to her, and Miss Arden began to tremble a little.

"I am fortunate in having found you at home, Miss Arden," Sir Bethel Oswestry returned, earnestly. "I was most anxious to speak to you alone, if possible, and hardly expected so good an opportunity. Mrs. Arden is quite well, I hope?"

"Thank you, yes," answered Gladys, trying to utter the words with her usual nonchalance, but speaking very fast, and saying a great deal more than was necessary in her anxiety to put off the evil moment, "or she would not have ventured out. Had I had the inclination, I should have accompanied her; but I preferred remaining at home. She will be sorry to think that you called when she was not at home."

"My visit is to yourself," he observed, gently, "yourself especially, Miss Arden."

"Forgive me for asking," she put in quickly, before he could go on, noticing, for the first time, the traces of pain which his late seizure had left near his eyes and mouth, "but have you been ill?"

"It is nothing—nothing at all," he answered, inexpressibly grateful to her for showing a little pity for his condition. "I have not been very well to-day, it is true; but now I am better—in fact, all right again."

"You feel tired, perhaps. May I offer you anything?" she suggested, timidly.

"No, thank you. You are very kind," he said, hurriedly. "Miss Arden," he went on, with startling abruptness, rising and standing over her in his agitation, "I have called upon you this afternoon to tell you something that I have been bent on telling you for many days past. It is simply this. I have to tell you that I love you with all my heart—to ask you if you can love me a little in return; all that I possess in the world I lay at your feet, and will feel everlastingly blessed if you will only deign to accept it. You must have seen how dear you have been growing to me—how impossible it has been for me to keep away from Linford Grange. You must have known that, as the days went by, each one made you more precious, if possible—more necessary to my life and happiness. Gladys, be my wife. You are all the world to me, dear. My love for you is deeper—far deeper—than any words of mine can adequately express. Gladys, my darling, do not say me nay."

A great hush fell upon them—a dead silence followed all

that he had said. He stood looking down upon her as she sat with bowed head in her chair, and for the life of her then she could not have lifted her face to meet the honest, yearning love that shone in her lover's eyes.

She struggled with all her might and strength to keep Rooke Paget from entering her thoughts—tried to shut his image out, and to realize now that it was indeed come, the length and breadth of her triumph. But it would not do; the boyish lover's face started up in her imagination, dark, stern, and unforgiving, as she had seen it last, yet with passionate love that would never die lighting his scornful eyes, as he turned and left her in her faithlessness, a traitress to her better feelings.

Her head was bowed, and she could not lift it—could not lift it boldly and lie to this man; she could not tell him that she actually loved him when, as she knew full well, she never would be able to do so.

The hour of her triumph was come, but at its best the triumph was a sorry one. Was the coveted fruit about to taste bitter — bitter to her worldly palate as Dead Sea apples?

She wished that Sir Bethel had been less honest in his manly simplicity, less unsuspicious and generous. It was no inconsiderable addition to the burden that she had to bear already, to delude and deceive so sinfully a straightforward, honest man like Sir Bethel.

"Gladys," he said, at length, having waited with his customary gentle patience, "look up, dear, and end my suspense either one way or the other. If—if you do not love me, say so."

Still she could not answer him; still the red-brown head was bowed down low with its shame.

"One word, Gladys — one little word, and I will be content," he pleaded. "'Yes,' or 'No'—which is it to be?"

She rose unsteadily from her chair, and with a white face looked into his. Sir Bethel for a moment was alarmed at the expression.

"Ah, don't let it be 'No'!" he cried, almost childishly. "But, if you cannot love me, tell me so at once."

She would be honest to a certain extent, she thought; and she must contrive to prevent his asking any questions.

"I—do—do not love you, Sir Bethel," she faltered—"not yet, at least—but I think perhaps in time I may learn to—to resp—love you as——"

The guilty whisper died away, but Sir Bethel could understand that her answer was not altogether a negative; and so he caught her in his arms, wild, nearly, with his sudden joy. She, passive and unresisting, repulsed him not.

"My darling, my darling," he murmured, fondly, kissing reverently—for had he not won the right to do so!—the clear, cold face—"my own at last!"

With such scant acquiescence on her part he was more than satisfied.

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Mrs. Arden, coming in from her calls, discovered Gladys by herself, calm, listless, and with no trace visible of her recent agitation. As Mrs. Arden entered the room Gladys went to meet her.

"Mamma," she began, by way of prelude, "Sir Bethel Oswestry has been here."

"I thought so," Mrs. Arden said; "I saw him in the distance turn in at the lodge-gates. I guessed he had been here."

"Congratulate me," Gladys went on, in a dull, monotonous voice; "he asked me this afternoon to marry him, and I have given him my word that I will."

Mrs. Arden's fair face beamed instantly; she threw down her parasol and driving-gloves, and gazed at her daughter in genuine admiration.

"Oh, Gladys," she cried, growing effusive immediately, and making a maternal rush at the young lady, who, however, would have none of her mother's embraces, or gushing, powdery caresses just then, "Oh, Gladys"—this time reproachfully—"let me kiss you, child, and tell you how happy you have made me! Oh, Gladys, my darling child, don't push me away so coldly. You——"

With a little movement of disgust Miss Arden interrupted her mother.

"That will do," she said, quietly. "If you are satisfied with what I have done, I suppose eventually I shall grow satisfied myself. At present, though, I feel very dissatisfied, very unhappy, very miserable. I feel thoroughly sick of my life and of everybody and everything about me. Mamma"—with an unexpected passion and vehemence, which somehow set Mrs. Arden quaking—"I wish with all my heart that I had been dead and lying in my grave before sinning as I have sinned in Heaven's sight to-day. What a wretch I am!" She half wept in her misery. "What a wretch!"

"Not at all, dear," said the mother, complacently. "When you are calmer you will understand better, and by degrees realize the enviable position in which, in your good sense, you have placed yourself with Sir Bethel Oswestry. When you are calmer you will be happier," ventured Mrs. Arden, hesitatingly.

"When I am calmer," returned the girl, passionately, "I should not wonder if I were to walk straight over to Oswestry Wold, and retract in Sir Bethel's hearing the promise I have given him. You need not be surprised should I do so. I feel as though I could not live another hour with that promise weighing on my soul."

Mrs. Arden was really frightened now.

"Nonsense!" she reproved, fretfully. "Don't be reckless, child. Why ruin yourself? Why quarrel with your good fortune? By-and-by, depend upon it, you will like him well enough, and, in time, positively adore him"—coughing nervously—"I dare say."

Miss Arden looked at her parent in silent, disrespectful scorn; and the girl's great violet, disdainful eyes were full of meaning that was unpleasantly obvious to Mrs. Arden.

"Is it probable that I shall ever learn to adore Bethel Oswestry?" inquired Gladys, in low, half-muffled tones that were almost boiling over with hot contempt. "You know that it is not."

She turned away abruptly to hide the burning, wilful, wrathful tears that dimmed her vision in their bitterness.

"You know that it is not," she muttered again. And Mrs. Arden, stooping gracefully to pick up the discarded gloves and parasol, bit her lip, whereon a triumphant smile was twitching faintly, but to the vailed challenge answered never a word.

Chapter X.

It was market-day in Mount Linford. The High Street from end to end was crowded with market-carts and crockery-stalls, clean-looking old country dames, in sun-bonnets and wide, white spotless aprons, standing in cool, shady corners, keeping guard over their baskets of freshly-laid eggs, chattering amicably, as they stood near together, in a broad, homely dialect that would have astonished a town-bred stranger; further down the street were more old women still, with donkey-carts and wicker-pens that were full of cocks and hens, and fowls that had been fatted for killing, all pecking and squabbling and cackling one on the top of another, and with their unfortunate tails sticking out at the bars of the coops—temptingly long tails, at which passing mischievous little errand-boys gave agonizing "pulls" when the clean old market-women were not looking in that

direction. There were more carts, too, stationary outside the tavern doors and gateways, round which the drivers were quaffing ale from tall blue mugs of mysterious depths—carts as closely and cruelly packed as the wicker chicken-pens on the pavement, only burdened with a different burden, in the shape of tender young calves, new from the shelter of the cow-stall, the poor little heavy red-and-white heads of which dangled despairingly over the tail-boards in the broiling hot sun of the morning, and the frail, bony legs of which were corded roughly together—calves with pitiable dumb patience and wondering helplessness in the dusky purple of their pleading eyes. Here and there were a few penned sheep, and shaggy shepherd-dogs that kept them in order; and further on were stalls with luscious greengages and lately-gathered plums lurking in their mellow ripeness down in a bed of dead, crumpled fern-leaves—stalls with cut flowers for sale, bound stiffly into nosegays brilliant with every rainbow color but the green which would have rendered them perfect.

Market-day was a busy one for everybody in Mount Linford—for Lawyer Paget especially. During the morning the swing-doors of his office were continually on the move, admitting or letting out the burly figures of his country clients, who availed themselves of the opportunity which a market-day afforded for consulting him concerning any matter they might need his shrewd advice upon. Even people from Great Linford came to consult Lawyer Paget—and Great Linford was a much grander and more important place than the sister borough in which the lawyer resided.

At the lower end of the High Street, and near the beginning of the Great Linford road, was St. Jude's Church, and under the wing, as it were, of the church itself, the Rectory, where the Robinsons lived. It was quieter at this part of the town, and the air seemed less heated. The low, brown-tiled Rectory always looked cool, standing as it did amongst the shadows from the walls of the old gray church.

From a side-street near, neat and ladylike as ever, stepped Leah Paget. She crossed over to the Rectory and knocked at the door.

"Is Miss Robinson at home?" she inquired.

"Yes, miss. Will you walk in?" answered the servant.

So Leah entered the snug little hall with its floor of Indian matting and atmosphere of *pot-pourri*, and was shown at once into the Rectory breakfast-room; and in the breakfast-room she found Miss Robinson and Gladys Arden.

The Rector's aunt jumped up and embraced Leah Paget with much effusion.

"How very strange," cried the little old lady, her eyes twinkling brightly above the bridge of her small, red nose, "that you, my dear Miss Paget, should have entered just as we were speaking of you! Miss Arden was telling me what an age it was since she had seen you or your sister Mattie—not, in fact, since the delightful afternoon we all spent at Linford Grange—and, as your name was yet on my tongue, Jane answered the door, and in you walked! Ah, my dear," exclaimed Miss Robinson, roguishly, "merely another instance of that queer old saying about angels and the fluttering of their wings, you know; though some folk are not so polite, and give one a very different version—but only rude folk, my dear, only rude folk! How are you? Pray sit down."

Leah smilingly assured Miss Robinson that she was quite well, and took her seat by Gladys Arden.

"Miss Robinson is right, Gladys," Leah said. "It is, indeed, an age since last we saw each other. A fortnight ago to-day, or a fortnight to-morrow—which is it?"

Miss Arden lifted her slim, white, ungloved hand, and smoothed back from beneath the brim of her hat a straying lock of the red-brown hair. She repeated the movement twice, deliberately and slowly, before Leah Paget's eyes, and the lawyer's daughter marveled at the brilliant flash of the diamond hoop scintillating on the third finger of Gladys's left hand.

'A fortnight to-morrow," answered she, indifferently. "It has been no fault of mine. You have not called on mamma or me."

"I couldn't persuade Mattie to come," explained Leah, with the pretty *naïveté* and innocence peculiar to her. "When I asked her, she would say, 'Gladys herself will call soon—there is no need for us to go to Linford Grange. Then I too thought you would come soon."

"Did you?" said Miss Arden; and Leah could not quite make out whether the two words implied a question with a double significance, or came as a natural and thoughtless answer to what she had said before.

Miss Arden thoroughly understood why Mattie Paget had not been to Linford Grange; and the faint color in Gladys's face darkened into a pained hot, crimson flush—but her back was to the light, fortunately.

"But you will see Mattie if you wait a little longer," Leah announced to Gladys, and then, turning to Miss Robinson, said, "Mattie is still shopping in the town; and, when she has done all that she wishes to do, she will call for me here on her way home. As I myself had nothing particular to do, I thought it would be an excellent opportunity for calling upon you, Miss Robinson, about poor Widow Cranfield. She is most anxious for your vote and interest, and the vote and interest of the Rector, in the coming election amongst the almshouse candidates. One of the cottages is empty, and Widow Cranfield is, I really believe, most in need, and deserving of our favor."

"Both my young visitors, then," cried Miss Robinson, rapturously, "have come on benevolent, Christian-like errands. Miss Arden has been good enough to walk in to Mount Linford to tell me that Mrs. Arden will subscribe to and become a member of the committee for the Winter Clothing Club and Ragged Night School; and I am thankful to say that, with the encouraging and gratifying support that we meet with day by day, those institutions cannot do otherwise than flourish with exceeding prosperity. Yes, yes, my dear"—to Leah—"the Widow Cranfield shall have my interest, and I think I am safe in promising Michael's also—he is out this morning, district-visiting."

"Oh, thank you," murmured Miss Paget.

"And Mattie will call here, you say?" interrogated Gladys.

"Yes—don't go," said Leah, earnestly; "she will be sorry if she misses you."

"I don't mind waiting," Miss Arden returned, graciously.

"I am in no hurry to leave if Miss Robinson is in no haste to see me gone."

"My dear," cried Miss Robinson, holding up her two little yellow, bony hands in expostulation, "how can you? I am charmed to have you—charmed!"

"Dear Miss Robinson!" breathed Leah.

"And have you heard from your brother since he left Mount Linford?" Miss Robinson inquired of Leah. "I suppose, my dear, he has written to some of you?"

Miss Arden, in the shadow, started—her heart seemed to stand still. What on earth did the old lady mean by asking such a question? In deep wonderment Gladys waited for Leah's reply.

"Yes," she said; "papa heard, of course, the morning after Rooke had reached Calais, and Mattie had a letter only to-day, dated from Antwerp. To-morrow he starts for——"

Gladys Arden leaned towards Leah as she was speaking.

"Has Rooke gone away?" she asked, with a strange calmness, "gone away for any length of time?"

"Don't you know, dear?" returned Leah, vaguely. "Didn't he come to say 'Good-bye' to you, then?"

"I really don't understand you," said Miss Arden, with quick impatience. "Is Rooke with you or is he not?"

"He is in Antwerp at the present time," replied Leah Paget, innocently, astonished at Gladys's ignorance, "and has been gone a week. But I thought that you knew, and that he came to say 'Good-bye' before he went."

"He did not forget us," put in Miss Robinson, vivaciously.

"He did not come to Linford Grange," said Gladys, inconsistently hurt and angry in her sudden and painful surprise.

"It is really very odd," observed Leah, thoughtfully, and Miss Robinson chuckled mysteriously to herself, and looked out at the window, and did not think Rooke Paget's behavior at all odd, having taken due notice of the diamonds on Gladys Arden's finger. "But there—I will tell you. It was settled between papa and Rooke all in a hurry, you must understand, and with little warning to us girls. At breakfast—yes, it was the very morning after the croquet party at your house—papa announced, quite in a matter-of-fact way, that Rooke in a few days' time would be going abroad, perhaps for two years, to travel wherever he liked, but chiefly on the Continent. Papa said that, had Rooke been going for pleasure alone, either Mattie or myself should have accompanied him. But you must know, dear, that he has not gone for the sake of amusement, but will read hard all the while he is away, for of course you have heard that he has decided to be a lawyer—and he has promised papa faithfully that he will do so, and papa has, as have Mattie and I, every faith in his promises—we know that he will keep and not break them. Rooke has always longed for a year or so abroad, although there was some talk at home once of his going up to London, and living in chambers, or something of that sort, if he went away at all. But he said that he would rather go away altogether, and do the two things at the same time, as it were—I mean—you know, dear, wandering about and reading hard at every town he might stop at; and papa seemed quite willing that he should please himself. And so he went off, though not quite so cheerful, perhaps, as we could have wished to see him; and yet, in spite of his not being very cheerful, it struck me that in his manner there was a restless, feverish kind of haste, as though impatient to be rid of us all and Mount Linford." Here Leah shook her pretty head dolefully and frowned a puzzled little frown in her slight perplexity. "But nevertheless he said 'Good-by' to all his friends, or at least I thought so; and you do astonish me, Gladys dear," concluded Leah Paget, ramblingly, "when you say that he never said farewell to you or Mrs. Arden."

By degrees Gladys was mastering her dense amazement, by degrees experiencing a kind of miserable resignation to what she was pleased to term the inevitable in her life. She had no doubt now that Rooke Paget's exile was of her own working; but wondered dimly why Leah Paget was as yet unenlightened.

"And at the end of two years you think he will return?"

"Yes," replied Leah, "and settle down with papa as a solicitor. The big trunk which Mattie and I packed full of law-books for Rooke would indeed have made you stare, Gladys."

"I dare say," she said, listlessly; "lawyers must read, you see."

"You must miss your brother sadly, my dear Miss Paget," observed the Rector's aunt.

"We do," acknowledged Leah, pathetically hearty, "Mattie especially. Without him the house seems scarcely the same. He had been at home so long with us."

At this point Jane, Miss Robinson's parlor-maid, opened the door.

"Miss Mattie Paget, ma'am," she announced.

Mattie came in warm and tired from her shopping, the result of which was in her arms, in the shape of sundry small parcels in flimsy brown paper. The Rectory breakfast-room was shadowy with the blinds down, and Mattie at first did not perceive Gladys Arden.

"I am here at last," Mattie began, lightly, "after impudently sending my elder sister to your house, Miss Robinson, to wait until called for. Did you think I was never coming, Leah? Gladys, you here, too?"

Miss Arden rose, and Mattie went quietly towards her. The girls embraced each other with less warmth and more constraint than they were accustomed to, and sat down together side by side near the window.

"I did not expect this," said Mattie, trying to speak briskly, and depositing her little packages carefully on the window-seat. "I thought we should never meet again—that is, I had almost begun to think so."

Gladys Arden shrugged her shoulders slightly, and lifted her nonchalant brows a trifle higher.

"I have been at home," she observed.

"And might not I with justice say the same?" asked Mattie, gravely, dropping her voice to a wistful whisper. "Ah, Gladys, don't be cold and unkind to me! From you, dear, I could not bear an estrangement. I know the history of poor Rooke's broken hopes, and my indignation against you is dying—is burning itself out; for, after all, there is nothing to be gained by crying over the past and its troubles, and of course, if you could not love him"—with forced charitableness and a sigh—"I suppose you were right in acting as you have done. But, as I told you under the cedars that afternoon in our garden——"

Miss Arden clutched Mattie by the arm.

"Don't," she urged, nervously, "don't speak of him! Am I not pleasing myself," she hastened on, desperately; "and shall you, Mattie, interfere or quarrel with me for striving to be happy after my own fashion? You shall not; neither shall you reproach me."

"Not so loud," said Mattie, anxiously, glancing towards Leah and her kindred spirit; "Miss Robinson will hear what you are saying."

The caution was unnecessary. Leah Paget and the little old lady, left to themselves, were deep in parochial matters—deep in an energetic conversation wherein such words as "flannel petticoat," "tract," "school-treat," and "infant" were frequent and emphatic, and distinguishable above the rest.

"Let them hear," Gladys returned, reckless and impatient in her unhappiness. "Let all the world hear, for aught I care."

It was very obvious to Mattie that Gladys Arden was not so happy as she might have been; and, though at present she—Mattie—could not wholly and freely pardon her for recent sins, the younger girl's heart, seeing her friend's discomfort, melted and warmed with her old affection for her, in spite of the pain she had caused and the home desolation wrought by her disloyalty.

"Well, I will come to see you soon," Mattie promised, softly. "I have much to say to you—much to talk over that we cannot speak of here."

"But not to reproach me with," Miss Arden said, earnestly, and withal a little defiantly; and she laid her ungloved hand on Mattie Paget's sleeve.

The diamonds sparkled and flashed, and Mattie for the first time noticed them.

"No," she responded, steadily, her eyes on the gems; where would be the use?"

"Ah, where," echoed Gladys, with half a sob—"where, indeed, Mattie?"

As the clock in St. Jude's tower struck one, Leah and Mattie Paget were in the High Street, wending their homeward way up the Market Place, where the market itself now was at its thickest, and the bustle quite bewildering.

"Oh, Mattie," exclaimed Leah, artlessly, "do you not consider that strange forgetfulness on Rook's part? He never went near the Ardens before he left."

"Do you mean, Leah, that he never called to tell them that he was going?" Mattie asked, quietly.

"Yes," said Leah; "and do you not consider it strange, too?"

"No," answered Mattie, gravely, "I cannot say that I do. Rooke, you must have seen, Leah, loved Gladys with all his heart, and he told her so, and asked her to marry him. Had she been loyal to him and loyal to herself, he never would have gone away. Her cruel refusal almost broke his heart. That and nothing else sent him from Mount Linford."

"But how do you know, dear?" cried Leah, amazed.

"Because he told me all about it himself. Gladys has used him very hardly."

"He never used to tell me anything," murmured Leah, mildly jealous. "You, Mattie, were always his favorite sister, but I really don't know why you should be."

"Nor I," said Mattie, cheerfully.

"But, Mattie," continued Leah, confidentially, opening wide her soft brown eyes, "did you see Gladys's lovely diamond-ring? Do you know, when I saw it first myself, I thought immediately that Rooke must have given it to her and engaged himself to her before he went away. But when I discovered that his absence was altogether unknown to the Ardens, I knew, of course, that the ring could not possible be a gift from Rooke. Where could she have got it from, Mattie? I have never seen it until to-day."

Mattie Paget's brow grew cloudy.

"Leah," she said, slowly, "I met Lady Templeton this morning with Michael Robinson. When he had left us she told me something at which I did not marvel, though she evidently expected me to be speechlessly astounded, seeing that I had not heard that which she was about to tell me. Gladys Arden is engaged to Sir Bethel Oswestry. The ring we saw is his ring, not Rooke's. It must be correct, for Mrs. Arden herself told Lady Templeton yesterday."

"Ah," returned Leah, softly and comprehensively, "I am beginning to understand now!"

And all the rest of the way home she was quiet and thoughtful, and the cogitations with which she was engrossed were not disturbed or broken in upon by any interruption from the sister by her side, for she, too, apparently had much to occupy her thoughts.

Chapter XI.

The Summer and Autumn months had passed, and so had the Winter months too. The early Spring, in due season, come round—the boisterous, blustering, gusty March days, with blinding sheets of dust on the white highways, and tall, budding tree-tops bending to a stiff north wind.

Half a year back or more, the subject of Gladys Arden's engagement to Sir Bethel Oswestry of Oswestry Wold had been the public gossip of the townsfolk from one side of Mount Linford to the other; but people had ceased to talk of the engagement by this time, and had already begun to speculate as to the probable and earliest date when the wedding itself might be likely to come off.

Everybody of course insinuated that Miss Arden had "managed" admirably, and that Mrs. Arden herself was undoubtedly a clever woman, in spite of her silly, shallow ways and ridiculous affectation of youthfulness. And people had spoken darkly of Rooke Paget with great commiseration, and had also wondered whether Mrs. Arden would "keep on" Linford Grange after her daughter's marriage, or take up her abode at Oswestry Wold along with her daughter and son-in-law. "For Sir Bethel Oswestry is simple-hearted and good-natured enough for anything," declared Mount Linford—"even to tolerating the superfluous presence of a mother-in-law like Mrs. Arden."

From Rooke abroad the Pagets heard occasionally. He was happy, he told them, and quite contented, though he missed sadly the dear home-faces amongst the many unfamiliar ones by which he was surrounded every day.

He never, by any chance, mentioned the Ardens in his letters—never, by any chance, inquired after Gladys's welfare, or anything at all about her; and therefore, in the lovingly-penned letters from home to him away, all relative to Linford Grange and its inmates was carefully and ingeniously forgotten and left out.

And yet Mattie and Gladys Arden were firm friends again. Mattie could not help loving her, and pitying her deeply as well; for beneath all Miss Arden's light *nonchalance*, and sometimes assumed gayety, it was not difficult to detect the suffering of a terrible unrest—a heart altogether ill at ease, rankling in its own unhappiness.

She seldom or never spoke of her approaching marriage with Sir Bethel Oswestry, or, if she did speak of it, it was in a manner so cold and satirical—so unnaturally calm—that Mattie Paget's flesh would creep and grow chill to hear her, and she would wonder to herself, fearfully, if the simple betrothal was so utterly distasteful, what on earth the actual union would be like, when they would be bound together—until death should free one or the other—by the bond most sacred in the sight of Heaven and all good men.

* * * * * * *

By Lawyer Paget's dressing-room fireside sat the lawyer himself in the evident dishabille of a fidgety invalid—an invalid in a deep, easy-chair, capacious and chintz-covered—an invalid in a flowing, gayly-patterned dressing-gown, with cord and tassels to match. One foot, in a slipper, rested, naturally enough, on the fender, the other, unnaturally, on a sort of low-cushioned and plump-looking ottoman. The foot on this ottoman seemed to be of prodigious dimensions, swathed as it was in flannel and other soft bandages.

Lawyer Paget was very peevish, very hard to please, just now; for he was suffering from what he had never before suffered from—a severe attack of gout in the leg. For the last ten days he had been a prisoner upstairs—in his bedroom by night, in his dressing-room by day. The two apartments were large and home-like, though rather gloomy, owing to their heavy wainscoting. There was a door of communication between the rooms, and the old-fashioned windows, looking out upon the High Street, were draped with a warm-hued damask. The curtains before the dressing-room window were pulled together, because the old man, in his fidgetiness, had declared that a draft came in.

The door leading into the bed-room was ajar, and a gleam from the bright fire by which the lawyer was roasting himself, shooting through the crevice that the partly-opened door formed, disclosed the monster half-tester bedstead, with its funeral-like hangings, standing out grimly amongst the shadows like a throne or a pulpit in Lent. In the bedchamber somebody was moving about briskly. It was Mattie, who since her father's seizure had appointed herself nurse-in-chief and general attendant.

"What are you about in there?" peevishly called the old man. "Why don't you come and sit with me? Oh-o-o-o!" he moaned, his foot paining him as he inprudently lifted it.

"In a minute, papa," called back Mattie, cheerfully. "I'm

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only putting things a little straight and tidy. I will be with you almost directly."

"It is so dark in here," grumbled her father; "and the afternoon seems so long. What is the exact time, Mattie?"

"Five-and-twenty minutes past four," she said, in the same bright, cheerful voice. "Dark, do you say, papa? Well, you know, the curtains are drawn, and out of doors it is very cloudy and lowering; it must be, necessarily, dark altogether. There—I am coming now to give you your medicine, or Mr. Craycroft will be lecturing me when he calls by-and-by to see you."

Mr. Craycroft was the doctor whom they had called in to attend Lawyer Paget. Not that medical attendance was absolutely requisite in the lawyer's case; but, being essentially of a fidgety, nervous temperament, and this, moreover, being the first attack of the kind he had ever had, the old man—considerably alarmed thereat—without hesitation, had cried out for a doctor, in the hope of a speedy relief from the horrible pain which had seized him.

Philip Craycroft—a young doctor—had recently succeeded to his late father's—Doctor Craycroft's—old-established practice, which, throughout Mount Linford, was known to be a lucrative one. Doctor Craycroft had always, in his lifetime, been the Pagets' family physician and friend; and, now that he was dead, those who did not consider the son too young for his office continued their support with him for the sake of the father they had known and respected before him.

The Pagets had not thought young Craycroft too inexperienced, and so had summoned him to attend the lawyer. Philip Craycroft lived quite alone in his house outside the town. He was troubled with neither brother nor sister, nor poor relation, and his mother, unhappily for himself, had died in his earliest boyhood.

The Pagets had always known him slightly, but slightly only, as the greater part of his time, before coming down to Mount Linford to settle for good at the death of his father, had been occupied in walking the London hospitals in company with other young students of the same profession as himself.

Mattie Paget came into the dressing-room, and carefully administered Mr. Craycroft's prescription. The lawyer made a wry grimace over it as she took the empty glass from his hand.

"I don't believe it's doing me a bit of good," he said, fretfully; "Craycroft shall alter the prescription. I won't touch another drop of that."

"Your leg is ever so much better to-day, papa, I'm sure," said the girl, soothingly. "Shall I pull back the curtains, now, and let in what light there is?"

"No, no, child," was the peevish reply; "the most confounded draft imaginable comes in through—oh-o-o-o!"

Mattie went to his side.

"Is it so very bad still, papa?" she asked, gently.

"It's awful," he answered, gruffly—"awful!"

She sat down opposite to her father, and stirred up the fire into a sprightlier blaze. The March wind, roaring in the chimney and drawing up the flame and tiny, short-lived sparks, sounded like a deep and angry voice growling unceasingly in its hollow roughness.

"Hark! How it blows, papa!" she remarked, lightly. "March winds and April showers bring forth May flowers—by-and-by, you know."

"Yes, yes," assented the old man, impatiently. "Where's Leah got to this afternoon?"

"Oh, Leah," said Mattie, laughing, "has gone to the National Schools to assist Miss Robinson and the Rector in the distribution of the Saturday soup-tickets. This is Saturday afternoon, papa, and the last Saturday that a soup-kitchen will be held. Leah said that to-day would close the Winter season."

Lawyer Paget turned cautiously in his chair, screwing his mouth grimly as he did so.

"In my opinion," said he, using his favorite expression, "Leah's too fond by half of interfering with the parish-work. She is never happy unless gadding about with that Miss Robinson, who makes her ten times worse than she would be otherwise, and—ah-a-a!"

Another twinge came, sharper than ever, and the old man writhed as he sat, which of course made matters worse, and his patience less angelic.

"I'll tell you what it is, Mattie," he said, at last, so abruptly and decidedly that she started in her low wicker-chair. "It seems to me that I am good for another month's imprisonment up here at this rate, and, if that should really turn out to be the case, what on earth will become of the folks next door? Who is to look after them and to see that things go straight, I should like to know? It worries me to death almost to think that there is only that blockhead Johnson to look after those idle young beggars down-stairs; and, when the cat's away—you know the rest, Mattie. Only Johnson, recollect, to see anybody that may call! Why, good Heavens!" cried the old lawyer, warmly, yet nevertheless growing cold at the thought, "things will be going to the deuce if I am not down pretty soon to look after them myself! Mattie, you must write to Rooke—to Rooke, do you hear?—and ask him to run home for a while and just look up those fellows in the office. I'll be bound they're lazy enough in my absence, which has already been ten days too long."

"Papa!" exclaimed Mattie.

"My dear, I know what I am talking about," he continued, pettishly; "the boy—bless his heart!—shall go back again if he likes the instant I am on my feet and down-stairs. But I shall not be happy until I know that he is in my place. He is clever, and sharp enough when he chooses, and, besides, he needn't while he is here, unless of course he wants to do so, go near that willful jade at Linford Grange."

Gladys Arden was no favorite of the lawyer's now.

"Oh, papa," Mattie objected, gently, "do not speak of her so!"

"Well, then, anything you please—I don't care; only do what I ask, my dear. Rooke will oblige his old father, I am certain, Mattie, if you tell him exactly what I say, and how anxious and worried I am. Be sure to impress upon him that he shall go back to wherever he may want to go the moment I am myself again, and that I wouldn't on any account have pained him by calling him home had I not wanted him sorely in the straight in which this confounded gout has put me. Be sure to make him understand that. Let me see, Mattie—where is he? Where did he date from last?"

Mattie sighed, a long-drawn, doubtful sigh. She was wondering how Rooke would receive this intimation.

"Strasburg, papa."

"Then write to Strasburg," said her father, with an involuntary whistle, another sudden twinge shooting through the bandaged leg; "and, if he should get here and find me well, why, then, if he wants to run away again from us immediately, as I said before, he shall do so, and I will be the last to stop him. Will you get the writing-materials and sit at this little table, my dear? And then I will tell you what to say in the fewest possible words."

"Yes, papa," she answered, submissively, and rose to do his bidding.

Her desk was in her room; and, as she passed him to go to it, her trailing skirts flicked the flannel of the bandage round the ponderous-looking toe.

"Y-a-h !—oh-o-o !" bellowed Lawyer Paget, in an agony. "Gracious, Mattie, be careful !"

She passed behind his chintz-covered chair and pressed her lips lovingly to his high, white brow and the scanty gray locks which hung around it.

"I beg your pardon, dear papa," she whispered, tenderly; "you know I would not wittingly hurt you for all the world."

And, kissing him again, she left the darkened dressing-room.

Chapter XII.

"MRS. GIBSON, your husband is at work, and earning eighteen shillings a week, I hear; I cannot give you a ticket. It would not be fair to the others."

The Rector of St. Jude's, with Leah Paget and Miss Robinson, at one long, bare deal table in the refectory of the training-school for girls, which was part of the spacious new building—the Mount Linford National Schools—was busily engaged in writing on slips of paper the names of the poor parishioners who entered one by one from the cold air without, asking for a soup-order for themselves and their little ones. The soup was made, at the expense of charitable ladies, in the kitchen copper at the Town Hall, and was given out in quarts amongst the needy ones every Saturday night. Those who wanted tickets applied to the Rector at the schools in the afternoon; and this Saturday, as everybody knew, would end the Winter season.

Lady Templeton and other ladies, beside Leah Paget, had been assisting the Rector and his aunt; but they had left early in the afternoon, having, perhaps, pleasanter engagements elsewhere than the one at the schools with their poorer brethren all round them.

"Please, sir," whined Mrs. Gibson, piteously, "my husband now ain't got no work. He fell from a tree, he did, sir, and broke his leg last Thursday; an' my youngest gal, Polly, what ain't no more than three, have got the 'ooping-corf most awful."

"Poor woman !" said Leah, compassionately.

"It is dreadful weather for children," put in Miss Robinson, pleadingly. "Michael, you really must let Mrs. Gibson have an order."

"Well, then, Mrs. Gibson," said the Rector, "if things are really so bad, here is the ticket. Sarah Gibson is it ?"

"Yes, sir, Sarah Gibson. Thankee, sir."

"I shall come and see your husband, Mrs. Gibson."

"Thankee, sir," said Mrs. Gibson again.

A gust of chill March air swept in as the woman went out and another parishioner entered.

"Come now, how is this ?" demanded the Reverend Michael, sharply, of the new-comer. "You have no business, Mrs. Brown, to want a soup-order—a widow living alone in an almshouse with six-and-sixpence a week. We give soup only to those who want it."

"And I want it bad, believe me," murmured Mrs. Brown, humbly, with a curtsey. "My six-and-sixpence have been forwarded to my poor daughter in London, sir; and I've barely got nothink left myself. My poor daughter Matilda is orful ill, she is, and all her saved wages was spent long ago. They don't allow her certain things in the 'ospital where she is, sir; and what light delicacies she may fancy, sir, she or I have got to pay for. Poor Matilda is in a galloping consumption."

"Oh, let her have an order, Mr. Robinson," begged Leah Paget, earnestly. "It is a case of real need, I am sure."

"Not a doubt of it," said kind-hearted Miss Robinson, quickly.

And, thanks to Leah, Mrs. Brown was not dismissed empty-handed.

And then an old man—a very old man—came in with a stick and smock-frock, and a beaver hat with the nap brushed the wrong way. An order was given to him without demur.

"Are there many more outside, Parker ?" inquired the Rector, as he wrote the old man's name on the printed slip of paper, and sent him away.

"'Ees, lots on 'em, sir," was the reply—"two dozen, I should say."

"Dear me, Michael, you will never have finished !" Miss Robinson cried, vexedly. "And I really cannot wait any longer, for I have an appointment at a quarter to five with Mrs. Draper from Great Linford. Cook is going to leave, and she thinks of taking her. She is coming to the Rectory at a quarter to five for the woman's character."

"Mrs. Draper must wait," said he, testily. "Who is to help me with all these names if you leave me alone ? As you have truly remarked, I shall never have finished."

"Oh, dear—oh, dear !" fretted the Rector's aunt. "What is to be done ? Ah !" she cried, a bright idea striking her. "My dear Miss Paget, suppose that you, instead of walking home with me, stay with Michael and do my work. How would that suit ?"

The Rector was delighted at the proposal, and Leah herself felt so, but dared not show her approbation quite so openly as he did, though he did it almost unconsciously.

"Perhaps Miss Paget also has an appointment," suggested he, meekly.

"Have you, my dear ?" asked the old lady.

"No," said Leah, smiling demurely, "I have not. I will stay and assist Mr. Robinson with pleasure, if he thinks the little I can do will really help instead of hinder him."

"He will not find fault," laughed the little old lady, slyly, "depend upon it. Michael is only too glad, I can plainly see, to dismiss his poor old aunt for a younger and fairer helpmate. Farewell !"

The young Rector blushed, and Leah was silly enough to follow his example. Then Miss Robinson, immensely enjoying the confusion she had caused, opened the school-house door, and faced the bleak March wind, the rain and dust flicking her red little nose, and changing its tint to a vicious-looking crimson.

It was quite dark by the time the Rector's business at the schools was over; and, as he and Leah left the building, the matron's clock struck six.

"What a very unpleasant sort of evening !" observed Leah, as the wind, with a rush, seized her skirts and flapped them spitefully behind her.

"Very," assented her companion; and he clapped his hand to his hat.

"The wind is in our faces," was Leah's next original remark. "We shall have it so all the way home, I am afraid."

She did not mind the wind, though, nor the dust, nor the drops of rain which descended occasionally. She was happy in spite of it all, walking by the Reverend Michael Robinson's side in the gloaming. Before they could get to the High Street there was a lonely plot of ground to traverse, where dreary-looking houses were springing up quickly, surrounded by a desolation of loose bricks and mortar.

"It is rough walking here, Miss Paget," said the Rector, nervously. "Won't—won't you take my arm?"

"Thank you," murmured Leah, timidly, and she took her hand out of her muff and put it through his arm.

Her gentle touch seemed to thrill him, and he began to tremble in the wind. Leah felt that he was pressing her hand to his side as though he could not help doing so; and then she began to grow aspen-like herself. In silence they continued their way a few more paces, and then the Rector of St. Jude's church stood still suddenly.

Leah Paget's hand fell nervelessly to her side. She knew instinctively what was coming, and her heart beat for very gladness. She knew what he would say to her now, and she was pleased and thankful that it had come at last.

With the gaunt, unfinished, tenantless houses and the keen March wind all around them—the leaden sky above, wherein neither star nor moon-ray was visible—bricks, stones and rubbish, lath, plaster and lime, strewed thickly at their feet—the old, old story was once more repeated. And, luckily, nobody was about. To Leah Paget the young clergyman whispered his love earnestly, eloquently, with words and phrases as beautiful and neatly polished, thought Miss Paget, rapturously, as those he made use of in his sermons on Sunday.

"Leah," he uttered, softly, brave and hopeful at the silence she maintained, "tell me that my love is not given in vain. I have thought it no sin to pray for your love, dear. Do not tell me that my love is hopeless—that my prayer can never be answered as I would have it, dear one?"

She raised her clear, frank eyes in the dusk to his agitated face. Impatiently he clasped her disengaged hand in his.

"Leah, Leah," he cried, "do you love me?"

"Yes, Michael," she answered, gently, with sweet, womanly shyness. "I am proud to tell you that my love is all your own."

There, amidst the desolate brick-fields, he wound his arms about her, and reverently pressed his lips to hers, in token that the compact was sealed.

* * * * * * *

Leah Paget, entering noiselessly the wainscoted hall of the old red house, came upon Mattie and Mr. Craycroft, standing on the mat together, in front of the drawing-room door. The hall-lamp, swinging from its beam across the ceiling, was lighted — the rays shone down upon Mattie's upturned face, showing its clear young beauty with a golden halo upon it.

Philip Craycroft was a tall, well-made man, with wavy brown hair and lazy, quizzical blue eyes. He had just come downstairs from his interview with the lawyer, and was holding his hat in one hand and buttoning up his rough overcoat with the other. Leah, in her new-born happiness, as she came upon them fresh from her tender leave-taking with the Rector outside, wished the young Doctor anywhere but where he was—so eager and impatient was she to take Mattie into her confidence.

"Your father is better altogether, Miss Mattie," Craycroft was saying. "Another week will see him about, I hope."

"I trust," was Mattie's remark, "that Rooke has not been sent for needlessly, but still cannot, of course, help wishing papa a quick recovery. Leah, is that you?"

"Yes," she said, coming forward, and wondering if they would notice how happy she was looking, "How do you do, Mr. Craycroft? How is papa?"

"I have been telling your sister, Miss Paget, that he has decidedly improved," replied the Doctor.

"And what do you think, Leah?" asked Mattie. "I have written to Rooke this afternoon, to ask him to come home for a little time, in order to attend to the office, until papa shall be able to go back to it himself again."

"Really?" exclaimed Leah, incredulously. "Oh, Mattie, how glad I shall be to see him!"

"So shall I," said Mattie, with a doleful little shrug of the shoulders. "But, if Rooke should arrive and find papa all right, how wild he will be!"

Mr. Craycroft departed, and Leah was surprised to see how swiftly his face flushed when Mattie shook hands with him before he went; but, if Mattie herself had observed his countenance change, she gave no sign that it was noticed by her.

As soon as the door was closed on him, Leah drew Mattie into her arms and kissed her again and again.

"Leah," Mattie exclaimed, laughing, "what ails you?"

"Mattie," whispered Leah, "I'm so happy—so happy!" And the precious secret was told with Leah's lips close to her sister's ear; the elder adding aloud, "Come upstairs with me to papa while I tell him—do, Mattie."

And Mattie, all good wishes and sweet, spontaneous sympathy, went up with Leah to the lawyer's dressing-room.

"Papa," said Miss Paget, humbly, but going to the point the moment she entered, "Mr. Robinson has asked—asked me to marry him!"

The old man was half asleep, with his gouty leg resting on the soft cushion of the ottoman. He had scarcely noticed the entrance of his daughters.

"What?" he grunted. "Ah-a-a! Don't come any nearer!"

So Leah communicated her news again, but this time not so bravely, and with more humility. The lawyer smiled grimly.

"And what answer did you give him?"

"I—I—said 'Yes,' papa," faltered Miss Paget. "And he—Michael—says that he will call upon you directly you are well enough to see him."

"Umph! Very civil of him, I am sure;" and the lawyer, catching sight of Mattie's irrepressible smile, caused by Leah's pitiable bashfulness, shut his eyes and smiled quietly himself.

"You are not angry with me, papa dear?" interrogated Leah, fearfully.

Her father opened his eyes quickly.

"Angry, my child!" he uttered, with deep, kind earnestness. "No, no! If you are happy in your choice, rest assured that I will not thwart you. Give your old father a kiss. That's right. Heaven bless you, my dear, and may your future be as joyful a one as it thoroughly deserves to be! There, there, don't cry, but run along with Mattie and tell her all about it. Heaven bless you, my dear child—Heaven bless you!"

Leah Paget's cup of pure happiness was indeed full to overflowing now.

Chapter XIII.

Mrs. Arden and Gladys were at Oswestry Wold for the day. They had gone over early in the morning in order to view leisurely the numerous alterations and wonderful improvements upon which the workmen were already busy under Sir Bethel Oswestry's own supervision—alterations which must be finished within the space of a few months, for the reception of the new Lady Oswestry, when she and her husband should return from their wedding-tour to the grand old home where a wife had not reigned for years.

Only one part of Oswestry Wold was in the hands of the London architect — the wing in which Gladys's apartments were to be. All the rest was to be left as it always had been — ancient and venerable-looking in its picturesque irregularity—but Sir Bethel had somehow taken it into his head that that portion of the old house which had ever been set

apart for the ladies of the Wold, and in which the late Lady Oswestry had ever spent a good deal of her time, was, in its antique heaviness and old-world splendor, unfitted for the use of so modern and lovely a bride as his would be—was not bright and beautiful enough for the woman he had chosen to reign there; and so the old adornments were being done away with, and new and lighter ones introduced in their stead—plate-glass and rich satin taking the place of carved paneling and moth-eaten tapestry, high-backed, cardinal-like chairs with spindle legs and fancy cushions marvelously wrought giving way to maple-wood and gilt beading with delicate silk flutings of heaven-blue, velvet-like carpets and airy laces, pale, fragile china and costly inlaid cabinets, cornices and ceilings with paintings of wondrous design and color, decorations of taste and thought in every nook and corner—in fact, to every luxury that wealth could procure or restless ambition sigh for, that the decorator's art could furnish or the upholsterer's skill supply. All was for Gladys Arden.

And she had looked at it all with listless eyes, saying never a word in praise for all that his love had done. But Mrs. Arden's eulogies and outbursts of florid enthusiasm were enough for both; yet Sir Bethel could not help wishing, as he listened to the elder lady's compliments and chronic gushing, that Gladys herself would say something—just a syllable or so to let him know if he had given her pleasure and delight in doing what he had done for her sake.

It was to cover her daughter's reticence and indifference that Mrs. Arden talked on so unweariedly, and praised everything recklessly, right and left.

Sir Bethel Oswestry would have thought himself more than blessed could any deed or word of his have called forth a thankful smile to those insolently-curved lips he loved so foolishly and well—a smile to the haughty mouth, a tender light to the glorious eyes; either one or the other he would have given much to provoke. He positively yearned sometimes for a loving word from her, a silent pressure of the hand, or a kind, thoughtful act; but nothing of the sort ever came to him to comfort him in his longing, and he was compelled to be satisfied with the scant assurances of her devotion and love (!) which occasionally, in gracious moments, she grudgingly accorded to him.

His was a simple, honest nature, wherein unworthy suspicion or base mistrust was impossible; otherwise he must assuredly have questioned the sincerity of the attachment which she professed so coldly for himself—and himself alone. He deemed her, in his great, blind love, all that was pure and good—never imagined her capable of worldliness or the hankerings of a mercenary nature. His faith and trust in her loyalty were so strong and deeply-rooted that calumny would have been powerless to lower her in his estimation, or the cruelest whispers to blacken her fair fame. Had all the world proclaimed her false, he alone would have sworn her true. He sighed when he remembered how apathetic her love for him had seemed; but in the future he hoped for better things, and confidently believed that the affection which slept in the time before marriage could be aroused and wakened into life in the days which would follow after—fool that he was.

Mrs. Arden was alone in the rather sombre drawing-room at Oswestry Wold. Luncheon over, Sir Bethel had suggested a stroll in the park, and Gladys had acquiesced, yet caring little whether she went.

"You do not want me," said Mrs. Arden; "so, if Sir Bethel will allow me, I will stay at home. I do not like March winds."

So they started without her, and she watched them disappear between the trees from one of the drawing-room windows by which she stood.

It was a dreary walk, on the whole, that which Sir Bethel Oswestry and the girl he loved started on together beneath the gaunt, budding trees in the park at Oswestry Wold, although he did his utmost to be cheerful and entertaining, and to awaken the beautiful face of his companion out of that scornful, nonchalant repose it was so fond of falling into, and apparently for no cause whatever.

"It is very chilly, Bethel," she said, presently, petulantly pulling her purple plaid more closely around her. "I have had enough of these dull, dead trees and damp grass. Let us go back."

She had taught herself, after much inward rebellion, to call him by his Christian name. It had been difficult and strange at first, but she could manage to speak it tolerably well now. At first it seemed as though the bare utterance of it must have choked her outright.

"Go back, dear?" he repeated, lightly. "Of course, if you wish it."

"Yes, I do wish it."

"If the walk has been boring you, you should have told me so before," he said, gently.

"No, I have not been bored," she answered, with the listlessness which always pained him—which always, in spite of his sweet temper and patience, irritated him inexpressibly; yet never by word or deed had he shown annoyance openly.

They retraced their steps in the direction they had come, Miss Arden shivering purposely every now and then, by way of a reminder that it had been no wish of hers to face the bleak March breezes on this grayly-tinted, lifeless afternoon.

Going homeward, Sir Bethel Oswestry was very silent; but as to his musings Gladys never thought of troubling herself in the least. When, through the leafless oaks, the old house became visible, Sir Bethel stopped suddenly, and Miss Arden looked up.

"Gladys, dear," he said, anxiously, "give me a few moments before going any farther. There is something that I wish to speak to you about."

Slightly interested, she lifted her sunny brows.

"Cannot you tell me indoors?" said she.

With nervous hands he tugged at his thick beard.

"I would rather——" he began.

"Oh, very well!" she interrupted. "But don't let us stand still. We will walk backward and forward along this path whilst you tell me what you have to say."

"That will do," he returned; "but, Gladys"—hesitating—"if you are cold, we will go in at once, dear."

"Oh, no," came the off-hand reply. "So long as we are moving about, I don't so much care."

"Cannot you guess what I am going to speak to you of?" he asked, as, side by side, they paced beneath the bare, rugged branches from which the new buds were struggling out in dots of the palest spring green. He did not offer her his arm, for he felt painfully sure that she would refuse it.

"I have never guessed anything in my life," she said. "What is it?"

He smiled his old, sad smile, and again tugged at his beard as he did so.

"You told me not to bother you the last time I mentioned the subject," he said, wistfully. "Do you not remember now?"

She considered for a second or two, and remembered; but she replied:

"Did I? I scarcely recollect. It must have been something very trivial, or, doubtless, I should not have answered you so."

Sir Bethel Oswestry bent down his head, so as to catch better the gaze of the lovely eyes.

"Indeed—indeed it was nothing trivial," he hastened to assure her, earnestly. "I asked you, Gladys, at the beginning of the Winter, when you would fix the day for our union—you must remember—and you put me off and would not listen to me, saying, at last, 'I will tell you in a month or so.' That is more than three months ago now—and, darling, I cannot afford to wait any longer. If you love me, do not make me wait any longer. Why should we wait? Waiting is so unnecessary."

She was silent, and a troubled shadow crept over her face.

"It is not as though we were strangers," he pleaded, simply. "I knew you when you were a little girl, Gladys, and I, a big school-boy, used to come over to Linford Grange to romp and play with you in the garden. You were kinder to me in those days, dear, I think."

The reproach smote her heart and it softened in spite of herself.

"We were both children then," she said, with a faint smile; "we are older and wiser now."

"You never knew me as a child," he returned, gloomily; "I am so much older than you are, Gladys."

"Nevertheless, you are a young man still," she said, kindly.

"Yes, I suppose I am," he returned, with a sigh; "but with you I seem to have little claim to youthfulness. Gladys, when will you marry me?"

This was the second time that he had pressed and pleaded the same cause. As he had said, the first time she had put him off, and had told him not to bother her; now he was bothering her again for the answer which she shrank from giving. The mere idea of anything settled definitely made her long to cry out passionately, "Never, never!" but cold prudence restrained her, and she crushed down the impulse.

"Is there any reason why you should hesitate to make me the happiest of men, dear one?" he went on, more wistfully still. "I am happy now—very happy; but need I say that when you are all my own—my own dear wife—that my happiness will be crowned? Trying to realize the future from the present, it seems too brightly beautiful to be probable, or even possible. There really is no reason for waiting like this."

"He is easily satisfied—too easily satisfied," she thought, bitterly. "And he is right; why should we wait? Why should I hesitate to take and enjoy that for which I have paid so dearly—ah, so dearly? Why hesitate? Why foolishly loiter on the way to the goal which is straight ahead of me?"

And then all at once she shuddered.

"My darling, why are you shivering?" She started, guiltily.

"Shivering, was I?" she asked, with a forced laugh. "It was the cold, then. We will go in."

"Yes, yes," he said, almost desperately; "but tell me."

She stood still and faced him, resolved—faced him with a pale, determined look, yet with a kind of fear in her peerless eyes—there amidst the afternoon grayness, with the afternoon shadows stealing round them.

"We will have no fuss," she said, decidedly—"no unnecessary show and nonsense, I mean. It shall be done quietly, Bethel, and on this condition—that it be soon—the sooner the better, perhaps," she muttered, with something between a sigh and a gasp for breath.

In his glad surprise he stepped nearer to her and clasped her little hand eagerly in his own.

"Oh, Gladys," he cried, breathlessly, "what do you call soon?"

She clenched her teeth hard, as though endeavoring to steady her nerves, and then her lips parted and she spoke clearly and deliberately.

"I will marry you in six weeks from to day," she said.

She felt as if the gaunt, naked oaks were beginning to turn round with the turf at their base, and as if she and Sir Bethel Oswestry were idiotically going round with them. And then she found herself in her lover's embrace, and felt the pressure of a lingering, grateful kiss upon the lips which dared not rebuke him. From her brief giddiness she recovered in time to hear him whisper:

"My darling, how shall I thank you?"

A few minutes later, and they were close to the house, the chill round her heart growing chiller, the secret burden of the hatred of her own falseness well-nigh intolerable.

They discovered Mrs. Arden reclining in the room they had left her in, shading her face from the fire with an Indian hand-screen of feathers. On her knees was an open book of poems, the leaves of which she turned languidly with her fingers, all glittering with the rings in which she loved to stiffen them. She had heard the voices of Sir Bethel and Gladys in the hall, and so had hastened to settle herself according to her notions of gracefulness.

"Ah, you have come back!" she cried out, shaking her finger at them gayly as they appeared in the drawing-room doorway. "How cruel to leave me so long by myself! I have been moping, Sir Bethel—actually moping."

"I am sorry if you have found it dull," he returned, half grave, half smiling; "we ought to have remembered that you were alone. I had no idea that we had been so long away."

"Of course not," said Mrs. Arden, with her odious jocularity, hiding her face coyly behind the feather-screen, as though shocked at something she could see in Sir Bethel Oswestry's neighborhood. "What is that the poet says about 'Time' and 'Wings' and 'Love'? Cannot you assist my memory, Gladys?"

"Don't be ridiculous, mamma," said Miss Arden, quietly.

"My dear child," objected Mrs. Arden, "how can you be so very—— Oh, Gladys, look at Sir——" And Mrs. Arden let drop her Indian fan and her book of poems, sending back her head with its crown of fair plaits against the pillow of her lounging chair, and appeared to be stricken suddenly with all the startling symptoms of a lady on the brink of hysterics.

Miss Arden turned sharply from the window out of which she was gazing, to see her mother in a semi-fainting state, and Sir Bethel, her lover—what? A man of stone, with agony carved on his face, or a living, breathing human being dying into stone as he stood?

With great presence of mind she flew across the space between herself and him, calling angrily to Mrs. Arden to pull the bell-rope which was near her. But that lady was powerless, or appeared to be so; gasping and turning about in her seat, and sniffing spasmodically at a smelling-bottle which she held to her nose.

Drops of anguish were damping Sir Bethel Oswestry's forehead; his face was gray and convulsed, and his eyes were wide apart in their pain. He was standing with one hand leaning upon a couch-head, and the other as before, when he had been alone in the library, pressed hard to his left side.

Trembling from head to foot, Gladys with unnatural strength gently forced him down on the couch by which he had been seized. He sank on to it, helpless in his agony, but in a few moments recovered; the paroxysm—a short one—was past.

"Do not move, Bethel," she entreated, in quick, soft tones; "lie still—be very quiet."

She started for the bell, but before her hand could touch the cord his faint voice arrested her——

"Do not call the servants—I would rather they did not come. I am better."

"Very well—I will not."

She placed her hand instead upon her mother's shoulder, and could not refrain from shaking it in a fierce and most undutiful fashion. Mrs. Arden was gasping still—gasping, choking, and sniffing in turn—but she opened her eyes dazedly at her daughter's pitiless grip.

"Oh, my nerves!" ejaculated the elder lady, feebly. "Gracious, Gladys, what are you about? What was the matter with Sir Bethel? How he frightened me! Is he all right again? Can I open my eyes?"

"As soon as you like," she uttered, coldly; "your affectation and helplessness are simply revolting, mamma."

"Revolting? Indeed! Affectation? Really!" cried injured Mrs. Arden, raising herself without any assistance from Gladys. "Such behavior is truly seemly from a child to——"

But Gladys was by Sir Bethel's couch again, and listening anxiously over him as he lay. Powerless and weak as he was now, she could be tender and womanly enough to him. And to him she seemed an angel verily, now that her heart was melted and her eyes were full of tears. She saw from the bead-like drops on his brow how great his suffering had been.

"Can I get you anything, Bethel?" she asked him, softly. "The servants shall not come in. Tell me where I can find what you would like."

He lifted his deeply-loving eyes, so full of happy gratitude.

"A little wine, my darling—that is all. You will probably find it still on the luncheon-table. Thank you so much," he breathed.

She was gone; he closed his eyelids. Oh, if she would always be as tender!

She came back soon with a decanter of sherry, and poured out some into the glass she had brought with her; then, kneeling down on the carpet by his side, with the little sleek hand whereon his jewels flashed held it to his pain-drawn lips. He raised his head from the pillow—for the pain by this time had quite left him—and drank the wine eagerly—thankfully.

Rising, she poured out more, and, kneeling down again, offered it in the same way as before; and because it was she who proffered it, and not because he really needed it, he drank again, and believed himself in Paradise.

"Are you better?" she asked, in a low, sad voice. "Can I do anything else?"

"Nothing, my darling; you have cured me."

He smiled reassuringly, and she got up from the carpet. He caught her by the skirt of her dress, and she turned once more.

"Kiss me, darling," he said, yearningly. And she kissed him.

She returned to her place by the window, and marveled at what she had done, marveled at his blind devotion, and her own transient tenderness, that pity had awakened into life.

"Oh, that I could love him!" she sighed wearily to herself. "He is so good, he deserves it."

Mrs. Arden, now recovered, spoke from the fireside.

"You really must forgive me, dear Sir Bethel," she said, fanning herself lackadaisically; "I was quite helpless with the shock, and could do nothing. I thought—I thought—I really do not know what I did think. Are you subject to such attacks, Sir Bethel? Have you ever had advice? If not, you ought to have—indeed you ought. You must have advice as speedily as possible, if you have not had it already. I was not aware that you suffered from those awful spasms, dear Sir Bethel."

Sir Bethel Oswestry still rested. He liked to watch Gladys standing by the window—to watch her, and devour her perfect beauty with hungry, love-lit eyes.

"I have suffered once or twice before in a similar manner," he answered; "but I have never had advice."

His words recalled a memory in the heart of Gladys. She recollected clearly as he spoke how ill he had looked on that afternoon when he called at Linford Grange for the promise she had given him then.

"You should," said Mrs. Arden, fretfully, her ideas naturally running on the past, and the fate of Lady Oswestry; "by rights you ought to consult a London physician tomorrow, Sir Bethel."

"I will see about it," he returned, smiling. "I believe there is nothing to fear, myself."

"That is it," said Mrs. Arden, impatiently; "you are uncertain and doubtful. It is very wrong, Sir Bethel, to drive those things off which should be seen to without delay."

"True," he assented, thoughtfully; "I will see to it."

Gladys glanced over her shoulder at her lover. Her beautiful face was anxious and interested; the wilful loveliness was softened and tender yet.

"Bethel," she said, earnestly, "you must promise me that without delay you will seek the opinion of some eminent physician. Mamma is right—you must not be careless."

He answered her immediately, his deep voice betraying how great was the gladness with which her sweet solicitude—new as it was sweet—thrilled him.

"My darling, I promise you." Miss Arden held her forehead to the cooling panes of the window.

"I must be kinder to him," she thought, gloomily; "for have I not given him my word that I will marry him in six weeks from to-day?"

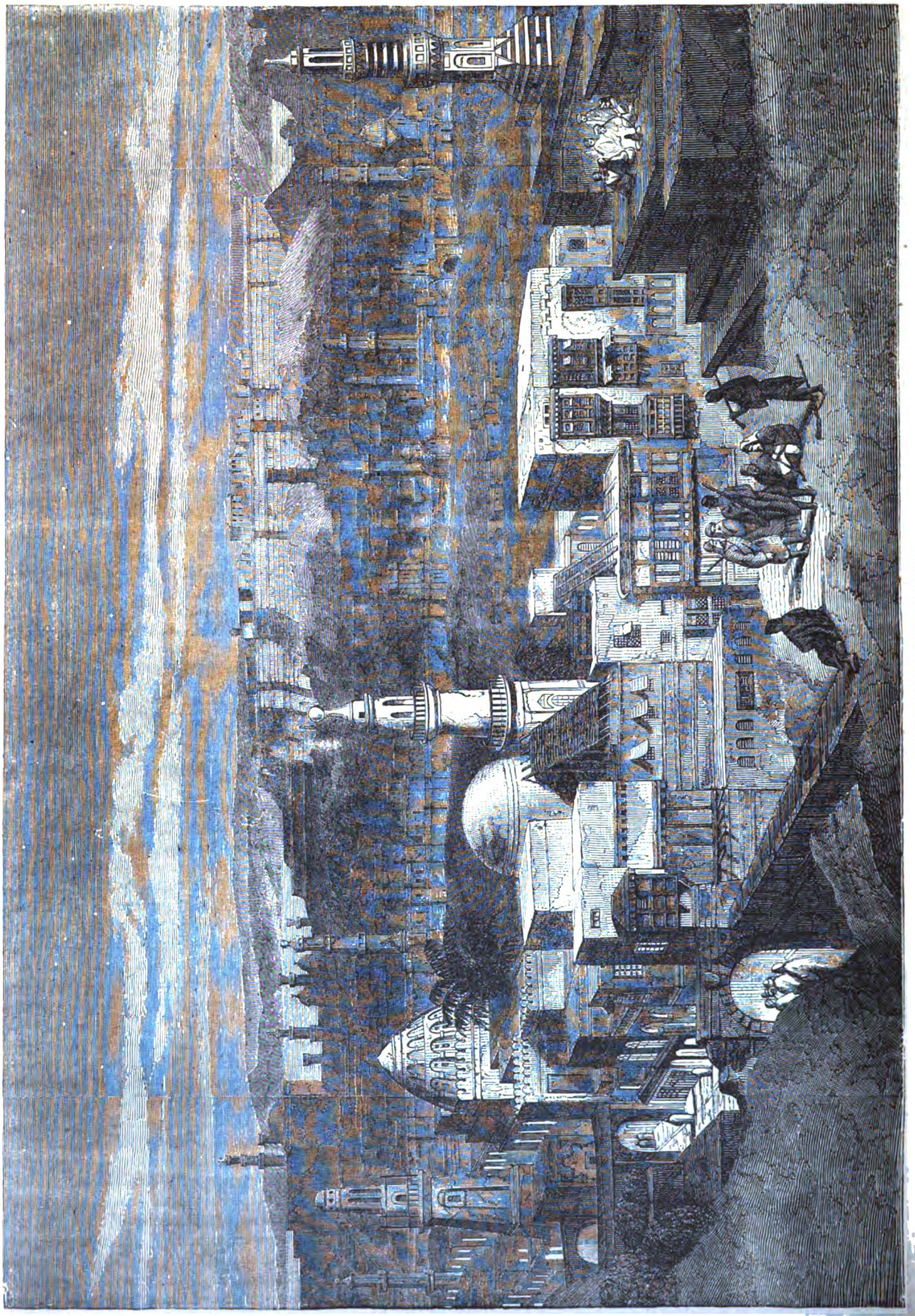
(To be continued.)

WHERE BOXWOOD COMES FROM.

Not every one is aware that the wood used by engravers is the growth of those far-away regions around the Black and Caspian seas, the very names of the ports from which it is shipped being unfamiliar. Very few who consider themselves good geographers have heard of Poti or Abkassia or Tzaritzin, and yet these are flourishing commercial towns, reached by the way of the Golden Horn of Constantinople. For all fine engravings Turkey boxwood is used, and as its quality varies much, skill is necessary for a good selection. The best is a delicate yellow color, clear, and free from spots; it cuts smoothly and evenly, without crumbling or tearing, but every line cut will be perfect.

It is to the use of this wood by our artists that the superiority of their designs and wood engravings must in a great measure be attributed. In consequence of its scarcity and high price, many substitutes have been resorted to; maple, apple, pear, mahogany have been experimented upon; but hitherto no wood, metal, or composition has been discovered that possesses the requisite qualities.

In addition to engraving, boxwood is used for scales, rules, gauging-rods, and similar articles on which figuring is made; and there are factories in Connecticut that consume hundreds of tons annually for this purpose alone. Any one that has ever held a carpenter's rule in his hand knows what boxwood is like. It differs in color and texture from all other wood, and it is somewhat remarkable that it comes to perfection only in a comparatively limited region of country in the vicinity of the Black Sea. It weighs about seventy five pounds to the cubic foot, and varies in price to land it in Boston or New York from $75 to $256 a ton.



GENERAL VIEW OF CAIRO, EGYPT.

ALEXANDRIA AND CAIRO.

NOTES OF TRAVEL IN EGYPT.

By Leonard Scott.

We remained at Naples till the 8th of January, and then sailed for Alexandria in the *Atlas*, one of the Cunard line of Mediterranean steamers, having an English Captain and crew, and English and American passengers. Among the latter were General R. O. Tyler, of the United States Army, and some gentlemen from New York.

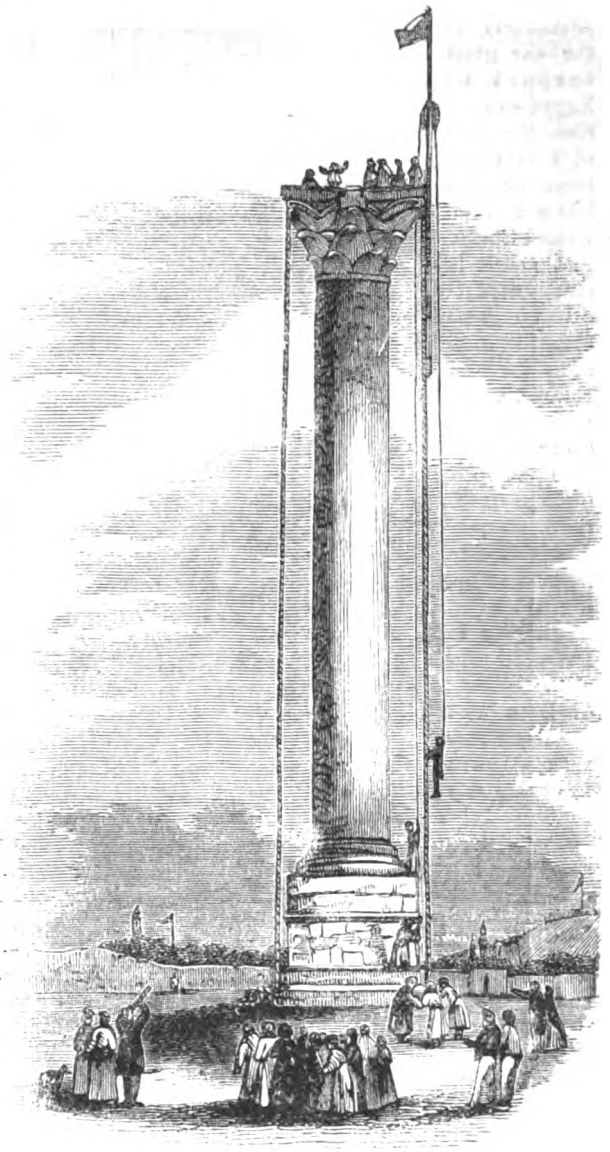
We started in the afternoon, and during the night passed Stromboli, from which issued occasional volumes of flame, and the next morning we steamed through the Straits of Messina, passing between the celebrated Scylla and Charybdis, so often figuratively used to represent difficult navigation, but, like many similar figures of speech, failing of their purpose; for they are four miles apart, and our captain says there is neither difficulty nor danger in passing them.

Scylla is a rock on the Italian shore, near the "Toe of Italy," and Charybdis a whirlpool formed by the current running up the Straits of Messina, near the Sicilian shore. This whirlpool exists only when the current meets counter-currents from the northern or contrary direction.

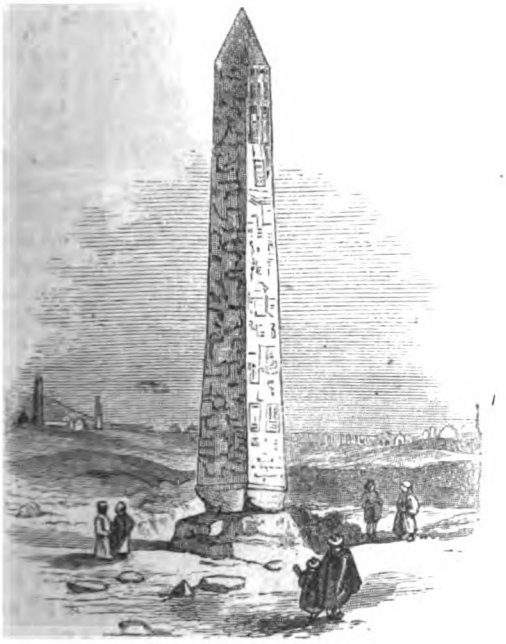
As we ran down the Straits we passed the cities of Messina and Catania on our right, and the Mountains of Calabria, now capped with snow, on our left. We were disappointed in not getting a good sight of Mount Etna, which stands near Catania, it being obscured, except a small part of its base, by the mists and clouds of the morning.

Like Vesuvius, this mountain had recently been throwing up vast quantities of lava and stones, making a display even more brilliant and terrible than that of its neighbor; but it was now quiet. It is remarkable that both mountains are never active at the same time; from which fact it is believed there is a subterranean connection between them, and that the eruption of the one relieves the pressure upon the other.

Our second day at sea became very rough, from the strong northerly winds that blow down from the Adriatic, and we were all quite sea-sick; but the remainder of the voyage was, on the whole, very pleasant. We awoke on the morning of



POMPEY'S PILLAR.



CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

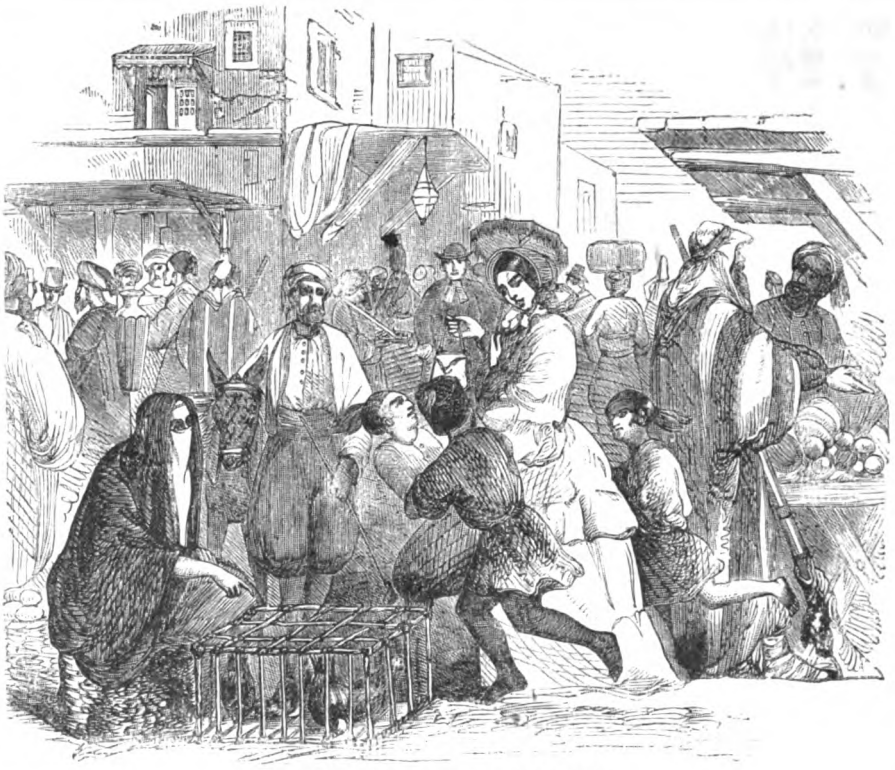
the fifth day in sight of the lighthouse at Alexandria, and after waiting several hours for a pilot—for pilots, like every other class of Egyptians, seem never in a hurry—we proceeded to our anchorage in the harbor of this ancient city.

Strange sights now await us on every hand. The steamer is boarded by the health officer and his attendants, to inquire into our sanitary condition. They are dressed in the Turkish garb, the turban, the fez, or red cap, the flowing robe and trowsers, and the embroidered vest. They all speak a little English, and after performing their duties they return to their boat, and their places are soon supplied by hotel runners, stevedores, dragomans, and others, seeking customers and employment. We find them as persistent in thrusting their services upon us as similar classes in Christian countries, perhaps more so; which is certainly needless.

Selecting the runner of a hotel to which we had been recommended, we were taken to the city, a distance of about a mile, in a sail-boat, over a rough sea, where we were exposed to considerable danger. On our way we observed numerous windmills along the shore, which are a marked feature in the landscape here, also the Viceroy's palace and his late harem, now converted into a cholera hospital.

The harbor is crowded with vessels from all parts of the

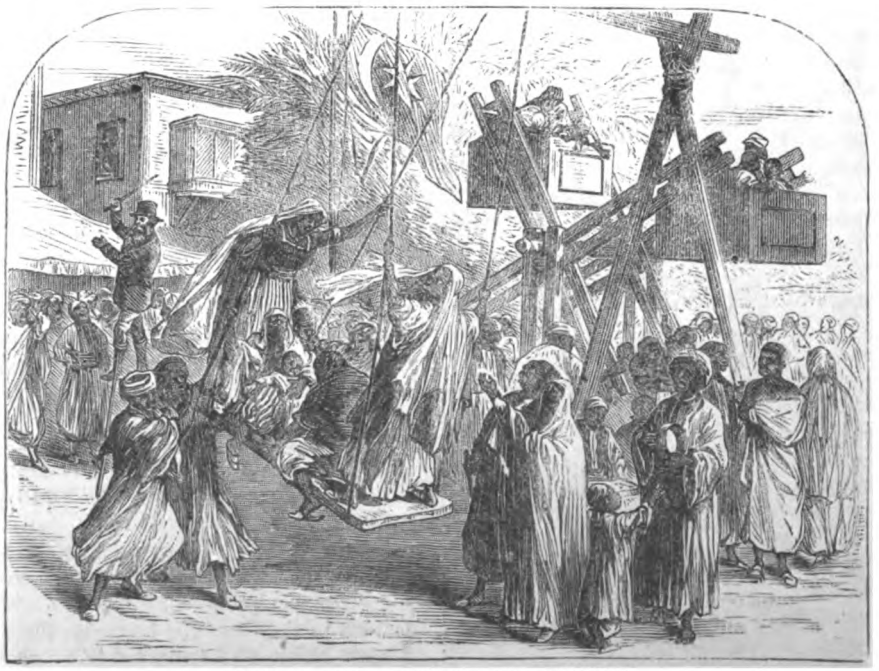
world—for Alexandria is the *one* great seaport of Egypt—and since the price of cotton has risen by the late war in the United States, that article is largely exported to the manufacturing countries of Europe. Corn, wheat, and sugar are likewise shipped in large quantities. Alexandria is also important as being in the great highway to India, by way of the Isthmus of Suez, and a railway now runs direct from this city to the Red Sea. Lines of first-class steamers from England, France, Italy, Germany, and other European States run to and from this port, and the city itself is fast losing its oriental character by the influx of foreigners engaged in commercial pursuits.



SCENE IN THE MARKET, ALEXANDRIA.

We reached the wharf in the midst of a heavy shower, and were met by a noisy crowd of Arabs, ragged, barefooted, and barelegged, through which our dragoman forced a way, and were shortly in the Custom-house, where our baggage and passports were briefly examined, and then ensued a scene which beggars description. Our trunks were seized by rival porters, screaming and fighting for the right to take them to our hotel; during which we saw them several times carried backward and forward, in and out, our dragoman meanwhile shouting and swearing at the top of his voice, and beating the poor devils with a big stick, which, however, they did not seem to care for in the least; till finally the tangled mass of bare legs, turbans, trunks, and carpet-bags, somehow or other got unraveled, and we saw the baggage placed safely on a cart and started off to the hotel. We soon followed, in a dirty, old, creaking carriage, through narrow, muddy streets, lined with little, dark, dingy stores or shops, tended by lazy, sleepy, old, cross-legged Turks and Egyptians, in oriental costumes, and smoking very long pipes. We were glad to find a comfortable, quiet retreat at our hotel from the perils and excitements we had passed through, and I was content to remain indoors for the rest of the day, and amuse myself with the objects of interest to be seen from my window.

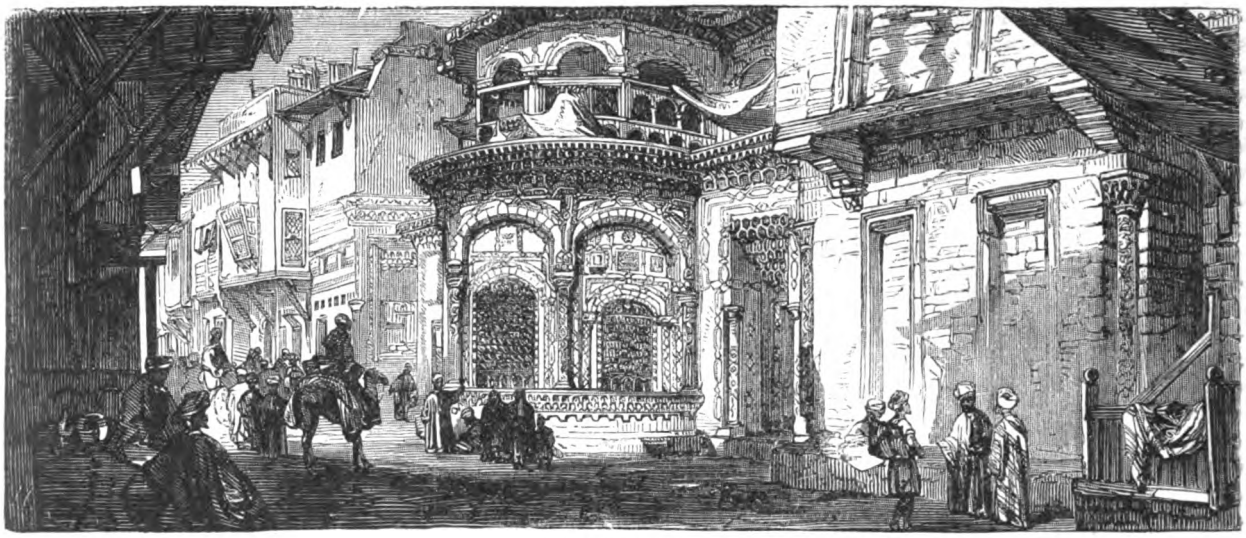
We were on a handsome square in what is known as the Frank Quarter, around which are all the great hotels, consulates, and many of the private residences of foreigners, or Franks, as they are here called. The hotels, which are all European and mostly English-German and French, are fine, large buildings, and the private residences are generally handsome and bear little or no resemblance to the dwellings of the Egyptians, which are low, mean-looking affairs, having dingy, latticed fronts, heavy balustrades and dark entrances, and with an air of cheerlessness about them which I can hardly describe. A constant stream of animated life is passing along the broad street beneath me in the shape of riders on horses, camels and donkeys—riders in coaches, wagons and cartmen,



SCENE AT THE FEAST OF BAIRAM, ALEXANDRIA.

women and children on foot—some with burdens on their heads and some without — the Egyptian women vailed, the Franks with their faces bare—the Arab with his hooded cloak, turban and trowsers — the Frank with his hat, coat and pants—some with black skins, some with white and some with brown—the whole forming a picture the counterpart of which I had never before looked upon. The little donkey interested me greatly. He is very small — scarcely larger than a good-sized sheep —but he goes trotting along briskly, with a big Arab on his back, whose legs, generally stirrupless, hang dangling down so as almost to touch the ground, and who beats the poor brute with a heavy stick or drives his heels against his sides to urge him to a swifter pace. Every now and then the donkey opens his mouth, and if he does not give utterance to words like her of Balaam's time, there issue from his throat the most unearthly sounds that ever met the human ear. It seems to be the donkey's mode of protesting against the cruelty of his master; but it is unheeded, or more likely brings him heavier blows. I noticed that the donkey's saddle was always placed well back over his hips, thus bringing the load mainly upon his hind legs, and leaving a long space in front uncovered; which gave both donkey and rider a very awkward look and much unnecessary discomfort. The saddle was a curiosity, being broad and nearly flat on the top, and having a huge, high pommel, so heavy as to be almost a load of itself. A breeching is used instead of a crupper, to keep the saddle in its place, and stirrups are

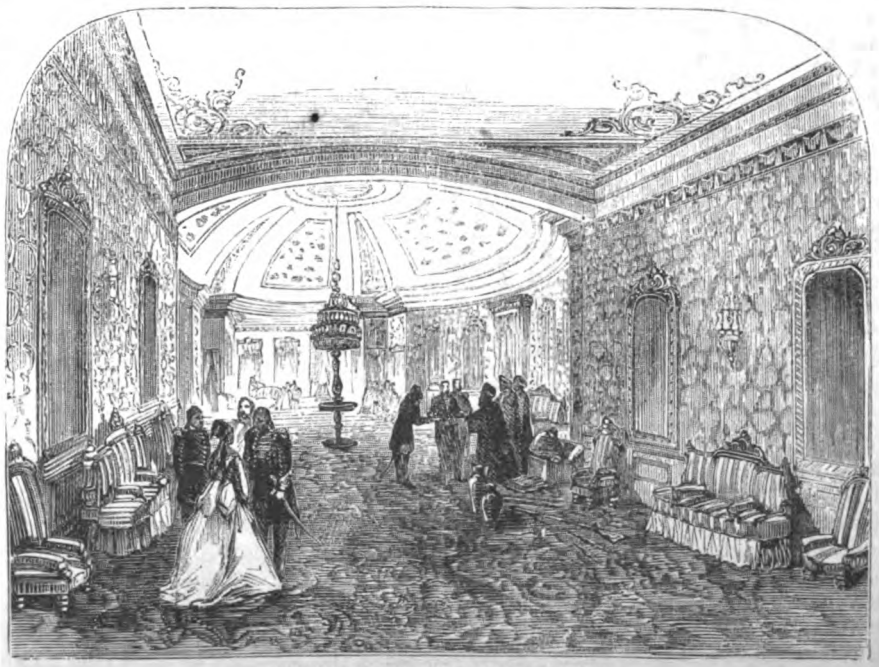
THE GRAND SQUARE, ALEXANDRIA.



A STREET IN CAIRO.

seldom seen. My wife and daughter accepted an invitation from General Tyler to drive to the two great lions of Alexandria—"Pompey's Pillar" and "Cleopatra's Needle." They had a very pleasant drive and came home full of admiration for these wonderful works of a by-gone age. Their names are fictitious, for Pompey's Pillar has no connection with Pompey, but was erected in honor of Diocletian the Roman Emperor, about A. D. 300. Its total height, including pedestal and capital, is 98 feet 9 inches. Its circumference, 29 feet 8 inches, and the diameter at the top of the capital, 16 feet 6 inches. The shaft itself is one solid block of dark red granite, 73 feet in length. Cleopatra's Needle has really no connection with the beautiful Cleopatra. There are two of these needles or obelisks, one standing, and the other near it, prostrate and buried beneath the sand. They were originally erected at Heliopolis, some two hundred miles up the Nile, about 1500 years B. C., and were removed to their present site by one of the Cæsars, while Egypt was under the Roman power. They are of red granite, 70 feet long, with a diameter at the base of 7 feet 7 inches. I am getting used to these immense blocks of stone since visiting Upper Egypt, but at first I was awe-struck by their great size, and, even now, I do not cease to wonder at the immense labor and skill which must have been required to hew them from their rocky beds on the Upper Nile, transport them by land and water many hundreds of miles, and then raise them upon their pedestals to stand as they have stood for thousands of years past, and as they may yet stand for thousands of years to come.

We staid one night at Alexandria, and started the next morning for Cairo by rail, a distance of about 150 miles. This ancient city is situated near the Nile, above the delta formed by the numerous mouths of that river, the chief of which are the Rosetta and the Damietta: and here let me remark that Egypt above Cairo, *i. e.*, the arable portion of it, is but a very narrow strip of country, extending southwardly to Nubia, at the first cataract of the Nile, a distance of nearly six hundred miles. Its average width, including the river, which is about half a mile broad, is but four miles, and it is bounded east and west by ranges of hills or low mountains, over which the yellow sands of the Desert pour down like clouds of drifting snow. In many places these hills extend on one side to the river's bank, and sometimes they approach so closely on both sides as to leave but a rod or two of alluvial soil. Below Cairo the Delta widens like a *fan*, and on the Mediterranean shore it has a breadth of nearly two hundred miles. On our route to Cairo, we cross both the principal mouths of the Nile, and pass over a country flat and level as the sea. At first, the land is wet and swampy, and has a poverty-stricken look; but after a while we come to the rich alluvial soil, upon which we see crops of cotton, wheat, barley, sugar-cane, etc., growing luxuriantly even at this season of the year (January).



INTERIOR OF THE PALACE OF ESBEKIEH.

We pass many villages, all built of mud or dried bricks,

and several of them in ruins. Everything we see is of the same dirty color, except the green crops and the palm-trees and acacias which line the water-courses. The people have a muddy look, their skins are dark-brown, they live in mud and dust all their lives; their clothes are full of it, their bare feet, legs, hands, and faces are covered with it, they work in it from "morn to dewy eve," and they make their bed of it at night. How then can they look otherwise than muddy?

The country is without timber suitable for building houses, and the people are too poor to purchase it from abroad; the soil has no stones, and there is no fuel wherewith to burn bricks; their only resource, then, is *mud;* and to this they have so long been accustomed, that they seem content, and ask for nothing better. These villages are built upon little knolls or eminences standing above the ordinary level, but the annual inundation of the Nile sometimes overflows and destroys them, and the poor inhabitants have then to remove to some other place and build again, the material being always near at hand.

PROCESSION IN CAIRO ON THE EVE OF THE RAMADAN FAST.

We passed a large village or town called Tanta, situated on the side of a hill. It was a *fête* day, and all the inhabitants and thousands of strangers were outside the town, holding a fair.

These fairs are frequent here, and much licentiousness and other forms of dissipation accompany them. Twice a year there is a great gathering of the Moslems, sometimes to the extent of more than 100,000 at this place, who make a pilgrimage to the tomb of a celebrated Moslem saint. These gatherings last eight days, and are often followed by disease in some shape — plague, cholera, and the like—engendered by the filthy habits of such vast multitudes of people. Cholera, you know, very often commences in Egypt, and thence spreads itself over the world, and if its origin may be traced to these causes, the piety of the Mohammedan is purchased at a fearful cost to the rest of mankind.

There are many birds along our route—pelicans, loons, wild ducks, geese, ibises, pigeons, and smaller game. The ibis is a beautiful, white, crane-like bird, resembling closely that which was held sacred by the ancient Egyptians. Sportsmen all along the Nile have fine times shooting these birds, and the ducks and pigeons often supplied our table.

But now we are approaching Cairo, and from the window of our car we see, many miles off, the famous pyramids of Gizeh. They seem very near, but we are deceived by their immense size. Finally, we are at the end of our journey, and before us stands one of the best existing types of an oriental city. We drive to "Shepheard's Hotel," but it is full, and we learn that all the hotels are crowded, in consequence of the public festivities now taking place, such as parades, fireworks, horse-racing, camel-racing, etc., etc., and which are to be concluded at the end of the week by a grand ball at the royal palace, to which, through their respective consuls, all the foreigners at Cairo may obtain cards of invitation.

It is the week which follows the "Ramadan" or holy month of the Moslems, as our Easter follows Lent, and the whole city seems to be given up to pleasure.

GOING TO A BALL AT THE KHÉDIVE'S PALACE, CAIRO.

With much difficulty we secured rooms at the "New Hotel," on condition of surrendering them at the end of two days, from which time they had already been engaged. My daughter was taken ill the first night, and was so sick when the two days had expired that we were suffered to remain; otherwise we should have been turned into the street.

We found the hotel exceedingly cold and damp, and we were all made ill by it. Of course, we did not go to the ball, but several of our American friends went, and on their return could not find words to describe its splendor. The Viceroy, whose will is law, had built a bridge of boats across the Nile, regardless of obstructing its navigation, to enable his guests to cross to the palace in carriages, and over this bridge went thousands of people to partake of his princely hospitality. It was estimated by some that there were 3,000 persons present at the ball, of whom nearly one-half were Europeans. The Egyptians, of course, were all gentlemen, for Mohammedan ladies are never allowed to be seen by the sterner sex, and, as the gentlemen seldom dance, this amusement was mainly participated in by the Franks. There was but one American lady present—our fellow-passenger to Alexandria—but there were a good many English, French, and Italian ladies, most of whom were richly and elegantly dressed. The supper was pronounced, by all who spoke of it, superior to anything they had ever seen in Europe or America. The viands were delicious, the wines, which were in great variety and abundance, of the finest flavor, and the service was perfection itself.

WATER-CARRIER.

With this grand ball the festivities closed, and very soon the hotels *collapsed*, when we had no longer any difficulty in getting rooms to our liking. The most conspicuous objects that strike the stranger in Cairo are the Citadel and Mahomet Ali's Mosque, standing on a rock at the east side of the city, and overlooking it and the country for many miles around. We take a carriage and proceed to visit these and other objects of attraction. A dragoman accompanies us as guide and interpreter, an Arab drives the horses, and a boy runs before, waving a long stick, and shouting at the top of his voice to clear the way through the narrow, crowded streets.

We pass a large, open square, entirely destitute of grass, and containing only a few acacias struggling for life amidst the dust that settles in clouds upon their branches, and enter a street called the Mouski, where the foreign shopkeepers are located, and which is known also as the Frank-Bazar. It is not paved, nor has it sidewalks, and loose boards are placed across from the tops of the buildings to protect it from the sun. It is crowded to excess with a living, moving mass, such as that I saw from our hotel at Alexandria, and it needs all the warnings of the out-runners and all the skill of the drivers, to prevent constant and serious collisions. From the Mouski we pass through streets much narrower and still more crowded, in one of which we encounter a wedding-party, preceded by musicians, making discordant music with pipe and drum and tambourines. We pass through other bazars—*alias* dingy little stores—where the venders sit on divans or on the floor, within reach of their entire stock of goods, and finally we arrive at the citadel, a large military fortification, built less for protection from without than for despotic rule within. From its walls

THE TOMBS OF THE MAMELUKES, NEAR CAIRO.

we get a view of the great pyramids of Gizeh and Sakhara, also the tombs of the Mameluke kings, the Desert, the Nile, the city with its numerous palaces, gardens, mosques, and minarets, the palms, acacias and sycamores within and around it, and many other objects of much interest to the stranger.

Within the walls of the citadel is "Joseph's Well," said by some writers to be as old as if it had once quenched the thirst of the chaste son of Jacob while a dweller in the land of Pharaoh, and by others to derive its name from the Caliph Yusef, to whom its origin is attributed. This well, cut through the solid rock, is 260 feet deep. Outside of it is a gallery or winding staircase, down which donkeys are led to or near the bottom to work a wheel for bringing up the water in buckets. This gallery, lighted partly from above and partly by torches, is often descended by visitors, but we

EGYPTIAN BOY WATCHING GRAIN FIELDS.

WHIRLING DERVISHES.

were content with a look from the top. We were shown the spot where Emin Bey leaped with his horse over the wall to escape the fate of his 439 Mameluke brethren, who were all murdered by order of Mahomet Ali, A. D. 1811. How he survived that fearful leap it is difficult to imagine, but he did survive it, and he lived many years after, on friendly terms with this cruel old man.

Mahomet Ali's Mosque is within the walls of the citadel. It is one of the newest mosques in the city, and is a truly magnificent building. It has two very tall minarets, too high, in fact, to be in good taste, and over the centre rises a dome, beside which several lesser ones swell up. In front of the mosque is a large court—surrounded by arcades—and in its centre is an elegant fountain where worshipers perform their preliminary ablutions.

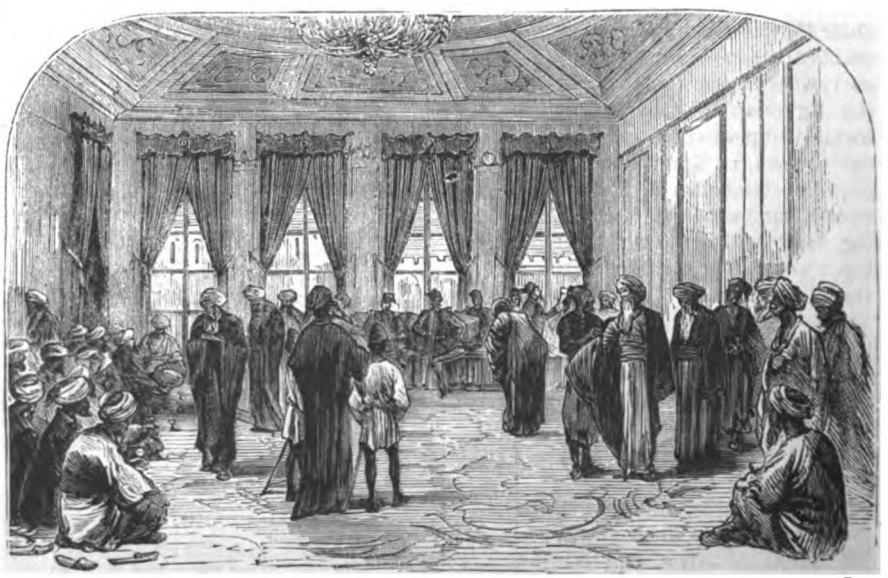
We approach the entrance to this court, but are stopped by the attendants, who admit no visitors unless they are barefooted or wear slippers; so we suffered ourselves to be shod with red slippers, which are at hand for this purpose, and then we were allowed to enter. The inner walls are faced with Egyptian alabaster, the cupolas glitter in colors of blue, red, green and gold, and a magic light seems to penetrate the colored glass windows. By counting my steps across the floor, which is richly carpeted, I make the entire length of the building about 200 feet—width 150 feet—span of the main arch or dome 70 feet. It has no pews nor seats of any kind. Moslems go there mainly to pray. Five times a day the *muezzin*, appointed for that purpose, ascends the minaret as high as the balcony, and in a loud, clear voice, calls the faithful to prayers.

All come who choose, and enter without ceremony. They turn their faces toward Mecca, a point always indicated by a niche in the wall, and either silently or aloud pray to Allah and the Prophet. Occasionally they bow and lift up their hands or prostrate themselves upon the floor. Several of these devotees went through their prayers while we were there, coming in and going out quietly, nor seeming to be at all disturbed by our presence.

The mosque has two pulpits, a large and a small one, and a gallery runs around three sides of the building. In one corner the gallery is screened by lattice-work to prevent the ladies of the Viceroy's harem, who go there to worship, from being seen. On the right, as we enter the mosque, is Mahomet Ali's tomb, inclosed by a gilded railing. Here the old Viceroy lies, after his many cruel and many noble deeds; the open Koran resting upon the tomb, and the prayers of the faithful constantly ascending within the sanctuary erected by his munificence.

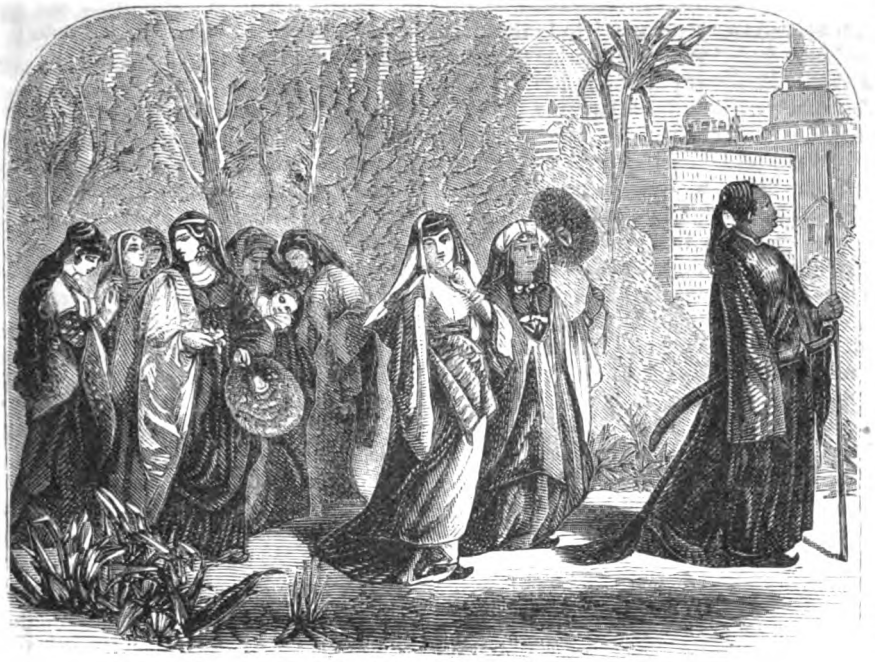
When we left the mosque the attendants at the gate clamored loudly for *backsheesh* (Arabic for money), for the use of the slippers. We paid them, though not to the extent demanded, for, from the number of claimants professing to have aided in putting them on and taking them off, this would have left us penniless.

On our way back we fell in with a procession of pilgrims—a detachment of the great army of fanatics who go every year on a holy pilgrimage to Mecca. This great caravan was now gathering in Cairo from all parts of Egypt, and, on a given day, was to start on its long journey across the Desert, which, to go and return, occupies one hundred days. Those we saw were headed by an Egyptian band, discoursing most horrible music, and in the procession was a richly caparisoned camel, bearing a canopy of brocade embroidered in gold and colors, and containing two copies of the Koran; both the camel and the canopy being considered holy. Following this was another camel, bearing a man naked to the waist, with a head of hair like a huge mop, and swaying his body from side to side and twisting and turning his head in a most peculiar manner, all the while keeping his eyes closed. The man was doubtless idiotic, but by these fanatics he was regarded as holy, having made the pilgrimage to Mecca for thirty consecutive years. Following him were other camels

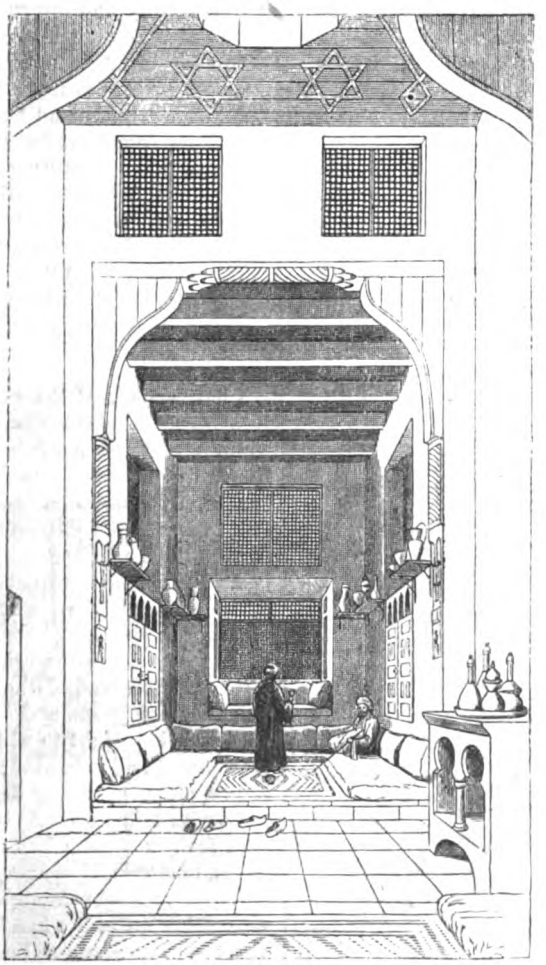


DISTRIBUTION OF THE HOLY ROBES, ON THE EVE OF THE RAMADAN FAST, AT THE CITADEL PALACE, CAIRO.

carrying the principal dignitaries of the sect, and after these again the rank and file on foot. Christians, who on all other occasions are entirely safe in Egypt, are often subjected to insult by these devout followers of the Prophet. Some of our party were spit upon and had dirt and missiles thrown at them while waiting for the procession to pass, and all the power of the Viceroy does not seem sufficient to prevent these outrages. On such occasions, too, water is often thrown from the windows by Moslem women upon spectators in the Christian garb. On Friday, which is the Moslem's Sabbath, we went to see the "Whirling Dervishes," who perform their curious ceremonies every week in a small mosque in the heart of the city. There were not more than fifteen or twenty present, and these were slowly marching round the inner circle of the mosque, each bowing as he passed toward the spot pointing in the direction of Mecca, and where sat the sheikh of the order, an old man, who seemed to be their leader. In the gallery, the choir (?) was making that miserable apology for music which everywhere seems to delight the Egyptian ear, the instruments being the pipe, or reed, the *tom-tom*, or drum, and the jingling tambourine. These were accompanied by a drawling, nasal sort of tune, uttered by the unmusical Egyptian voice, spiritless and monotonous. The dervishes all wore high, drab wool caps, and long cloaks of various colors, and they were all barefooted. When they had gone round the circle several times in this way, they stopped, and, suddenly dropping their cloaks, appeared in short, full, white linen skirts, not unlike a lady's, and immediately commenced whirling around, each by himself, and as they whirled their skirts unfolded and expanded to very broad dimensions. All turned to the right, and it seemed wonderful to us that they did not grow giddy and fall down. But round and round they went, their eyes shut and their heads leaning over to the right shoulder, arms extended, the palm of the right hand turned upward and that of the left downward. They danced around in this way, looking somewhat like ladies in a waltz, for at least ten minutes; then they stopped, folded their arms on their breasts, and bowed to the centre of the circle, and shortly after commenced going around it, some whirling as they went, till finally they stopped; and all seating themselves on the floor, bowed forward and kissed it. The old sheikh then turned his face toward Mecca, and with upraised hand delivered a brief discourse, in a drawling, sing-song tone. The worshipers again kissed the floor, and the assistant sheikh then delivered another discourse, with the voice and attitude of his chief, the congregation responded in a sort of "Amen," and thus the services closed.



THE LADIES' WALK, CAIRO.



AN OPEN APARTMENT, CAIRO.

It was altogether a more quiet, not to say *stupid*, affair than I had expected; but we learned that these were not the real *Jumping* Dervishes. The latter hold forth in another mosque; and, we were told, so worked themselves up to a frenzy by their various antics as to remind one of somewhat similar scenes among religious people in America, such as foaming at the mouth, loud shouts, fainting, epilepsy, and the like. No doubt they are equally sincere, and perhaps in the sight of God their worship may be as acceptable. It is not for us to decide.

One of our drives from Cairo took us to the Island of

Roda, two or three miles up the Nile, to see a boat which a dragoman had recommended to us for our trip to the first cataract. We crossed over from the mainland near the spot where tradition has it that Moses was discovered in the bulrushes by Pharoah's daughter. The boat, however, did not suit us, but we were well repaid for the drive, for our dragoman took us to see a pasha's palace and harem. Of course, neither I, nor a gentleman friend who was with us, could be admitted to the apartments occupied by the ladies, but my wife and daughter hoped to have that privilege. To our great surprise and gratification, we were greeted at the entrance by the Pasha himself, one of the highest dignitaries in Egypt—Hassein Pasha—being Minister of the Interior, and cousin of the present Viceroy. He was apparently about thirty years of age, rather short and corpulent, with a pleasant, smiling face, dark hair and whiskers, and the complexion and features of a European. He wore a red fez, loose trowsers, and a *robe de chambre*, trimmed down the front with white fur. The dragoman introduced us as Americans, and stated the object of our visit, and the Pasha then led the way to a reception-room, and motioned us to seats upon the divan, which extended around two sides of the room; at the same time seating himself near me, without the least ostentation or parade, such as I have always supposed inseparable from a Turkish reception. The dragoman acted as our interpreter, and the Pasha said to my wife and daughter that he regretted the ladies of the harem were all away visiting, this being a *fete* day. He, nevertheless, invited us *all* to view the interior of the harem, but before leading the way, we were served with pipes and coffee in the reception-room, by his direction; and here, for the first time, I smoked the long Turkish tchibouque of which I had heard so often. The bowl was made of red clay, the stem, about three and a half feet long, of jasmine, and the mouthpiece of amber, mounted with diamonds. Of course, the pipe rested upon the floor.

The coffee was served in very small porcelain cups—not so large as a common egg-cup, which were fitted into a holder or larger cup of filigree silver, the latter only being held in the hand. It was spiced and sweetened, but it contained no milk, and was of excellent quality. The tobacco was mild, and, from the few whiffs taken, not disagreeable, even to a novice.

This ceremony over, we proceeded across an open court and into a room whose windows were latticed and barred. This was the first reception-room, and contained no furniture except the divan and a handsome straw matting on the floor. The ceiling was high, and both it and the walls were painted in stripes of yellow, red, and black, without much regard to taste.

WATER-CARRIERS.

Out of this room opened several smaller rooms, which we did not enter, and opposite the main entrance we passed through a door into the *grand* reception-room, or "salon," beautifully furnished with Turkish carpets, silk divans and curtains, large mirrors and rocking-chairs. The ceiling and walls were frescoed and gilded, and on the latter hung portraits of old Mahomet Ali (the Pasha's grandfather), his sons and grandsons, and of the Pasha's little daughter and only child. Only child! Think of it! A man with seventy-five wives and only one child!

Adjoining this large room was another, much like it, but less richly furnished. These were all we entered, the Pasha apologizing for not showing the sleeping-apartments to the ladies, as they were not in proper plight.

On our return from the harem, we were served with pipes and coffee as before, and we entered, as well as we could, into conversation with our host. He was evidently fond of a joke, and laughed and talked as freely with the dragoman as if they were socially on the same level—a practice which I have since learned is universal among the upper classes here, in their intercourse with their inferiors, including even those of the very poorest order; and which probably grows out of the fact that the actual distinction between them is so great, and so well understood, that they can afford to be gracious without compromising their dignity.

Speaking of the Pasha's household, I remarked that we, in America, found it quite enough to manage one wife, and I did not know what we should do with seventy-five. I have since learned that to speak of the ladies of his household to a Mohammedan is a breach of etiquette. The Pasha, however, took no offense at my remark, but laughed heartily, and made some answer through the dragoman, which, unfortunately, he, being but a poor linguist, was unable to translate. When the refreshments were disposed of we took our leave, much pleased with our visit, which the Pasha invited us to renew, promising the ladies an interview with his family whenever they should be at home.

We were taken through his garden, a rather shabby affair, by his head-servant, who, to our surprise, asked us for *backsheesh*, which the dragoman gave him in our behalf, saying such was the custom in Egypt, the servants of pashas being no exception.

I have spoken of the one only child of this pasha, and I have learned through Miss Martineau's work, and from other sources, that the number of children born and suffered to live in these harems is indeed very small. The Mussulman is allowed to *marry* but four wives, and only the children of these wives are legitimate, except at the pleasure of the father. The number of children, legitimate or otherwise, bears no adequate proportion to the number of women in a harem, and the question as to their life or death is often one of policy alone.

We were, without knowing it, very near the famous "Nilometer" at the head of the island, which has stood there for thousands of years, and by which the inundations of the Nile, and the height to which the water rises, are accurately determined and recorded; a matter of great importance to Egypt, as an excess or deficiency is alike injurious to the crops within its flow. A rise of 21 feet is considered *common*—24 feet, *moderate;* but if it reach 28 feet, the dams, or levees, and villages cannot withstand its power.

We drove home through a cultivated suburb of the city, with fields on either hand, of cotton, wheat, garden vegetables, etc. The road was lined with palms, acacias, sycamores, fig-trees, and very large cacti or prickly-pears, the last being

cultivated in orchards. It was, taking it all in all, the pleasantest drive we had had since our arrival in Egypt.

Something new and strange presents itself whenever we go into the streets of this wonderful city. We often meet funeral processions, sometimes Mohammedan, sometimes Greek. The former carry their dead in a coffin, upon men's shoulders or a donkey's back. The coffin is curiously shaped, often having an elevation at one end resembling a horse's neck, and it is covered with a richly figured pall, and made to do duty as often as a hearse with us; for it is not buried with the corpse, the latter being deposited in the earth with its grave-clothes only. Hired mourners accompany the procession, and utter piteous wailings and sing in discordant tones; but to what end is best known to those who employ them.

The Greek procession is preceded by priests, in long, gorgeous robes, held up by train-bearers. They chant from books, and the whole company carry long candles, and move along the street almost at a snail's pace. The coffin-lid is off, and the corpse is open to view.

The streets of Cairo are the narrowest, crookedest, dirtiest, and most bewildering of any I have yet seen, and the buildings are, in some respects, very much like them. Many of the most frequented streets are utterly impassable to carriages of any kind; nothing larger than a man or a donkey can possibly squeeze through them or get around their sharp corners. One of the best hotels in the city, (Hotel du Nil), can only be approached through these narrow thoroughfares, and the stranger is surprised, when he finally reaches the house, to find it opening on a large garden, tastefully ornamented with trees, flowers, and fountains.

But, when you enter a building, you are soon lost in a labyrinth of winding passages, courts, stairways, and corridors, built without regard to order or utility. Every room differs in size and shape from every other room; now you go up a dozen steps and now down half-a-dozen; now you go to the right, now to the left, now you are in the dark, and now a gleam of light breaks in upon you from some unlooked-for opening in the wall; and in this way you at last reach the room you are seeking, utterly at a loss to know how you got there or how you will ever find your way back.

This is no overdrawn picture, but one which presents itself almost everywhere you go.

Even the wealthy banking-houses, and some of the stores where we transacted business, were to be found in such places as I have described, and might be taken as models for the buildings themselves.

Among the noticeable sights in Cairo are the royal carriages, containing the ladies of the harem. They are always preceded by runners, to clear the streets for their approach, and around them are outriders in livery. You get a glance at the ladies through the carriage-windows as they pass, for their vails are very thin, and you observe that their faces are mostly all white and generally very handsome. Black eunuchs from Abyssinia act as footmen.

Speaking of these runners again: it is wonderful to see how rapidly they get over the ground. No matter how fast or how long the carriage is driven, they always keep their distance in advance, nor do they ever seem to get out of breath. Long in early training, together with the loose, flowing garments they wear, and the absence of shoes or stockings, must mainly account for this extraordinary endurance. They are very useful in preventing accidents, for the carriages pass so rapidly and noiselessly over the unpaved streets that constant and serious collisions would otherwise inevitably occur.

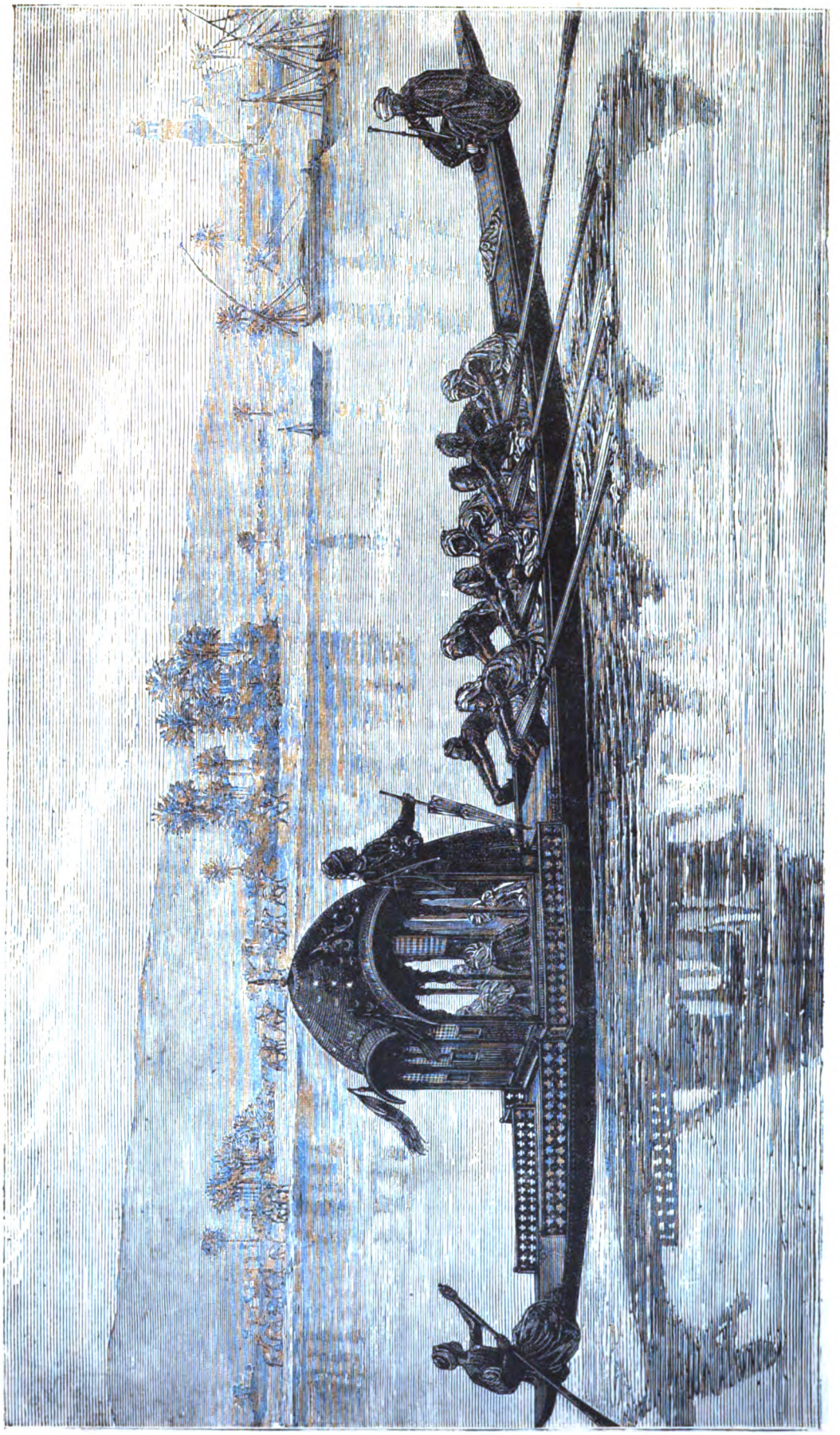
Vailed women are to be met with everywhere, and you seldom see any others. The vail or mask is generally black, and covers all the features below the eyes. Down over the nose passes a wooden stick, with rings around it, which holds the vail in its place and makes the disguise more effectual. Still, you see enough to wonder why such ugliness should be so carefully concealed, and to ask upon what philosophy the Mussulman's idea of modesty can be formed, which demands that the face shall be covered, while the feet and legs are suffered to go bare; for neither shoe nor stocking is worn by any but the wealthy classes, and their dresses are often "scandalously short." The wealthier ladies are seen walking or riding on donkeys, and so completely enveloped as to resemble animated bags or sacks.

Besides the Mohammedans, who of course constitute the bulk of the inhabitants of Cairo, and who number nearly 250,000, there are some 30,000 or 40,000 of other sects and countries; such as Copts (native Egyptian Christians), Jews, Greeks, Armenians and Franks. These are generally to be distinguished from the Mohammedans by their dress and their complexion, though of the latter there are many shades among all classes. Murray, in his "Guide to Egypt," makes the proportion of Mohammedans far less than these figures would indicate, but other authors differ from him, and to judge from the great number of mosques in the city, I think he must be incorrect.

The seat of government is at or near Cairo. Here the Viceroy, Ishmael Pasha, has his palaces, and from this centre his iron rule extends to the remotest parts of Egypt. The government is a despotism—pure and simple—the Viceroy knowing no power above him except that of the Sultan of Turkey, who claims him for his vassal, and to whom he pays tribute, and who holds a check on his financial and military operations. Within the Viceroy's domain his will is law, and from his acts there is no appeal. He deals summarily with crime, and to detect it makes his local governors responsible for the good conduct of their people. We find that throughout Egypt moral suasion is considered a weakness, and seldom or never resorted to; hence the rod is in constant use among all classes, and is at once the emblem of power and the substitute for reason; and hence constant turbulence and general discontent.

I would like to describe a good many other objects of curiosity to be seen in Cairo, such as the numerous mosques, of which there are some three or four hundred, with their tall and handsome minarets; the various bazars, the costumes not already described; the Jewish money changers jingling their coins in the streets; the Bedouins from the desert; the high-backed camels and the omnipresent donkeys; the everlasting quarreling of the common Arabs; the water-carriers, with their goat-skins sprinkling the streets; the blind, in great

A SUGAR-CANE SELLER.



THE ROYAL NILE BOAT OR DAHABEAH.

number, being led; poverty and misery in the most sickening forms at every step jostled by the splendid horses and gilded equipages of pashas and beys; and, besides these, a host of other things which I am sure would not fail to interest you; but to do this would be *writing a book*, which is certainly not my present purpose, however much the length of my letter may lead you to think so.

We found the climate of Cairo anything but agreeable. Although in the thirtieth degree of north latitude, it was quite as cold as at Naples, which is in the forty-first degree. In fact, the nights were colder, and a large fire every evening in the drawing-room was a pleasant thing to look upon. Our sleeping-rooms were so chilly that we all caught colds that did not leave us till after we had got far up the Nile. We had also severe thunder-showers, flooding the streets, and converting them into rivers of mud; so that the dry, warm climate we had been promised at Cairo was, as usual, a myth.

Almost immediately on our arrival at Cairo we were beset by dragomans wishing us to engage them to take us up the Nile in a dahabeah, or passenger boat. This is the usual way of traveling, but there were also steamers going up every twenty days. We examined both modes of travel, and finally decided on taking the steamer, as the most expeditious, for it would make the trip to and from the first cataract in twenty days, while a dahabeah would take from forty-five to fifty. But we failed in securing tickets in time, and lost our chance. Then we "received proposals" from the dragomans, who were all provided with recommendations from former English and American travelers whom they had taken up the Nile in former years, and several of whom I happened to know.

These dragomans are a peculiar class. They are from various countries—Egyptian, Syrian, Nubian, Maltese, and others. They are generally uneducated men, yet most of them speak after a fashion the Arabic, Turkish, Greek, Italian, French, English, and other languages. How they have acquired them is a great mystery to me, but they are absolutely essential to travelers in the East unacquainted with the languages here spoken. We were cautioned about their dishonesty, which it seems necessary to guard against; but this done, they prove most useful and agreeable servants.

After much deliberation and many consultations with three young American gentlemen who were to join us in the journey, we decided upon engaging a jolly-looking Egyptian from Alexandria, named Mahmoud Hassein. He was a good-looking fellow, stout, fleshy, about thirty-five years old, and of a light brown or copper complexion. In accordance with the usual custom, we drew up and made him sign a pretty strong contract, which contained a clause that all disputes between him and us were to be submitted to the American consul for final decision, for Turkish law and Egyptian courts are not acknowledged by foreigners, and, strange to say, treaties exist between Egypt and all Christian powers giving the respective consuls of such powers exclusive jurisdiction in all cases, civil and criminal, where the interests of their countrymen are concerned. We bound Mahmoud to furnish us with a good boat, good fare, good attendance, and a good many other good things, and to allow us at least fifteen days of the trip to visit objects of interest along the Nile, or to spend in any way we should desire. This matter arranged, Mahmoud proceeded to engage his boat, captain, sailors, etc., and to lay in his provisions, while we provided ourselves with such extra comforts as we should be likely to need, not forgetting books to while away the time by day, nor powders to keep off the vermin at night.

A WISH.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 94.

A WONDERFUL DRESS.

THE Empress of Brazil has presented the Queen of England with a dress, the equal of which has never been seen. It is woven of spiders' webs, and is, as may be imagined, a work of art as regards quality and beauty. The handsomest silk dress cannot compare with it, but it can only be admired, hardly imitated. There have already been many attempts to make use of the threads spun by spiders, but, up to the present, the experiments have not been satisfactory enough to encourage any further efforts in this direction. In the year 1710 it was discovered that to make a piece of silk it would require the webs of 700,000 spiders. The Spaniards had already tried to use the spiders' threads, and made gloves, stockings and other articles of the sort; but even these were so troublesome and yielded so little profit, that, in spite of the fabulous prices paid, they were obliged

to abandon the trade. In certain parts of South America garments made of these threads are worn, but the spiders in these lands are unusually large. It is likely that the above-mentioned dress was made of the threads of the smaller species of American spider. There is, therefore, some hope that the time is not far distant when, thanks to the progress of modern industry, fashionable ladies may have the satisfaction of wearing elegant silks of the same delicate texture.

A WISH.

MINE be a cot beside the hill:
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear;
A willowy brook, that turns a mill,
With many a fall, shall linger near.

The swallow oft, beneath my thatch,
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;
And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing,
In russet gown and apron blue.

The village church, among the trees,
Where first our marriage-vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
And point with taper spire to heaven.

JIM HOCKSON'S REVENGE.

CHAPTER I.

"YE don't say?"

"I do, though."

"Wa'al, I never."

"Nuther did I—adzackly."

"Don't be pervokin' Ephr'm—what makes ye talk in that dou'fle way?"

"Wa'al, ma, the world hain't all squeezed into this yere little town of Crankett. I've been elsewhere, some, an' I've seed some funny things, and likewise some that wusn't so funny ez they might be."

"P'r'aps ye hev, but ye needn't allus be a settin' other folks down. Mebbe Crankett ain't the whole world, but it's seed that awful case of Molly Capins, an' the shipwreck of thirty-four, when the awful nor'easter wuz, an——"

"Wa-al, wa-al, ma — don't let's fight 'bout it," said Ephr'm, with a sigh, as he tenderly scraped down a new ax-helve with a piece of glass, while his wife made the churn-dasher hurry up and down as if the innocent cream was Ephr'm's back, and she was avenging thereon Ephr'm's insult to Crankett and its people.

Deacon Ephraim Crankett was a descendant of the founder of the village, and although now a sixty-year old farmer, he had in his lifetime seen considerable of the world. He had been to the fishing-banks a dozen times, been whaling twice, had carried a cargo of wheat up the Mediterranean, and had been second officer of a ship which had picked up a miscellaneous cargo in the heathen ports of Eastern Asia.

He had picked up a great many ideas, too, wherever he had been, and his wife was immensely proud of him and them, whenever she could compare them with the men and ideas which existed at Crankett; but when Ephr'm displayed his memories and knowledge to her alone—oh, that was a very different thing.

"Anyhow," resumed Mrs. Crankett, raising the lid of the churn to see if there were any signs of butter, "it's an everlastin' shame. Jim Hockson's a young feller in good standin' in the church, an' Millie Botayne's an onbeliever—they say her father's a reg'ler infidel."

"Easy, ma, easy," gently remonstrated Ephr'm. "When he seed you lookin' at his pet rose-bush on yer way to church las' Sunday, didn't he hurry an' pull two or three an' han' 'em to ye?"

"Yes, an' what did he hev' in t'other han'?—a Bosting paper, an' not a Sunday one, nuther! Millicent ain't a Christian name, nohow ye can fix it—it amounts to jest 'bout's much ez she does, an' that's nothing. She's got a soft face, an' purty hair—ef it's all her own, which I powerfully doubt—an' after that ther's nothin' to her. She's never been to sewin' meeting, an she's off a boatin' with that New York chap every Saturday afternoon, instead of goin' to the young people's prayer-meetin's."

"She's about supported Sam Ransom's wife an' young uns since Sam's smack was lost," suggested Ephr'm.

"That's you, Deac'n Crankett," replied his wife, "always stick up for sinners. P'r'aps you'd make better use of your time ef you'd examine yer own evidences."

"Wa-'al, wife," said the deacon, "she's engaged to that New York feller, ez you call Mr. Brown, so there's no danger of Jim bein' onequally yoked with an onbeliever. An' I wish her well, from the bottom of my heart."

"*I* don't," cried Mrs. Crankett, giving the dasher a vicious push, which sent the cream flying frantically up to the top of the churn; "I hope he'll turn out bad, an' her pride 'll be tuk down ez——"

The deacon had been long enough at sea to know the signs of a long storm, and to know that prudence suggested a prompt sailing out of the course of such a storm, when possible; so he started for the door, carrying the glass and ax-helve with him. Suddenly the door opened, and a female figure ran so violently against the ax-helve, that the said figure was instantly tumbled to the floor, and seemed an irregular mass of faded pink calico, and subdued plaid shawl.

"Miss Peekin!" ejaculated Mrs. Crankett, dropping the churn-dasher and opening her eyes.

"Like to ha' not been," whined the figure, slowly arising and giving the offending ax-helve a glance which would have set it on fire had it not been of green hickory, "but—*hev* you heerd?"

"What?" asked Mrs. Crankett, hastily setting a chair for the new-comer, while Ephr'm, deacon and sixty though he was, paused in his almost-completed exit.

"*He's* gone!" exclaimed Miss Peekin.

"Oh, I heerd Jim had gone to Califor——"

"Pshaw!" said Miss Peekin, contemptuously; "that was days ago! I mean Brown—the New York chap—Millie Botayne's lover!"

"Ye don't?"

"But I do; an' what's more, he *had* to. Ther wuz men come after him in the night-time, but he must hev heard 'em, for they didn't find him in his room, an' this mornin' they found his sailboat was gone, too. An', what's more, ther's a printed notice up about him, an' he's a defaulter, an' ther's $5,000 for whoever catches him, an' he's stole *twenty-five*, an' he's all described in the notice, as p'ticular as if he was a full-blood Alderney cow."

"Poor fellow!" sighed the deacon, for which interruption he received a withering glance from Miss Peekin.

"They say Millie's a-goin' on awful, and that she sez she'll marry him now if he'll come back. But it ain't likely he'll be such a fool; now he's got so much money, he don't need hern. Reckon her an' her father won't be so high an' mighty an' stuck up now. It's powerful discouragin' to the righteous to see the ungodly flourishin' so, an' a-rollin' in ther wealth, when ther betters has to be on needles all the year

fur fear the next mack'ril catch won't 'mount to much. The idee of her bein' willin' to marry a defaulter! I can't understand it."

"Poor girl!" sighed Mrs. Crankett, wiping one eye with the corner of her apron. "I'd do it myself, ef I was her."

The deacon dropped the ax-helve, and gave his wife a tender kiss on each eye.

Chapter II.

Perhaps Mr. Darwin can tell inquirers why out of every common origin there occasionally spring beings who are very decided improvements on their progenitors; but *we* are only able to state that Jim Hockson was one of these superior beings, and was himself fully aware of the fact.

Not that he was conceited at all, for he was not; but he could not held seeing what every one else saw and acknowledged.

Every one liked him, for he was always kind in word and action, and every one was glad to be Jim Hockson's friend; but somehow Jim seemed to consider himself his best company.

His mackerel lines were worked as briskly as any others when the fish were biting, but when the fish were gone, he would lean idly on the rail, and stare at the waves and clouds; he could work a cranberry-bog so beautifully that the people for miles around came to look on and take lessons; yet, when the sun tried to hide in the evening behind a ragged row of trees on a ridge beyond Jim's cranberry-patch, he would lean on his spade, and gaze until everything about him seemed yellow.

He read the Bible incessantly, yet offended alike the pious saints and critical sinners by never preaching or exhorting.

And out of everything Jim Hockson seemed to extract what it contained of the ideal and the beautiful, and when he saw Millicent Botayne, he straightway adored the first woman he had met who was alike beautiful, intelligent, and refined.

Miss Millie, being human, was pleased by the admiration of the handsome, manly fellow who seemed so far the superior of the men of his class; but when, in his honest simplicity, he told her that he loved her, she declined his further attentions in a manner which, though very delicate and kind, opened Jim's blue eyes to some sad things he had never seen before.

He neither got drunk, nor threatened to kill himself, nor married the first silly girl he met; but he sensibly left the place where he had suffered so greatly, and, in a sort of sad daze, he hurried off to hide himself in the newly-discovered gold-fields of California.

Perhaps he had suddenly learned certain properties of gold which were heretofore unknown to him; at any rate, it was soon understood at Spanish Stake, where he had located himself, that Jim Hockson got out more gold per week than any man in camp, and that it all went to San Francisco.

"Kind of a mean cuss, I reckon," remarked a new-comer, one day at the saloon, when Jim alone, of the crowd present, declined to drink with him.

"Not any!" replied Colonel Two, so called because he had two eyes, while another colonel in camp had but one. "An' it's good fur *you*, stranger," continued the colonel, "that you ain't been long in camp, else some of the boys 'ud put a hole through you for sayin' anything 'gainst Jim; for we all swear by him, *we* do. He don't kerry shootin'-irons, but no feller in camp dares to tackle him; he don't cuss nobody, but ev'rybody does just as he asks 'em to. As to drinkin', why, I'd swear off myself, ef t'wud make me hold a candle to him. Went to old Bermuda the t'other day, when he was ravin' tight and layin' fur Butcher Pete with a shootin'-iron, an' he actilly talked Bermuda into soakin' his head an' turnin' in—ev'rybody else was afeard to go nigh old Bermuda that day."

The newcomer seemed gratified to learn that Jim was so peaceable a man—that was the natural supposition, at least—for he forthwith cultivated Jim with considerable assiduity, and being, it was evident, a man of considerable taste and experience, Jim soon found his companionship very agreeable, and he lavished upon his new acquaintance, who had been nicknamed Tarpaulin, the many kind and thoughtful attentions which had endeared Jim to the other miners.

The two men lived in the same hut, staked claims adjoining each other, and Tarpaulin, who had been thin and nervous-looking when he first came to camp, began to grow peaceable and plump under Jim's influence.

One night, as Jim and Tarpaulin lay chatting before a fire in their hut, they heard a thin, wiry voice in the next hut inquiring: "Anybody in this camp look like this?"

Tarpaulin started.

"That's a funny question," said he; "let's see who and what the fellow is."

And then Tarpaulin started for the next hut.

Jim waited some time, and, hearing low voices in earnest conversation, went next door himself.

Tarpaulin was not there, but two small, thin, sharp-eyed men were there, displaying an old-fashioned daguerreotype of a handsome-looking young man, dressed in the latest New York style; more than this Jim did not notice.

"Don't know him, mister," said Colonel Two, who happened to be the owner of the hut. "Besides, as is most likely he's growed long hair an' a beard since he left the States, his own mother wouldn't know him from George Washington. Brother o' yourn?"

"No," said one of the thin men; "he's—well, the fact is, we'll give $1,000 to any one who'll find him for us in twenty-four hours."

"Deppity sheriffs?" asked the colonel, retiring somewhat hastily under his blankets.

"About the same thing," said one of the thin men, with a sickly smile.

"Git!" roared the colonel, springing from his bed, and cocking his revolver. "I b'leeve in the Golden Rule, *I* do!"

The detectives, with the fine instinct peculiar to their profession, rightly construed the colonel's action as a hint, and withdrew, and Jim retired to his own hut, and fell asleep while waiting for his partner.

Morning came, but no Tarpaulin; dinner-time arrived, but Jim ate alone, and was rather blue.

He loved a sociable chat, and of late Tarpaulin had been almost his sole companion.

Evening came, but Tarpaulin came not.

Jim couldn't abide the saloon for a whole evening, so he lit a candle in his own hut and attempted to read.

Tarpaulin was a lover of newspapers—it seemed to Jim he received more papers than all the remaining miners put together.

Jim thought he would read some of these same papers, and unrolled Tarpaulin's blankets to find them, when out fell a picture-case, opening as it fell. Jim was about to close it again, when he suddenly started, and exclaimed:

"Millicent Botayne?"

He held it under the light, and examined it closely.

There could be no doubt as to identity—there were the same exquisite features which, a few months before, had opened to Jim Hockson a new world of beauty, and had then, with a sweet yet sad smile, knocked down all his fair castles, and destroyed all his exquisite pictures.

Strange that it should appear to him now, and so unexpectedly; but stranger did it seem to Jim that on the opposite side of the case should be a portrait which was a duplicate of the one shown by the detectives!

"That rascal Brown!" exclaimed Jim. "So he succeeded in getting her, did he? But I shouldn't call him names, he had as much right to make love to her as I. God grant he may make her happy! And he is probably a fine fellow—*must* be, by his looks."

HOW A SHEPHERD-BOY BECAME AN ARCHBISHOP.—SEE PAGE 99.

Suddenly Jim started, as if shocked by an electric battery. Hiding all the hair and beard of the portrait, he stared at it a moment, and exclaimed:

"*Tarpaulin!*"

CHAPTER III.

"BOTH gone!" exclaimed Colonel Two, hurrying into the saloon, at noon.

"*Both* gone?" echoed two or three men.

"Yes," said the colonel; "and the queerest thing is, they left ev'rything behind—every darned thing! I never *did* see such a stampede afore—*I* didn't! Nobody's got any idee of whar they be, nor what it's 'bout, neither."

"Don't be *too* sartain, colonel," piped Weasel, a self-contained mite of a fellow, who was still at work upon his glass, filled at the last general treat, although every one else had finished so long ago that they were growing thirsty again—"don't be *too* sartain. Them detectives bunked at my shanty last night."

"The deuce they did!" cried the colonel. "Good the rest of us didn't know it."

"Well," said Weasel, moving his glass in graceful circles, to be sure that all the sugar dissolved, "I dunno. It's a respectable business, an' I wanted to have a good look at 'em."

"What's that got to do with Jim and Tarpaulin?" demanded the colonel, fiercely.

"Wait, and I'll tell you," replied Weasel, provokingly, taking a leisurely sip at his glass. "Jim come down to see 'em ——"

"What?" cried the colonel.

"An' told 'em he knew their man an' would help find him," continued Weasel. "They offered him the $1,000—"

"Oh, Lord! oh, Lord!" groaned the colonel: "who's a feller to trust in this world! The idee of Jim goin' back on a pardner fur a thousand! I wouldn't hev b'leeved he'd a-done it fur a million!"

"An' he told 'em he'd cram it down their throats if they mentioned it again."

"Bully! Hooray fur Jim!" shouted the colonel. "What'll yer take, fellers! Fill high! Here's Jim! the feller that b'leeves his friend's innercent!"

The colonel looked thoughtfully into his own glass, and remarked, as if to his own reflection therein, "Hain't many sich men here nur nowhars else," after which he drank the toast himself.

"But that don't explain what Tarpaulin went fur," said the colonel, suddenly.

"Yes, it does," said the exasperating Weasel, shutting his thin lips so tightly that it was hard to see where his mouth was.

"What?" cried the colonel. "'Twould take-a four-horse corkscrew to get anything out o' you, you dried-up little scoundrel!"

"Why!" replied Weasel, greatly pleased by the colonel's compliment, "after what you said about hair and beard hidin' a man, one of 'em fellers cut a card an' held it over the picture, so as to hide hair an' chin. The forehead an' face an' nose an' ears wuz Tarpaulin's, an' nobody else's."

"Lightn'ng's blazes!" roared the colonel. "Ha, ha, ha! why Tarpaulin hisself came into my shanty, an' looked at the pictur' an' talked to them 'bout it! Trot out yer glassware, barkeeper—*got* to drink to a feller that's ez cool ez all that!"

The boys drank with the colonel, but they were too severely astonished to enjoy the liquor particularly. In fact, old Bermuda, who had never taken anything but plain rye, drank three fingers of claret that day, and did not know of it until told.

The colonel's mind was unusually excited. It seemed to him there were a number of probabilities upon which to hang bets.

He walked outside, that his meditation might be undisturbed, but in an instant he was back, crying:

"Lady comin'!"

Shirt-sleeves and trowsers-legs were hurriedly rolled down, shirt-collars were buttoned, hats were dusted, and then each man went leisurely out, with the air of having

merely happened to leave the saloon—an air which imposed upon no disinterested observer.

Coming up the trail beside the creek were a middle-aged gentleman and a young lady, both on horseback.

The gentleman's dress and general style plainly indicated that he was not a miner, nor a storekeeper, nor a barkeeper, while it was equally evident that the lady was neither a washerwoman, a cook, nor a member of either of the very few professions which were open to ladies on the Pacific Coast in those days.

This much every miner quickly decided for himself; but after so deciding, each miner reached the uttermost extremity of his wits, and devoted himself to staring.

The couple reined up before the saloon, and the gentleman drew something small and black and square from his pocket.

"Gentlemen," said he, "we are looking for an old friend of ours, and have traced him to this camp. We scarcely know whether it would be any use to give his name, but here is his picture. Can any one remember having seen the person here?"

Every one looked toward Colonel Two, he being the man who had the most practical tongue in camp.

The colonel took the picture, and Weasel slipped up behind him and looked over his shoulder. The colonel looked at the picture, abruptly handed it back, looked at the young lady, and then gazed vacantly into space, and seemed very uncomfortable.

"Been here, but gone," said the colonel, at length.

"Where did he go, do you know?" asked the gentleman.

"Nobody knows—only been gone a day or two," replied the colonel.

The colonel had a well-developed heart, and, relying on what he considered the correct idea of Jim Hockson's mission, ventured to say:

"He'll be back in a day or two—left all his things."

Suddenly Weasel raised his diminutive voice, and said:

"The detec——"

The determined grip of the colonel's hand interrupted the communication which Weasel attempted to make, and the colonel hastily remarked:

"Ther's a feller gone fur him that's sure to find and fetch him back."

"Who—who is it?" asked the young lady, hesitatingly.

"Well, ma'am," said the colonel, "as yer father—I s'pose, leastways—said, 'tain't much use to give names in this part of the world, but the name he's goin' by is Jim Hockson."

The young lady screamed and fell.

Chapter IV.

"Whether to do it or not, is what bothers me," soliloquized Mr. Weasel, pacing meditatively in front of the saloon. "The old man offers me $2,000 to get Tarpaulin away from them fellers, and let him know where to meet him an' his daughter. And $2,000 is a pretty penny, an' bein' picked out by so smart a lookin' man is an honor big enough to set off agin' a few hundred dollars more. But, on t'other hand, if they catch him, they'll come back here, an' who knows but what they'll want the old man an' the girl as bad as they wanted Tarpaulin? A bird in the hand's worth two in the bush—better keep near the ones I got, I reckon. Here they come now!"

As Mr. Weasel concluded his dialogue with himself, Mr. Botayne and Millicent approached, in company with the colonel.

The colonel stopped just beyond the saloon, and said:

"Now, here's your best p'int—you kin see the hill-trail fur better'n five mile, an' the crick fur a mile an' a half. I'll jest hev a shed knocked together to keep the lady from the sun. An' keep a stiff upper lip, both of yer—trust Jim Hockson; nobody in the mines ever knowed him to fail."

Millicent shivered at the mention of Jim's name, and the colonel, unhappily ignorant of the cause of her agitation, tried to divert her mind from the chances of harm to Tarpaulin by growing eloquent in praise of Jim Hockson.

Suddenly the colonel himself started and grew pale. He quickly recovered himself, however, and, with the delicacy of a gentleman, walked rapidly away, as Millicent and her father looked in the direction from which the colonel's surprise came.

There, handcuffed, with beard and hair singed close, clothes torn, and face bleeding, walked Ethelbert Brown between the two detectives, while Jim Hockson, with head bowed and hands behind his back, followed a few yards behind.

Some one gave the word

JIM HOCKSON'S REVENGE.—"HE HELD IT UNDER THE LIGHT, AND EXAMINED IT CLOSELY." SEE PAGE 94.

at the saloon, and the boys hurried out, but the colonel pointed significantly toward the sorrowful couple, while with the other hand he pointed an ugly pistol, cocked, toward the saloon.

Millicent hurried from her father's side, and flung her arms about the sorry figure of her lover; and Jim Hockson, finding his pathway impeded, raised his eyes, and then blushed violently.

"Sorry for you, sir," said one of the detectives, touching his hat to Mr. Botayne, "but can't help being glad we got a day ahead of you."

"What amount of money will buy your prisoner?" demanded the unhappy father.

"Beg pardon, sir—very sorry, but—we'd be compounding felony in that case, you know," replied one of the officers, gazing with genuine pity on the weeping girl.

"Don't worry," whispered the colonel in Mr. Botayne's ear; "we'll clean out them two fellers, and let Tarpaulin loose again. *Ev'ry* fellow come here fur *somethin'*, durn it!" with which sympathizing expression the colonel again retired.

"I'll give you as much as the bank offers," said Mr. Botayne.

"Very sorry, sir; but can't," replied the detective. "We'd be just as bad then in the eyes of the law as before. Reward, $5,000, bank lose 25,000—30,000, in odd figures, is the least we could take. Even *that* wouldn't be reg'lar; but 'twould be a safe risk, seeing all the bank cares for's to get its money back."

Mr. Botayne groaned.

"We'll make it as pleasant as we can for you, sir," continued the detective, "if you and the lady'll go back on the ship with us. We'll give him the liberty of the ship as soon as we're well away from land. We'd consider it our duty to watch him, of course; but we'd try to do it so's not to give offense—we've *got* hearts, though we *are* in this business. Hope you can buy him clear when you get home, sir?"

"I've sacrificed everything to get here—I can never clear him," sighed Mr. Boytayne.

"*I* can!" exclaimed a clear, manly voice.

Millicent raised her eyes, and for the first time saw Jim Hockson.

She gave him a look in which astonishment, gratitude, and fear strove for the mastery, and he gave her a straightforward, honest, respectful look in return.

The two detectives dropped their lower jaws alarmingly, and raised their eyebrows to their hat-rims.

"The bank at San Francisco has an agent here," said Jim. "Colonel, won't you fetch him?"

The colonel took a lively double-quick, and soon returned with a business-looking man.

"Mr. Green," said Jim, "please tell me how much I have in your bank?"

The clerk looked over a small book he extracted from his pocket, and replied, briefly:

"Over 2,000 ounces."

"Please give these gentlemen a check, made whatever way they like it, for the equivalent of $30,000. I'll sign it," said Jim.

The clerk and one of the detectives retired to an adjacent hut, and soon called Jim. Jim joined them, and immediately he and the officer returned to the prisoner.

"It's all right, Maxley," said the officer; "let him go."

The officer removed the handcuffs, and Ethelbert Brown was free. His first motion was to seize Jim's hand.

"Hockson, tell me why you helped those detectives," said he.

"Revenge!" replied Jim.

"For what?" cried Brown, changing color.

"Gaining Millie Botayne's love," replied Jim.

Brown looked at Millicent, and read the story from her face.

He turned toward Jim a wondering look, and asked: "Then, why did you free me?"

"Because she loved you," said Jim, and then he walked quietly away.

Chapter V.

"Why, Miss Peekin!"

"It's a fact: Eben Javash, that went out better'n a year ago, hez got back, and he wuz at the next diggins an' heerd all about it. 'T seems the officers ketched Brown, an' Jim Hockson gave 'em $30,000 to pay them an' the bank too, and then they let him go. Might's well ha' kept his money, though, seein' Brown washed overboard on the way back."

"I ain't a bettin' man," said the deacon, "but I'd resk our white-faced cow that them $30,000 preached the greatest sermon ever heerd in Californy—ur in Crankett either."

Miss Peekin threw a withering glance at the deacon; it was good he was not on trial for heresy, with Miss Peekin for judge and jury. She continued:

"Eben says there was a fellow named Weasel that hid close by, an' heerd all 'twas said, and when he went to the rum-shop an' told the miners, they hooray'd for Jim ez ef they wuz mad. Just like them crazy fellers—they hain't no idee when money's wasted."

"The Lord waste all the money in the world that way!" devoutly exclaimed the deacon.

"An' that feller Weasel," continued Miss Peekin, giving the deacon's pet cat a vicious kick, "though he'd always ben economical, an' never set a bad example before by persuadin' folk to be intemprit, actilly drored a pistil, and fit with a feller they called Colonel Two—fit for the chance of askin' the crowd to drink to Jim Hockson, an' then went aroun' to all the diggings, tellin' about Jim, an' wastin' his money treatin' folks to drink good luck to Jim. Dis—graceful!"

"It's what *I'd* call a powerful conversion," remarked the deacon.

"But ther's more," said Miss Peekin, with a sigh, and yet with an air of importance befitting the bearer of wonderful tidings.

"What?' eagerly asked Mrs. Crankett.

"Jim's back," said Miss Peekin.

"Mercy on us!" cried Mrs. Crankett.

"The Lord bless and prosper him!" earnestly exclaimed the deacon.

"Well," said Miss Peekin, with a disgusted look, "I s'pose He will, from the looks o' things, fur Eben sez that when Weasel told the fellers how it all wuz, they went to work an' put gold-dust in a box fur Jim till ther wuz more than he giv fur Brown, an' fellers from all round's been sendin' him dust ever since. He's a mighty sight the richest man anywhere near this town."

"Good—bless the Lord!" said the deacon, with delight.

"Ye hain't heerd all of it, though," continued Miss Peekin, with a funereal countenance. "They're goin' to be married."

"Sakes alive!" gasped Mrs. Crankett.

"It's so," said Miss Peekin; "an' they say she sent for him, by way of the Isthmus, an' he come back that way. Bad enough to marry him, when poor Brown hain't been dead six months, but to *send* for him——"

"Wuz a real, noble, big-hearted, womanly thing to do," declared Mrs. Crankett, snatching off her spectacles; "an' I'd hev done it myself ef I'd been her."

The deacon gave his old wife an enthusiastic hug, upon seeing which Miss Peekin hastily departed with a severely-shocked expression of countenance, and a nose aspiring heavenward.

WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM AND THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

Among the instances of self-made men, whom it is the delight of Englishmen to honor, is William of Wykeham, the poor boy who rose by his merit in the church, then the only field where plebeian merit could rise, till he became Bishop of Winchester, and who merited the honor paid him, during the last five centuries, by his foundation of Winchester College, Oxford, a perfect nursery of distinguished men.

But our affair is less now with him and his labors than with the interesting meeting between this self-made man and a peasant boy, whose clear eye and intelligent face attracted his attention. Henry Chicheley, born in 1362, at Higham Ferrers, was one day tending his father's sheep, when the good bishop met him, and, attracted by his brightness, became his patron, taught him the sciences, especially architecture, of which he was so fond, and made him rector of St. Stephen's, Walbrook. From this position he rose by talent and merit, that justified the choice of William of Wykeham, till he at last became Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of England. The University of Oxford styles him "the golden candlestick of the English Church, the darling of the people, and the good father of his clergy."

CURIOUS FORMS OF OATH-TAKING.

Macmillan's *Magazine* gives an account of some curious forms of judicial oaths:

"When a Galla of Abyssinia sits down over a pit covered with a hide, imprecating that he may fall into a pit if he breaks his word, or when in our police courts we make a Chinaman swear by taking an earthen saucer and breaking it on the rail in front of the witness-box, signifying, as the interpreter then puts it in words, 'If you do not tell the truth your soul will be cracked like this saucer,' we have here two full oaths, of which the penalty, magical or religious, is shown in the pantomime before us.

"The rude natives of New Guinea swear by the sun, or by a certain mountain, or by a weapon, that the sun may burn them if they lie. The savages of the Brazilian forests raise the hand over the head or thrust it into their hair, or they will touch the points of their weapons.

"As to swearing by weapons, another graphic instance of its original meaning comes from Aracan, where the witness, swearing to speak the truth, takes in his hands a musket, a sword, a spear, a tiger's tusk, a crocodile's tooth, and a thunderbolt (that is, of course, a stone celt). The oath by the weapon not only lasted on through classic ages, but remained so common in Christendom that it was expressly forbidden by a synod. Even in the seventeenth century, to swear on a sword (like *Hamlet's* friend in the ghost scene) was still a legal oath at Holstein. As for holding up the hand to invoke the personal divine sky, the successor of this primitive gesture remains to this day among the chief acts in the solemn oaths of European nations.

"One of the accounts from New Guinea is, that the swearer, holding up an arrow, calls on Heaven to punish him if he lies; but by turning the arrow the other way the oath can be neutralized.

"An Abyssinian chief, who had sworn an oath he disliked, has been seen to scrape it off his tongue and spit it out. There are still places in Germany where the false witness reckons to escape the spiritual consequences of perjury by crooking one finger, to make it, I suppose, not a straight but a crooked oath; or he puts his left hand on his side to neutralize what the right hand is doing. Here is the idea of our 'over the left'; but, so far as I know, this has come down with us to mere schoolboy shuffling. Probably to this day there may be seen in Russian law courts in Siberia the oath on the bear's head. When an Ostayak is to be sworn, a bear's head is brought into court, and the man makes believe bite at it, calling on the bear to devour him in like manner if he does not tell the truth.

"Among the hill tribes of India a tiger's skin is sworn on in the same sense as the bear's head among the Ostayaks. Rivers again, which to the savage and barbarian are intelligent and personal divinities, are sworn by, in strong belief that their waters will punish him who takes their names in vain."

A QUEER FAMILY.

Lord Tweeddale, whose death was recently announced by cable, was born in 1787, and was thus thirteen when the Parliamentary union with Ireland took place, which now seems such a long time ago.

He succeeded his father when only seventeen, and entering the army, saw much service. He was aide-de-camp to Wellington, always fond of having young men of rank about him, in the Peninsula, and was wounded at Busaco in 1810.

It is only by such books as "Vanity Fair" that we realize what a link such a protracted life is between past and present. The man who died so recently got his wound five years before Becky "chaffed" Lady Bareacres at Brussels. In after years Lord Tweeddale was made a field marshal, and colonel of the Second Life Guards. He was not in private life a man of any particular merit. His temper was arbitrary, and as a father he did not shine.

He had a very large family—no less than thirteen children. The fourth daughter married the present Duke of Wellington, and was in former years well-known as the beautiful Lady Douro, to whom her father-in-law was so devoted. The youngest is the wife of Sir Robert Peel. Lord Tweeddale's eldest son, George, Earl of Gifford, married, in October, 1862, the mother of Lord Dufferin, and died within ten weeks of his marriage. This marriage was of the most romantic character. One of Lord Tweeddale's theories, which he carried into practice, was that a peer's eldest son could almost dispense with education, and thus it came about that Lord Gifford grew up most imperfectly educated. Becoming acquainted with Lord Dufferin, he was introduced to his mother, one of the gifted granddaughters of Sheridan, and began, in the accomplished society which surrounded her, to feel painfully conscious of his deficiencies. Aided and encouraged by her, the young man went to work, and soon made up for lost time; but meanwhile he conceived for his instructress the deepest devotion. Lady Dufferin, however, being many years his senior, persistently declined his repeated offers of marriage, but at length he fell into ill-health, and it became evident that his days on earth would be few. At his urgent entreaty, therefore, that he might see her bearing his name, Lady Dufferin at last consented to become Countess of Gifford. Ten weeks after Lady Gifford was again a widow.

From time to time rumors have been rife of a very unpleasant contingency threatening the present Marquis of Tweeddale. It has been stated that his father, when a very young man, formed a connection which amounted, under Scotch law, to a legal marriage, although at the time he was not in the least aware of the fact, and that at his death proceedings would be taken to prove that the children of this marriage are the rightful heirs, and, consequently, the present peer, and some, at least, of his brothers and sisters illegitimate—in fact, a case precisely similar to that on which Trollope has built his story of "Castle Richmond."

SOUTHERN SCENES.—PROFESSORS OF CHIN-MUSIC.

SOUTHERN SCENES.

Professors of Chin-music—The Snuff-dippers.

Of making many musical instruments—even as, in good old Solomon's time, of the making of multitudinous papyri—there is no end. Not a year passes in this inventive nation of ours without its brood of improved organs and pianos, reed and string machines, claiming indubitable advantages, and swelling the nomenclature of art with names curious, novel, and often of a quality to tax to the uttermost the vocalization of those disciples of music who will have to pronounce them.

Our engraving, however, indicates a sort of return to the primitive elements of sound. The art of "chin-music," as our artist found it practiced by the little black Gavroche of the South, requires no elaborate cultivation, no costly application of stops, pedals or keyboards. Nature herself, in her barest and humblest condition, supplies everything that is necessary.

While passing the markets or other crowded resorts of Jacksonville, in Florida, Mr. Becker was often beguiled to stop and listen to the execution of the professors of "chin-music." These are little, half-nude animals of the African race, and their music is of a sort that would be difficult for our less supple jaws to imitate. Doubtless it comes through tradition or inheritance, and has been previously used to enhance the rites and ceremonies of wild barbarians on the Gold Coast.

The small performer, after collecting his audience of gaping idlers, will open his mouth, at the same time causing the air to pass vocally over the cords of the larynx, and by striking the cheek and maxillary joint in a peculiar way, will emit a sound half explosive and half resonant. The note given by this natural drum is compared, for quality, to the cracking of a filbert under a hammer. At the same time it partakes of a vocal character, and has a perfect gamut of expression; so that a skilled professor can play with ease the popular and patriotic airs of the day.

Nothing can be more *naïf* than this music of the cheeks, which is as dry and crepitant in quality as the not dissimilarly made cry of the locust or the katydid. Sometimes two or more performers will travel as a chorus, outraging silence with their rolling fusillade of sputtering sound, in which the ear is half surprised to catch the likeness of some homely and well-known tune.

The young musician generally adds to his choir the "pat-foot" of the plantations, which comes down at every note in the dull stroke of the naked sole, as true to time as the *baton* of Strauss or Pasdeloup. The simplicity and energy of this unsophisticated orchestra are sure to win the good-will of the audience; and the musicians may rely upon taking up a collection sufficient to enable them to retire from the market

SOUTHERN SCENES.—SNUFF-DIPPERS.

with their black heads buried, according to their favorite sybaritism, in the juicy depths of a huge watermelon.

The pictures of Southern life drawn by Northern pens and pencils were generally treated by the lovers of the Rebellion as exaggerations. We give in this number a picture of the Snuff-dippers, drawn by a German officer on the staff of General Bragg.

Nothing can be more surprising than to see young women whose position would lead one to expect refinement, descending to so disgusting a practice as this snuff-dipping, in which the plea of cleansing the teeth is the sorry pretext for the desired use of the narcotic plant. This mode of using tobacco, in preference to chewing or smoking, seems peculiar to our Southern States, but might occasionally be cured by a full account of the mode in which snuff is prepared.

THE MALAY PIRATES AND THE HORNET.

E had been cruising for a fortnight off the Island of Sumatra, and one evening, the wind having lulled, and the current setting in strongly toward the shore, the captain determined to anchor with the "kedge." Accordingly the hands were turned up to shorten sail and bring the ship to an anchor. This was all effected in a few minutes, and the sloop of war *Hornet* swung round to her cable. All sail was then furled, and the watch called.

The *Hornet* carried eighteen guns, thirty-two pounders, and was manned with a crew of one hundred and twenty men, including officers, marines, and seamen, all told. When eight bells were struck at the end of the second dog-watch, my watch commenced, and I accordingly relieved the midshipman on duty. I paced the deck on the starboard side alone for some time, ruminating on things in general, till at length my mind, reverting to home matters, took a melancholy turn, which I could not succeed in shaking off.

Suddenly a thought struck me. Walking up and down on the port side of the quarter-deck, only separated from me by the gunroom and steerage hatchways, was the quartermaster of the watch, an old salt who had seen many climes and hard service in most of them. Besides, it was well known on board that Jack Bobstay had on board this ship, many, very many years ago, seen some rough work with pirates.

Bobstay was a character in many respects. He was about fifty-six years of age, and had been a petty officer for twenty-two years. In build he was short but very muscular, and with well-knit and hardened frame. His face was remarkably brown and bronzed by long exposure, and adorned with a fine, flowing beard. He was remarkable for his taciturnity, and seldom spoke to any one, even to his messmates, unless previously addressed.

"Quartermaster," said I, "is it true you were on board the *Hornet* when she was once nearly taken by pirates?"

"Yes, sir," he answered, "I was; but it was many years ago, and so many things have happened since that I almost forget the particulars; though for the matter o' that, some chaps aboard knows the year better nor I can tell it," he added, with a touch of irony.

I saw that he was in his usual uncommunicative humor; but I knew that, like all us poor mortals, Jack Bobstay had his weak point. This was a particular affection for a glass of grog without any water in it, and so I said:

"Do you think a glass of 'old Jamaica' would revive your recollection of the affair?"

He looked up quickly to see if I was joking, but finding I had spoken in earnest, a broad grin passed over his dark and regular features; he drew his hand across his mouth as if wiping his lips after a dram, and replied:

"Well, sir, since you are so very kind, I shouldn't wonder if it did rouse me up a bit, for this weather makes a man dry." Then, as if to prove satisfactorily to my mind that my offer had not bribed him, he added, "I don't mind telling you, sir, what took place, although it warn't much, but I hates spinning a long-winded 'cuffer.'"

"Will you have it now, or after the yarn?" said I.

"I thank you, sir," he rejoined quite affably, "if it's all the same to you, I shouldn't mind wetting my whistle at once."

Jack Bobstay, previously touching the rim of his hat with his forefinger and thumb, and with a polite "Here's luck," swallowed at a gulp a glass of Jamaica rum many degrees above proof without winking an eye, and returned me the glass, saying:

"Ah! that reminds me of old times in the West Indies, when we were after Gibbs."

I had evidently got the key to the old man's loquacity, and told him if he would let me have the benefit of his reminiscences in those waters another night, he should renew his acquaintance with the "old Jamaica."

We adjourned to the break of the poop, where we commanded a view of all around, and then I sat down, with the quartermaster standing by me till I desired him to be seated. He then began the following story, which is the recital of an incident that actually happened in the manner set forth:

Near this very Island of Sumatra, off which we are now lying, more than twenty-five years ago, the *Hornet* was making the best of her way to Canton. The sloop had never been there before, and it was determined by the wily old captain to make use of that circumstance. The pirates, whose depredations had been to a great extent suppressed by the ships of war, were again giving signs of renewed vigor, and fearful stories became current, and were published occasionally in the papers, of atrocities committed by these wretches on harmless native traders. A few months previous to our arrival they had actually dared to attack in open day, and carry by boarding, an American ship, whose crew they murdered, and then, after "looting" the vessel, scuttled and sank her.

Some friendly natives gave notice of the occurrence, and our cruisers had been striving to catch some of the marauders, but somehow were unsuccessful in their efforts, always arriving when too late. This impunity had increased the boldness of the pirates, and was calculated, if continued, to seriously impair our prestige. Their success in capturing the merchant ship was destined to be the ruin of two of the most formidable of these buccaneers.

Our captain, whom we will call "Tartar," was an old sea-dog of a fellow, just the man, without pity or mercy, to extirpate piracy and pirates. He was emphatically the right man in the right place. He determined to strike terror into the hearts of those villains, and to that end adopted a rather novel expedient. His ingenuity decided him on disguising the *Hornet* as a merchant ship, and thereby laying a plot to destroy the unsuspecting sea-robber. On leaving Bombay, where we stopped, the ship was painted black all over, gun-ports and all, and some alterations made in the leading of the stays and braces, which it would be needless to particularize. Suffice it to say that in a man-of-war they are not "led" as they are in the merchant service, and to a nautical eye would at once indicate the character of a ship. However, what was the most repellent to the feelings of an old

naval officer bred to the smartness and celerity of manœuvring habitual to the crew of a vessel of war, the men were instructed, on their arrival on the scene of action, to "make" and "shorten" sail, and to do all the duties in the manner of an under-manned merchant ship, or, as it is styled contemptuously, "Jordey fashion."

As my readers will doubtless perceive, this was all done to invite attack, and the commodore was eventually rewarded, although it cost him his peace of mind to see his command looking so unship-shape during the time he was thus dissembling the real character of the sloop. He made up for it afterward, however, as was attested by the well-worn condition of the cat-o'-nine-tails, frayed with flogging the crew into shape again.

The ship was kept under reefed topsails all night, so that she made but little progress; and he handled her purposely in so unseamanlike a way, that she was several weeks in making the Straits. There was one thing, however, the men were not allowed to forget, and that was their gunnery drill and musket and cutlass exercise. These drills were the order of the day. The great guns were not fired, but were kept run in and with the ports all lowered, so as more completely to carry out the deception practiced.

The old ship was like a muzzled bulldog, and could show her teeth at a moment's notice, for, the guns being loaded and double-shotted, all that had to be done when clearing for action was to trice up the ports, cast loose and run them out, and then show the metal the *Hornet* was made of. When pulling round the ship, it was almost painful to see the woebegone appearance presented by her, reminding one of an old coaster, or, as they are called out there, "country ships," with a crew of Lascars on board, rather than a trim and slashing man-of-war "buckra," manned with as fine a set of devil-may-care seamen as ever took the bounty and spent the money in a twenty-four hours' spree on shore.

When the ship began to run short of water, we sent the boats' crews to some wells on the coast where there was no chance of encountering any natives, and brought sufficient off in "breakers" and casks for our use. This was very tiresome work, and it took a long time to fill the water-tanks, but the old captain was not the man to give up anything in despair, and he determined to bag some pirates, if he waited, as he said, till half the crew were ill with scurvy for want of fresh meat. No boats from the shore were allowed to have any communication with the ship, so that our warlike character might not be suspected. Captain Tartar began to grow very savage, and used to walk up and down the decks at nights, sometimes for hours together, growling "like a bear with a sore head."

At length his perseverance was rewarded with success. One afternoon, about one o'clock, the men had just been "turned to" their usual employment, one division drilling at the cutlass exercise under the gunner's tuition, when the lookout-man reported two large crafts ahead. We were, as usual, under easy sail, and with the top-gallant-masts "housed" to prevent our going on too fast, although the weather was very fine, with a nice breeze blowing. The *Hornet* was lying close to the wind, and sailing at the rate of five knots an hour. We had seen several of these native craft before, and so at first nothing was thought of the matter. When their hulls were distinctly visible above the horizon, however, two points about them became apparent, showing that they were not ordinary traders. One was their unusual size and great spread of canvas, and the other the fact that they were sailing in company, and, as it seemed, with a certain regulated distance between them that gave evidence of a concerted plan.

The captain, who was taking his afternoon "siesta," was roused up and informed of these peculiarities.

"Eh, what?" growled he, on being awaked; "a pack of humbug!"

He came on deck, however, diving his arms into the sleeves of his old uniform frock-coat, and with the waist somewhere between his shoulders, and after scrutinizing the vessels for some time, exclaimed, with a preliminary grunt:

"Suspicious-looking craft. Mr. Ratline," calling the first lieutenant, "call the hands to quarters. No beat of drum, mind. Do the thing quietly." And turning to the gunner, "Mr. Quoin, open the magazines."

He then went on with his observation of the strangers, which were coming down before the wind with their huge mainsails spreading out on both sides to catch the favoring breeze. The same distance—about a cable's length, or one hundred and twenty fathoms—still separated them as when first sighted. Our men came crowding on deck and asking in whispers what it was all about. They were cautioned not to allow their heads to be seen above the rail, but the word was quickly passed among them that something likely to vary the tedious monotony of the cruise was about to take place.

The guns were now cast loose, the hatchways covered with gratings and tarpaulins, the men all assembled at their quarters, armed with cutlasses sharp as razors girt round their waists, balanced by bayonets on the other side, the muskets being piled up close at hand in rear of the ordnance; the captains and second captains of the guns had pistols in lieu of bayonets, while the powder-boys stood by with two leather hand-magazines, each containing two cartridges. A stillness that could be felt prevailed around after the first bustle of preparation was over; you might have heard a pin drop on the deck, for the most perfect discipline was there, coupled with the proverbial gallantry of the American sailor.

Of all grand sights, and the one to make a man's blood course with a more rapid flow through his veins, commend me to the gun-deck of a man-of-war when both broadsides are charged and all is ready for a salvo. It is a wonderful thing to think that at the one word "Fire!" given by the commanding officer, every one of those quiet, dull blocks of metal ranged along the deck on both sides with such precision, will belch forth a perfect storm of fire, and with their iron hail deal death and destruction to everything within range, even filling the ship itself from which they are discharged with the smoke caused by the ignition of the "villainous saltpetre."

So stood the crew of the *Hornet* at their quarters, every man meanwhile on the tip-toe of expectation and eager for the fray, if fray there was to be. The captain, who had not taken the glass from his eye for about five minutes, at length removed that instrument with a long-drawn sigh, or rather snort of exultation, and exclaimed, "Thought so, Ratline—got the vermin at last! Prime!" he shouted out, and in a second the vents of the cannon were "primed" with their "detonating tubes," and the respective captains of the guns retired to the full length of the trigger-lines, "leaning well over on the right side, and keeping the left foot clear of the recoil," as the drill-book says.

It was now evident what had satisfied old Tartar's mind as to the character of the approaching craft. In a few minutes was visible to the naked eye a stout hawser made fast between the two ships, which they proposed to bind, as it were, round our ship's bows, by this means bringing themselves one on each of our broadsides, and then boarding and capturing us, with the after intention, no doubt, of cutting all our throats. There was no doubt that they were really pirates, and at length the long-wished-for hour had arrived. Deluded wretches! they had fallen into the trap set for them, and taken us for a peaceful merchantman.

The captain now retired aft and stood on the ladder

leading up to the poop, with his arm resting on the rail and holding his glass. He glared savagely at the vessels so quickly approaching their doom with his one eye, and deigned to glance along his noble ship and the well-trained crew with a stern grin, intended for a smile of approval.

The enemy was close to us now, and the sable crews were swarming along their black sides, exulting over their anticipated prey; but their exultation was destined to be short-lived, and their shouts of triumph choked in their very throats by the death-rattle.

The hawser, which had been made "taut," skimmed the water like a line, and all attempt at deception on their part ceased. As it almost touched our bows, the two piratical craft closed in, swinging their sterns round so as to grapple with us, their bows by the manœuvre being brought round so as to head the same way as ourselves. They had gone now too far to recede, and as they were lowering away their vast sails, our opportunity, if we wished to avoid a hand-to-hand struggle with four times our number on our own decks, had arrived. Their yells and clashing of arms filled the air with clamor, and were, doubtless, intended to strike terror into our hearts.

But they had counted without their host. The commodore marked the conjuncture, and thundered out in his deep voice, that rose above all the din, clear as a trumpet-call:

"Trice up—run out!"

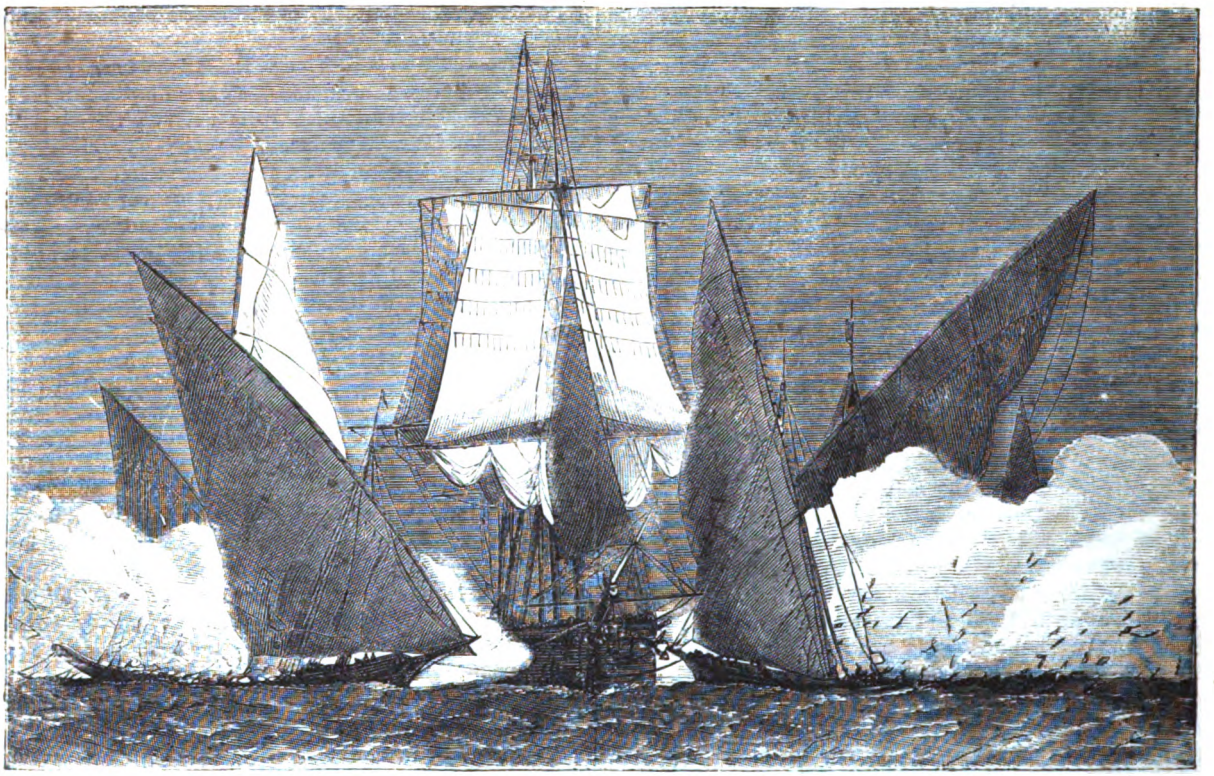
The former order applied to the ports, which had been fitted purposely so as to trice up with a single lanyard, the latter to the guns, which now, quick as lightning, showed their grim muzzles protruding ominously from the open casements. So sudden and unexpected was the movement, that our would-be murderers were struck dumb.

For a second of time there was a death-like stillness, all the more awful from the contrast with the uproar previously prevailing—but only for a second. The guns had been all laid "point blank," and as the big hulls of the pirate ships, crowded as they were with their murderous freight, came within about a dozen yards of the sloop-of-war, the old captain raised his right hand high in the air, and with a stentorian voice gave the order:

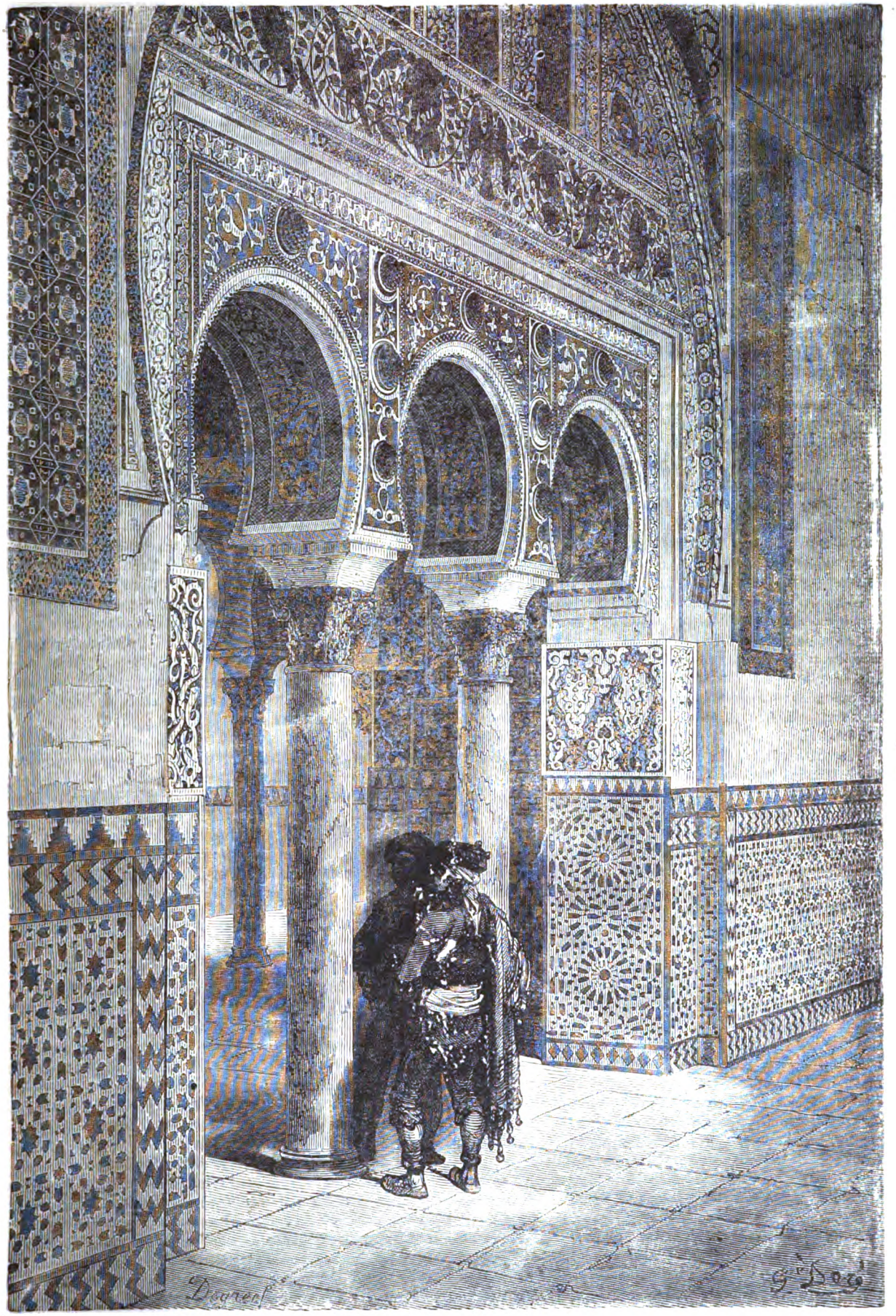
"Fire!"

As that word left his lips a deafening roar was heard, a row of brilliant flashes leaped simultaneously from out the black throats of the cannon, and a canopy of sulphurous smoke hung over the scene like a pall, shrouding the tall spars, and even the guns' crews from each other. The *Hornet* shook and trembled in the water with the mighty concussion like a tower when rocked to its base by an earthquake, and then we all peered anxiously and curiously through the portholes to ascertain the effect of the concentrated fire of our broadside.

For a brief space of time the smoke prevented our seeing clearly, but at length it sufficiently cleared off to enable us to see—what? Why, nothing! Nothing was visible. But I mistake. When I say nothing was to be seen, I mean no ship was there. On the port side a masthead was just disappearing beneath the smooth surface of the quiet sea, and a little pennon, descending lower and lower, was fluttering gently in the breeze. As this touched the water's edge, it gave one feeble flicker like a spent oil-lamp, and then, with a farewell quiver upward, was gone. Both these "terrors of the sea" foundered in deep water, but where were the pirates who whilom manned them? Crowds of these wretches were struggling and striking out in all directions, and as many as could be saved from drowning we picked up with our boats, which were quickly lowered away for the purpose. But of six hundred men who composed their total number, as we afterward found out, forty-three only were saved. Some few of these rescued were wounded, but the majority of them, mangled by shot and splinters, went down in the ill-fated vessels, and their bones are, doubtless, now whitening some ocean cavern.



THE MALAY PIRATES.—"A DEAFENING ROAR WAS HEARD, AND A ROW OF BRILLIANT FLASHES LEAPED SIMULTANEOUSLY FROM OUT THE BLACK THROATS OF THE CANNON."—SEE PAGE 102.



A MOORISH ARCADE IN THE ALCAZAR OF SEVILLE, SPAIN.— SEE NEXT PAGE.

Our success had been complete, even more so than the most sanguine of us had expected, and the "dodge" of the hawser had effectually consummated their destruction. The guns had been all double-shotted, hence the fearful efficacy of our fire; and as they recoiled after the discharge, notwithstanding the compressors had been "hove taut," half the breechings were carried away. The seamen, at first awed at such wholesale slaughter, cheered lustily, the first time they had given vent to their feelings, the commodore leading the hurrahs. "Splice the mainbrace!" was the welcome boatswain's pipe, and all hands had an extra glass of grog. The guns were then secured, new breechings fitted, and all sail made on the ship, and the course altered for our destination.

The pirates were subsequently executed, but one of the chiefs, who died of his wounds on the passage, ere death closed his eyes, told the whole history of the capture of the unfortunate crew, disclosing a shocking tale of barbarity.

"That's all the yarn, sir," said Jack Bobstay.

"Well, quartermaster, I think they rather found a Hornet's nest."

A MOORISH ARCADE IN THE ALCAZAR OF SEVILLE, SPAIN.

THE Alcazar of Seville is a palace, built in the eleventh century, but which has undergone many changes. It was completely restored by Don Pedro El Cruel, by whom the beautiful frontage was built, as an inscription in Spanish bears record—this is written in Gothic letters, and round the upper portion of the façade. The workmen employed were Moorish, having been borrowed from King Yusuf I., of Granada, who had just completed the Alhambra. The principal *patio* is splendid; one feels it almost impossible to realize the scene that surrounds one—the brilliant coloring, the delicate lace-like work; the minute patterns, all so perfectly executed; the immense time it has remained, many portions untouched for five centuries—all render it marvelous to behold.

The apartments, as in all modern as well as ancient Spanish palaces, surround the *patios*. In the one leading from that called the Hall of the Ambassadors, we were shown the spot, stained, it is said, with blood, where Don Pedro is said to have murdered his half-brother, Don Fadrique, from jealousy, because he suspected him of being in love with his queen, Blanche of Bourbon; and he caused her to be cruelly murdered at Chiclana, not far from Cadiz, in 1361. Fadrique's death was amply avenged by his own brother, Henry of Transtamare; these two brothers were the sons of Alonzo XI. and Leonora de Guzman—but all this is history, and too well known to need recording here.

The Patio de las Doncellas is very magnificent; it is so called from having been the court where the Moorish kings caused the virgins, always a hundred in number, to pass before them, being the yearly tribute imposed on their vassals, till Alphonso, surnamed the Chaste, delivered them from this thralldom.

The Patio de los Muñecas, or Court of the Dolls, is exquisitely delicate in its decorations; the slender marble columns, the lacework arches, are so fine and pure-looking, it seems impossible to believe that all this fairy-looking building is of a substance as hard and durable as stone. Above the first is a second tier of pillars, and again another range of arches. The lower part is very ancient; the upper part was added in the time of Ferdinand and Isabella.

But it is impossible to give a description of this Moorish architecture and do it justice; it is so elegant in its design, so intricate in its patterns, and so minute, that it is unlike anything we ever saw before. The lower portion of the vestibules and floorings are of azulejos, the difference between the ancient and modern tiles being that the former were worked out with their patterns in mosaic and raised work, whilst the latter are in square or long pieces, and the pattern and coloring stamped on them; thus the one is very easily distinguished from the other.

On the upper story is a little chapel, erected by the desire of Isabella the Catholic. The altar is entirely of azulejos, representing the Annunciation and Visitation of the Virgin, and the initials of Ferdinand and Isabella with the Tanto Monta, meaning *Tanto Monta Isabel como Fernando;* that is, the queen was equal to the king, and they shared all honors alike.

Beyond this chapel is the Cuarto del Principe, a magnificent Moorish apartment; further on, after passing several ordinary rooms, is the bedroom of Don Pedro, from whence, through a private door, he had access to the apartment of Maria Padilla, the only being who ever exercised the smallest influence over him, so far as making him occasionally human (one can scarcely say humane). Her gentle nature, her real love for this brutal man, enabled her to mold him at times to her will, and that will was always exerted for some good purpose. It is said that she knew of, and by offering no opposition tacitly sanctioned, the murder of the unfortunate and innocent queen; but that is not so, and none deplored the horrible deed more than the king's mistress.

In the gardens—magnificent as they are, still only the reflection of bygone grandeur and beauty—is the long bath used by Maria Padilla; formerly it was that of the sultanas. It is now walled up on either side; then it was bordered with orange-trees. Here the real queen of the Alcazar received her king and court, whilst in the enjoyment of her bath. There are some orange-trees of enormous size and age in the gardens, one which existed in Maria's time, and which is now laden with its golden fruit. Myrtle-trees abound; they line the paths, and in some places are formed into hedges, and so trained and at such a height that a perfect maze exists of them.

There are fountains in all directions; one plays along the terrace fronting the bath, and up two side walks, causing an extremely pretty effect. Summer-houses are studded about; one is built entirely of magnificent azulejos, by Charles V., and is the principal one in the gardens. Charles V. was married, at the Alcazar, to Isabel of Portugal, in 1526, and it was on this occasion that the emperor granted freedom to his royal prisoner, Francis I. of France, who, since the battle of Pavia, had been kept at Madrid.

One of the large basins here has an anecdote attached to it in connection with Don Pedro. He was one day in great perplexity as to the choice of a judge who should decide a very important matter then in agitation; and, walking up and down near this water, he picked up an orange, cut it in two, and, throwing half away, threw the other half into it, the cut side downward. Then the king sent for one of the judges, and asked him what was in the water. He replied it was an orange. The king, vexed, dismissed him, and sent for another, and so on for several more, each having given the same answer. At last one, before answering, took the branch of a tree and drew the orange toward him, took it out, and said it was "half an orange," upon which the king at once appointed him judge over the pending matter.

Nothing is more delightful than sitting, during the heat of the day, beneath the shade of these almost forest-trees. We made friends with the old man who keeps the rusty keys of the rusty lock that prevents the mob from intruding, and many an hour have we passed, lazily dreaming of those great, grand old bygone times we may read of, but which will never come again. We have surely lived two or three centuries too late for real enjoyment of life, or—too soon.

CLEOPATRA DYING.

By General Lytle.

Sinks the sun below the desert,
Golden glows the sluggish Nile;
Purple flame crowns spring and temple,
Lights up every ancient pile
Where the old gods now are sleeping.
Isis, and Osiris great,
Guard me, help me, give me courage
Like a queen to meet my fate!

"I am dying, Egypt, dying!"
Let the Cæsar's army come—
I will cheat him of his glory,
Though beyond the Styx I roam.
Shall he drag this beauty with him
While the crowd his triumph sings?
No, no, never! I will show him
What lies in the blood of kings.

Though he hold the golden sceptre,
Rule the Pharaoh's sunny land,
Where old Nilus rolls resistless,
Through the sweeps of silvery sand—
He shall never say I met him
Fawning, abject, like a slave;
I will foil him, though to do it
I must cross the Stygian wave.

Oh, my hero, sleeping, sleeping—
Shall I meet you on the shore
Of Plutonian shadows? Shall we
In death meet and love once more?
See, I follow in your footsteps,
Scorn the Cæsar and his might;
For your love I will leap boldly
Into realms of death and night.

Down below the desert sinking
Fades Apollo's brilliant car,
And from out the distant azure,
Breaks the bright gleam of a star;
Venus, queen of love and beauty,
Welcomes me to death's embrace;
Dying—free, proud, and triumphant,
The last sovereign of my race.

Dying! dying! I am coming,
Oh, my hero, to your arms;
You will welcome me, I know it—
Guard me from all rude alarms.
Hark! I hear the legions coming,
Hear their cries of triumph swell;
But, proud Cæsar, dead I scorn you,
Egypt—Antony—farewell!

JOHN, Sr., AND JOHN, Jr.

"Pack your traps, and go aboard, boy. That will bring you round, if anything will. Excitement and change will do the work, I'll be bound."

This practical bit of advice fell from the lips of John Harrington, Sr., as he walked home arm-in-arm with his son, John, Jr.

"I'd go with you myself," he continued. "Should really enjoy the trip, under other circumstances; and if you send me word you're better—that is to say, have got back some of your old spirits and enthusiasm—why, I'll meet you on the other side, and we'll have a little spree on our own hook. Father and son on a spree—eh? Well, 'twon't be the first one, by a good many, will it? There ain't so much difference in our ages as folks seem to think."

"But why won't you go with me, father? I should like it, above all things," urged John, Jr. "There's nothing in the world to hinder. We are poor dogs, father, that's a fact; no home, no families, no——"

"Stop right where you are, my son—right where you are! I have listened lately to all you have had to say, because, under the shadow of a great grief, my heart aches for you, and because I know that equilibrium would be soonest restored by such means. Call *yourself* a poor dog, Jack, if the comparison pleases you; but don't poor cur me. I should like to have a nice little woman to sit at the head of my table, and come down to the door to meet me when I return from business, as well as the next man. Why, bless your soul, stupid! I have only just turned into the forties, and a fellow don't know what he does want much before that time."

John smiled—it was a dubious, ghastly sort of an affair—and said:

"But what has all this to do with our going abroad? I should like to start at once, if you can make arrangements to do so."

"There is no reason why you shouldn't sail to-morrow at twelve, if it so suits you, and I wish you would. But my reasons for not accompanying you are obvious. You need *entire* change, and if you have me constantly at your elbow, you will scarcely be able to forget, or bridge over"—as the young man winced perceptibly at mention of the word *forget*—"the past. When you begin to feel real jolly—unmistakably jolly—send me a cable dispatch, and I'll agree to start the same day, if I can find a steamer."

"Jolly?" repeated John, Jr., in a tone of sad unbelief. "Why, father, you don't know what you are talking about. It is now almost two years since Ella and my darling babies were taken away from me, and I have never known a moment of peace since, to say nothing of happiness."

"And yet, John," interrupted his father—"excuse me if I touch a sore spot—it seems to me the circumstances warrant it—as I review your short domestic life, it does not appear to me that a man fond of home, and the comforts of home, could find much in yours he would desire to perpetuate. My thoughts of Ella are most kindly; but the mere fact of her passing into another state of existence has not made a saint of her in my eyes. I was glad when the end came—for her sake as well as yours. She'll have a better chance now, poor girl."

John, Jr.'s eyes were wide open with amazement, while his father continued:

"I should have spoken in this manner at the time, John. I have been aware of my error all along. As for the babies, poor, dear little, suffering darlings, you have abundant reason for rejoicing that they were taken away. If ever I said, 'Blessed be the name of the Lord' with my whole heart, it was on that occasion. If you ever marry again, John, be sure——"

"Marry again!" interrupted his companion—this time with considerable disdain apparent in his voice and manner, which evidently afforded John, Sr., unfeigned delight, for he threw his head back, and laughed heartily.

"I wouldn't marry—I wouldn't marry——" John, Jr. was floundering about for language strong enough to express his utter contempt for the marriage relation.

"You won't marry," put in his companion, "till you find somebody that just fills your bill! Neither shall I; and I'll venture to predict, my dear boy, that the next time you won't make a fool of yourself."

This was strong language, and both Johns knew it; and yet both were thoroughly aware that nothing but the literal truth had been spoken.

"Look upon the past as your school, in which you were compelled to learn a mighty tough lesson, and upon the present as your opportunity," continued the elder. "Now,

"NOW, PONTO, IF YOU DON'T DO WHAT I TELL YOU, YOU'LL TASTE THAT WHIP ANOTHER WAY."

pack up your traps, and be off with you, and make up your mind that a little common sense is better than all the morbid sentiment in the world."

The above conversation explains itself.

These two Johns were widowers, without family, rich, well connected, and much sought after. The younger had married a very young and very vain girl—of delicate and aristocratic parentage—who had but one thought, and that one—dress. This inordinate vanity, strangely enough, did not show itself to John until after marriage, and the waking up from his dream of love and perfect congeniality was a terrible one. Her husband's comfort was nothing to her. How she could best secure the admiration of others was her only study.

Two children were born to them, and poor John tried to believe that the motherhood of the woman would be her salvation.

Not so. Disregarding all advice, she finally put a stop to her earthly career by the effect of a series of colds brought on by dissipation. The little ones soon followed.

John had mourned them bitterly, and, with the sensitiveness of a noble nature, had never ceased to reproach himself that he had not pursued a different course in the management of his domestic affairs.

Two years had almost passed, and for the first time since the sad events, John, Sr., had honestly spoken his thoughts, with what effect the reader is aware.

A few days after, John, Jr., took passage in a French steamer, to the great delight of his father, who knew that he would return to his native shores a wiser and a better man.

Six months elapsed, during which time John, Sr., was very lonely, and had almost decided a number of times to join his son abroad, without waiting for the intelligence he had insisted on at parting. One day he received the following communication:

ROME, ——— —, —.

"DEAR FATHER—The best thing you can do is to make arrangements to join me here as soon as you can. I cannot say that I am really jolly; but I am *content*. Won't that do? I remain

"Your loving son, JOHN."

"Yes, sir," said John, Sr., as he folded the letter, and tucked it in his pocket. "That will do. If that scamp isn't in love, then I'm not familiar with the symptoms. Content!

There's an indescribable romance about that word to me, and there always was."

The very next steamer outward-bound had for one of its passengers John Harrington, Sr. and, after a few weeks of propitious travel, the two gentlemen joined hands in Rome.

"How do you manage to amuse yourself, John?" the elder inquired, the next morning at breakfast. "I suppose you have done all the cathedrals, statuary, paintings, etc., etc., etc. How do you spend your evenings?"

"Oh, I have found a few friends, of course," replied John, Jr., nonchalantly. "The society is very good here at present."

That evening Harrington the elder was formally introduced to Mrs. and Miss Claxton, artists, born and bred New Yorkers, who had been studying in Rome for more than a year.

Mrs. Claxton was a widow of thirty-six or seven, who really did not look a day over thirty, unusually prepossessing in manner and appearance, vivacious, and, at the same time, thoroughly polished and dignified. She had been left in poverty by a reckless husband, and had managed by the sale of a few articles of value — hers before her marriage — to thus make the most of her own and her daughter's artistic talent. Fanny Claxton was eighteen, and the very image of her mother. Everybody called her beautiful, and for once everybody was correct. Fanny was an enthusiastic lover of her art, and had made astonishing progress in her studies, and to this little haven of rest and recreation, John, Jr., was accustomed to come whenever he felt so disposed, which was not infrequently.

"Here is the charm," thought the elder. "It's a queer thing, though, how things are managed in this world. That boy had to have an awful domestic experience, had to come out of it almost crushed, and, finally, was obliged to come to Rome to find a woman suited to him. He's a lucky dog, this time, anyway."

Miss Claxton seemed strangely attracted to John, Sr. From the moment of their introduction, she had metaphorically snuggled right down under this gentleman's wing; indeed, after two or three weeks had passed, the young lady spent most of her leisure with him, Mrs. Claxton looking on with silent pleasure.

John, Jr., grew moody and sometimes refused to accompany his father on his visits, and affairs became so inextricably muddled, that both father and son were in a state of great perplexity. John, Sr., wished from the very bottom of his loyal heart that Fanny would not show him so much attention, for he had decided to offer himself to the widow, and he was perfectly aware that the girl had no feeling for him but that of friendship.

In this way a strange and unpleasant barrier was erected between father and son. The situation had become almost unbearable, when, one evening, John, Sr. found an opportunity of conversing alone with the young widow.

She had been for some time in delicate health, and the kind heart of the man had been sorely troubled in consequence.

JOHN, SR., AND JOHN, JR.—"'I AM SOMETHING OF A PHYSICIAN, MRS. CLAXTON,' SAID HE, AS HE SAT IN A CHAIR BESIDE THE LOUNGE ON WHICH SHE RECLINED.'"—SEE PAGE 107.

"I am something of a physician, Mrs. Claxton," said he, on this occasion, as he sat in a chair beside the lounge on which she reclined. "I suppose you were not aware of that?"

"No, I was not," she replied, with a smile. "Would you like to prescribe for me?"

"A diagnosis is first in order," he answered. "In the first place, you are worrying yourself constantly with details —your responsibilities are more than you can bear."

"Well?" said she, sadly.

"Well," he repeated, after a moment's silence, "why will

you not give me the power to act as your business manager and attorney ?"

"You, Mr. Harrington ?" she asked, without looking up. "What do you mean ?"

"This only, my dear little woman : I want you to be my wife. I have wanted you ever since the first moment I entered your presence. I'm a pretty good sort of a fellow, and have all the money that we shall need."

Her answer was a burst of tears; but they were tears of joy, for the next moment her head— But, what nonsense; never mind the rest.

That night, as he entered his son's room, he was thus accosted by John, Jr.:

"Father, I start for home to-morrow."

"The deuce you do !" said John, Sr., with a shrug of his handsome shoulders. "What's that for ?"

"Oh, nothing ; only I'm tired of this."

"But I say, John, stay to the wedding, won't you ?"

"Whose wedding, father ?"

And John Jr.'s face hadn't a particle of color in it.

"Mine, you gander ! The nicest little woman in the world has promised to make me the happiest man in the world next week."

"I needn't ask who the little woman is !" said his son, walking to the window.

"No ; I will tell you without asking, you donkey. It is —Mrs. Claxton !"

Of course there was a scene, and you can guess the rest.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN AND HIS SON IN THE REVOLUTION.

Some twenty years since, Rev. Dr. Hawks, rector of Calvary Church, New York, was appointed historian to the Protestant Episcopal Church in this country by the General Convention of the Church. In his official capacity Dr. Hawks had access to the papers of the deceased Bishops of the Church ; and in the journal or diary of Bishop White, of Pennsylvania, he found the following bit of curious private history, which the Hartford *Courant* publishes, he having imparted it to a resident of that city :

The good Bishop, while on a visitation, not long after the close of the Revolutionarw War, stopped at a tavern in a remote country parish. About midnight he was awakened by a loud and excited conversation in the next room, which was separated from his by a thin board partition. Not wishing to overhear a private conversation, the Bishop contrived to inform his neighbors of his presence.

The voices sank into a whisper, but soon broke out again under violent excitement. The Bishop coughed again, but was obliged to listen to a family quarrel, the cause and substance of which was in effect as follows :

The parties in dispute were father and son, and both were large real estate holders. It appeared that on the breaking out of the Revolutionary War, the two had deeded each other all the property standing in his name, with the understanding that the deeds were to be surrendered at the close of the war. The son was to go to England as a royalist, the father to remain and support the popular cause ; in this way, each hoping to escape loss. The war had now been closed for some time. The son had returned from England, where he had received a royal grant of land for his loyalty, and had met his father by appointment to demand the restitution of the property as agreed. The father, who was a prudent man, concluded to keep the property, and hence the quarrel. The next morning Bishop White asked the landlord of the hotel the names of the two gentlemen, and was informed that they were Benjamin Franklin and his son !

MY LION HUNTS.

I have twice in my life been lion-hunting.

The first time I was encamped among the Beni Menasseur. At nightfall the Caid of the tribe and some Kabyles came to sit by our bivouac-fire, to talk and chat.

The moon was going down, and the black mass of the neighboring mountain loomed darkly in the gathering gloom, when we heard a terrible roar. The horses shivered as they stood ; our dogs dropped their tails and crouched down. "God defend us !" said the Caid.

After a moment's silence, while every ear was strained to hear, the Caid motioned to throw on more fuel.

"The lion dreads fire."

"What is he doing ?" I asked.

"He is reconnoitring. If the prospect pleases him, and he finds a lair to suit, he will roar three times."

Then came another roar, louder than the first, and as it died away, a terrible mewing followed.

"It is an old lion, with a young lioness," said the Caid.

"How do you know ?"

"If scarcely full-grown, his roar is in E ; but the full-grown roars, OO ; while an old lioness is silent, the young one has that fearful feline mew.

The third roar soon came. They were quartered for the night. We resolved to give them chase in the morning. At daybreak the old Kabyle, with some men, struck the trail, showing a monstrous beast, indeed, with a young, frisky comrade.

The trail led us down a ravine. Here we divided into two parties, one to attack each beast—some of the lion-hunters taking high ground, as a lion never will take flight downward, and will always endeavor to escape, if there is a chance ; while a lioness always flies at her assailants, and is really more feared than her lord, The lioness-hunters were in advance, crouched down ; the others behind. Then, at a signal from the Caid, they raised the haïhaïa, a concert such as human ears never met before—each Kabyle yelling his own remarks to the pair :

"Oh, the Jew !" "The coward ; he dare not come out." "You're no lion ; you're an ox." "Bring out your strumpet." "Thief !" "Highwayman !" "Dog !"

But not a bush moved, and it was now eleven o'clock, and the sun was roasting us. All despaired at last of seeing the lion, supposing that he had slunk off, despising man, the Arabs say, because, from Adam down, men are liars, and our first father lied to God.

The haïhaïa was, however, kept up, and suddenly a terrible roar resounded above us. We raised our heads, and beheld the lion, erect on a rock, standing out like a statue from the blue sky beyond.

El Sid (the Lord), as the Arabs called him, looked calmly down on us, asking himself, perhaps, what we were making such a noise about.

All was now silent, and each Kabyle took aim. Their wretched guns were not true, and the balls crashed against the rock, or cut away bushes. Amid all this rattle of musketry, the lion did not move a muscle.

I had an excellent rifle.

"Look," said I to the Caid ; "look where my ball goes."

Crack ! went my rifle, but he did not budge.

"You grazed the rock, and the lion must have been struck by splinters."

While I was reloading, the lordly animal, with another roar, turned, as if to bid us adieu, and, with his usual slow step, disappeared. We climbed up to continue the chase, but he was gone.

"He despises us," said I to the old Caid.

"Yes," he replied ; "and all for Adam's fault."

THE PRINCE OF LEAVES.

A Fairy Story.

N one of those parts of the world, commonly called Fairyland, there formerly reigned a king, so renowned for his rare qualities that he attracted the esteem and admiration of all the princes of his time. He had many years past lost his wife, the queen, who had never brought him a son; but he had ceased to desire one since the birth of a daughter of such marvelous beauty that, from the moment she was born, he lavished all his affection and tenderness upon her. She was named Ravissante by a fairy, a near relative of the queen, who predicted that the wit and the charms of the young princess would surpass all that had ever before been known or even could be expected from her present beauty; but she added to this agreeable prediction that the perfect felicity of the princess would depend entirely on her heart remaining faithful to its first love. In such a case, who can feel assured of a happy destiny?

The king, who desired nothing so much as the happiness of Ravissante, heartily wished that it had been attached to any other condition—but we cannot command our own fates. He begged the fairy a thousand times to bestow on the young Ravissante the gift of constancy, as he had seen her give to others the gift of intelligence and beauty. But the fairy, who was sufficiently wise not to deceive him respecting the extent of her power, frankly informed the king that it did not extend to the qualities of the heart. She, however, promised to use her utmost endeavor to impress the young princess with the sentiments that would be likely to insure her happiness.

Upon the faith of this promise, the king confided Ravissante to her care from the time she attained her fifth year, preferring to deprive himself of the pleasure of seeing her rather than run any risk of marring her fortune.

The fairy therefore carried off the little princess, who was very soon consoled for leaving the court of her father by the delight and novelty of passing through the air in a brilliant little car.

On the fourth day after her departure, the flying car stopped in the middle of the sea upon a rock of prodigious size; it was one entire shining stone, the color of which was exactly that of the sky. The fairy remarked with pleasure that the young Ravissante was enchanted with this color, and she drew from it a happy omen for the future, as it was the color which signifies fidelity.

Shortly after they had landed on it, the fairy touched the rock with a golden wand which she held in her hand. The rock immediately opened, and Ravissante found herself with the fairy in the most beautiful palace in the world; the walls were of the same material as the rock, and the same color prevailed in all the paintings and furniture, but it was so ingeniously mixed with gold and precious stones, that, far from wearying the eye, it equally pleased in all.

The young Ravissante dwelt in this agreeable palace with several beautiful maidens, whom the fairy had transported from various countries to attend on and amuse the princess, and she passed her infancy in the enjoyment of every pleasure suited to her age.

When she had attained her fourteenth year, the fairy again consulted the stars, in order to learn precisely when the heart of Ravissante would be touched with a passion which pleases even more than it alarms, however formidable it may appear to some; and she read distinctly in the stars that the fatal time approached when the destiny of the young princess would be fulfilled.

The fairy had a nephew who was indescribably dear to her; he was of the same age as Ravissante, born on the same day and at the same hour. She had found, in consulting the stars also for him, that they promised him the same fate as the princess—that is to say, perfect happiness, provided he possessed a fidelity which nothing could vanquish.

The fairy, therefore, transported the prince, who was named Ariston, to the same rock which served both as palace and prison for the beautiful Ravissante. He there found her amusing herself with the young maidens of her court, by weaving garlands of flowers in a forest of blue hyacinths, where they were then walking; for the fairy, in bestowing on the rock the power of producing plants and trees, had limited the color of them to that of the rock itself.

She had already, some time since, apprised the princess that the Prince Ariston would soon visit the island, and she had added, in speaking of the prince, everything that she thought likely to prejudice her in his favor; but she deceived herself this time; and on the arrival of Ariston she observed nothing of that emotion or surprise which is the usual presage of a tender passion.

As for the prince, his sentiments were in perfect accordance with the wishes of the fairy; he became passionately in love from the moment he first set eyes on Ravissante. The princess received his attentions with indifference, and did not appear in the least touched by them. The fairy remarked it; and felt a grief which was only surpassed by that of the prince.

Ariston began to despair of the success of his passion; but he was too speedily obliged to confess that this very time, which he complained of so justly, and in which he felt so keenly the hopelessness of his love, had, notwithstanding, been the most happy period of his life.

A year after his arrival on the island, he celebrated the return of that memorable day on which he had first beheld Ravissante.

The *fête* continued, and Prince Ariston had at least the pleasure of engrossing the leisure of the princess, if he could not occupy her heart. But he was deprived even of this gratification by a surprising spectacle which appeared far out at sea, and attracted the curiosity and attention of Ravissante and of all the court.

The object approached, and they distinguished that it was an arbor formed of interlaced myrtle and laurel branches, closed on all sides, and propelled with great rapidity by an infinite number of winged fish. This sight was the more novel to Ravissante as she had never before seen anything of the color of this arbor.

The fairy, having foreseen that it would cause some misfortune to her nephew, had absolutely banished it from her island.

The princess watched for the approach of the strange object with an impatience which appeared to Ariston a bad omen for his love. She had not long to wait, for the winged fish brought the arbor in a few moments to the foot of the rock, and the attention of the princess and of all the court was redoubled.

The arbor opened, and out of it came a young man of marvelous beauty, who appeared about sixteen or seventeen years of age. He was clothed in branches of myrtle, curiously interlaced, with a scarf composed of various-colored roses. This handsome stranger experienced as much astonishment as he occasioned. The beauty of Ravissante did not leave him at liberty to amuse himself by observing the rest of the splendid scene, the brilliancy of which had attracted him from a distance. He approached the princess with a grace which she had never observed but in herself.

MY LION HUNTS.—"SUDDENLY A TERRIBLE ROAR RESOUNDED ABOVE US. WE RAISED OUR HEADS, AND BEHELD THE LION, ERECT ON A ROCK, STANDING OUT LIKE A STATUE FROM THE BLUE SKY."—SEE PAGE 110.

"I am so surprised," said he to her, "at all I find on these shores, that I have lost the power of expressing my astonishment. Is it possible," continued he, "that such a goddess (for goddess you surely must be) has not temples throughout the universe?"

"I am not a goddess," said Ravissante, coloring; "I am an unfortunate princess, banished from the states of the king, my father, to avoid I know not what misfortune, which they assure me has been predicted from the moment of my birth."

"You appear to me much more formidable," replied the handsome stranger, "than those stars which may have some evil influence on your fate, and over what misfortune could not such beauty triumph! I feel that it can vanquish every thing," he added, sighing, "since it has conquered in a moment a heart which I had always flattered myself should remain insensible; but, madam," continued he, without giving her time to reply, "I must, against my will, withdraw from this charming place, where I see you only, and where I have lost my peace of mind; I will return soon, if Cupid prove favorable to me."

After these words he re-entered the arbor, and in a few moments he was lost to sight.

One day that she was occupied in various reflections whilst walking along on the sea-shore, she arrived at the same spot which the adventure with the unknown visitor had rendered so remarkable, and was struck by the appearance of a tree of extraordinary beauty floating toward the rock. The color, which was the same as that of the myrtle arbor of the stranger, gave her a sensation of joy.

The tree approached the rock, and the monsters attempted to defend the entrance, but a little breeze agitated the leaves of the tree, and having blown off a few and driven them against the monsters, they yielded to these light and harmless weapons, and even ranged themselves with a show of respect in a circle around the tree, which approached the rock without further impediment, and opened, disclosing to view the stranger seated on a throne of verdure. He rose precipitately at the sight of Ravissante, and spoke to her with so much eloquence and so much love, that after she had in a few words acquainted him with her history, she could not conceal from him that she was touched by his devotion, and rejoiced at his return.

"But," said she, "is it fair that you should know the sentiments with which you have inspired me before I am informed of the name even of him who has called them forth?"

"I had no intention of concealing it from you," replied the charming unknown; "but when near you, one can speak of nothing but you. However, as you wish to know, I obey you, and beg to acquaint you that I am called the Prince of Leaves. I am the son of Spring and of a sea-nymph, a relation of Amphitrite, which is the cause of my power extending over the sea. My empire comprises all parts of the earth which recognize the influence of Spring; but I chiefly inhabit a happy island where the gentle season which my father bestows reigns perpetually. There the air is always pure, the fields ever covered with flowers; the sun never scorches, but only approaches sufficiently near to illuminate it; night is banished, and it is therefore called the Island of Day. It is inhabited by a people as amiable as the climate is agreeable. It is in this place that I offer you an empire, sweet and calm, and where my heart, above all things, will acknowledge your sovereignty. You must, however, beautiful princess, consent to be carried off from this rock, where you are retained in veritable bondage, notwithstanding the honors they pay you with a view to disguise the real state of the case."

THE PRINCE OF LEAVES.—A FAIRY STORY.—SEE PAGE 111.

Ravissante could not, however, make up her mind to follow the Prince of Leaves into his empire, in spite of the fear which she had of the power of the fair, and the suggestions of her love; she hoped that her perseverance in rejecting the vows of Ariston would at length cause him to resolve to conquer his passion, and that the fairy would then restore her to her father, from whom the Prince of Leaves might demand her hand. "I will leave you here," said the prince, "the subjects of a friend of mine, who is also a prince. They will constantly attend on you, and by them you can often send me intelligence; but remember, beautiful princess, with what impatience I shall wait for it!"

After these words he approached the tree which had conveyed him, and having touched some of the leaves, two butterflies appeared, the one white and flame-colored, the other yellow and light-gray. As he spoke, Ravissante perceived in the distante some of her nymphs, who came to seek her in her solitude, and she begged the Prince of Leaves to re-embark. He obeyed, notwithstanding the infinite regard he

felt at quitting her, but he did not depart quickly enough to avoid observation.

They informed Ariston and the fairy of his return to the island, and from that moment, in order to take away from the beautiful Ravissante the means, and even the hope, of seeing him again, they erected a tower on the summit of the rock formed of the same stone; and in order to render it more entirely secure, as the guard of living monsters had proved insufficient, they caused the tower and rock to be invisible to all those who should come to seek her, not daring again to trust to ordinary enchantments.

Ravissante was in despair at being immured in so cruel and impregnable a prison. Prince Ariston had not concealed from her that he had rendered it invisible; he had even attempted to make her accept this care for her safety as a proof of his tender devotion; but Ravissante felt her hatred and contempt for him increase daily, and he dared no longer enter her presence.

The butterflies, however, had not quitted her, and she often regarded them with pleasure, as having come from the Prince of Leaves.

One day that she was still more sad than usual, and musing, on a terrace at the top of the tower, the flame-colored butterfly flew on to one of the vases filled with flowers, which ornamented the balustrade.

"Why," said he, all of a sudden to the princess, "do you not send me to the Prince of Leaves? He will undoubtedly come to your relief."

Ravissante was at first so astonished at hearing the butterfly speak, that she was for some minutes unable to answer. However, the name of the Prince of Leaves assisted to dissipate her surprise.

"I was so astonished," said she, at length, "to hear a butterfly speak like ourselves, that I could not sooner reply to you. I can well believe that you could go to apprise the Prince of Leaves of my misfortune; but what can he do?—only distress himself uselessly. He cannot find me in a place which the cruelty of my enemies has taken care to render invisible."

"It is less so than you think," replied the yellow butterfly, flying round the princess in order to join in the conversation. "A little while ago I surveyed your prison; I flew, and even swam round it. It disappears when one is in the water, but when one is elevated in the air it ceases to be invisible. No doubt the fairy did not consider that road so easy as to require to require the same defense as that by the sea. I was about to give you this hint," continued the butterfly, "when my brother broke the silence which we have hitherto preserved."

This agreeable piece of news restored hope to the princess.

"Is it possible," said she, "that Ariston can have neglected any precaution which could gratify his cruelty and his love? No doubt his power, like that of the fairy, which is unbounded over earth and sea, does not extend to the regions of air."

This was precisely the reason which had prevented the prince and the fairy from rendering the tower and the rock invisible from the sky.

"But," added Ravissante, after some minutes' reflection, "can the Prince of Leaves have any power in the air?"

"No, madam," replied the flame-colored butterfly, "he can do nothing, and your prison would be invisible to him, though he be a demigod, as it would be to a mortal; but——"

"The prince will then be as miserable as myself," interrupted the sorrowful Ravissante, bursting into a flood of tears, which added to her beauty, and which affected extremely the two butterflies; "and I feel I shall be more distressed at his sorrows than at my own! What ought I, then, to do?"

"Send me off at once," replied the flame-colored butterfly, briskly; "I will go and apprise the Prince of Leaves of your misfortunes, and he will come to the rescue. Although his power does not extend to the air, he has a prince amongst his friends who can do anything in it, and of whom he can dispose as of himself; but my brother can inform you of all this during my absence. Adieu, beautiful princess," continued the butterfly, flying over the balustrade; "cease to weep, and count on my diligence. I will fly as rapidly as your wishes."

After these words the butterfly was lost in the air; and the princess felt that charming and lively sensation of joy which the hope of soon beholding a loved one inspires. She returned to her apartment, and the yellow butterfly followed her. She was extremely impatient to know from what prince her lover hoped for assistance. To end her doubts, she begged the yellow butterfly to tell her all that could contribute to augment or flatter her hopes. She placed him on a little basket of flowers, which she carried to a table near her, and the butterfly, who considered it an honor to please her, commenced to tell her all about the Prince of Leaves.

Ravissante listened with extreme attention to the butterfly, when she saw Prince Ariston enter her chamber with such fury in his countenance that she dreaded its effects.

"Fate threatens me!" he cried, on entering; "and as it is with some great misfortune, it must, no doubt, be that of losing you; none other would affect my heart, or be worthy of being so predicted. See, madam," he continued, addressing Ravissante, "the color which the walls of this tower are assuming; it is a certain sign of approaching misfortune!"

As the misfortunes of Ariston were a happiness to Ravissante, she looked without distress at that which he pointed out to her notice, and perceived, indeed, that the blue stones were losing their original color, and beginning to turn green. She was delighted to see this, as she augured from it the certain approach of the Prince of Leaves.

The joy which the unhappy Ariston remarked in her eyes redoubled his despair. What did he not then say to Ravissante? And rendered sincere by the excess of his grief, he told her that his love was so great as not to allow of his ceasing to adore her, although he was sure of being miserable all his life.

"I cannot doubt it," said he to the princess, "for the fates foretold to me as to you—that I should always be miserable if I were not always faithful to the first impressions love made on my heart. And by what means could I ever obey this cruel mandate? After one has seen you, however he may have loved before, he must forget everything, even the preservation of his own happiness, in loving and seeking to please you. A young princess of the court of the king, my father, once appeared to me worthy of my regard. I thought fully that I should be sighing to return to her after remaining here for a short time; but the first sight of you subverted all my plans. My reason and my heart were equally inclined for the change, and I thought nothing impossible to the tender love with which you inspired me. I flattered myself even that it might overcome fate; but your austerity, which never relaxed, has taught me that I was deceived, and that there remains for me no hope but that of dying speedily for your sake."

The Prince Ariston finished speaking these words, which made Ravissante even think him worthy of some pity, when they saw in the air a throne of foliage, supported by an immense number of butterflies. One amongst them, which was entirely blue, and by whose color Ravissante recognized the

son of the Sun, flew to her, and said: "Come, beautiful princess; to-day you shall resume your liberty, and make the most amiable prince in the world happy."

The butterflies placed the throne near Ravissante; she seated herself on it, and they bore her away.

Ariston, distracted at the loss of the princess, in a paroxysm of despair, flung himself into the sea. The fairy immediately abandoned the rock which this suicide had rendered so fatal and melancholy; and, to mark her fury, she shivered both it and the tower into a thousand pieces by a clap of thunder, and the fragments were carried by the wind and waves to different seacoasts.

It is of this species of stone that they now make rings which they call turquoise. Those which are still called "de la Vielle Roche" are made of the remains of this shattered rock, and the others are only stones which resemble them.

The remembrance of the misfortune predicted to Prince Ariston by the change of color in the walls of the tower has descended to our time. They say still that these rings become green when any misfortune is about to happen to the wearers, and that these misfortunes are generally connected with love affairs.

Whilst the fairy gave vent to her grief by the destruction of the island, the Prince of the Butterflies conducted the beautiful Ravissante, flying before her, to a boat of rushes, ornamented with garlands of flowers, in which the Prince of Leaves awaited her with all the impatience which the violence of his love inspired. It is impossible to convey an idea of the pleasure he felt at the arrival of the princess; never were joy and love so apparent as in the heart and language of this prince. He sailed immediately to the Island of Day. The Prince of the Butterflies flew off to join the amiable Princess of the Linnets as speedily as possible.

Ravissante sent two butterflies to the king, her father, to inform him of her good fortune. The king thanked the fates, and set out as soon as he could for the Island of Day, where the Prince of Leaves and Ravissante reigned with all imaginable felicity, and were always happy, because they never ceased to be fond and faithful.

The lot of Ravissante with envy view—
Born to be blest could she prove only true!
How many hapless lovers had succeeded,
Had constancy been all their idols needed!

SALT MOUNTAINS OF NEVADA.

A CORRESPONDENT of the San Francisco *Alta*, writing from Prescott, Arizona, gives the following description of the wonderful salt formations on the Virginia River, in Nevada:

"Stone's Ferry is about 650 miles above the mouth of the Colorado, having an altitude of 1,250 feet above tide-water. The river at this point is 650 feet wide, and has generally a swift-running current of from four to six miles an hour. Virginia River, which rises in the mountains of Nevada over 100 miles to the north, enters the Colorado a short mile above Stone's Ferry. At low water it is a swift-running stream of over 50 feet in width, with an average depth of about one foot.

"The salt formations are, in fact, mountains of salt, and extend for 30 miles or more up the Virginia River, and the Muddy, one of its branches. It was discovered some twelve or fifteen years since by the Mormons, who built up several very flourishing colonies in the valleys of Virgin and Muddy, put out fine orchards and vineyards, and brought large tracts of land under successful cultivation.

"For reasons unknown to me, they were recalled to Utah some years since by the Prophet Brigham, leaving their fields and improvements, or selling them for what they could get. During their stay they worked the salt mines to some extent, and supplied the country for long distances with what they needed. Since that time the mines have been worked at intervals by different parties. The different openings made are in the face of the mountain bluffs which run down from the north and south ranges of mountains, both on the east and west side of the river.

"The first one visited by me was about six miles up the Virgin River from Stone's Ferry, and about one-half of a mile to the east. The second one is seven miles up the river, and one-fourth of a mile east. The surface of this and the other salt bluffs and mountains is covered with dark, orange-colored clay and earth, in which are strewn large quantities of impure mica. This clay and earth is some two feet deep, and underneath this is from two to four feet of impure, sedimentary granite, and then at a depth of from three to six feet from the surface, the salt is found in a solid and compact form. It is mined by blasting, in the same manner as granite or other stone would be. Five miles further up, or twelve miles from the ferry, is another opening of similar character to the first two.

"The salt from the three mines mentioned is of a dark-gray color, somewhat resembling granite, and is 92 per cent. pure. Small veins, of from two to six inches wide, of pure crystallized salt, are met with every few feet in these formations. At a point twenty-one miles from the ferry is a larger mountain than the others, and this is all pure, clear, and transparent."

THE GLASSMAKER'S FATE.

IN a "Book of Curiosities" we read: There was an artificer in Rome who made vessels of glass of so tenacious a temper that they were as little liable to be broken as those that are made of gold and silver. When, therefore, he made a vial of the purer sort, and such as he thought a present worthy of Cæsar alone, he was admitted into the presence of the then Emperor Tiberius. The gift was praised, the skillful hand of the artist applauded, and the donation of the giver accepted.

The artist, that he might enhance the wonder of the spectators, and promote himself yet further in the favor of the emperor, desired the vial out of Cæsar's hand, and threw it with such force against the floor that the most solid metal would have received some damage or bruise thereby. Cæsar was not only amazed, but affrighted by the act; but the artist, taking up the vial from the ground (which was not broken, but only bruised together, as if the substance of the glass had put on the temper of brass), drew out an instrument from his bosom and beat it to its former figure. This done, he imagined that he had conquered the world, as believing that he had merited an acquaintance with Cæsar and raised the admiration of all the beholders; but it fell out otherwise, for the emperor inquired if any other person besides himself was privy to the like tempering of glass. When he told him "No," he commanded his attendants to strike off his head, saying: "That should this artifice come once to be known, gold and silver would be of as little value as the dirt of the streets."

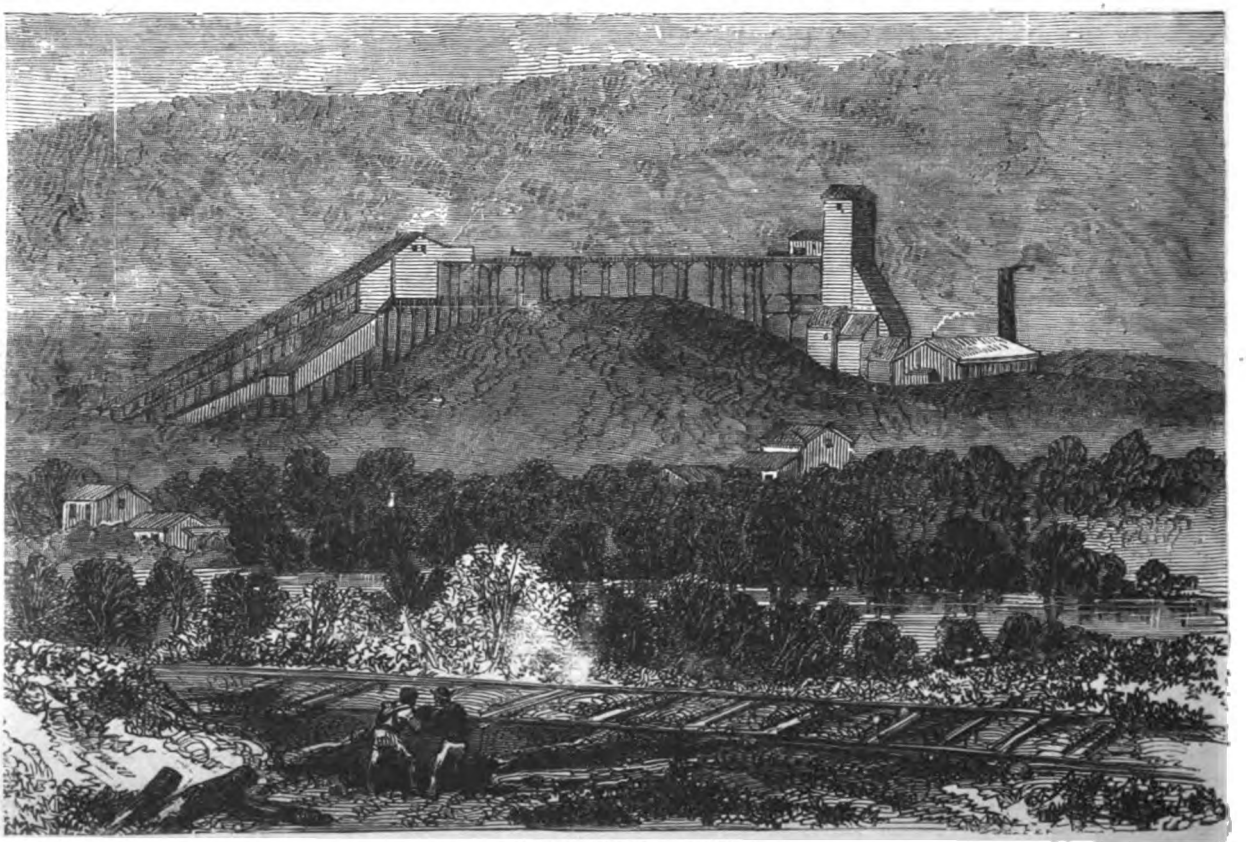
Long after this—viz., in 1610—we read that, among other rare presents then sent from the Shah of Persia to the King of Spain, were six mirrors of malleable glass, so exquisitely tempered that they could not be broken.

HE is a great simpleton who imagines that the chief power of wealth is to supply wants. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it creates more wants than it supplies.

HECKERSVILLE.

AMONG THE COAL MINES.

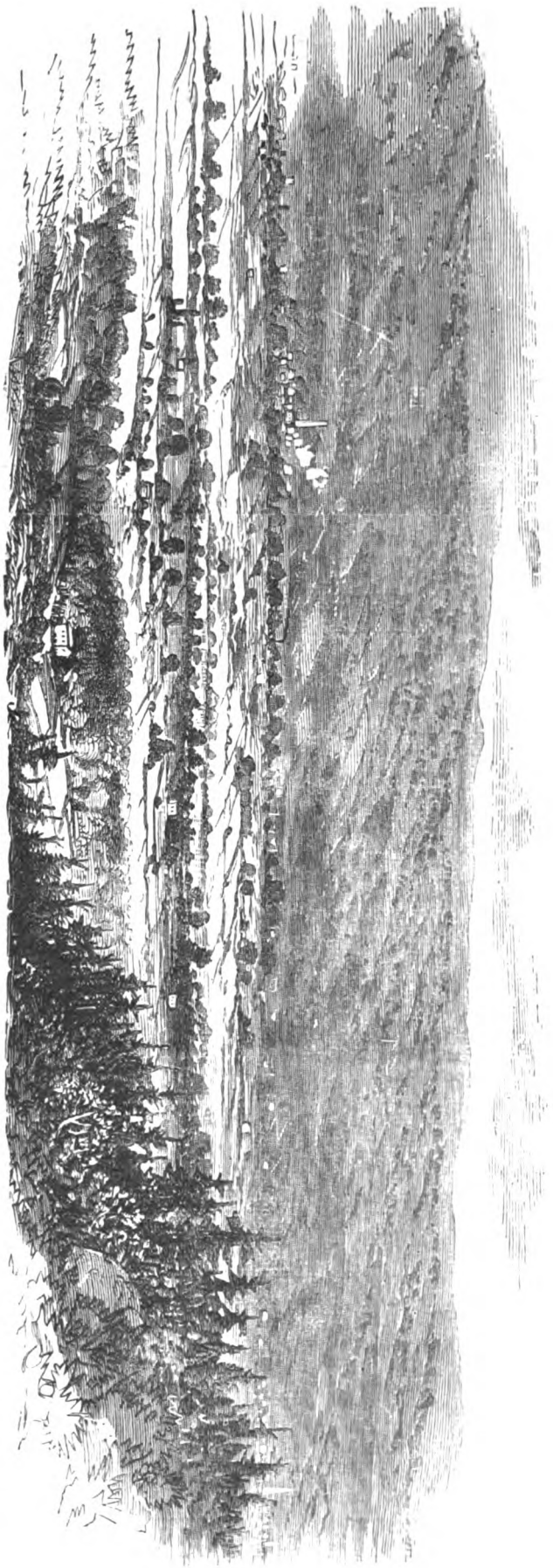
THERE are few, if any, portions of the earth more picturesque or more interesting than the region of country in the United States in which are found the anthracite coal-beds of Pennsylvania. The finest parts of Tyrol, the most romantic nooks of the Adirondacks, or the wildest portions of the White Mountains, can scarcely be said to vie with it. What adds to the interest of travel in this section is the consciousness of the immense wealth stored underneath the surface



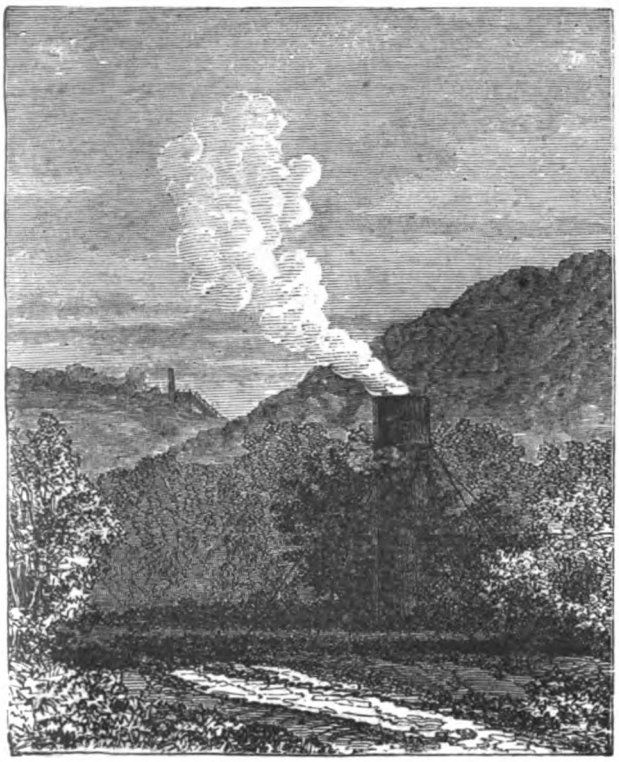
THE MINES AT HECKERSVILLE.

of the earth and the descent which the traveler can take into the mines from which so much treasure has been brought out during the last fifty years. This combination of grand natural scenery with the practical affairs of life gives a new zest to the visitor, and produces an effect altogether startling in the experience of an intelligent traveler. The necessity of having a cheap and convenient way for removing the coal from this mountainous country has led to the introduction of numerous railroads, which intersect the valleys and climb the hills in every direction; thus making the region easily accessible to the pleasure-seeker as well as to the capitalist.

Upon entering this section from New York by way of the New Jersey Central Railroad, the first remarkable point reached is the town of Mauch Chunk, said to be the Indian name applied to a lofty peak ascending from the valley, meaning "Bear Mountain." The town lies in a narrow gorge between and among high hills or mountains. As this gorge is quite narrow, and the sides of the mountain often very precipitous, the scenery is wild and grand in the extreme. If it were not for the whistle of the locomotive, the din of the passing cars, and the clouds of coal-dust, this would be just such a retreat as the weary traveler would gladly seek, and in which he could soon forget the cares of the turbulent world. The little Lehigh River, arrested in its course by dams, canal locks, and overhanging rocks, foams and frets on its way through the defile, and is made to work while it babbles. The scream of steam whistles, the rumbling of innumerable trains of cars, and the shouts of boatmen and the pass-words of miners make up a chorus of noises, day and night, altogether foreign to the usual experience of the traveler. The town is so wedged in by the hills that only the narrow street is practicable, and the whole space is taken up by the walled river, the canal, railroad, street, and line of houses. Every inch of ground is utilized as much as is the case among the vineyards on the Rhine or in the kitchen gardens of parts of Switzerland. This is the central point of the coal interest, and from the balcony of the hotel a profound impression can be formed of the enormous wealth, the invincible energy and the engineering skill of the pioneers who have developed an industry which has proved of such great importance to the progress of our country. Standing in the streets of the town and looking up to the mountains, they seem be alive with long trains of coal-cars. The trains are not confined to the valley, but are seen far up the sides of the mountains, and upon their very tops, at an altitude of 1,200 and 1,500 feet. They glide along like huge serpents, winding around among the rocks and trees, through deep chasms, over trestlework bridges, until they disgorge their heavy loads to the waiting cars and boats below. The loaded trains are given the right of way over the more horizontal and easy grades, but the empty cars are drawn by stationary engines up the mountains on inclines which appear from below as if they were perpendicular. There is thus no interruption in the passage of loaded cars in one direction, and of the empty cars in another. The endless round never ceases, and the simile of the serpent indicative of eternity would again apply if we were not conscious that at some time the supply must be exhausted and the rumbling of the trains brought to a close. The starting-point of what is known as the "Switch Back," or "Gravity Road," is at Mauch Chunk. This is a most unique and wonderful road, and was not designed for passenger travel, but solely for the conveyance of coal from the mountain mines, about nine miles from the town. The urgent demand of visitors to be permitted to travel on this road, even in the dirty coal-cars, finally led to an arrangement by which excursion trains for passengers were run twice a day. Parties are now



VIEW OF AVONDALE, PA.

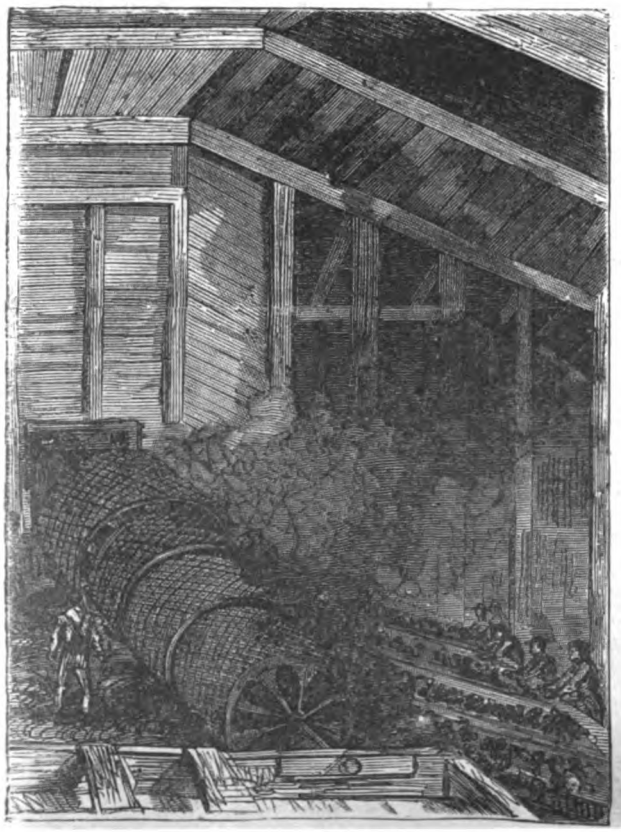


AN AIR FUNNEL.

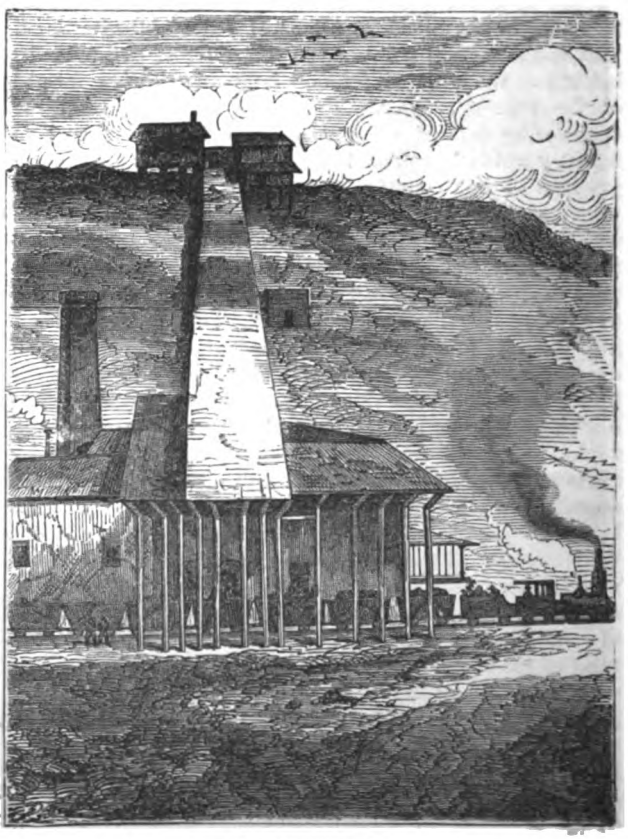
THE GRAVITY ROAD.

taken over the route in comfortable little cars, without locomotives or driving power of any kind. To reach the road proper, it is necessary to ascend to the top of Mount Pisgah, a precipitous dome in front of the hotel situated on the opposite side of the river, which is about 1,300 feet high.

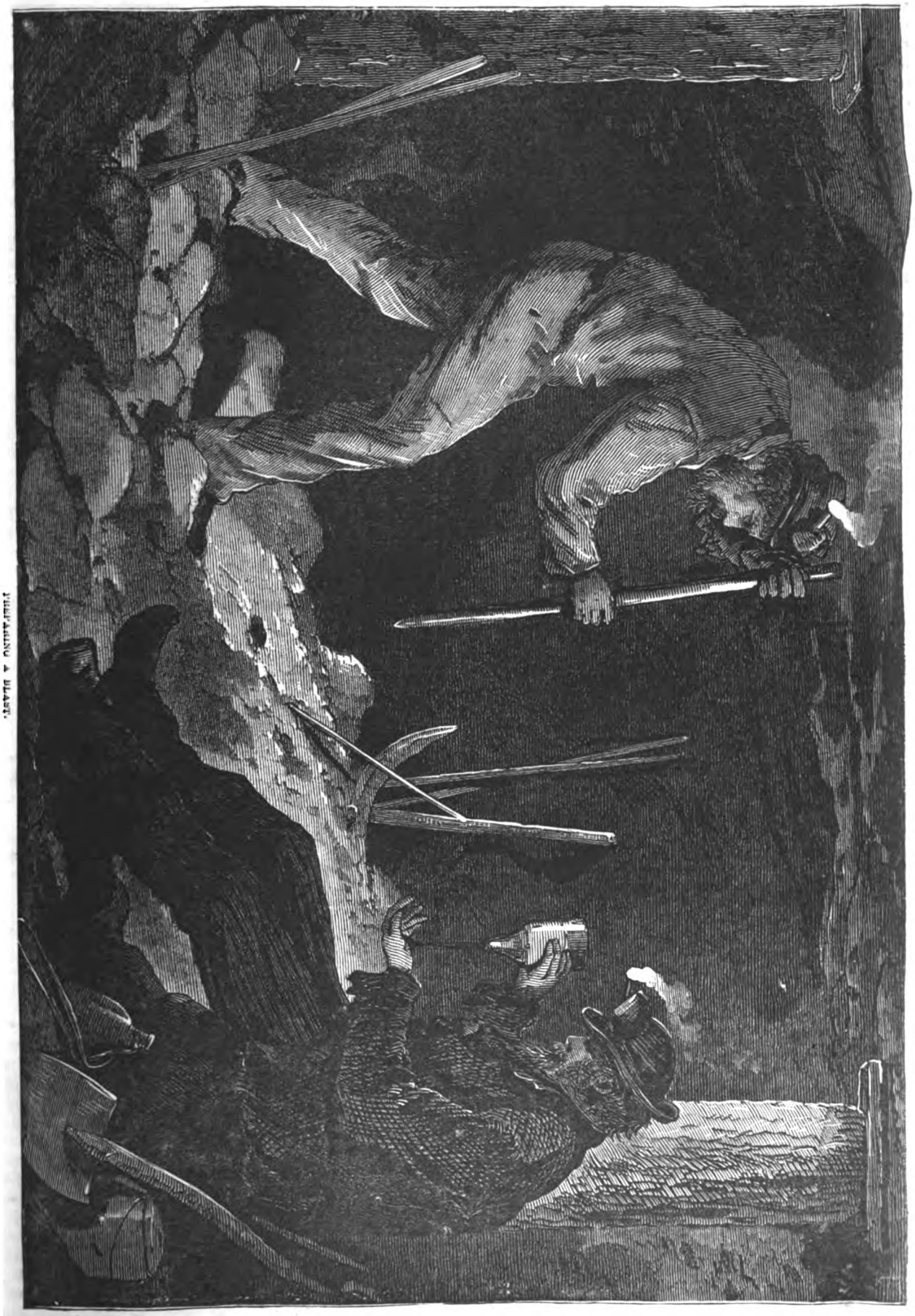
The first part of the ascent of 400 feet is made in an omnibus, until a niche in the mountains is reached, through



SIZING COAL.



LOADING THE CARS.

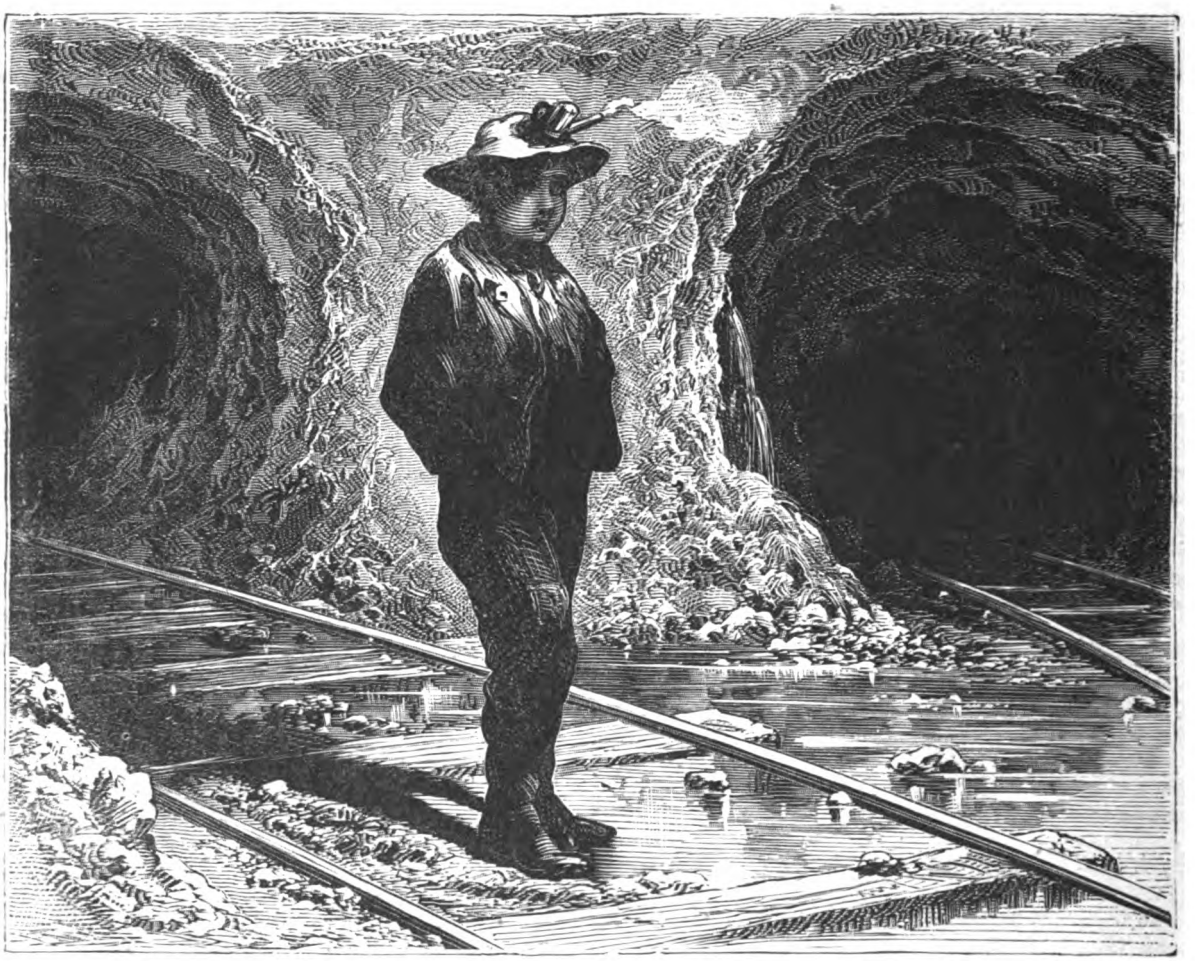


ILLUSTRATING A DEAD.

which one of the inclined planes passes. Stepping into a car at this point, the traveler is drawn up an ascent at an angle of 45 deg., to the top of Pisgah, 900 feet higher. The stationary engine, with its two huge, smoking chimneys, is situated on its highest point, and gives to the mountain the appearance of a volcano. The view may not be as fine as from the top of Mount Washington or of the Righi, but it has its own peculiar characteristics, and the railroad is altogether unique. Starting from Pisgah, the circuit of the "Gravity Road" carries the traveler over 25 miles of a most tortuous course, on the tops and along the sides of mountains. The first stage is down a gentle decline of 9 miles, to the foot of Mount Jefferson, up which the train is drawn by another stationary engine; the track then runs downward by a gentle grade to Summit Hill, from whence it descends rapidly into the valley, where are situated some of the most profitable coal mines of the country. This is a sequestered, romantic place, apparently as far out of the world as any one would ever desire to be. Great coal-breakers are upon the right hand and the left, and dark, yawning pits, the entrance to the subterranean passages traversed by the coal-diggers, are seen in every direction. Mountains of coal-dust, the refuse of the breakers, project into the valley and give a sombre hue to everything. Even the leaves upon the trees become darkened by the coal-dust, and black, turbid streams wind around among the rocks from out dingy caverns in which they originate. From the "slopes" or entrances to the ravines, mule teams, attached to trains of cars, loaded with coal, are constantly emerging, and the drivers in charge, with oil-lamps affixed to their caps, and begrimed with the sooty powder, seem like mountain imps who have no business with daylight or the outside world. Leaving this valley, another mountain crowned with its tall, smoking chimneys, has to be ascended by means of a stationary engine, and here the furthest point of the route is reached. From this high elevation the return route commences, and the train runs on the downward track at fearful speed, until it reaches the town of Summit, the home of the miners, where there is a church, school-house, and, oddly enough, a barracks for troops, as it has been found necessary in turbulent times to quarter a regiment of soldiers at this point to preserve order.

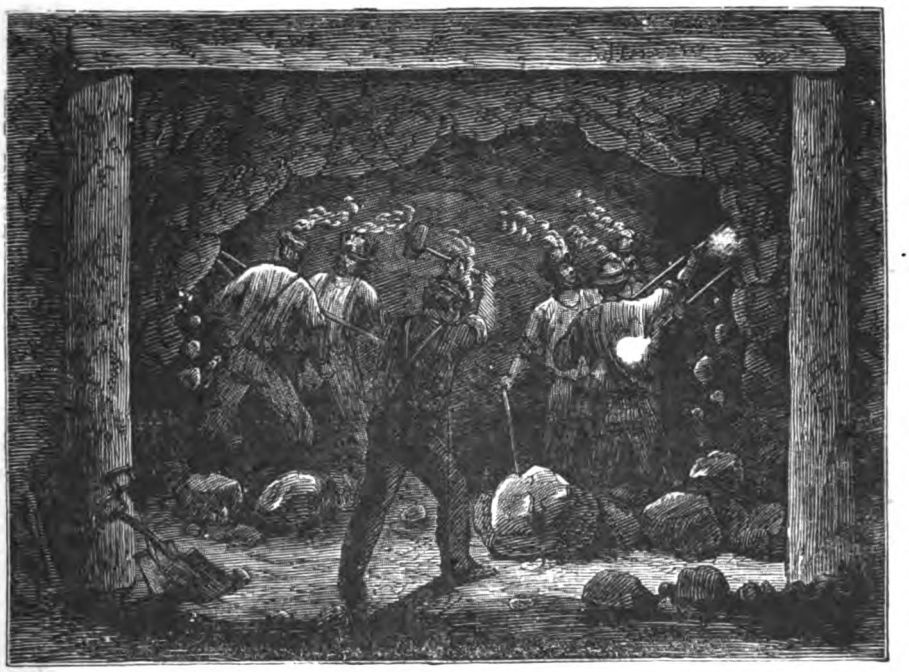
The track the whole way is a down grade, and an hour's ride brings the traveler back to the base of Pisgah, the starting-point.

During the ride of 25 miles the traveler is seated in an open car, from which the view is unobstructed by engine or tender; there is no smoke, no gas, no noisy steam-whistle, and the train rushes along, propelled by an unseen power which Sir Isaac Newton first explained to the world, the force of gravity.



THE WATCH-BOY.

Although the excursion over this road appears to be hazardous, yet few accidents have occurred, and the journey through the clouds is as safely accomplished as in the valleys below. Having made the trial of the "Gravity Road," the traveler, if he has time and is of an inquiring state of mind, will wish to descend into the bowels of the earth to learn how the black diamonds are detached from their veins, and what the subterraneous life of a miner is like. Very few persons, however, go down into the depths in comparison with those who enjoy the luxury of the ride over the mountains.



MINERS AT WORK.

Over the entrance or shaft of the mine there is usually erected an immense wooden structure, called the breaker, although in reality it is the building which contains the breaker, which is a toothed cylinder, into which the coal passes after being drawn up from the mine, and where it is crushed or broken into all sizes, and the building generally comprises the head-house or tower over the shaft, and a room where the coal is screened; and all this, besides the engine-room, is called the breaker of the mine.

Sometimes the breaker proper is placed in a separate building, at a distance from the engine-house, and the coal in being drawn up is run to it on a railway.

Before descending into a mine, it is customary to disrobe and put on a mining suit appropriate to the noisome character of the place to be visited. After being clad in suitable raiment, the visitor passes into the shaft-room of the head house; here the rope from the cylinder passes up and down over a large wheel at the top of the head house, and is attached to a platform of the size of the shaft. At a little distance above the platform or carriage, and attached to the rope, is a light cover, which, as the carriage descends, remains over the hole, completely covering it, and preventing any one from falling down the shaft.

The descent into the mine is made very rapidly, by means of the lift, and as there are often drippings, the value of waterproof overalls is fully appreciated.

To dislodge and break the coal from its bed requires considerable skill. A sharp drill is used, by means of which openings are made in the seam, and when these are filled with gunpowder, tamped, and exploded, large fragments are dislodged, which are placed in the cars by the laborers and drawn through the dark galleries to the shaft down which the visitor has just made his descent.

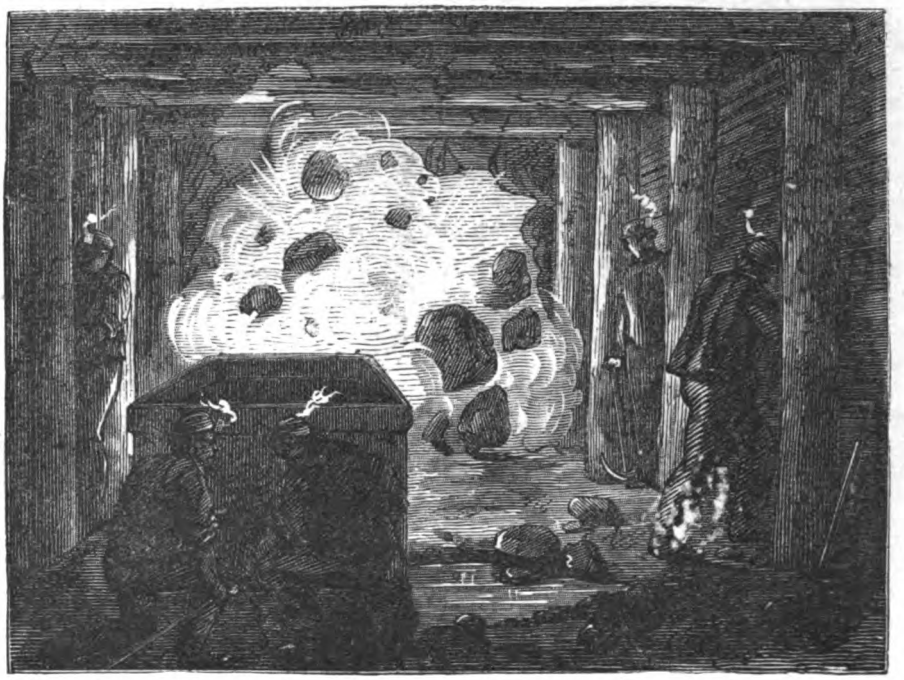
The regular miner does not handle the coal. Such work is beneath his dignity — he leaves it to an inferior workman, who is called a laborer. As soon as the miner has dislodged as much coal as the laborers can clear away, he is at liberty to stop work for the day.

The atmosphere of the mine is very disagreeable to any one unaccustomed to it, and sometimes in coal mines of bituminous character an explosive gas, called fire-damp, issues out of fissures, and renders working in the galleries very dangerous. When such gas contaminates the air, the workmen are obliged to use Sir Humphry Davy's safety-lamp for illumination. It is said that George Stephenson invented a safety-lamp before the time of Davy, but he never got credit for it, and Davy's pattern is the one still in use.

A POLICE STATION.

The work of mining, viewed from the stand-point of dwellers on the surface of the earth, is not an agreeable occupation, but it is less exacting and laborious than many other kinds of labor. It is also less hazardous than many other pursuits, although a contrary notion prevails. There have been few serious casualties in the United States, those of

Avondale and Pittston being the most fatal. There are employed in the anthracite region about 30,000 miners, and the loss of life from accidents incident to the business shows but a very small percentage. It is the terrible nature of the casualties, when they do occur, that awakens such widespread sympathy, and causes the occupation to be looked upon with dread.



A BLAST IN A COAL MINE.

The danger in the occupation is not so much from accident in the mine as from the wicked combinations of men in the secret order of "Molly Maguire."

According to Detective McParlan, a man of the most wonderful nerve and courage, there has, for long years, existed among the workmen at the mines a regularly organized society or order, numbering, it is said, fully eight hundred members, in which murder and arson were deliberately planned and carried into execution by oath-bound members, chosen by lot for the special service.

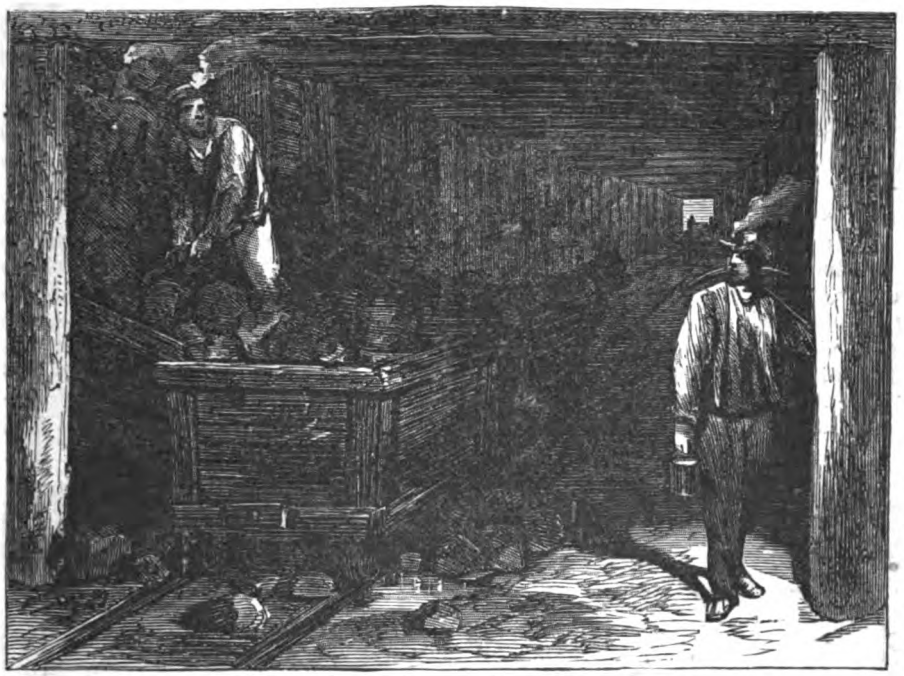
The evidence taken in the trial of "Molly Maguire" murderers at Pottsville, Pa., in May, 1876, exhibited a most alarming state of affairs in the coal regions, and it is believed that the disclosures there made will serve to break up the desperate gangs, and enable the steady and honest miners to pursue their callings without fear of an enemy more dangerous than fire-damp or explosions in the subterranean shafts and galleries. The sober second thought of a majority of the miners must

A COAL-MINER AND HIS WIFE.

A DREADED PENNSYLVANIA OFFICER.

condemn such murderous combinations as have been formed by the "Molly Maguires," and they ought to be the first to put down the secret order.

A comparatively few very wealthy men in our large cities are owners of the mountains and valleys where lie hidden the precious deposits of coal. They have been able to combine to keep up the price, but, fortunately for the good of the industriès of the country, internal dissensions recently broke up the "ring," and the price of coal has sunk to figures much below the quotations of many years.



LOADING THE CARS.

The history of the discovery of anthracite coal, and the first attempt to burn it, is full of interest as well as of romance.

A hunter named Ginter is said to have made the first discovery of coal about eighty-five years ago; but he did not understand its nature, and supposed that it was as incombustible as graphite or granite. Some years later, specimens of the black stuff were sent to the seaboard towns for examination. An experimenter in Philadelphia, after most persistent efforts to ignite the black stones, gave up in despair, and left his furnace filled with a mixture of wood and coal, and went home to dinner. Fortunately the wood was partially ignited, and, equally fortunate, the furnace-door was closed and the draft open. When the experimenter returned to rake out and throw away the worthless stones, he found them, to his surprise, all aglow, causing such intense heat that his furnace was well-nigh destroyed.

ARRESTING MINERS.

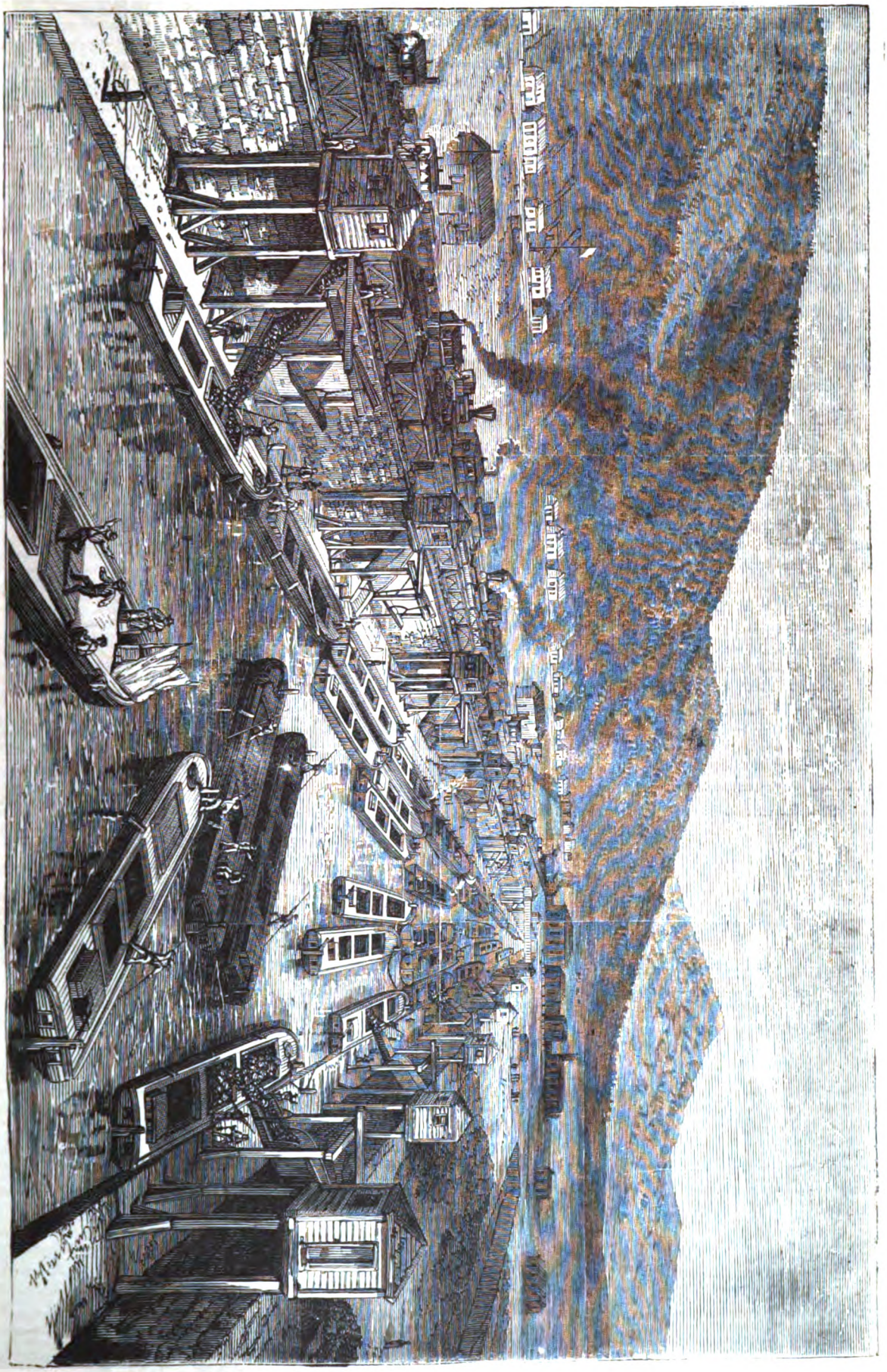
This result of course dispelled the idea that anthracite would not burn, and companies were soon organized to work it. Coal was, however, brought from the Pennsylvania mines by slow and wearisome conveyances, such as wagons and mule-backs, until 1827, when an imperfect track was laid to run cars down the mountains by gravity, and this originated the present very remarkable "Gravity Road." The area of coal within the United States has been estimated by Dr. Newberry at 150,000 square miles, while that of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland is reckoned at 10,000 square miles, or scarcely equal to Ohio alone. The supply of coal in the United States is practically inexhaustible.

In reference to the chemistry of coal, we cannot do better than quote from Professor Huxley on this important subject: Suppose we adopt Principal Dawson's assumption, that one foot of coal represents fifty generations of coal plants; and further make the moderate supposition that each generation of coal plants took ten years to come to maturity—then each foot-thickness represents 500 years. The superimposed beds in one coal field may amount to a thickness of fifty or sixty feet, and therefore the coal alone, in that field, represents 500 X 50 = 25,000 years. But the actual coal is an insignificant portion of the total deposits, which, as has been seen, may amount to between two and three miles of vertical thickness. Suppose it to be 12,000 feet—which is two hundred and forty times the thickness of the actual coal—is there any reason why we should believe

it may not have taken two hundred and forty times as long to form? I know of none. But, in this case, the time which the coal-field represents would be 26,000 X 240 = 6,000,000 years. As affording a definite chronology, of course such calculations as those are of no value; but they have much use in fixing one's attention upon a possible minimum. A man may be puzzled if he is asked how long Rome took a-building; but he is proverbially safe if he affirms it not to have been built in a day; and our geological calculations are all, at present, pretty much on that footing. A second consideration which the study of the coal brings prominently before the mind of any one who is familiar with palæontology is, that the coal flora, viewed in relation to the enormous period of time which it lasted, and to the still vaster period which has elapsed since it flourished, underwent little or no change while it endured, and in its peculiar characters, differs strangely little from that which at present exists. The same species of plants are to be met with throughout the whole thickness of a coal-field, and the youngest are not sensibly different from the oldest. But more than this. Notwithstanding that the carboniferous period is separated from us by more than the whole time represented by the Secondary and Tertiary formations, the great types of vegetation were as distinct then as now. The structure of the modern club-moss furnishes a complete explanation of the fossil remains of the *Lepidodendra*, and the fronds of some of the ancient ferns are hard to distinguish from existing ones. At the same time it must be remembered that there is nowhere in the world at present, any forest which bears more than a rough analogy with a coal-forest. The types may remain, but the details of their form, their relative proportions, their associates, are all altered. And the tree-fern forest of Tasmania or New Zealand gives one only a faint and remote image of the vegetation of the ancient world. Once more an invariably recurring lesson of geological history, at whatever point its study is taken up—the lesson of the almost infinite slowness of the modification of living forms—the lines of the pedigrees of living things break off almost before they begin to converge.

Finally, yet another curious consideration. Let us suppose that one of the stupid, salamander-like Labyrinthodonts, which pottered with much belly and little leg, like Falstaff in his old age, among the coal-forests, could have had thinking power enough in his small brain to reflect upon the showers of spores which kept on falling through years and centuries, of which, perhaps, not one in ten million fulfilled its apparent purpose, and reproduced the organism which gave it birth, surely he might have been excused for moralizing upon the thoughtless and wanton extravagance which Nature displayed in her operations. But we have the advantage over our shovel-headed predecessor—or possibly ancestor—and can perceive that a certain vein of thrift runs through this apparent prodigality. Nature is never in a hurry, and seems to have had always before her eyes the adage, "keep a thing long enough, and you will find use for it." She had kept her beds of coal many millions of years without being able to find much use for them; she has sent them down beneath the sea, and the sea beasts could make nothing of them; she has raised them up into dry land, and laid the black veins bare, and still, for ages and ages, there was no living thing on the face of the earth that could see any sort of value in them; and it was only the other day, so to speak, that she turned a new creature out of her workshop, who by degrees acquired sufficient wits to make a fire,

THE MOUNT LAFFEY ROAD, NEAR POTTSVILLE, THE SCENE OF MANY MOLLY MAGUIRE MURDERS.



COAL DEPOT AT PORT CA 1850N.

and then to discover that the black rock would burn. I suppose that nineteen hundred years ago, when Julius Cæsar was good enough to deal with Britain as Britain dealt with Zealand, the primeval Briton, blue with coal and woad, may have known that the strange black stone, of which he found lumps here and there in his wanderings, would burn, and so help to warm his body and cook his food. Saxon, Dane, and Norman swarmed into the land. The English people grew into a powerful nation, and nature still waited for a full return for the capital she had invested in the ancient club-mosses. The eighteenth century arrived, and with it James Watt. The brain of that man was the spore out of which developed the steam-engine, and all the prodigious trees and branches of modern industry which have grown out of this. But coal is as much an essential condition of this growth and development as carbonic acid is for that of a club-moss. Wanting coal, we would not have smelted the iron needed to make our engines, nor have worked our engines when we had got them. But take away the engines, and the great towns of Yorkshire and Lancashire vanish like a dream. Manufactures give place to agriculture and pasture, and not ten men can live where now ten thousand are amply supported. Thus, all this abundant wealth of money and of vivid life is Nature's interest upon her investment in club-mosses, and the like, so long ago. But what becomes of the coal which is burnt in yielding this interest? Heat comes out of it, light comes out of it, and if we could gather together all that goes up the chimney, and all that remains in the grate of a thoroughly burnt coal-fire, we should find ourselves in possession of a quantity of carbonic acid, water, ammonia, and mineral matters, exactly equal in weight to the coal. But these are the very matters with which Nature supplied the club-mosses which made the coal. She is paid back principal and interest at the same time; and she straightway invests the carbonic acid, the water, and the ammonia in new forms of life, feeding with them the plants that now live. Thrifty Nature! Surely no prodigal, but most notable of housekeepers!

The following statistics of coal production may prove of interest to the general reader:

COAL STATISTICS—PRODUCTION OF ANTHRACITES.

1820	365 tons.
1820 to 1830	533,194 "
1830 to 1840	5,940,270 "
1840 to 1850	21,893,160 "
1850 to 1860	63,981,807 "
1860 to 1870	114,319,161 "
1870 to 1876	206,668,325 "
Great Britain in 1870	110,431,192 "
" " 1875	133,306,185 "

CHRONOLOGY OF ANTHRACITE.

1768 Anthracite coal first used by Obadiah Gore (Wyoming Valley).
1775-76 Coal used to manufacture arms (Carlisle Barracks).
1790 " discovered in Schuylkill County.
1794 " first used in " "
1808 " " " grates (Wilkesbarre).
1812 " " hauled to Philadelphia from Pottsville.
1814 " " carried " " Mauch Chunk.
1815 " " " " " Schuylkill County.
1820 " shipped by Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

WHEN the Earl of Shaftesbury recently introduced a deputation from the "Anglo-Oriental Society for the Suppression of the Opium Trade" to the Marquis of Salisbury, Secretary of State for India, he stated that the revenue derived from opium now amounts to $45,000,000 annually, and bids fair further to increase largely. He quoted the testimony of the most eminent men in Europe, that nothing was more physically or morally injurious to Eastern nations. The local government of India was using every effort to extend the consumption of the drug to every part of the East. It was now even imported into British Burmah. The consumption of ardent spirits was also rapidly spreading in India, and was encouraged in every sense of the word by the British Government, which, instead of being a blessing, promised to become the greatest curse of India. Government were the manufacturers and venders of the poisonous drug, which he considered a very undignified position. Mr. M. Stewart, a member of Parliament, who followed, said that in 1800 only 4,000 chests of opium were exported from India to China; in 1834, 12,000; in 1844, 20,000; from 1849 to 1854, 58,000 annually, and in 1874 the export was 89,674 chests. The Marquis of Salisbury, in reply, could hold out no hope that legislation in the desired direction was probable.

SULPHIDE OF COPPER.—In the excavations made by Dr. Schliemann at Hissarlik, in Asia Minor, over what he supposes to have been the site of ancient Troy, he discovered lumps of a blue metallic substance lying near the copper shields which were dug up. An analysis shows them to be sulphide of copper. It is conjectured that they are identical with the material mentioned by Homer as being used by the Trojan heroes for the ornamentation of their shields and dwellings. According to some authorities, there was a certain spring at Corinth in which the smiths of that city used to plunge copper in order to color it; and this affords ground for the supposition that the spring contained sulphur, and by means of the bath a coating of sulphide of copper was formed upon the surface of the metal.

PREVENTIVE OF HYDROPHOBIA.—In a letter published in a recent number of Professor Gubler's "Journal de Thérapeutique," another addition is made to the already formidable list of prophylactics against hydrophobia. Dr. Grzymala, of Krivoe Ozeroe, Podolia, reports that during the last ten years he has treated at least one hundred cases—in human subjects as well as in beasts—of bites by hydrophobic animals with the powdered leaves of *Xanthium spinosum*, with success in every case but one, although cases of bites inflicted at the same time, but treated in other ways, had terminated in death. The drug is described as possessing sudorific, sialogue, and slightly diuretic properties, but less pronounced than those of jaborandi. The dose for adults is nine grains of dry powder of the leaves, repeated three times a day, and continued during three weeks; to children under twelve years, half the quantity is given.

UNDERGROUND RAILROADS IN LONDON.—The perfection to which the system of underground railroads is carried in London is one of the triumphs of modern engineering. In some places there are three tiers of roads, placed one above another, crossing on light, airy bridges, and never interfering with each other. This is the case at the entrance to the Clerkenwell tunnel. The Metropolitan Railroad has been a grand success; it carries more than 12,000,000 passengers every year, and on holidays as many as 80,000 in twenty-four hours. The carriages are lighted, and every effort is made to keep the tunnels well ventilated and clean. Perhaps the most important feature of these rapid-transit roads is the facilities they afford to poor people to live in the country, a long way from their work. Special trains are run in the morning and evening for the accommodation of this class of persons, and it has been of inestimable value in enabling workmen to bring up their families away from the confined air and bad associations of the crowded city.

TO NICKEL SMALL ARTICLES.—Many unsuccessful attempts have been made to nickel small articles by boiling, just as pins, hooks and eyes, etc., are silvered or tinned. The *American Manufacturer* states that a Nuremberg chemist—Doctor Kayser—has succeeded in coating metals with an alloy resembling German silver, thus giving them a handsome finish, and making the surface more durable and permanent than that of tin or silver. He first melts together one part of copper and five parts pure tin—preferably the Australian. The alloy is granulated as usual, but not too fine, and then mixed with water and cream of tartar, as free from lime as possible, into paste. To each two hundred parts of the granulated alloy is added one part ignited oxide of nickel, and the articles are laid in it. After boiling a short time they become beautifully plated. Some fresh oxide of nickel must of course be added from time to time. Brass and copper articles can easily be plated in this manner without previous preparation; those of iron must first be copper-plated. By adding some carbonate of nickel to the above bath, or to a common white bath, and boiling, a coating richer in nickel is obtained, and darker, varying in color from that of platinum to a blue-black, according to the amount of nickel salt added.

NOTHING LIKE PAPER.—A contemporary thus describes a new adaptation of paper: "The American Paper Car Wheel Company, of Hudson, has specimens of 30, 33, and 42-inch wheels of its manufacture. These wheels have steel tires made with an inside flange and a cast-iron hub. On each side of the hub and tire wrought-iron or steel plates 3-16 inch thick are bolted, and the space between the plates is filled with compressed or, rather, condensed paper. This paper is made of straw-boards ½ inch thick, pasted together with paste made of rye-flour, and first made into sections about ¼ inch thick. These are subject to a pressure of about 400 tons for about five hours, and are then dried with hot air. These sections are then pasted together in the same way, so as to get the requisite thickness, about 3½ inches, and are again pressed and dried. They thus form a disk, which is turned off, and the tire forced on with a pressure of about 150 tons. The plates are then bolted to the inside and outside of the wheel with ¾ inch bolts. An old wheel is exhibited, 'one of the first paper car-wheels ever made; it has run under a Pullman car 312,000 miles without the tire being turned.' One of the wheels is shown with a portion of the plates and paper disks cut away, so as to show the inside structure. One of the paper disks is also exhibited, and if a separate tire and hub were shown the exhibit would be complete. The wheels are painted brilliantly red, which might be described as 'monochromo-engineering.'"

THE PHYSIOLOGICAL EFFECTS OF LIGHT.—The study of the action of light on all forms of life, animal, vegetable, and insect, is not new, and the literature of the subject is immense, but nevertheless, we have every year either something new or a revival of some old theories. The action of blue light on vegetables or animals was an especial hobby of General A. J. Pleasanton, who took out a patent, "on the use of the combined natural light of the sun in combination with the transmitted blue or electric light of the sky, to the growth of the animal kingdom of nature, to the growth of fruits, vines, flowers, plants, vegetables, and to the cure of diseases in man and animals." The inventor was remarkably successful in raising grapes as well as pigs in accordance with his theory. His most remarkable experience was in the case of an Alderney male calf which at its birth was very weak and puny, and not expected to live. Placed in a pen under a violet-colored glass roof, it immediately began to improve, and so continued to do, until in fifty days he gained six inches in height, and at the end of the year had attained maturity. We observe that, acting on a suggestion of Father Secchi, of Rome, who was at one time a resident of New York, Dr. Ponza, of Italy, has been trying the action of different colored lights on the patients of an insane asylum with remarkable success. Dr. Ponza performs his experiments in rooms the walls of which are painted of the same color as the glass panes of the windows, which are arranged to admit the utmost amount of light. Several rooms were prepared and several patients kept in them under observation. One of them, affected with morbid taciturnity, became gay and affable after a three hours' stay in a red chamber; another, a maniac who refused all food, asked for some breakfast after having staid twenty-four hours in the same red chamber. In a blue one, a highly excited madman with a strait waistcoat on was kept all day; an hour after, he appeared much calmer. The action of blue light is very intense on the optic nerve, and seems to cause a sort of oppression. A patient was made to pass the night in a violet chamber; on the following day he begged Dr. Ponza to send him home, because he felt himself cured; and indeed he has been well ever since. Dr. Ponza's conclusions from his experiments are these: "The violet rays are, of all others, those that possess the most intense electro-chemical power; the red light is also very rich in calorific rays; blue light, on the contrary, is quite devoid of them, as well as of chemical and electric ones. Its beneficent influence is hard to explain; as it is the absolute negation of all excitement, it succeeds admirably in calming the furious excitement of maniacs."

DEATH OF THE ORIGINATOR OF THE CHANNEL TUNNEL.—The International Commissioners charged with the examination of the plans and estimates relative to the proposed submarine tunnel between England and France closed its session on the 18th of February, after taking final steps for the commencement of the work. By a singular coincidence, M. de Gamond, the originator of the project, died on the day the Commission closed its labors. He was born in 1798, at Paris, but was educated in the Netherlands, where he gave great attention to hydrography. His great scheme was remodeled by him many times before it took its final form. It was brought before several international exhibitions and commissions, and he published a great number of pamphlets, documents and books, before the scheme gained the favor of those who were able to help him in carrying it out. He was not destined to see the boring actually commenced, but he saw all obstructions and objections removed. M. Thomé de Gamond had also conceived a vast scheme for the improvement of the streams and rivers of France. He proposed to enable the country to utilize the whole of its hydraulic resources, and was anxious to put an end to the immense loss of water, which might be used for irrigation and as a motive power. He was modest, energetic, and benevolent.

HERR VON LOEHER has recently read a paper before the Munich Academy of Sciences in which he argues that the Guanch or Wandsch population of the Canary Isles, who for more than a century repulsed all invaders, are the descendants of the Vandals. Most of the names of places are barbarian, but some Germanic. Many common expressions are a mixture of both, and names of persons are almost all Germanic, as also religious phrases and the titles of public functionaries. Herr Loeher believes that the Vandals or Goths settled in the Isles in the eighth century, finding there a weak barbarian population whom they subjugated; that they gradually lost the use of iron and shipbuilding, and mostly relapsed from Christianity into German heathenism; but, though degenerating in their complete isolation, retained the features and customs of their race in all essential points until their discovery by Europeans. Fair-haired mummies have been found in their tombs, and the dimensions of their skulls agree with those of Germanic races.

THE MOST FUSIBLE METAL.—The new metal gallium, just found in zinc ores in France, melts at the extraordinary low temperature of 85 deg. Fah. It can be cut, possesses a slight malleability, and when fused, adheres to glass, on which it forms a beautiful mirror resembling silver. Excepting mercury, which melts at 39 deg Fah., this is the most fusible of all the metals, and this property may make it valuable for safety-plugs, and also for electrotype composition.

A MINER has recently found in the Globe Mining District, Arizona, a solid mass of metallic silver ore lying on the surface of the ground, and weighing 2,200 lbs. An assay showed it to be worth at least $20,000.

PRESIDENT CLARK, of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, has selected Mr. D. P. Penhallow, of Portsmouth, N. H., for Professor of Botany and Chemistry, and Mr. William Wheeler for Professor of Mathematics in the Japan Agricultural College.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

CON.—What is the difference between horse-racing and going to church?—One makes men bet, the other makes them better.

A GALLANT PEDDLER.—As a lady of great personal beauty was walking along a narrow lane, she perceived just behind her a hawker of earthenware, driving an ass with two panniers laden with his stock in trade. In order to give the animal and his master room to pass, the lady suddenly stepped aside, which so frightened the donkey that he ran away, and had not proceeded far when he fell, and a great part of the crockeryware was broken. The lady, in her turn, became alarmed, lest the man should load her with abuse, if not offer to insult her; but he merely exclaimed, "Never mind, ma'am; Balaam's ass was frightened by an angel."

A NEW prison-chaplain was recently appointed in a certain town. He was a man who greatly magnified his office, and, entering one of the cells on his first round of inspection, he with much pomposity thus addressed the prisoner who occupied it: "Well, sir, do you know who I am?" "No; nor I dinna care," was the nonchalant reply. "Well, I'm your new chaplain." "Oh, ye are? Weel, I hae heard o' ye before." "And what did you hear?" returned the chaplain, his curiosity getting the better of his dignity. "Weel, I heard that the last two kirks ye were in ye preached them baith empty; but I'll be hanged if ye find it such an easy matter to do the same wi' this ane!'

THE Reverend Sydney Smith was once taking a walk around the purlieus of Lambeth, when he saw two little girls amusing themselves with a tortoise. Among other methods of amusing that hard-shelled democrat, they adopted that of gently scraping the shell. The natural common sense or intelligence of the pulpit humorist was aroused, and he said: "My children, what are you tickling the shell of that tortoise for?" The little idiots looked up and said, "To please it, sir." Sydney Smith heaved a sigh at the simplicity of innocence, and then said, "My dears, you might as well hope to please the conclave of cardinals by scratching the dome of St. Peter's, as to please the soul of that tortoise by scratching its shell."

A JUVENILE Mrs. Partington, while walking with her elder sister, suddenly turned her head towards a rather shabby-looking edifice, and cried delightedly, "Oh, how I should like to live in that house! It would be so nice!" "But why, dear? What makes you wish to live in such an old, tumble-down house as that?" inquired her astonished sister. "Why, it would be so splendid; we could soon make it look like new again. We could have everything we want for nothing, and papa would never be cross." "What on earth do you mean, child?" asked the mystified sister. "Don't you see that board?" said the little elf, as if pitying her elder's ignorance, at the same time pointing to an innocent-looking signboard which read thus: "No bills here."

ONE day a Turkish joker borrowed a great kettle of a neighbor. When he was done with it, he returned it, and a little saucepan along with it. The neighbor asked what this meant, whereupon the joker said, "The kettle had a young one." On hearing this, the neighbor readily accepted both. Some time afterward the joker again borrowed the kettle, but, after waiting a long time to have it returned, the owner at last went for it, and knocked at the joker's door. "What do you want of me?" asked he. "I want my kettle," replied the neighbor. "I see that you look quite well yourself, but I am very sorry to say that your kettle is dead," returned the humorist. "Nonsense! Kettles don't die," cried the neighbor. "Certainly they do," opposed the joker. "If a kettle can have a young one, it can die."

A CAPITAL story is told of a dandified *attaché* at Constantinople, who traveled into Koordistan, intending to copy Layard, and write a book. He was what he called roughing it, with six or seven horses carrying his necessaries—*i. e.*, a few things he could not possibly do without. Among them were the wooden frames for cleaning his boots and shoes, and a case of bottles of a particularly fine varnish for his polished leathers. He was attacked by the natives, who overhauled his kit. When they came to the bottles they opened them, and the varnish being made with Madeira and scented with all sorts of good things, it smelt so nice that the thieves thought it must be something to drink. In vain did he explain that it was paint for his boots. They were sure that it was too delicious for that, and, in order to try, he should drink some; so they took out one of his own cut-glass tumblers, and made him drink a glass of his own boot-varnish!

THE San Francisco *News-Letter* heartily congratulates London on the coming Chinese invasion. It says: "A gleam of hope arises in the leaden-colored cloud known as the Chinese question. A colony of laundrymen is to be shipped from New York to London. Happy John Bull! In a few years a large portion of England's metropolis will be overrun with the astute Mongolian. Hyde Park and St. James's will bristle with signs of 'Hong-Ki' and 'Ah-Yen,' while the sounds of the discordant fiddle and the pre-adamitic banjo will resound in the back slums of Belgravia. Regent Street will be devastated with crackers every Chinese New Year, and St. Paul's Cathedral will have long since been converted into a joss-house. Some ultra radical will remove all their disabilities, and a quarter of a century may behold them in Parliament. The Hon. Wang Si may be imagined addressing the honorable member for Lambeth, and saying, 'You all same talkee heap lie; you welly bad man.' Advance, adventurous Mongolian, to the *Ultima Thule* of thy conquests, and a cockney wreath shall speedily adorn thy saffron brow!"

WHAT CAN IT BE?

"CAUGHT!"

FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

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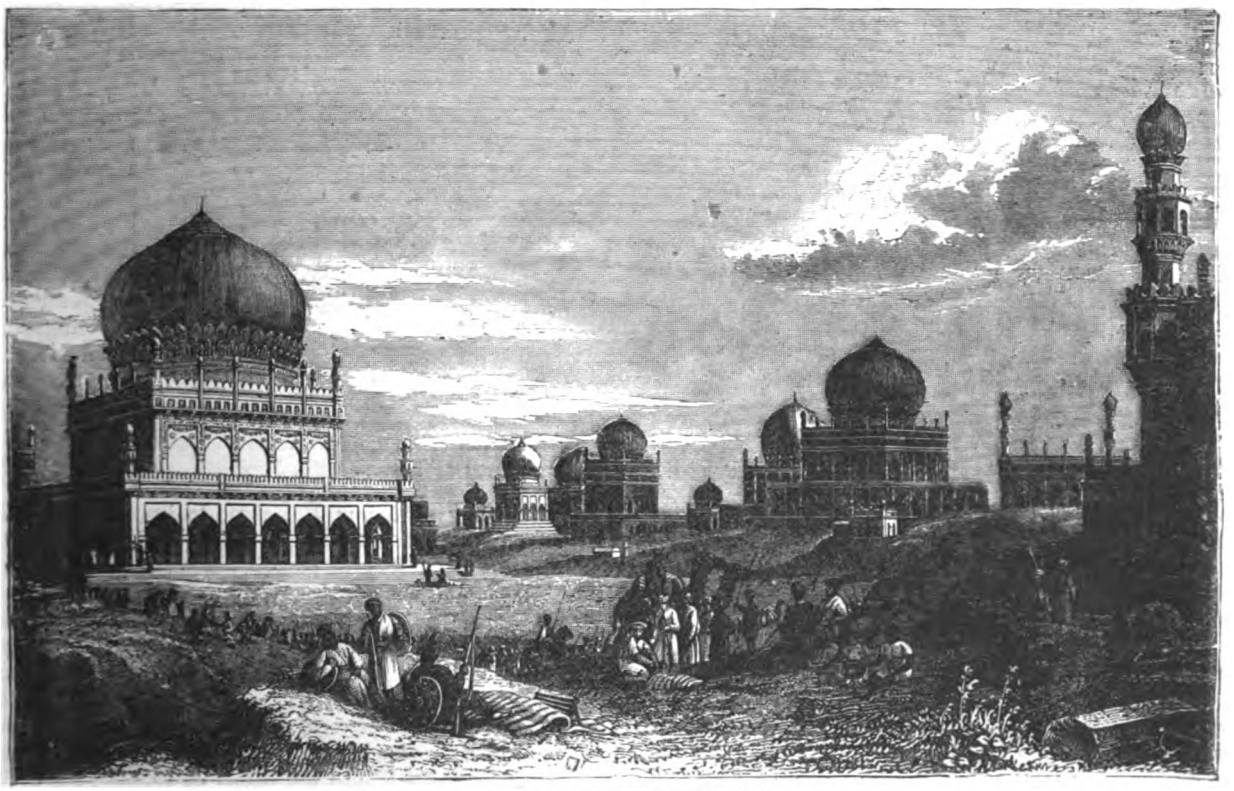
ENGLAND'S INTEREST IN THE EASTERN QUESTION—HER INDIAN POSSESSIONS.

BY A. H. GUERNSEY.

TO SOME it may not be apparent why England takes so prominent a part in checking the advance of Russia upon Turkey. The real interest of England lies not so much in the question who shall hold Constantinople, as whether England can permit a great Power like Russia to menace her Indian possessions. In the diplomatic contest this, of course, is not avowed, and the question is hampered by endless entanglements and subterfuges. Russia is bound by every consideration of interest to acquire Constantinople whenever she can do so without risking a contest in which she would stand a reasonable chance of being worsted. Great Britain is bound by every consideration of safety, as well as of interest, to prevent this, if she can do so by putting forth her utmost strength. France, Germany, and especially Austria, are bound to oppose the acquisition by Russia, unless they can, by acceding to it, secure important



TOMBS OF THE KINGS AT GOLCONDA.

advantages to themselves. The other European Powers are less directly interested, and none of them could do much to hinder it, except as an ally of one of the Great Powers.

A glance at the map will show the paramount advantage which Russia would gain by this acquisition. With a territory larger than all the other fourteen nations of Europe, she touches the ocean only indirectly, and at three points. On the north is Archangel, almost within the arctic circle, to reach which a vessel must go far north of that circle, and whose harbor is shut up by ice seven months in the year. The Baltic, with its continuation—the Gulf of Bothnia, indeed washes the western shore of Russia for 700 miles; but there are only two tolerable ports, Riga and Cronstadt, and these are blocked up for nearly six months in the year, and can be reached only by passing through the intricate channel of the Danish Sounds.

In case of a war with a great naval power, a few war-steamers could effectually stop all Russian commerce from entering or leaving the Baltic; and if Denmark were a voluntary or involuntary ally of the enemy, the passage could be commanded by her fortifications. Yet the Baltic is the station of four-fifths of the Russian navy, and three-fourths of its foreign commerce is carried on from the ports of Cronstadt and Revel; although the vessels are frozen into or out of the harbors for nearly half the year.

On the south is the Black Sea, into which all the great rivers of the southern half of Russia find their way, with the exception of the Volga, whose mouth is in the Caspian. The Volga is indeed, in a sense, a Black Sea river, for a railway, or perhaps even a ship canal, of a few leagues, would connect its waters with those of the Don.

The Black Sea is 700 miles long from east to west, and 400 miles wide in its broadest part, from north to south. Its area is 180,000 square miles, twice that of all the five great North American lakes. Its northern shore belongs to Russia; its eastern and southern to Turkey in Asia; its western to Turkey in Europe. The only approach to it is through the Straits of the Dardanelles, into the narrow Sea of Marmora, thence through the Strait of the Bosphorus, all of which belong to Turkey.

The Bosphorus, the outlet of the Black Sea, is 16 miles long, two miles wide at its broadest part, and barely half a mile at its narrowest. Constantinople stands just where the Bosphorus begins to widen out into the Sea of Marmora. The Dardanelles, the only passage from the Sea of Marmora into the Mediterranean, is 45 miles long, and, at its narrowest point, only 800 yards wide. Both straits are now strongly fortified, and might easily be made impassable against all the navies of the world.

THE EAST INDIA'S COMPANY'S ORIGINAL HOUSE AT LONDON.

These straits are the double gates which guard the Black Sea. Whatever great power holds the keys of them, as Turkey now does, holds the Black Sea itself, and may, if it will, make itself in ten years the most formidable naval power in the world; for the shores of the Black Sea abound in materials for constructing and manning a great navy, and its waters give abundant space for exercising a fleet, undisturbed by any foe, until it chose to issue through the straits, through which it could, in case of need, again retreat, without the possibility of pursuit. Such a fleet would of necessity render its master the predominating authority over the Mediterranean, and over the commerce of all the nations around her shores, or who used its waters as a highway; unless, indeed, they were sufficiently strong to assail him upon the land.

It is from this point of view, most especially, that the safety of the British Empire imperatively demands that Constantinople should not fall into the hands of Russia; for of all the great powers of the earth, Russia is the one most likely

AN ORISSA BRAHMIN.

to come into collision with Britain. When, as seems inevitable at no very distant day, the Russian frontier shall be pushed forward to the borders of India, she must wish to push it still further. The fertile plains of the Indus cannot but be an irresistible temptation to a nation whose conquering march had led through the deserts of Turkestan and Afghanistan. Once fairly seated at Constantinople, the one spot of all others on the globe which seems marked out by nature as the seat of a mighty empire, situated at the very crossing of the highways by water and land between Europe and Asia, she should command them all. One hand would dominate over Asia Minor and Syria to the Euphrates and the Persian Gulf, facing the western coast of India. Her fleet, trained in the stormy waters of the Black Sea, closed to all but herself, but ever open for it to sally out, would threaten the mouth of the Suez Canal sufficiently to render it practically useless for her opponent, whose only route to India would be the long voyage around the stormy cape misnamed of Good Hope.

For ourselves, we do not think that the Empire of India adds anything to the real strength of the Kingdom of Great Britain. Certainly not a regiment of native troops could be brought from India to the defense of the kingdom if assaulted in Europe or America or Australia; on the contrary, it requires a large English force to maintain her authority there even in time of peace. She derives no direct revenue from India. All, and more than all, the revenues raised there are expended there; and we see no likelihood that the revenue can be materially increased or the expenditures materially diminished.* Unlike Australia and Canada, India presents no field for British emigration, where Britons and their children can build up a new Britain under strange skies. It has come to be a recognized fact that children of English parents born in India rarely reach maturity, unless sent to England in childhood. The number of Europeans in India, apart from the military and civil servants of the crown, may be counted up by thousands, rather than by tens of thousands. The commerce between Great Britain and India, though large, exceeds by only a little that with France, falls far below that with Germany, and is only a little more than three-fifths of that with the United States. † The truth is, India, in proportion to its population, is, and long must be, a very poor country. With nearly twice the population of the three nations named, it has less than a quarter of their commerce with Great Britain; and we do not imagine that this commerce is sensibly greater than it would have been had India never been subject to the East India Company or to the British Crown. But now that India has been subjugated, Britain cannot abandon her sovereignty, or suffer it to be wrested from her, without yielding her prestige among the nations of the earth; and we do not imagine that any British administration will ever consent to such an abandonment, except under stress of such dire necessity as compelled Rome to withdraw her legions from Britain and Gaul, from Parthia and Mesopotamia. Therefore, whatever may threaten the Indian Empire, threatens Great Britain at a vital point.

British India, though a vast country, with a coast line of 4,000 miles, and an extreme length of 1,900 miles, and an extreme breadth nearly as great, with a population of 200,000,000, has long borne the British rule, without her inhabitants being in the slightest degree modified in their civil or domestic life, their religious ideas, or their prevailing ideas, by British influence. Were the English rule swept away, all traces of the long-maintained English power would vanish in a quarter of a century. Her hold is therefore extremely insecure, and the Sepoy revolt showed the dormant power of the apparently cowed natives.

For purposes of government, India is divided into Bengal, the Northwest Provinces, Oude, the Punjaub, the Central Provinces, Berar, British Burmah, Madras, Mysore, Coorg, and Bombay.

In many of these, native princes still maintain their courts, and exercise a subordinate rule. The Russian advances in Turkoman made it necessary that England should bind these princes, and through them their subjects, more securely to the English Government. Hence the recent visit of the Prince of Wales to that country, and the favors lavished on the native princes; hence, too, the present attitude of England on the Eastern Question.

The natives of India are of the Aryan and Turanian stocks; to the former belong the Brahmins, Jats, Rajpoots, and other Hindoo castes, forming the mass of the population, while the Mohammedans number some 40,000,000, and the followers of Buddha are reckoned at several millions, and Parsees or Fire-worshipers several hundred thousands.

The Hindoos, proud of their ancient Sanscrit lore, cling to their pristine faith, and Christianity has exercised no perceptible influence on the country. The Brahmins still adhere to their doctrines and ceremonies, their austerities and purifications; Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva still find worshipers full of zeal and devotion. The magnificent architecture of other days, as seen at Jug Munder, Karli, and Pondicherry, excelling far all

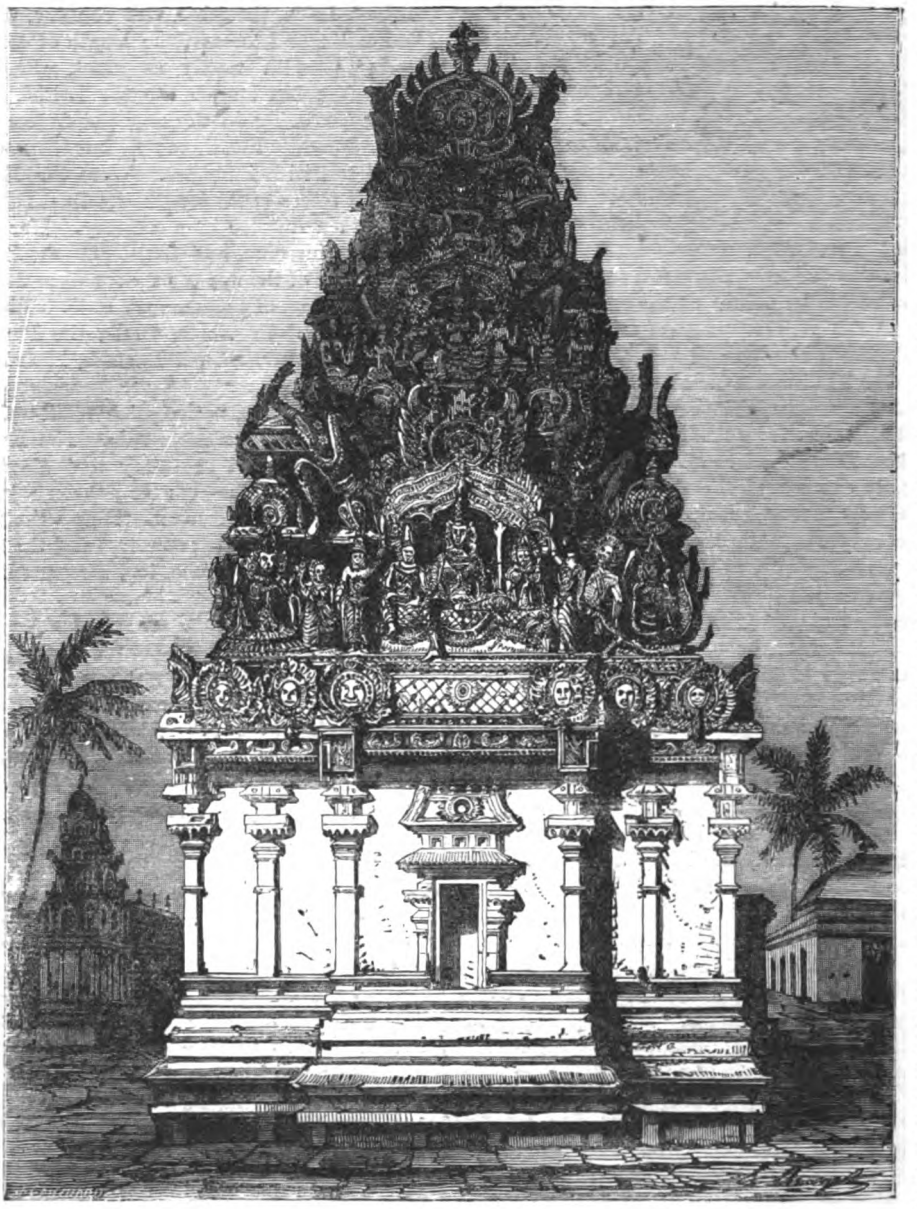
HINDOO GUIDE WITH HUBBLE-BUBBLE.

* In 1874-5 the Indian revenue amounted to £49,000,000; expenditures, £55,000,000; of the expenditures, however, about £7,000,000 are set down as "extraordinary," being £4,500,000 for public works and £2,500,000 for famine relief.

† In 1874 the commerce between Great Britain and India, exports and imports, was, in round millions, £65,000,000; with France, £63,000,000; with Germany, £94,000,000; with the United States £102,000,000.

that Europeans have reared on their ancient soil, teach them, as it were, their own superiority; and in many respects even European energy has to yield to the ideas and modes of travel and labor of the native coolies.

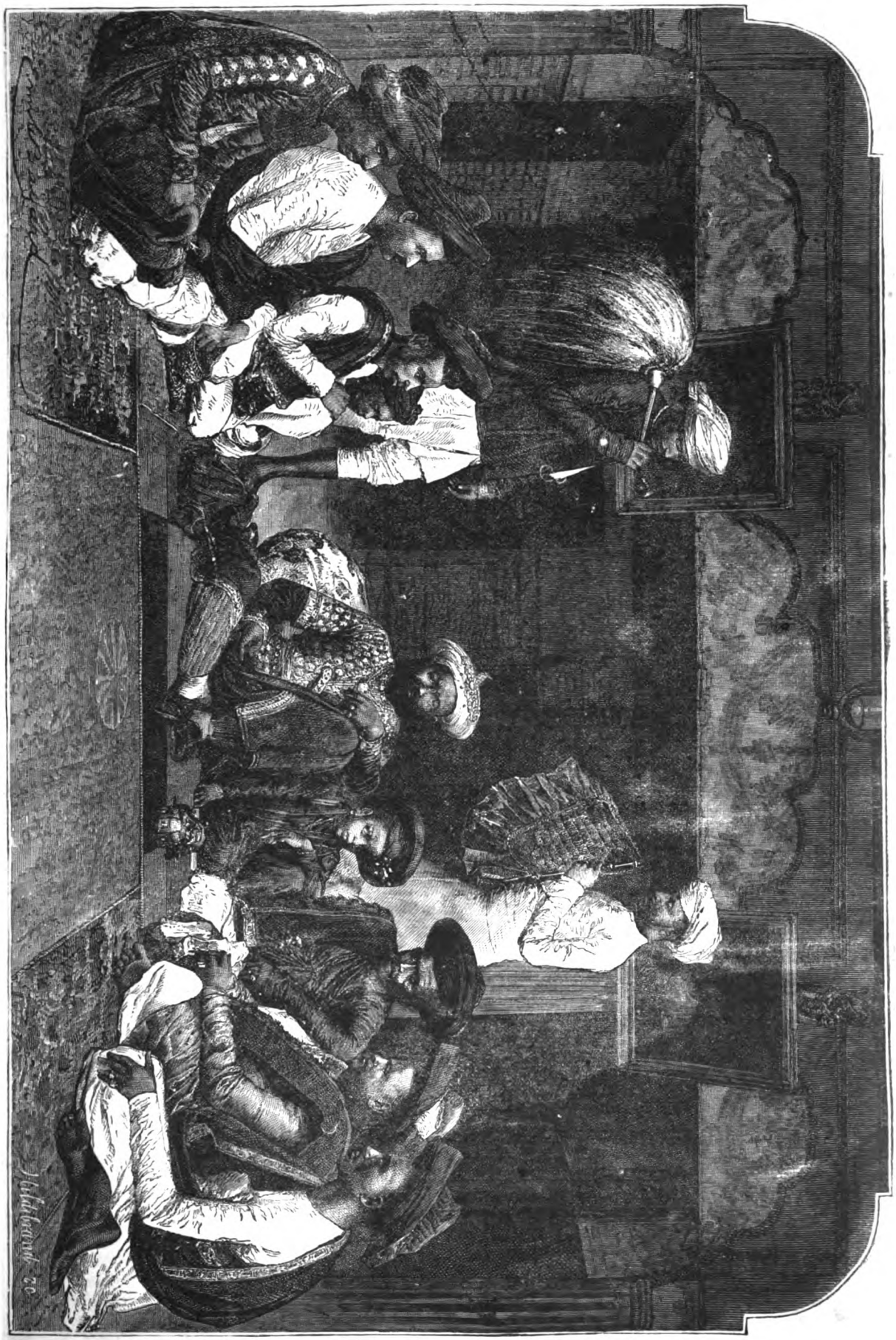
The East India Company reared a mighty empire, but it was and is purely commercial. England holds India as the great commercial Power, the Tyre and Carthage of modern times—holds it for the advantage of her trade, and holds it only by sufferance. It is essentially as a naval power holding supremacy at sea, while Russia is in this respect cut off from naval strength. As has been said, the shores of the Black Sea abound in all that is needed for the construction and manning of a navy. Its waters afford ample room for the training and exercise of the largest fleet. A commander and crew who can handle a vessel in the stormy waters of the "Inhospitable" Sea of the ancient Greeks, the "Bad Black Sea" of the modern Turks, have nothing to learn in the broadest ocean. Hence, with the control of this sea and its approaches, Russia can, if she so chooses, become almost at once a great maritime power; without it she never can. She does so choose; and only bides her time—as she has done for a century. As Lord Palmerston said at the opening of the Crimean War, "Russia has always, from the time of Peter the Great, systematically labored, without any deviation, for the conquest of Turkey. When checked in her advance, she draws back, but only to take advantage of the first favorable opportunity."



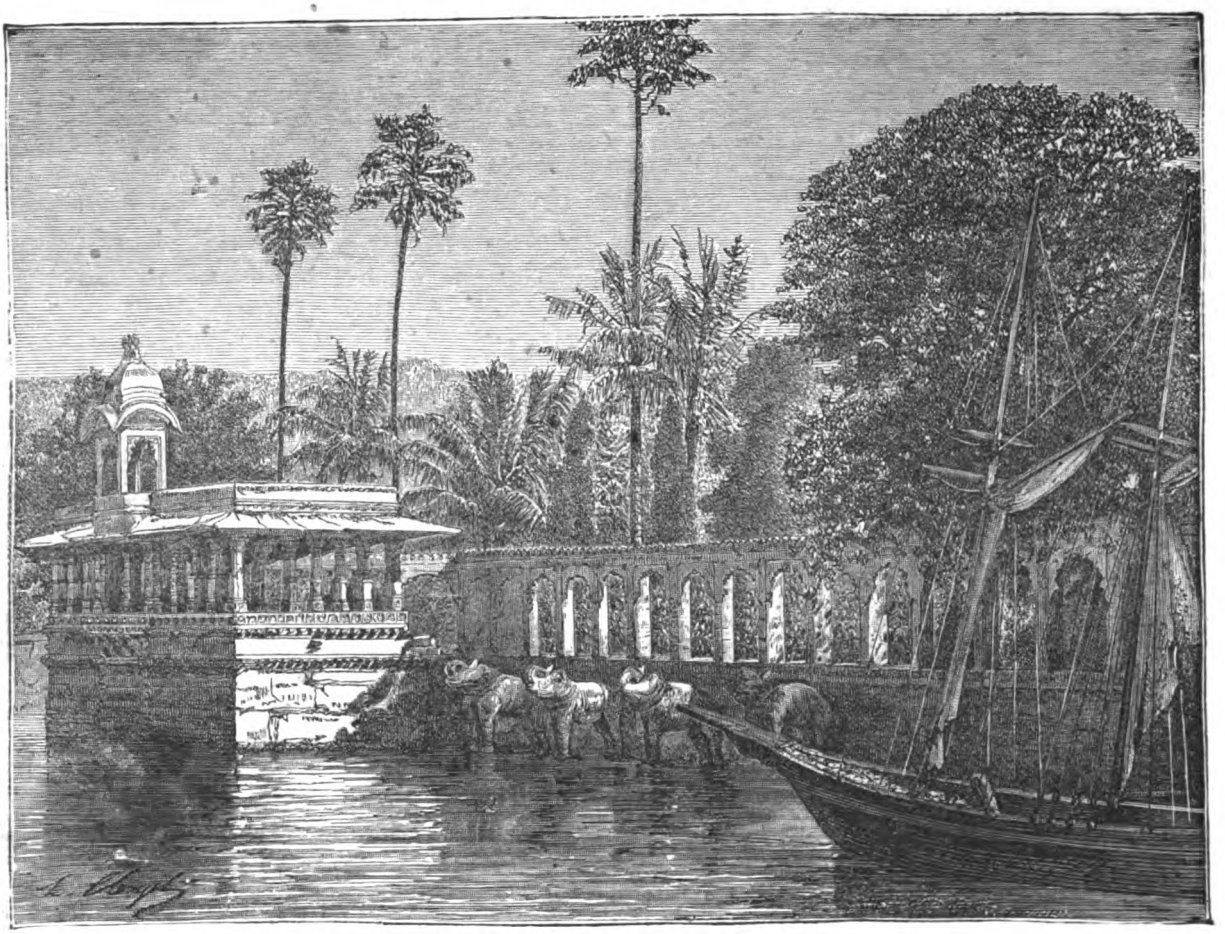
PORCH OF THE PAGODA OF A THOUSAND COLUMNS, NEAR PONDICHERRY.

Not merely "the *last* last word of the Eastern Question," but the only really significant word, is, "Who shall have Constantinople?" Every other word, in the view of the Great Powers, is either subsidiary to this, or a mere pretext. Russia may pretend, as she does, that she is moved to her present action only by the desire to protect her co-religionists in Turkey. The Czar may, a thousand times more, as he recently did to the British ambassador, "pledge his sacred honor that he had no intention of acquiring Constantinople; and that if necessity should force him to occupy a portion of Bulgaria, it would be only provisionally, and until the peace and safety of the Christian population could be secured." Perhaps this may be the personal intent of the wearied valetudinarian, who, if report speaks truly, is anxious to lay down the imperial sceptre; but it is not the intent of the statesmen and soldiers, whom the Czar can lead only by leading them in the way they wish to go. The inscription, "To Constantinople," which Catharine put up on the guide-board at Kherson, may be no longer there; but it remains on the map of the route in which Russia proposes to march to the sea.

England may talk of her duty to her ancient ally, the Ottoman Empire; and of the obligation which devolves upon the family of the nations of Europe to see that no weak member of it is wronged or despoiled by a strong one. She may appeal to a score of treaties by which the Powers have pledged themselves to permit no infraction of the sovereignty of the Sublime Porte over its present European territories. Real philanthropists and pseudo-philanthropists, all the world over, may clamor louder than ever for the expulsion of the marauders who four centuries ago "squatted" rather than settled upon the fairest portion of Europe, which they have only plundered and not governed. But the English Government has acted upon the Eastern Question, and will act upon it only as its own interests seem to demand. This determination could not



THE DURBAR OF AN INDIAN PRINCE.



THE ISLE OF JUG MUNDER, NEAR OODIPOORE.

be more clearly expressed than by the Premier, Lord Derby, in defending his sending the Mediterranean fleet to Besika Bay, at the mouth of the Dardanelles. He said:

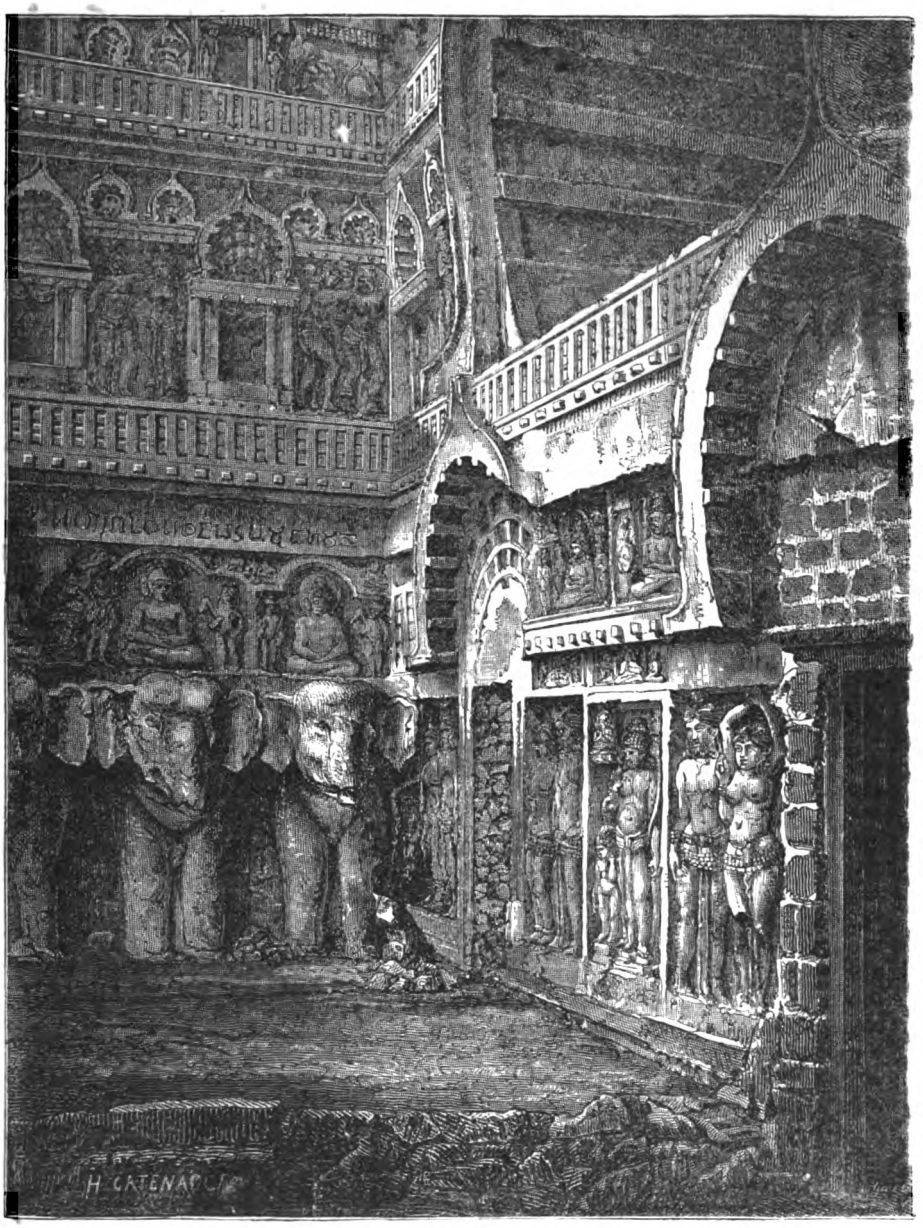
"The Mediterranean fleet is a symbol and guarantee of our power. We have never concealed that we have in that part of the world great interests which we must protect; and we determined that, whatever happened, there should not be any change in the distribution of the world in that part without our knowledge. It is said that we sent the fleet to the Dardanelles to maintain the Turkish Empire. I entirely deny it; *we sent the fleet to maintain the interests of the British Empire.*"

"Who shall have Constantinople?" is the question. To even attempt an answer, we must inquire who they are that now hold it, and by what tenure. About the year 1280, the Ottoman Turks made their appearance as a conquering horde in Asia Minor, which they gradually overran, crossed the Hellespont, and, in 1361, took Adrianople, leaving to the Byzantine emperors little more than Constantinople and the region immediately around it. But, aided greatly by the Venetians, who sent succor through the Dardanelles, the Christians were able to hold the city until 1453, when it was taken by Mahomet II. During the next century the Ottomans conquered a great part of what now constitutes European Turkey, and the Morea, spreading themselves in the opposite direction over Egypt, Syria, and Northern Africa. Under Solyman the Magnificent, a contemporary of Elizabeth, the Ottoman Empire attained its greatest extension and highest power. The Crescent had been borne in triumph through Hungary, a considerable part of Poland, and up the Danube to the very walls of Vienna. It seemed as though all Central and Eastern Europe would soon be theirs. Their navy was the largest, their army the most powerful, their artillery better, and better served than any other in the world. The Spaniards, and the Spaniards alone, seemed capable of limiting their career of conquest; and to as sagacious a man as Sir Walter Raleigh it seemed that one or both of these powers would soon hold all Europe. Which was the most to be dreaded was to him, and to all Protestants, a matter

THE GODS OF INDIA—BRAHMA, VISHNU AND SIVA.

of doubt. "The one," he says, "seeks to root out the Christian religion altogether; the other the truth and sincere profession thereof; the one to join all Europe to Asia, the other the rest of all Europe to Spain."

The tide first began to turn at the naval victory of Lepanto, won in 1571 by Don John of Austria, a natural son of Charles V., over the Turks. But their decline was slow. The Polish Sobieski drove them back from Vienna; still later, the victories of Prince Eugene expelled them from all that they had won in what is now Austria; and they were constantly worsted by the Russians, to whom they lost, successively, province after province. Still, up to the outbreak of the French Revolution, the Sultan bore himself toward all infidel potentates as though he were their lord and master, and they owed their existence to his gracious permission. But to all others it was apparent that just as the strength of the chief Christian powers had waxed, that of the Turks had waned, and that it needed only a few more vigorous pushes, for which abundant pretext could never be wanting, to drive the Ottoman, the common enemy of all, out of Europe.



THE PORCH OF KARLI.

But with the French Revolution and the wars consequent upon it, came the necessity for each combatant to gain as many allies—or, at least, to prevent the other from gaining them—as possible. In a doubtful balance a slight weight will turn the scale; and when, at last, Russia and England were united against France, both sides sought to win over the Sultan Selim. He, to do justice to his sagacity, was desirous of keeping out of the fray. The victory of either side threatened him with disaster. If either came off clearly victor, it would be able to seize upon his dominions. He was a kind of reluctant umpire between, while the proposed prey of, both. This kind of connection with European powers led the Sultan to undertake military reforms; but his assassination in 1807 postponed them for a time.

The pacification of Europe, after Waterloo, left Turkey untouched. The high contracting powers could see no possible distribution of her territory which would not aggrandize one or two of them without giving any corresponding gain to the others. Turkey could not be cut up in such a way that the pieces laid in the different scales would keep level the balance of power. They agreed upon what seemed the next best thing: they took the Porte under their joint protection, and from that moment Turkey became the "sick man of Europe," a part which he has since played, with occasional periods of apparently lying at death's door, followed by brief intervals of apparent convalescence. One of these intervals being when Mahmoud II. undertook to carry out the military and naval reforms projected by Selim. He was, in blood, half a Frenchman.* He undertook to consolidate his distracted empire. The Greek revolution, set on foot by secret societies, fostered by Russia, broke out too early. Its original intent was to form a State composed of all, and more than all, which had ever gone to make up the ancient Hellas. The result was the creation of a little

* His mother, born in the French island of Martinique, was own cousin to another Creole, who became the Empress Josephine. She was sent to France to be educated. On her return voyage the vessel was captured by an Algerine pirate, who sold his beautiful captive to the Dey. He sent her as a present to the Sultan, and she became his favorite sultana.

A HIGH CASTE COOLIE.

kingdom, insufficient to take more than a nominal rank among the nations of the earth.

The destruction of the Turkish fleet at Navarino, by the combined action of France and Great Britain, was a significant warning to the Sultan that he was not his own master; and the war with Russia, which broke out in 1828, left him too weak even to contend with his vassal, Mehemet Ali, Pasha of Egypt; and he was saved from utter ruin only through the opportune intervention of Russia, Austria, and Great Britain.

It is idle to speculate as to what might have been had that astute and vigorous adventurer become the head of the Ottoman empire. Who shall now dare to say that he would not have molded the really vast raw material into a State capable of standing alone; a State with its head at Constantinople, and its hands grasping the Red Sea and the Euphrates, which England had now come fully to understand were—one or both—to be her highways to her Indian empire? But the gods, who, to our narrow vision, seem to rule the affairs of nations, saw otherwise. The descendants of Osman were suffered to retain their seats on the divan at Constantinople. There were indeed magnificent promises, and mighty reforms on paper, but they all came to naught. If one wishes to know why, let him read Mr. Barker's account, drawn from his own observations of forty years of the condition of "Syria and Palestine under the Five Last Sultans." If such things were done in Syria, where the men of the people were devotedly loyal to the Sultan, however often they might rise in revolt against his tax-gatherers and pashas, what must have been the condition of Bulgaria and Bosnia, where the immense majority must, from the very nature of things, hold the whole Ottoman race in bitter hatred?

The results of the Crimean War seem to be highly favorable to Turkey. To do the Ottoman race justice, whatever may be its defects, cowardice is not one of them. The raw Turkish troops showed themselves worthy to stand side by side with the disciplined veterans of France and England, and to confront the best troops of the Czar, with a dogged resolution not inferior to their own. And, in passing, we may say that if the contest, which now seems so imminent, shall take place, even if it shall be only Ottoman against Muscovite, Russia must count upon no child's play. It is not merely the 2,000,000 of Osmanli, men, women, and children, who are now there who are to be driven out of Europe, but the other hundreds of thousands of armed ones who will pour in from Asia, fired with that courage born of the assured belief that the gates of Paradise stand wide open to every man who dies fighting against the Infidel. At the close of the Crimean War, Turkey had really gained much, had it only been wisely used. She had gained largely in military repute; she had gained much sympathy from the civilized world; she had gained a reasonable assurance of a long respite from Muscovite aggression; she had even gained from Russia a strip of territory, small indeed in area, but of great strategical value; and what was really of more worth than all, she, in common with her allies, gained the disarmament of the Black Sea.

To be sure, Russia, as soon as she had in a degree recovered from the exhaustion of the war, demanded and obtained the abrogation of the article in the Treaty of Paris by which this was pledged—and some time since she was reported to have there two iron-clads and twenty-five war steamers; how many more may now be there, the Russian Government only knows.

No better proof of the general confidence in the rising fortunes of Turkey need be given than the fact that the Sublime Porte could, on the open exchange, in London and Paris, in Frankfort and Amsterdam, raise loan after loan, at a high rate of interest indeed, but of sums which seemed to have no limit, except that of his own asking—loans not a shilling of which has ever been repaid.

The feeble and passionate, superstitious and unbelieving, prodigal and avaricious Abdul-Aziz came to the throne in 1861. The net results of his fifteen years' reign were the pompous inauguration of a railway system, no portion of which has been put in efficient operation; massacres in Lebanon and Damascus; rebellions in Montenegro and Herzegovina, and Crete; the loss of a quarter of his territory and a third of

A HIGH CASTE COOLIE'S WIFE.

SLINGING THE MAIL ACROSS A NULLAH.

his subjects, by the creation of the practically independent principality of Roumania; glowing promises of administrative reform, culminating in a government which is no better than a system of organized brigandage; national bankruptcy; and his own deposition and murder, or self-murder.

Turkey in Europe, as it stands on our usual maps, occupies nearly the whole of the great southern projection of the continent of Europe—bordered on the east by the Black Sea, the Sea of Marmora, and the Archipelago; on the west by the Adriatic. Its northern boundary, conterminous with that of Austria, is formed by the Carpathian Mountains and the River Save. The area is about 200,000 square miles; not greatly differing from that of Spain, France, Germany, or California.*

The population, according to what we consider the most reliable estimates, is about 18,000,000.† From these figures large deductions are to be made. The principality of Roumania, comprising what was formerly Wallachia and Moldavia, having an area of 46,000 square miles, and a population of 4,500,000, ruled by Prince Charles of Hohenzollern, who was elected in 1866, is practically independent, merely paying to the Porte an annual tribute of about $200,000. The principality of Servia, with 17,000 square miles, and 1,600,000 inhabitants, is also independent to all intents, but has paid a tribute of about $92,000. The prince has, within a few months, renounced the nominal suzerainty of the Sultan, and assumed the title of the King of Servia. The proper area of European Turkey is, therefore, about 140,000 square miles, with a population of about 12,000,000.

Taken as a whole—principalities and all—it is undoubtedly the finest portion of Europe. Compared with it, France is scarcely fertile, and Switzerland scarcely picturesque. Taking the principal political divisions, as they formerly stood, and as they are still most frequently designated, in the north-east, bordering partly upon Russia, but mainly upon Austria, is Roumania, peopled mainly by a race who claim descent from the Romans, settled there by Trajan, but with a large admixture of Sclavonic blood. South of this, and separated from it by the Danube, is Bulgaria, the ancient Mœsia, whose population consists mainly of Osmanlis, and a somewhat mixed race known as Bulgarians, but mainly of Sclavonic blood. South of Bulgaria, and separated from it by the Balkan Mountains, is Roumelia, containing two great cities, Constantinople and Adrianople. The population is mixed, the Osmanlis predominating, but with a large admixture of Bulgarians and Greeks. West of Roumania, and bounded on the north by Austria, is Servia, peopled almost wholly by a Sclavonic tribe known specifically as Serbs. South of Servia are Bosnia, Herzegovina, Montenegro, with a Sclavonic population, and Albania. The 12,000,000 inhabitants of Turkey proper are ethnologically classified as follows: Osmanlis, or Turks, 2,100,000; Greeks, 1,600,000; Servians, 1,600,000; Bulgarians, 1,300,000; Albanians, 1,100,000; Jews, Gypsies, Armenians, etc., 1,300,000. As to religion, there are: Mohammedans, 3,800,000; Greek Christians, 7,350,000; Latin Christians, 600,000; smaller sects, 250,000. Thus, of the population of Turkey in Europe only about one-sixth are Turks; and in faith, less than one-third are Mohammedans. The 1,700,000 non-Turkish Mohammedans are Sclavonians, mainly Bulgarians and Bosnians, whose ancestors embraced Islam in order to save their estates. In Bosnia they form nearly a third of the population, including the great body of landowners, and are far more bigoted Mohammedans than the Turks themselves. Mr. Evans thus describes them:

"The great Bosnian lords, now calling themselves *Begs* or *Capetans*, reside still in the feudal castles reared by their Christian ancestors; they keep their old escutcheons, their Sclavonic family names, their rolls and patents of nobility inherited from Christian kings; they lead forth their retainers, as of old, under their baronial banners, and continue to indulge in the chivalrous pastime of hawking. But though in political affairs, language and customs so much of

* Approximate areas: California, 189,000 square miles; Spain, 193,000; France, 204,000; Germany, 210,000.

† Estimates by very good authorities vary very widely, some placing the population as low as 12,000,000; others at 16,000,000, and so on.

NATIVE PRINCES AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

the pre-Turkish element has survived—though there are to be found many secret observances of Christian rites among Mohammedans in high places—it would be a grievous error to suppose that the influence of Islam is superficial in Bosnia, or that their religious convictions are not deep-rooted. On the contrary, the Sclavonic Mohammedans of Bosnia, occupying an isolated corner of the Sultan's dominions, have not been so liable to those external influences which at Constantinople itself have considerably modified the code of True Believers. The Bosniac Mussulmans have had their religious antagonism perpetually roused by wars with the unbelievers who compass them round about; they, more than the Levantine Moslems, have borne the brunt of the long struggle with Christendom. Thus it is that Bosnia is the headquarters of Mohammedan fanaticism, and that when, at the beginning of this century, Sultan Mahmoud II. endeavored to introduce his centralizing innovations and reforms into Bosnia—which also promised the Christians a certain amount of religious liberty—he found himself opposed here not only by the feudal caste, who rallied around the janizaries, but by a race of Mohammedans whose religion had assumed a national character of a more fanatical hue than was fashionable in the capital."*

The Osmanlis, as the Turks style themselves, present unique phenomena in their relations to the races which surround them in European Turkey. Outnumbered five to one by races fully equal to them in physical vigor, and superior to them in intellect, they are, and have for centuries been, the sole governing class. They hold the land, as almost all lands are held, by a right originally acquired by the sword; but, unlike all others, they have never added to this original right, such as it is, the far higher one of useful occupancy. They encamp in, but do not in any true sense inhabit, the country. Their only right is that of an alien horde encamped upon a soil not their own—a right which is rightly at the mercy of anybody who has the power and will to drive them out.

It is impossible to estimate, even approximately, the number of the horde who originally made their entry into Asia Minor six centuries ago. They seem to have moved all at once, and to have received no augmentation from their native Tartary. Their available military force, so long as they remained a conquering people, comprised every able-bodied man, augmented by the children of their prisoners, who were trained up as Moslems; from these, in time, were mostly recruited the janizaries. They do not appear to have increased at all, at least in Europe, and, indeed, have probably steadily declined in numbers; in spite of the fact that for ages their harems have been largely recruited from abroad, especially from Circassia.

This constant influx of new blood has wrought an entire change in the physical characteristics of the Turks. The ugly Tartars have grown into one of the handsomest races on the globe, in which the proportion of the original Tartar blood is very small. But no admixture of blood has wrought any change in their moral or intellectual nature.

Mahmoud II. was half French, and we know not how much Circassian, in blood; but he was as thorough an Osmanli as was Osman himself. Graft a pear-slip upon a quince stock, and the fruit will be pears. Graft Circassian upon Turkish stock, and it will be, not a Circassian or a hybrid, but a pure Turk.

It is not easy to gain a clear and definite idea of the real nature of the Turkish system of government. It seems to combine in itself all the worst features of all other systems, all tempered by the bow-string. One might well imagine that it had been framed with a special view to give a bad Sultan the power of doing the greatest possible evil; and a good Sultan—if such an one could ever spring from a harem—the power of doing the least possible good. The Sultan is "Caliph of the Mussulmans and Sovereign of all the Ottomans." He is the chief executive, or, rather, the recognized source of all executive authority.

In the order of succession, the brothers of a deceased sovereign take precedence of his sons, as standing nearer in blood to the founder of the dynasty. Hence every Sultan must look upon his brothers and half-brothers as his natural enemies; and, if nothing worse happens to them, they are kept closely immured in the harem. Not unfrequently one of his first acts is to put them to death. Mahmoud II. is said to have put to death not only his half-brothers, but one of the sultanas of his predecessor, in order to make sure of the destruction of her unborn child.

In almost every case a Sultan must come to the throne at a somewhat mature age, but as ignorant as a babe of all that pertains to government. The Koran is the undisputed source of all civil and religious law; and the mufti, its interpreter, is supreme authority as to the lawfulness of all political, civil, and religious acts. The mufti has a council of subordinate muftis for various departments, and the Ulemi, or "Wise Men."

The Ulemi comprise the great jurists, theologians, and literati, any or all of whom may be summoned by the mufti. To the mufti and his council the Sultan is supposed to refer every act of importance. He does not even declare war or

* "Through Bosnia and Herzegovina on Foot, During the Insurrection, August and September, 1875," etc. By Arthur J. Evans, B.A., F.S.A. London, 1876.

conclude peace until he has asked them whether it is "conformable to the law," and received a *fetwa*, or decree, that it is.

If we can imagine a pope of the Middle Ages to have been not only the head of the Church, but chief of "the doctors and learned men of the universities," and also to have had the authority vested in the Supreme Court of the United States, we may form some idea of the power which, in theory at least, is vested in the mufti.

The civil administration is composed of three classes of "Dignitaries of the Pen": 1. The Sublime Porte (lofty gate), presided over by the Grand Vizier, consisting of three ministers and six under-secretaries, one of whom, the Kanunji, or Secretary for the Revision of Decrees, is supposed to take care that all acts of his colleagues are in conformity with the supreme law of the Koran. 2. The Porte of the Defterdar, or Minister of Finance, with sundry ministers and other functionaries, whose council is styled the Diwan. 3. The Agha, comprising many civil and military officers of State, and others connected with the person of the Sultan, whose functions and numbers are not definitely fixed.

The "Dignitaries of the Sword" comprise vice-regal and provincial governors, styled Pashas and Beys. The pashas have wide jurisdiction. They are civil and military commanders, judges, and tax-gatherers. If they perform the last function satisfactorily to the powers at Constantinople, they need apprehend no trouble in that quarter on account of any dereliction in their civil duties. But what is satisfactory at Stamboul is apt to be the very reverse at home; and a rising in one quarter or another against the rapacity and extortion of the pashas is the normal condition of both European and Asiatic Turkey. For at least a century it would be hard to find a year in which there were not several such local insurrections. The evil is greatly aggravated when, as is not unfrequently the case, the pasha is a farmer as well as receiver of taxes; for then there is no limit to the possibility and probability of the amount of his exactions, except the ability of his victims to pay, stimulated by the bastinado.

In one respect, at least, the Ottoman Government makes little distinction between its Mohammedan and Christian subjects: all must pay their taxes, unless, indeed, they can somehow obtain the protection of a foreign consul. Consuls of various nations, and their servants, are, by treaty, exempted from the most onerous taxes, and even from being brought before the local tribunals; and the term servant of a consul is a very elastic one.

The present crisis in the Eastern Question is a perfect illustration of the utter unworthiness of the Ottoman rule; and abundant proof that, unless it can be radically reformed — made over again—it must soon come to an end. A very sick man, if he be rich, and his expectant heirs are not quite ready for his death, may sometimes be kept alive for a long time by skillful physicians; and even when in a desperate condition, may be so bolstered and propped up as to make himself and others suppose that he is not so very sick, after all. But when body and limbs have become rotten, death cannot be far off. The question as to this sick man is whether he is rotten to the vitals, or whether his ulcers may be healed by emollients or extirpated with the knife without destroying life, and the system built up by tonics and exercise. This patient evidently takes a very hopeful view of his own case, and has even prepared a prescription for himself, which seems to us a very good one, if his physicians will allow him to take it; provided always that he has strength to bear such a heroic dose. This prescription is nothing less than a Constitution for the Ottoman Empire, proclaimed on the 23d of December, 1876. Omitting some matters of mere detail, its principal provisions are thus summarized:

"The empire is indivisible; the Sultan is caliph of the Mussulmans, and sovereign of the Ottomans; his prerogatives are those of the constitutional sovereigns of the West.

"The subjects of the empire are called Ottomans; their liberty is inviolate. Islamism is the religion of the State, but it shall not have any other distinction or theocratic character. The free exercise of public worship by all creeds is guaranteed. Liberty of the press and freedom of education are granted; primary education is compulsory. All individuals are equal in the eyes of the law; all are eligible to public office, irrespective of religion.

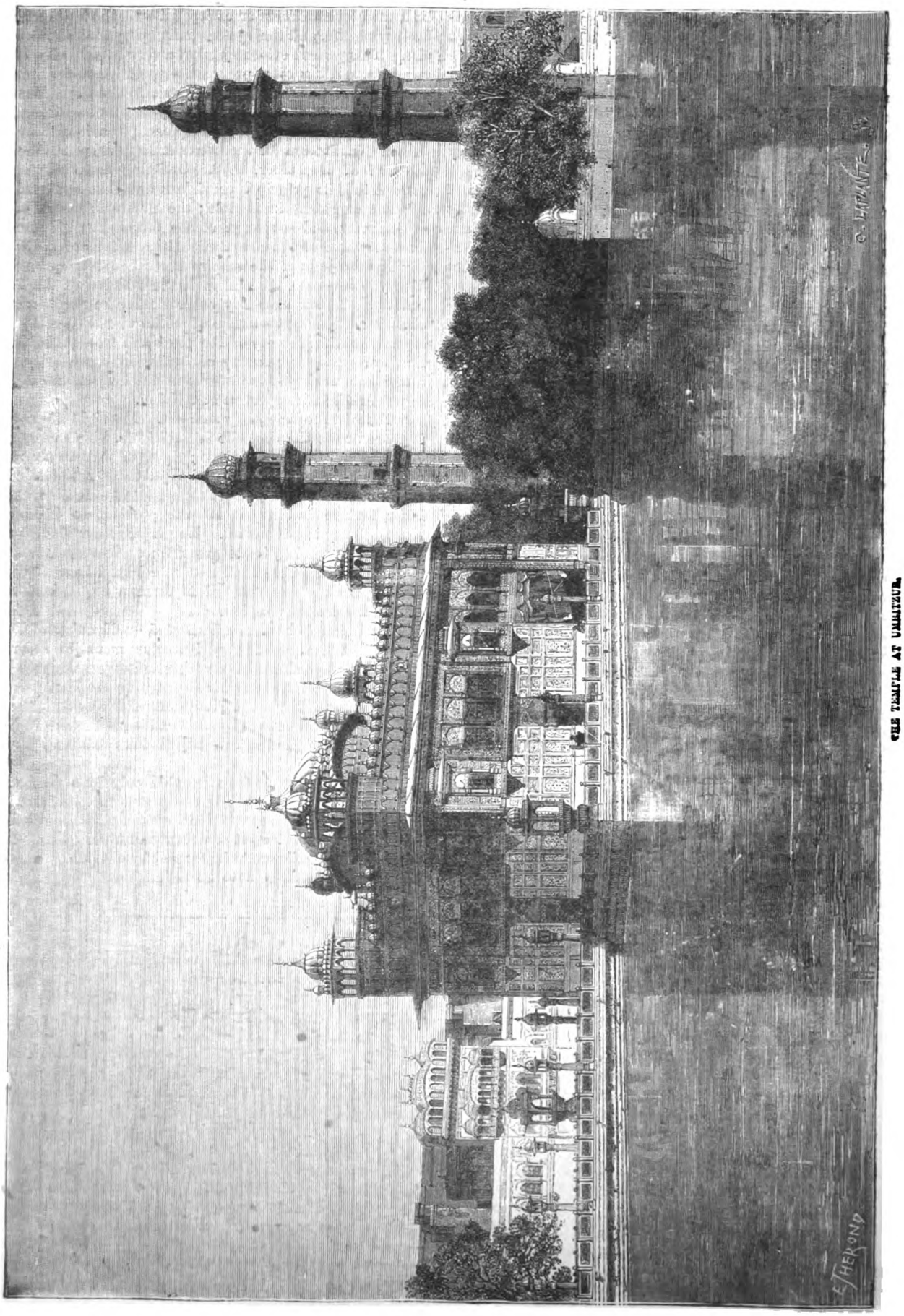
"Taxes are to be equally assessed. The right of property is guaranteed; the domicile is inviolable. No one may be deprived of his natural judges; rights of defense are recognized; all judgments are to be published; the Ministry shall not interfere in judicial matters. Confiscation, statute labor, torture and inquisition are prohibited. Ministerial responsibility is established. No public officer shall be dismissed without legitimate grounds; their responsibility is maintained, and they shall not be released from it by the fact of having received orders from a superior if those orders are contrary to law.

"Two Chambers will be instituted—a Chamber of Deputies and a Senate—they will receive messages from the Sultan, and have freedom of voting and expressing opinions. The initiative of framing laws belongs to the Ministers and the Chamber of Deputies. Laws submitted by the Chamber of Deputies and revised by the Senate require the Imperial sanction; the Senate can reject laws contrary to the Constitution.

"A Court of Accounts, removable only by a vote of the Chamber of Deputies, will annually present to the Chamber a complete financial account. Provincial administration will be on the broadest basis of decentralization. General and municipal Councils are to be formed by election.

"The Constitution is to be modified only by the vote of

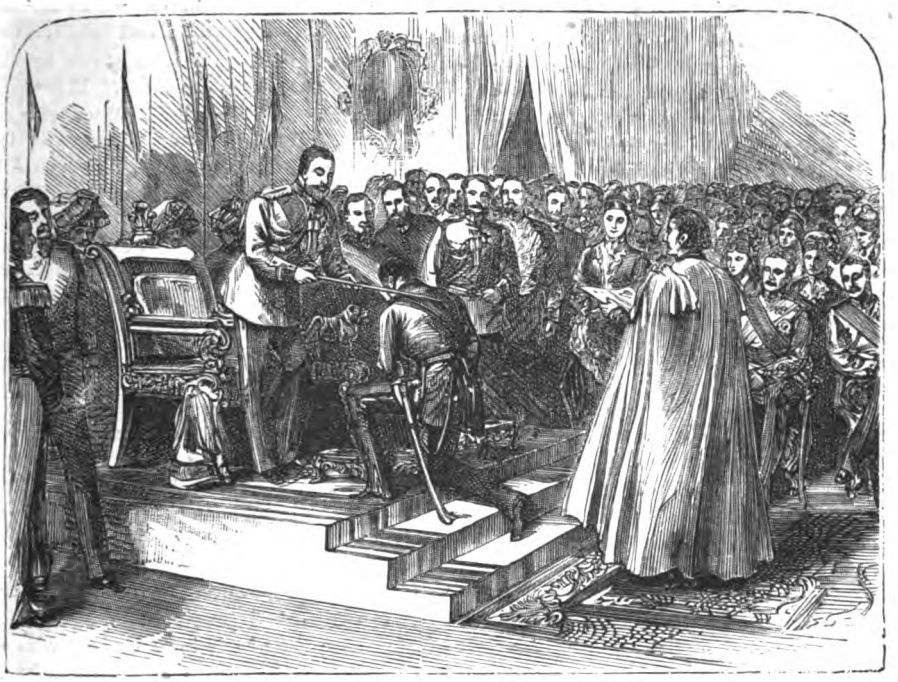
THE PRINCE OF WALES WELCOMED BY CHIEFS IN CEYLON.



THE TEMPLE AT UMRITZUR.

both Chambers and by the sanction of the Sultan."

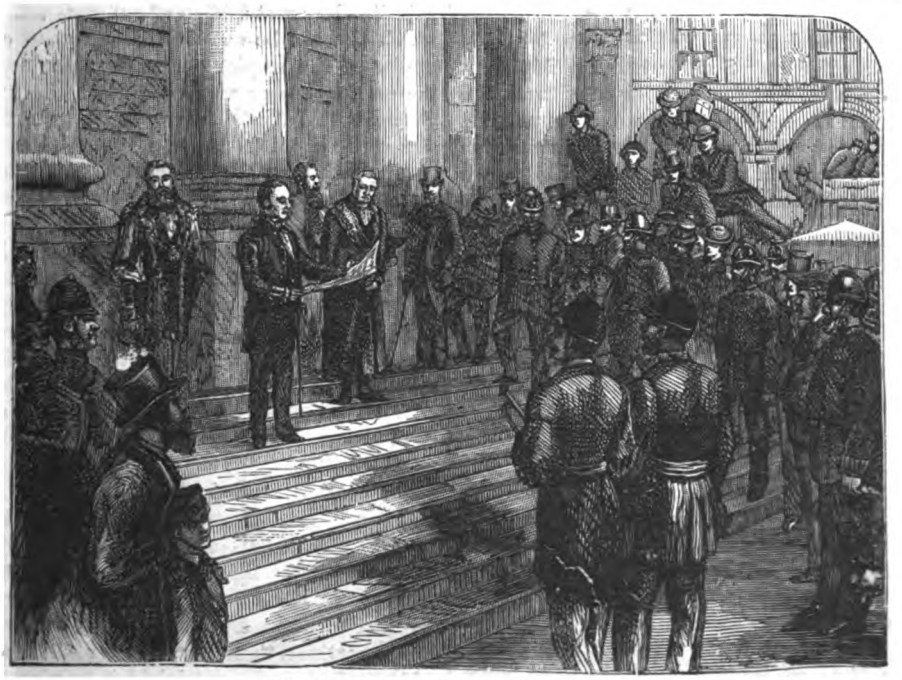
Every Ottoman, whether Christian or Mohammedan, Jew or Gypsy, except the Osmanlis, ought to be satisfied with this constitution, if it could only be made to work. The Roumanians, one would suppose, would make haste to get rid of their German Prince, and the Servians of their new-made Sclavonic King, and beg to be readmitted, with full rights, into the Ottoman Empire. Nothing could promise better; but for half a weary century the Turkish sultans have been most lavish in promises, but most slack in performances. The downward path of the empire is paved with *Tanzimats*, *Hats*, *Irades*, or whatever else these solemn promises may be named, and they have all gone for nothing. We may rest certain that no reform which shall make life in Turkey tolerable to any except Mohammedans will ever be carried out by the Turks themselves, except under the rigid supervision and compulsion of the European Powers; and, for ourselves, we see no way in which such supervision and compulsion can be permanently exercised by Powers who are likely at any moment to fall out among themselves upon any one of a hundred points, and one of whom, at least, is watching eagerly for the disruption of the empire.



THE PRINCE OF WALES CONFERRING THE ORDER OF THE STAR OF INDIA.

It may be worth while to glance briefly at the events, nowise unusual in Turkey, which have brought the Sultan to the point of proclaiming such a constitution, and which events, it must be assumed, have convinced the mufti and his ulema that it is "conformable to the law" written in the Koran that, while "Islamism is the religion of the State, it shall have no other distinction or theocratic character"; and that the sacred book provides that the lawful prerogatives of the "Caliph of the Mussulmans are those of the constitutional sovereigns of the West."

In the Winter of 1874, the Turkish tax-gatherers were more than usually exacting and rapacious in Herzegovina, and the natural consequence was that a kind of insurrection broke out. This was soon quelled, and many of the insurgents, who had fled to Montenegro, returned, as is said, under promise of safety. Some of these were apprehended and put to death. In the Summer of 1875 the revolt broke out anew, and with increased force, and extended into Bosnia, and at last into Bulgaria. There can be no doubt that the rising in Bulgaria was immediately owing to the action of a revolutionary committee seated at Bucharest, the capital of Roumania, where Russian influence is predominant, as it also is in Servia, which came to play no unimportant part in what ensued. Mr. Baring, in his official report to the British Government, says: "During 1875 it was evident to the Bucharest committee that the position of the Ottoman Government was becoming critical, and also that heavy taxation had produced deep discontent among the Bulgarians. Accordingly, on the 30th of March last, twenty fresh emissaries were sent into the country to make another attempt to bring about an insurrection. The plan of action decided



VICTORIA PROCLAIMED EMPRESS OF INDIA.

upon was, shortly, as follows: To destroy as much of the railway as possible; to set fire to Adrianople in 100 places, to Philippopoli in 60, and also to burn Sofia, Tatar-Bazardjik, and a number of villages; to attack the Turkish and mixed villages, and to kill all Mussulmans who resist, and take their property. . . . The rising to be general and universal. Such Bulgarians as refuse to join the insurrection to be forced into it, and their villages burned."

Mr. Eugene Schuyler reports, in the same general manner, to the Government of the United States. From Philippopolis, August 10th, 1876, he writes:

"During the last Winter and Spring agents of the Bulgarian Committee at Bucharest made an agitation in Bulgaria for an insurrection against the Turkish Government, and met with considerable encouragement among the younger part of the population. Owing to the premature betrayal of the plot, the insurrection broke out prematurely on the 1st and 2d of May, in the villages of Klissura, Koprishtitsa, Panagurishta, Avro-Selo, Belbova, and perhaps one or two others. There was a great alarm, and even a panic, at Tatar-Bazardjik and Philippopolis."

Mr. Baring goes on to say that when the insurrection broke out the Mohammedans were thrown into an indescribable panic. They knew that they were in a great minority, and, moreover, expected an invasion by the Servians and Russians; and when they found that their foes were not so many as they expected, they revenged themselves most cruelly for the panic into which they had been thrown. There were few Turkish troops in the province, and the authorities sent urgent appeals to Constantinople for troops. A thousand regular troops sent in one direction and a few more in another "would in a few days have stamped out every vestige of the revolution." But no troops were sent.

"The pasha had recourse to the dangerous expedient of calling an ignorant and fanatical population to arms. . . . . The Turks gained an easy victory, and abused it shamefully; the innocent being made to suffer with the guilty in a manner too horrible to think of. Moreover, unscrupulous persons did not hesitate to gratify private vengeance on the occasion, and many a debtor got rid of an importunate creditor by denouncing, or threatening to denounce, him as a *Committee dji.*"

The outrages committed by the Turkish armed rabble shall here be only alluded to. Sufficient to say that they were characterized not only by the burning of villages, the massacre of men, women, and children, but by numerous cases of the extremity of outrage upon matrons and virgins. The Bulgarian fugitives fled northward toward Servia, followed by the Turkish troops, for these had now been sent. The Servians assert—which is not improbable—that the Turks made plundering raids across the borders of the principality. Prince Milan called his subjects to arms, and, in conjunction with Prince Nicholas of Herzegovina, sent a cool proposition to the Sublime Porte to the effect that the Government of Bosnia should be given to Milan, and that of Herzegovina to Nicholas, they merely to pay a stipulated tribute to the sultan. The grand vizier refused even to consider this proposition, whereupon Prince Milan declared war against Turkey, and moved his ill-disciplined levies into Bulgaria, and soon had himself proclaimed King of Servia. It would seem that this whole procedure was undertaken under Russian influence. At all events, numerous Russian officers, with leave of absence, were found in the Servian army. After some fighting, the Servians were driven back into their own territory; and finally a truce was mediated.

In the meantime, the Czar announced that he must fulfill his duty as the authorized protector of his co-religionists in Turkey, and declared his intention to march an army for that purpose into Bulgaria, and hold the province until satisfactory guarantees had been given by the Sultan for the security of the Christians there. It is said that he proposed that Austria should in like manner take military possession of Bosnia. If this be true, it indicates the idea of a future partition of European Turkey between Austria and Russia, the feasibility of which we shall hereafter briefly consider, as one of the possible solutions of the Eastern Question.

The great powers, England especially, began to be alarmed at the imminent likelihood of hostilities between Russia and Turkey, which would not unlikely bring on a general European war. Diplomatic notes and counter-notes, which it is a weariness to read, and perhaps an impossibility fully to comprehend, passed between the various courts, and the upshot was that a grand international conference has been convened at Constantinople, to endeavor at least to tide over the threatening crisis, by inducing the Czar to moderate his demands, and the Sultan to accede to certain claims. As we write, on the last day but one of the year, the issue is wholly dubious. A word may precipitate a war, whose extent and duration no man can forecast. As far as we can judge from meagre indications, the favorite idea of the diplomats is to put the disturbed provinces in essentially the position of Roumania; the people in each of them to choose a Hospodar to administer the government, in nominal subjection to the Sultan, to whom a specified tribute is to be paid. One thing is certain, the Sultan's beautiful constitution is treated as mere mockery.

The most hopeful augury of present peace lies in the fact of the financial embarrassment of Russia, and the alleged discovery by the Czar, that his army, and the means of moving it, are in a far less satisfactory condition than he had a right to suppose them to be. If this be so, quite likely the Muscovite bear may take a lesson from the fox in the fable, conclude that "the grapes are not ripe yet!" and bide his time a while longer.

Supposing the Ottoman power to be extinguished in Turkey, still the "last word of the Eastern Question" would remain just where it is. Ten years hence, the possession of Constantinople will be just as vital as it now is for Russia, and in all human probability, she will be in a better position to gain it. Her vast system of railways will be completed, by which she will be able in a few days to concentrate all the armies of the empire on her southern frontier. The only powers in Europe who can make direct war upon her are Germany and Austria, for only they border upon her. If she can come to an accord with them, the partition of Turkey will be as easy as was that of Poland.

Let us look again upon the map. Austria has a narrow strip of territory bordering upon the Adriatic, in which are her only considerable ports, Trieste and Fiume. She, like Russia, needs to be a maritime power. She can only become so by acquiring the western half of Turkey, which would be of no special advantage to Russia. Nature has marked out the line of division. Commencing at New Orsova, where the Danube breaks through the Carpathians, a mountain spur shoots southward to the Balkans, separating Servia from Bulgaria. This spur is continued south of the Balkans to the Archipelago, dividing Turkey into two almost equal parts. Let Austria have the western, including Servia, which will give her the whole shore of the Adriatic, with several valuable harbors, and a broad frontier on the Archipelago, with the fine port of Salonika, and several others. This leaves Roumania, already half Russian, to the Czar, together with the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles. But to such a partition there is one power whose assent is indispensable, and who will certainly fail to give that assent unless she can somewhere receive a corresponding advantage.

To Germany, the acquisition of any part of the Turkish dominions would never be of the slightest use. She also desires to be a great naval as well as military power; but she touches the water only along the Baltic, with a narrow strip upon the North Sea. The little kingdom of Holland, a part of the great western plain of Europe, shuts her off from the rest. Holland is worth to Germany as much as Western Turkey is to Austria, and almost as much as Eastern Turkey is to Russia; for it would not only round off her territory, but contains the Zuyder Zée, which, for the purpose of a naval depôt and training-field for vessels, is equaled only by the Black Sea. Prussia has never failed to take what she wanted, if she could only get it. The power which annexed Hanover, absorbed the free cities of Hamburgh and Frankfort, wrested Schleswig from Denmark, and Alsace from France, would certainly have no scruples in seizing Holland, which, indeed, would be a gainer by ceasing to be a public kingdom, existing only at the mercy of her powerful neighbors, and becoming a State, second only to Prussia, in the mighty German empire, to which she belongs geographically, and to which she is closely allied by affinity of race, religion, and language. With Holland, Germany would also acquire a great empire in the East. Java, and as many more of the great islands of the Indian Ocean as she pleases, would be hers, opening the widest field for colonization. Great Britain would, of course, be hostile to any such reconstruction of the map of Europe; but she and all the rest of Europe would be powerless to prevent it. France, indeed, might gain rather than lose by it. The Powers whom we have supposed to be allies in the partition of Turkey and the disposition of Holland, might well agree that France should have Belgium, which lies so conveniently for her; besides leaving her free to extend her possessions on the African shore of the Mediterranean, Egypt itself not being excluded.

In the development of the future civilization of the globe, the tendency certainly is toward the aggregation of its peoples into great nations, allied as nearly as may be in race and speech, and within boundaries marked out by nature. The distribution of the territory of Europe in the manner which we have indicated, seems to us not unlikely to be the ultimate solution of the Eastern Question.

SHEEP WASHING.

The associations connected with sheep-washing are picturesque and poetical, especially to the spectators. The most lovely pictures of rural life are these Spring views, which are made up of trees just budding into a Summer costume, with a deep but quiet stream in the foreground, with strong men struggling in the water, engaged in cleansing the fleece preparatory to its clipping. Such occasions are often the reason of social gatherings, in which the young people take a prominent part; and to children the struggling sheep, the hard work of the men, the mishaps in the splashing, sparkling water, are incidents of constant excitement. The poor sheep, however, for the time being, are terrible sufferers. In the first instance, they are alarmed by the preparations for their bath, which consists in fencing them up, and further startling their nerves by the boisterous laughter of the crowd of people that surrounds them. In due time they are seized by the head, and dragged, struggling and resisting as they best can, into an element that in their heart they abhor. Utterly incapable of understanding the cause of this unusual treatment, they instinctively resist. If an old ram is the object of attention, he uses his head for butting, and his legs to help him break away. Once fairly in the stream, he becomes quiet, for the water gradually penetrating his thick fleece, it strikes a kind of chill over him, and in the physical suffering that follows he often literally faints away. The cleansing process ended, the poor victim is dragged ashore, where, weak and exhausted, and with a weight of water in his wool that presses him to the earth, he lies and pants a while, more dead than alive; gradually, however, he recovers himself, and is, no doubt, much astonished at his improved physical condition and superior personal appearance.

Following the washing is the shearing of the fleece, which is clipped off so expertly that it comes from the animal as if it were a coarse woolen blanket. The fleece, ready for manufacturing, weighs, on an average, four pounds. Now, as a sheep can only be sheared once a year, and as it takes two pounds of good-conditioned wool to make a yard of cloth, and three and a half yards to make a gentleman's suit of clothing—and if we consider, in this connection, that a sheep is only disrobed once a year, and mankind often has three new suits in the same period, it will be perceived that the number of fleeces required to meet this demand is almost incredible. The Elenham mills, on the Hudson, work up 400 pounds of fleece wool per day; it, therefore, takes the wool of a thousand sheep per day, or *three hundred thousand* a year, to meet the demand of this single manufacturing establishment. How many millions are needed to supply the world's demand has not been calculated.

WILD HORSES IN AUSTRALIA.

In some of the northern districts of Victoria, troops of wild horses greatly infest some of the runs. The produce of some escaped animals, they have multiplied to such an extent as to become a serious nuisance, and all attempts to capture them have been in vain. They not only consume the best pasture, but entice the horses of the squatter to partake of their wild freedom.

At the approach of a mounted horseman they are off like the wind, and nothing but a South American corrall, and the Quacko, with his lasso, would suffice to bring them into captivity. The only alternative has been resorted to, viz., shooting them with the rifle, and this has been practised to some extent on many of the runs, and their numbers, in particular localities, greatly diminished; but more systematic action is needed before they are exterminated.

The habits of these wild droves are precisely similar to their South American relatives, a stalwart stallion being in command of each troop; and, on the first appearance of danger, actively rounding up his mares and foals, and leading them off. If the Australian bushman was as practised with the lasso as he is with the stock-whip, the beast might be captured; but he would require to be well-mounted, and some hard riding would have to be done before he could claim the victory.

Imitation Alabaster.—Carl Boschau says that if a statue made of plaster-of-paris or *papier-mâché* be coated with thick, white damar varnish, and then dusted with a pulverized glass, it will have, when dry, the appearance of alabaster. If it be afterward varnished a second time, and dusted with coarsely pulverized white glass or mica, and again dried, it will be a very successful imitation of Carrara marble, especially if the marble veins be first traced on it with some delicate blue pigment. This method of preparation follows that of nature, for alabaster consists of very small crystals of sulphate of lime, and Carrara marble of somewhat larger crystals of carbonate of lime, which in reflected light glisten like white sugar. This effect is obtained with perfect deception by the brilliant white glass in coarse powder.

SPRING-WORK ON THE FARM—SHEEP-WASHING.—SEE PAGE 143.

CERISE.

WEARY with a long day's journey, I stumbled up the stairs that led to my friend's lodging-rooms, and, taking the key from its hiding-place, entered. It was near his usual time of returning, and, according to our old agreement, whenever I came to the city I was to take possession of his apartments and wait for his appearance.

The fire burned brightly in the grate, the easy-chair and slippers were beside it, and the study-lamp was lighted. Evidently he would soon return, and I sank into the chair which was waiting to receive him, and stretched out my feet toward the fire, benumbed with forty-eight hours' riding in the cars in Winter. A quick step on the stairs, the key thrust into the lock, which would not turn because it was not fastened, a peevish exclamation, were followed by one of pleasure, as, on entering, he saw me.

"At last, old fellow," said he, giving me a hand-shake that almost brought tears to my eyes, so firm was the pressure, "you have come. I had almost ceased to expect you," and he looked into my face with eyes that spoke his pleasure quite as strongly as his grasp. "Three years is too long an absence for any friendship to endure."

"Don't be foolish, Wilmot," said I, laughing; "we are beyond our college and our lover days. A man's friendship must be made of a poor material if it cannot endure absence and misunderstandings. Make much of me while you have me, for to-night is all that I can give you; to-morrow I shall be off again."

"Ah," said he, "how unfortunate! I have an engagement, one of long standing, that I must keep to-night. Can you not spare me another evening?"

"Not another hour; to-morrow, at this time, I shall be an hundred miles away; but do not let me keep you; an evening lasts all night. I shall be here when you return."

He glanced at the clock.

"I must make ready at once. It is but a poor welcome to you, Kirby."

"Pshaw!" said I. "Don't make a fuss about it. I shall sleep while you are gone, and if an hour's sleep before midnight be worth two after it, as wiseacres say, I shall be fresh enough to make you waste all the small hours with me."

Wilmot withdrew to the inner apartment to change his dress. "This appointment must be of great importance, in his estimation, to be so punctually kept that he cannot spare a half hour to me," thought I. When he appeared again he was dressed with scrupulous care, and in the buttonhole of his coat was a little nosegay, consisting of a yellow *noisette* rosebud, a geranium leaf, a bit of mignonette and heliotrope. He held in his hand a bouquet, shrouded in white paper, and the chamber was filled with the heavy perfumes of orange-blossoms, tuberoses, and Cape jasmins. His eyes were strangely bright, and he had a nervous, agitated air, wholly unlike his ordinary manner. "Ah," thought I, "there is some fair lady in the case. No wonder an old chum like myself is shoved on one side for her."

CERISE.—"FEEBLY SMILING, SHE STRETCHED OUT HER HAND TO WELCOME US, AND TOOK THE BOUQUET THAT I HAD BROUGHT."

"Kirby," said he, "there is the key of the closet; you will find cigars, sherry, sardines——"

"You need not enumerate the contents of your larder, which I dare-say is empty. I have dined, and this chair and fire are better than anything else you can offer me."

He glanced again at the clock, and then ran hastily downstairs and left me gazing at the fire, in whose glowing coals I saw face after face appear and fade away. It was not the

evening I had promised myself during my long day's journey (I had come fifty miles out of my way to see him), but I was no longer young, and knew that I was but meeting the common fate of the guest who is to come at any time. At last my eyes closed from weariness, and I slept, long and profoundly. When I awoke, the lamp had gone out, and the French clock on the mantel rang out three in silvery tones.

"The appointment is a long one," said I, half aloud, as I groped about for the candle, which I remembered seeing on the shelf. "If he does not return soon, I shall avail myself of his permission, and refresh myself at discretion."

But before I had quite decided upon this, the door opened and Wilmot entered. His face was deadly pale, and his eyes had a fixed, unconscious look, like those of a sleepwalker. He drew his hand across his forehead with a dreamy, perplexed air, and for a moment seemed bewildered to find me there. Had I not known him so well, I should have supposed he was in the first stage of intoxication, which affects some men with a sense of remoteness, and seems to separate them from their daily life.

"Ah, Wilmot," said I, "you keep late hours."

He drew a chair toward the fire and sat down. The sound of my voice seemed to steady him and break the illusion, whatever it might be, that surrounded him.

"You have waited long for me. I hope you have——"

He paused suddenly, as if he had lost the thought he was about to utter, and sat looking blankly at the fire.

"Something has occurred to grieve or disturb you," said I, gazing intently at him, as he did at the fire. "If it is anything that I may know, speak of it to me, and perhaps the disturbance or annoyance may be lessened. But if it cannot be spoken of, and you wish to be alone, say so frankly, and I will relieve you of my company."

He put out his hand and grasped mine.

"Stay," said he. "I will speak of it. I cannot believe my senses, and yet I cannot doubt them. Some three years ago I became acquainted with a Frenchman named La Motte, who had a beautiful daughter, just growing into womanhood. He gave lessons in fencing, in his own apartments, to myself and a friend named Durant. Monsieur La Motte had seen better days, but his circumstances were sadly straitened now, and two humble apartments were all he could call his own. They were in an old house, in a decayed quarter of the city, which, like its tenants, had seen better days. But, with the inborn taste of a Frenchwoman, the young girl had contrived to give them an air of refinement and neatness which was wanting in all the rest. A few plants, a bird whose cage was embowered in some hanging vine, the white muslin curtains gathered in folds with a bright ribbon—all made the room pleasant and cheerful in spite of the manifold uses which it served. In this room we took our lessons, and the little Cerise, notwithstanding our furious cut and thrust, sat at the window and worked undisturbed at the little pieces of embroidery with which her nimble fingers were always busy. We soon learned to respect and love our teacher, who had kept his heart curiously fresh and childlike, though he was sixty years old; and for the little Cerise, so young, guileless, and pretty, we felt a love mixed with veneration, like that, I suppose, her countrywomen feel for a patron saint. She seemed so pure and holy—half-angel, while she trod the earth.

"The tie which bound her to her father was very strong and close. Strangers in a foreign land, this outside Babel pressed them yet closer to each other. To spare, to contrive which one should procure the most little joys and comforts out of their slender means for the other, was the sole object of their lives, and each succeeded so well that neither appeared to have a wish ungratified. For it was only by a chance word, that almost seemed to drop from them unwittingly, that we either of us knew how rich they had once been, how poor they were now. From pupils we became warm friends, and spent many happy hours with the old man and his daughter. The pleasure we tasted in their society had a flavor which we found in no other company.

"One evening, as we were about to leave them, Monsieur La Motte asked us to return on the morrow to a little *fête* on Cerise's birthday.

"'There will be nobody here but yourselves, gentlemen, declared he, "but I do not like the day to pass unnoticed.'

"We went, and Durant carried with him a little cake, with Cerise's name upon it in a curious device, and I a bouquet composed of flowers for which I had heard her express a preference. We dressed ourselves with unusual care, for we knew Monsieur La Motte would expect it of us, and each had a nosegay at his buttonhole. Mine was like this," and Wilmot touched the faded one in his coat as he spoke.

"We were warmly received, and the old Frenchman produced a bottle of Bordeaux, which was partaken of with innocent hilarity. He had also provided a birthday gift for his daughter—a violet ribbon for her hair—a gift which an American father would have deemed too trivial for a thought, much less for an offering. But the smile with which Cerise received it proved that it was most precious in her eyes.

"'The very color,' said she, "that mamma used to wear so long ago,' and she rose and tied it round her head, partly to conceal the tears which I fancied I saw coming to her eyes.

"Cerise sang for us, which she had never done before, and her father told us some of his wittiest and most graceful stories, and the little quaint cuckoo-clock sounded two before we could tear ourselves away."

Wilmot shivered as he spoke, and paused in his story.

"One other such evening have I passed in my life, and only one; an evening like a June day—perfect in all things.

"Whether Cerise saw it or not, Durant and myself were passing the bounds of friendship and becoming lovers. But no shade of difference was perceptible in her manner toward us. We were welcome, singly or together, and neither of us could flatter himself that he was dearer to her than the other. Each strove honorably to win her, but each feared to put his fortunes to the test and lose her friendship when he told his love.

"Her sixteenth birthday came, and we had another happy meeting; each carrying the same gifts and receiving the same pleasure. It was the last of our joyous little *fêtes*. A cold, caught in the unusually severe Winter that followed, developed in Cerise the dormant seeds of the same malady that had taken away her mother. She grew pale and thin, and lost all beauty but the starry beauty of her lustrous eyes, which seemed looking far beyond this world into another.

"If any sight could have pierced our hearts with a keener anguish than this slow, sure wasting away of the one we loved, it would have been the heart-broken expression of her father's face when his daughter did not see him. Before her, he vailed his anxiety with a tender hypocrisy which must have cost him many bitter pangs. As for Durant and myself, one stronger than either of us would soon end our rivalry by bearing her away from the longing sight of both, and when we saw that it must be so, each tried to bear his own grief bravely by sharing that of the other.

"'I shall never speak to her now about it,' said Durant. 'She thinks we both love her like brothers. Let it be so.'

"'Yes, like brothers,' said I, assentingly; and our small circle drew more and more closely together, as if it would delay the separation that must so soon come in it.

"One more birthday came; a day in December, as bright

d golden as any in June—one of those rare days which em as if a Summer day had strayed away and lost itself nid the Winter's snow. We went, punctual guests at the pointed hour. She and her father had both desired it. he was too weak to receive us as before, standing before a tle, curious, black oaken table, on which were the violet bbon, the bottle of Bordeaux, and the four slender wine-asses, and the octagon salver. She sat beside it, and, ebly smiling, stretched out her hand to welcome us. How in and transparent it was now, as the light shone through ! all its rosy flesh and dimples were wasted quite away. ch strove to hide his own emotion under an assumed yety as he placed his offering on the table.

"Monsieur La Motte received us cordially, and told one his stories with inimitable grace and wit. We all laughed it; but it was hollow laughter, that ended suddenly, as if e were all startled at the sound we made. Cerise tied the olet ribbon on her hair, but it made her look still more hastly, and her chest heaved violently from the exertion. t she rallied quickly, and tried to sing; but her voice ared, wavered, and finally died away like a quivering ame. She took the bouquet that I had brought, touched e flowers, one by one, and called them by name, and bent er them as if she would inhale their perfume. But her eek grew very pale.

"'Put them outside the window, if you please,' said she. They will be fresher and brighter in the morning for it.'

"I hurried to remove them; I knew their heavy perfume as suffocating to her.

"'Thank you, my friend,' said she. 'I am sorry to anish your flowers. I must be weak, indeed, when I can-ot bear them.'

"Her father poured out the wine. Each raised it to his ps; but who could say, 'Many happy returns of this day'? urant's hand shook, and he spilled his wine. My lips fused to taste; but her father was braver than the rest

"'Let us drink to a continuance of our love and friend-ip,' cried he, in a clear voice.

"'Yes, father,' said Cerise, 'here and hereafter.' She just istened her lips with the wine. 'A continuation of our ve and friendship, and many happy returns of this day!'

"A bright hectic suffused her cheeks as she spoke and oked at our wondering faces.

"'Do not think, kind friends, that I do not know that I n going to die, because you fear to tell me so. But be-use I am, shall you forget me?'

"'Never! never!' impetuously declared Durant and yself.

"'Then, why should there not be many happy returns of is day? Shall I have no more birthdays because I am in aven? Promise me, friends, that on the 3d of December ou will always come here, and I will be here to welcome ou. Promise that you will always come, as you come ow. Bring me flowers and festive thoughts, in memory of e old, happy days.'

"'We promise,' said Durant and myself, as she paused ain.

"'You were good friends to me always,' said she, with a ile; 'you have given me many happy hours. Sing for e, and for them, father;' and she named an old French uguenot hymn, set to a quaint tune.

"Monsieur La Motte sang unhesitatingly, in a voice hich had once been a rich, deep bass, but which was now oken and quavering with age. It was a hymn in which r mother had delighted, and which he sang only on rare casions to her; but the music bore one up with that range feeling of exaltation which renders one insensible to am, grief, and death. What were they all to the ineffable y and glory beyond the grave? When he ceased, the feeling remained. We seemed sitting in a wondrous light, in which there was no more suffering or tears. But little more was said; feeling had taken the place of words, and when we left her, she gave us, for the first and last time, her lips to kiss. When we saw her again, she lay in the stillness of death, with candles burning at her head and feet."

Wilmot covered his face with his hands, and sat silent for so long a time, that I half repented having led him to begin his story. But at last he said:

"To-night is the 3d of December. Monsieur La Motte has been living in the same apartments. She had made them sacred to him. They were full of her, he said, and he should never leave them till he was carried out to take his place by her side. Everything remained as she had left it—the little work-basket, with its half-finished piece of embroidery, with the needle still in the place where she had put it; the bird-cage, the ribbons, and curtains; everything but the mistress was there. We often visited him, and had we not gone there to-night, I think the old man would never have forgiven us. I left you, I could not tell you why, though I felt I owed you some apology. I met Durant at the door, dressed like myself, with scrupulous care, with the same flowers, red-and-white rosebuds, which he used to wear in his coat, and with his birthday cake wrapped in a napkin. We went up the stairs without speaking a word, and when we opened the door, though we had been there only yesterday, we felt as if she must be there to greet us. Monsieur La Motte was dressed in his neatly-brushed, thread-bare suit. The little oaken table was drawn out in its place; the bottle of wine and the violet-ribbon were on it, and the one wax-candle was lighted. I uncovered my bouquet, and placed it in the vase that was waiting to receive it, while Monsieur La Motte welcomed us.

"Durant laid his cake in the old china plate, which, with the octagon salver, was a relic of their former prosperity. Then each took his seat; but one chair was empty. Monsieur soon broke the silence. Evidently he determined that nothing she desired should be left undone. But his tale was of a graver sort than those he had told us on those other happy evenings, and moved us rather to tears than laughter—a story of one of his brave ancestors, who was more loyal to his king than men are now to God.

"When he ended, he turned to Durant. 'She said she would be here, monsieur—she *is*, I doubt not. Will you not sing to her?'

"Without hesitation, he sang out, loud, rich, and clear, the song of 'Bonny Dundee,' for which she often asked him, and to which she never seemed tired of listening. I never heard him sing better; the thought that he was singing for unseen ears gave him new force and expression.

"'Thank you,' said the old man, 'for her sake.'

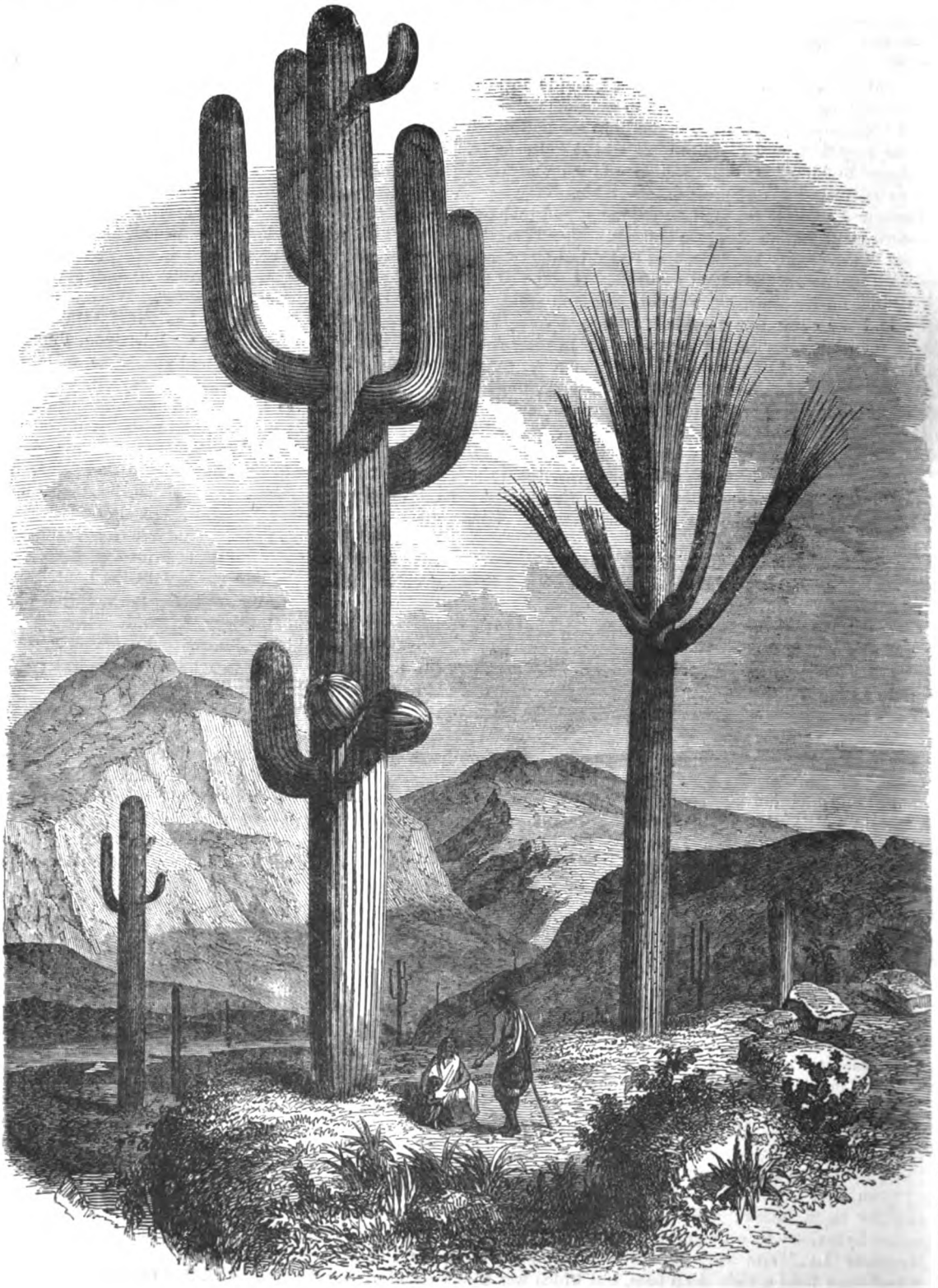
"Then a profound silence followed. What we thought or expected, I do not know; but a sudden stillness seemed to fall upon us. We were seated in our usual way, facing the little table at which she had presided as queen of the *fête*. The fire burned low in the grate, and the candle began to flicker. Suddenly, a soft, sweet strain of music rose upon the air, and died away.

"'It is the little German boy, upstairs, playing on his flute,' said the old man, as the sound ceased. '*She* loved to hear it; it made her think of the angels.'

"But a current of cold air seemed to fill the room, so plainly perceptible to us all that each looked behind him to see if the door had not flown open unawares; but it was tightly closed. The little cuckoo-clock sang out loud and clear, and the hands on the dial pointed to twelve. Monsieur La Motte rose, and was about to approach the table, when Durant laid his hand upon him.

"'Look!' said he, hoarsely.

"Slowly the violet ribbon rose from the table—so slowly, that the old man's duller eyes had not perceived it—gently as a leaf flutters downward on an Autumn day, only the ribbon fluttered upward, and not downward. It rose about a foot and a half from the table, floated toward the empty chair, turned itself round as if it were trying to encircle some object, and drew its ends together, as if invisible fingers were forming a knot. It kept its position for a moment, then dropped to the floor. We watched this singu phenomenon with dilated eyes.



THE PITAHAYA, OR GIGANTIC CACTUS.—SEE PAGE 150.

"'*Mon Dieu!*' cried Monsieur La Motte, 'she has co She is here! Do you not see her, gentlemen?'

"A dim, shadowy outline filled the chair—as thin vaporous as those drifting clouds which fly across the hea

SARDINE FISHERY—WASHING SARDINES.—SEE PAGE 150.

s on a Summer night, through which you plainly see the dimmed brightness of the stars. Through this vapor you w the curious pattern of the chintz with which the chair as covered, and yet she was there! You felt, rather than w her.

"'There she sits!' said La Motte, pointing to the chair. Cerise, my darling, we are here as you wished? Can you t speak to us?'

"'Father,' seemed to be rather breathed than spoken. e all heard it, and the old man trembled as the sound ated around the room; yet he walked toward the table, d poured out the wine, and cut the cake for us all, not itting to fill the fourth glass and plate. We each took r glass.

"'Many happy returns of this day,' cried he, without ltering.

"We raised our glasses to our lips—slowly moved the rth glass from the table toward the chair. It remained pended in the air for half a second, then slowly inclined, if toward a person's lips, then as gradually moved back to e table again.

"'She does what she can to make herself visible to us,' d Durant. 'She —she *must* be ere. Look how e bends toward ur flowers!'

"The white por seemed to nd toward the uquet, and, with adowy fingers, aw it toward elf, and sepa- te the flowers. was not fear, t some emotion hich I could not thom, which ade me cover y face with my nds. My heart seemed breaking, and I could not bear it. When I removed them, I saw La Motte looking at me with sorrowful and surprised eyes.

"'You do not fear, monsieur? The little Cerise, who made us all so happy while she lived—her coming does not terrify you, does it?'

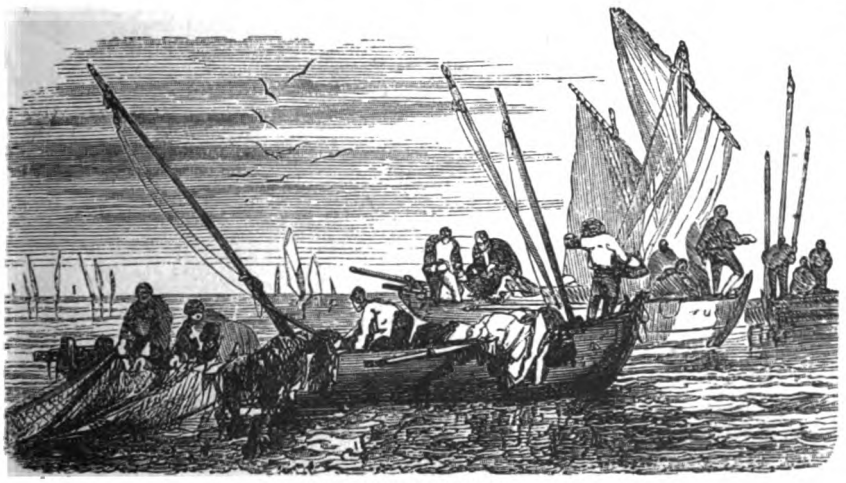
"'Oh, no,' cried I; 'it was not fear that made me hide my eyes. I wish that I could see her yet more plainly,' and yet I shivered as I spoke.

"'Cerise!' cried her father, in tones of passionate entreaty, 'our eyes are full of tears; we cannot see you. Appear for an instant as you did when you were with us!'

For an instant she sat in the chair, just as she did in the old days—blooming, gay, and fresh. The others saw her as I did; I knew it by their faces, and by Durant's hoarse and muttered exclamation. But she faded into a dim shadow again, as if all our longing could not keep her with us but a moment. Her father's hand pressed heavily upon my shoulder; but he soon struck up the old French hymn in his thin, quavering voice, and a soft, faint echo seemed to float over and around his words.

"When he ended, he sank, exhausted, into a chair. The white vapor floated away; but, as it passed away, our lips felt as if they had been touched by something cold.

"'Ah, she is gone!' cried La Motte, 'gone back to heaven again. We would not keep her if we could; and yet, gentlemen, she was my all. She will come again on her next birthday; and you will come, too—will



FISHING FOR SARDINES.

SALTING AND CLEANING SARDINES.

you not gentlemen, while I live? Let there be many returns of this happy day.'

"The old man's voice failed him, and he ended in tears. We pressed his hand at parting, and repeated after him, 'The 3d of December, always.'"

As he ended, Wilmot turned from the fire into which he had been gazing—for, not once had his eyes met mine during his narrative—and, looking me steadily in the face, said:

"I do not ask you to believe me. Last year, I think, I should have believed no man—not even you, had you told me such a story. Had I been alone, I should have doubted to-morrow what I believe I have seen to-night. But there were three of us. We each saw the same thing; and there is not a harder-headed lawyer in New York than Durant, or one less likely to be cheated by his eyes. Yet he saw her as plainly as I did."

"I have no opinion at all to offer, Wilmot; but I am not such a fool as to think that what has never happened to me can never happen to any other man. Produce some of the cigars you mentioned before you went out, and let us immediately proceed to envelop ourselves in smoke before we separate for the night, or, rather, for the morning."

Did I believe him, reader? I do not know. But had he told me of anything else which he had seen or done, I should have done so most unhesitatingly: and why should I doubt him now?

THE PITAHAYA.

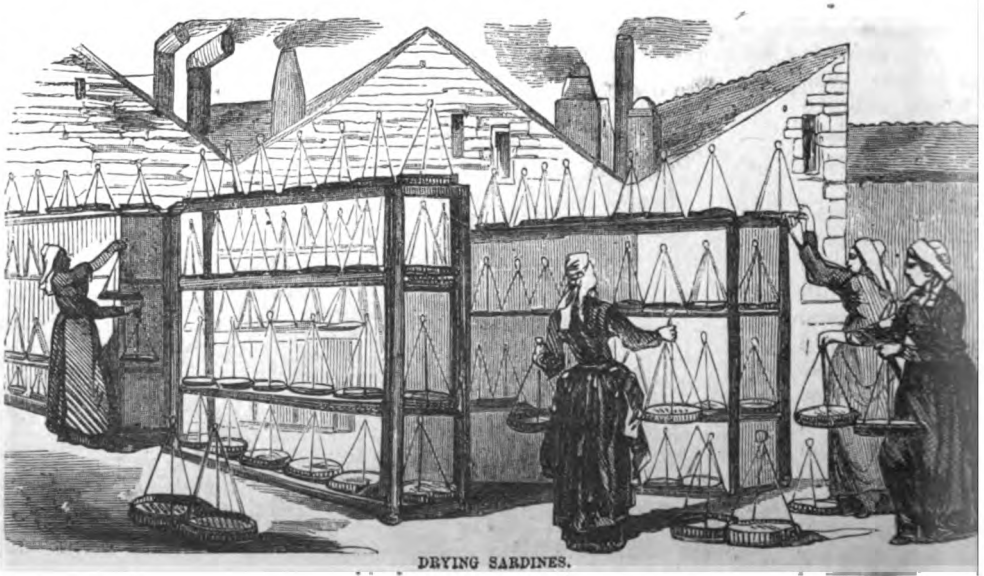
This queerly shaped plant, found in our southwestern territory, where, amid dreary wastes, it rears its tall, pillar-like stalks, is the very king of the cactus family. It is found especially in the rocky valleys and slopes of New Mexico, Arizona and California. It wa first mentioned by thos early missionaries who reaching the Gila, des cribed so many strang things that they lost al credit. But it is, as the related, a useful plant bearing a nutritiou fruit, as the hunters c a later day found.

Its name in variou Indian dialects differs pitahaya, sahuaro, bein the more widespread For its first few years i is globular, and is foun under the shelter of th green-barked acacia Then it shoots up, an at the height of ten o twelve feet blossoms, bu its stalk sometimes rises to five times that height. It ha few branches, and few of these have any blossoms. Th flowers crown the top of the stalk and branches. Th oval or pear-shaped fruit are clustered together, and, whe ripe, fall to the ground. They are green, reddish above, an the pulp is crimson, and not unlike a fresh fig in taste. I ripens in July and August.

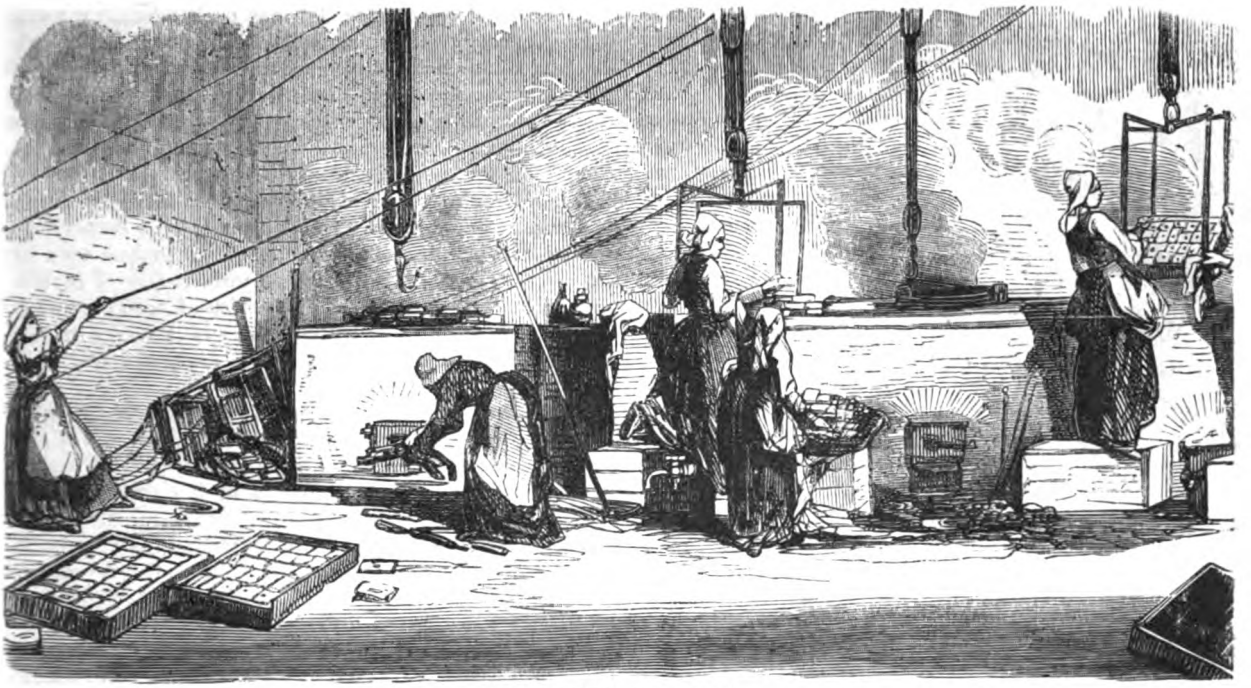
SARDINES.

Every one takes an interest in those delicate little fishe called sardines, which come to us all the way from the coa of Brittany, where the statistics show that 10,000,000 boxe are put up annually, and this is the way that it is done:

Of course, the first thing is to catch the fish, which accomplished by means of nets. A large number of sai boats start out together, but soon scatter after they lo sight of the coast. When a shoal of fish is perceived, th captain of the boat runs her so as to almost face the win when one, two, and even six nets are thrown out and fille The bait which attracts the fish is a preparation of cod-fis spawn, of which they are so fond that as soon as it is ca upon the water in the direction of the nets, they rus



DRYING SARDINES.



FINAL COOKING OF SARDINES.

toward it, become victims to their greed, and are very speedily secured by the fishermen, who carry them at once ashore to the salting-room, where the women, after sprinkling them with salt, place them upon slanting boards covered with matting, that the blood and brine may run off. Other women then proceed to deprive them of their heads, tails, and intestines. After the time necessary for the salting process, they are removed in little baskets, containing about two hundred each, to the shore, to be washed. This done, the sardines are laid one by one over gratings until dry, when they are cooked in oil. After they are cooled and drained the women carry them to the "boxing-room," and spread them upon long tables, where fifty or sixty women lay them one by one into tin boxes. After this operation is concluded they are sent to the "oiling-room," where those employed for this purpose cover them with oil. The solderers then remove the boxes, and seal them up hermetically. After every box has been carefully examined, they are subjected to a second cooking process in a boiler furnished with movable frames which can be drawn out with ease. Subsequently they are handed over to the women whose duty it is to brighten up the boxes with sawdust. They are again examined to ascertain that the second exposure to the fire has not disturbed the solder, and if there be no leakage, they are stamped and packed. One man can stamp from 2,000 to 2,500 boxes in a day, and the women pack them up for transportation.

BOXING OF SARDINES.

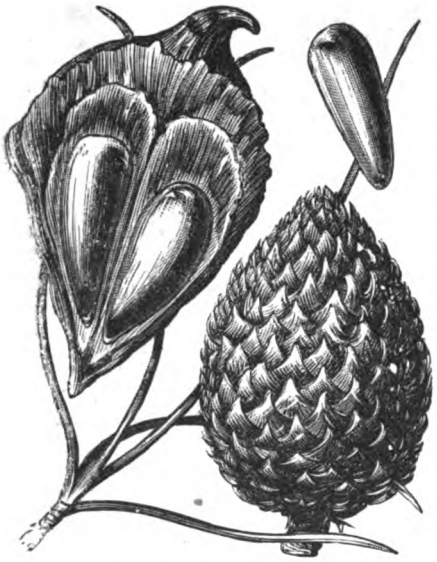
THE PIGNON NUT — FRUIT OF THE PRICKLY CONED PINE.

OCCASIONALLY, while walking down our different thoroughfares, and passing the many fancy fruit-stores of New York, a careful observer will meet with certain interesting small novelties, which, on account of being seldom brought to our markets, are comparatively little known to the general public. Such a one is represented in the engraving on page 152. It is a little, buff-colored nut, called the "pignon," often also incorrectly spelled "pinyon."

This nut is the fruit of a species of pine-tree (*Pinus Sabiniana*)—the sabine, or great prickly coned pine. It is a native of Upper California, and its sweet, edible fruit are collected in immense quantities by the California and Oregon Indians, as an article of Winter food.

The nut is about an inch in length, and rather three-sided, although sometimes approaching the oval. Its shell is very hard and thick, and the extraction of the kernel would be a difficult task were it not that, as the shell seasons, it cracks down on one side sufficiently to allow the introduction of the blade of a penknife or nut-pick, which, with a very little pressure, causes the shell to fall into halves, disclosing the little, oblong, white kernel, enveloped in its thin film of gauzy brown.

These nuts are borne in the cone, which, as it ripens, cracks, and causes them to fall from their inclosures. At this time they are



THE PIGNON NUT.—SEE PAGE 151.

provided with stiff "wings" (see engraving), which, however, they lose before being brought to our markets.

The number of nuts contained in one cone is often very large. The cone itself is of great size, often measuring a foot in length and over seven inches in diameter, and having as many as two hundred scales, each of which contains two seeds; thus bringing the number of nuts in one perfectly fertile cone up to four hundred. The yield from a single tree is often enormous, when we think that the tree frequently attains the height of 120 feet, bearing thickly its clusters of from three to nine cones.

The largest trees of this species inhabit the aqueous vegetable deposits on the western flank of the Cordilleras, at a great elevation above the level of the sea.

There are other species of pine which also yield edible seeds, viz.: *Pinus Pinea*, or the stone pine; *Pinus Guardiana*, or neosa pine; and the *Pinus Cembra*, or Siberian cedar.

ORNAMENTED ELEPHANTS' TUSKS IN A LAOTIAN TEMPLE.

A RECENT traveler, who penetrated to the interior of Laos, found a curious style of ornament in the temples. Of it we give a sketch. The whole tusk of the elephant, three to five feet long, is taken and covered with elaborate carvings, sometimes merely beautiful and intricate arabesques, but generally Buddhah in niches, from one end to the other. Gilding is freely used to enhance the effect. These are inserted in stands, and placed in various parts, forming an unique ornament. These, with parasols, embroidered banners, and bronze statuettes, seem to be votive offerings, probably of royal personages.

PLUCKED FROM THE FIRE.

ONE beautiful, tranquil night, a few years ago, I was pacing the poop of the *May Rose*, a fine brig I commanded, as she glided silently over the rippling waters of the Gaspar Straits, when I was suddenly started from a reverie in which I was indulging by the hoarse boom of a distant gun.

"Did you hear that, Joe?" I asked, uncertain whether my ears might not have deceived me.

"Yes, sir; I expect some of those piratical cusses are roaming around. We can give them 'Hail Columbia' if they meddle with us, however," replied that most reckless, yet astutest of chief officers, Joseph Clarke—an old schoolfellow of mine, whom I had chanced to meet in a Chinese port, and managed to persuade into accepting the then vacant position of mate aboard the *May Rose*.

In personal appearance, Joe was as handsome a young fellow as could be found anywhere, and, though no one who saw him ashore would have ever suspected that he belonged to that semi-amphibious class who "go down to the sea in ships"—for he was a terrible dandy in dress, whether on land or afloat—a better sailor never hauled out a weather-earring, or flirted with a pretty passenger.

Although piracy is by no means so frequent in the Malayan Archipelago as it was a quarter of a century ago, I knew that whenever the crews of native prahus see a fair chance to despoil a trading-vessel, without fear of capture, they will not hesitate to do so; therefore, I ordered the four guns we carried on our main-deck to be loaded with canister, and the rifles, which were all ready for use, to be brought upon the poop.

As I have said, the night was fine; but massive white clouds were flitting slowly across the sky, and it was only occasionally that the modest moon, like a bashful damsel, would peer from out the curtains of her azure bed, the sky.

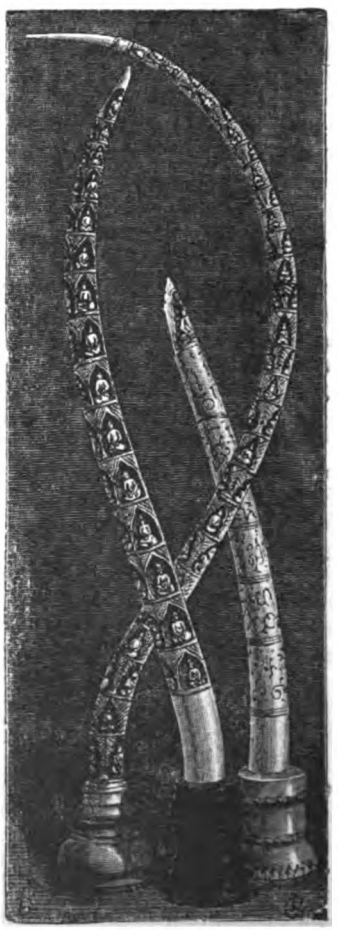
The firing appeared to be not far distant, judging by the sound, and I was not surprised when, on passing a headland of the coast of Billiton Island, a bright flash, that incarnadined both sea and sky, disclosed the scene of strife.

At that moment "pale Luna" also showed her lustrous face, and revealed the fact that a large, long piratical prahu was engaged in an attack upon a trim schooner, whose raking masts and peculiar build betokened that she was no ordinary merchantman.

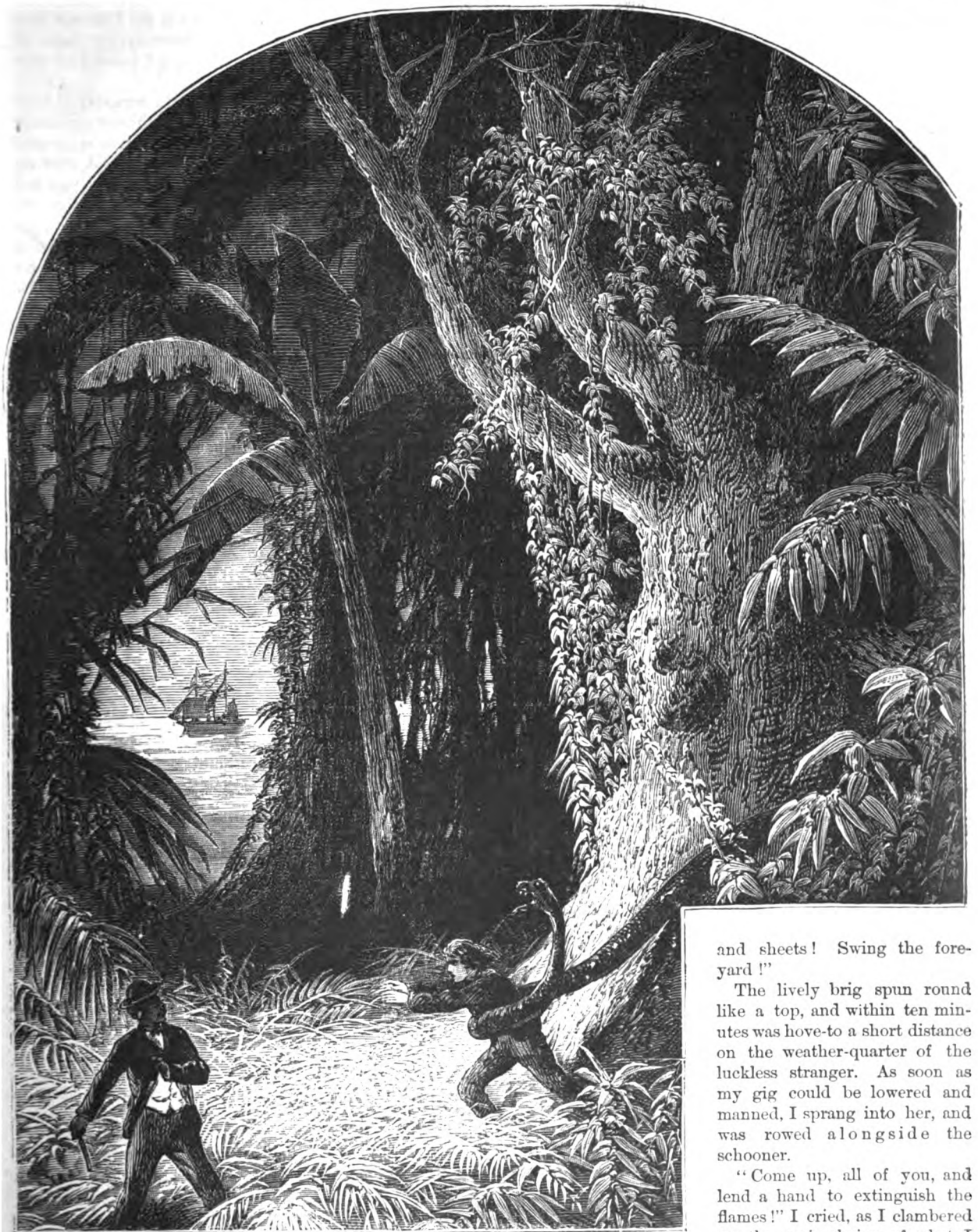
"Call the men up, Clarke. We'll take a hand in this little game, and I guess we'll be able to turn the tide of battle, which seems to be running strongly against the schooner at present," I said, and Joe willingly sprang forward to obey my command; for, though he was a gentlemanly fellow, and *could* be a quiet one, he dearly loved a genuine "row," and was in his element either in a ball-room or a free fight.

The fleecy clouds re-obscured the moon before the pirates had caught sight of us, so we were able to creep down close upon them before we excited their observation. They were then close alongside the schooner, and, by their ringing cries, I knew their numbers were swarming upon the deck of the hapless craft; but, directly they saw the *May Rose*, they returned to their prahu, and began to row hurriedly away.

The wind was fair, and my vessel fleet, however, so I ran the brig directly between the two contestants, and poured a broadside into the prahu



ORNAMENTED ELEPHANTS' TUSKS IN A LAOTIAN TEMPLE.



PLUCKED FROM THE FIRE.—"TO MY HORROR I SAW MISS SINCLAIR ENCIRCLED IN THE FOLDS OF A HUGE PYTHON."

with terrible effect, as I could judge by the yells and discordant shrieks which echoed the thunders of our trusty guns.

"The schooner has taken fire, sir!" cried Joe.

I turned my head, and saw a lurid sheet of crimson flame soaring skyward from the fore-part of the pretty vessel.

"'Bout ship! Lively now, my lads! Down helm—tacks and sheets! Swing the fore-yard!"

The lively brig spun round like a top, and within ten minutes was hove-to a short distance on the weather-quarter of the luckless stranger. As soon as my gig could be lowered and manned, I sprang into her, and was rowed alongside the schooner.

"Come up, all of you, and lend a hand to extinguish the flames!" I cried, as I clambered up the main-chains of what I now saw was a fine American-built yacht.

Wondering what the deuce could have brought her into those waters, I gained the deck, but could see no living soul, though the blaze forward rendered everything clear to my vision.

I thought at first that the crew had abandoned her; but deeming it advisable to ascertain positively whether or not my surmise was correct, I dived down the companionway.

The door at the foot of the stairs was locked. Without pausing to reflect, I dashed my shoulder against it with such violence that it flew wide open, and precipitated me headlong into the saloon. It was lucky for me that I stumbled, as I saw a sword flash over my head, and shivered against a mahogany stancheon near which I fell.

"Avast! We're friends!" I cried.

"Thank God for His mercy!" chorused half a dozen silvery voices.

"An' hev yer bate off thim murderin' divils?" echoed a buxom daughter of Erin.

"Yes, of course we have; my vessel's close at hand, and some of my crew are trying to put out the fire forward. But where's the skipper and the crew? I cannot see a person upon deck; they haven't deserted you, surely?" I cried, as soon as I could recover from astonishment produced by my noticing the fact that the eight occupants of the cabin were all of the gentler sex, though attired in the elaborate costume which amateur yachtsmen who loaf around fashionable American watering-places generally affect.

"I'm the captain, sir; we haven't any gentlemen aboard, and we all ran below when those fierce savages attacked us, we were so afraid," replied a tall, dark-eyed, raven-haired brunette, whose cheeks assumed an erubescent tinge as she advanced to the front of the group of affrighted damsels.

"Good heavens!" I ejaculated, "do you know, miss, or madam, that your vessel is afire forward?"

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! whatever shall we do? We didn't mind running the risk of being drowned, but to be burnt—ugh!" cried a beautiful blonde, whose golden hair fell in wavelets over the collar of her pretty sailor's shirt.

"Listen, ladies!" I said, peremptorily, for I noticed a growing desire amongst all the little dears to begin talking simultaneously. "Just you pack up all the clothes and things you are likely to need, as quickly as ever you can, while I go up to my men, and endeavor to extinguish the fire. No hesitation, mind; you have no time to spare, for, if we cannot make the flames succumb, you will have to abandon this craft, and take refuge aboard my vessel."

I ran upon deck, and went forward. My boat's crew were making strenuous exertions to extinguish the fire, but I saw at a glance that the demolition of the pretty yacht was certain, as the flames had gained great headway before our arrival, and were now lapping up everything within reach with their thirsty tongues, which twined around the taper masts and tarry shrouds, and sent in volumes skyward a myriad of shimmering sparks.

"*May Rose*, ahoy!" I yelled. "Send off another boat, and let the steward get the cabin fixed up; we are to have passengers."

"Ay, ay, sir!" came floating back the response.

"Lay aft, lads, and get the baggage into the boat. Mind what you're about, though; they're all ladies aboard here," I said, directly I saw the brig's quarter-boat coming toward the schooner.

"Whar in thunder's the men—th' everlastin cusses ain't skedaddled, hev they?" I heard Jack Clewline ask his chum.

"Derned if I know; likely them infuriated critters as sot the hooker on fire chucked 'em all ter Davy Jones," was the hoarse reply.

Without any very great difficulty, we succeeded in transporting "the crew" of the yacht, together with their effects, to the *May Rose;* for the girls were excellent sailors, and, having quite recovered from their fright, lent us their really valuable assistance. There was general weeping and lamentation, however, when, soon after we gained my vessel, the pretty yacht sank down, a holocaust, beneath the seething surface of the sea.

I do not propose to record all the praises and thanks which the newcomers showered upon me when the brig was once more standing on her course; it is sufficient to say that I felt somewhat embarrassed by them, though I knew that they emanated from truly grateful hearts.

Although, I confess, I was burning with curiosity to learn how my fair friends came to be at sea without masculine escort, I declared I would not hear a word of their story until the following day, for I was sure they needed rest after the excitement under which they had labored for the past few hours. So, after hot coffee had been imbibed, I assigned a berth to each lady, and bid a general "good-night" to all.

Next day I came upon deck a little later than usual, and, to my surprise, found all my pretty passengers congregated upon the poop—flirting with my mate, it appeared, awaiting my advent, they said.

"Good-morning, ladies. Glad to see you all looking so bright and fresh after your trouble of last night. Allow me formally to introduce you to the American brig *May Rose*, from Foochow, bound to New York, with a cargo of tea, under command of Captain Herbert Hawley, your very humble servant; and to my chief officer, Mr. Joseph Clarke, who seems, by-the-by, to have stolen a march upon me in gaining your acquaintance. Now, will *one* of you kindly oblige me with an introduction to each of the pretty crew I am glad to welcome on board of my vessel?"

"The yacht from which you rescued us, Captain Hawley, was the *Psyche*, of Cape May," said the dark-eyed houri who had spoken for her sister sirens the previous night, "and I, Alice Sinclair, late commander of her, tender, on behalf of myself and friends, our warmest thanks to you for the heroism and gallantry you and your subordinates displayed last night in rescuing us from certain immolation. This is Miss Millicent Masters, erstwhile chief-mate of the *Psyche*, and these, the crew of my poor little yacht, are my old schoolfellows, the Misses Fanny Forbes, Maud Merton, Clara Cushing, and Florence Forten. Amy Brooke, most attentive of Abigails, was our stewardess, and Bessy Burke, who so nearly killed you when you came to aid us, our cook."

"Shure, captin, darlint, I niver dhramed it was a dacint gintleman a-comin'. Bad cess to me, I thought 'twas won ov thim dirty black nagurs, I did," interrupted Bessy.

"Never mind, my lass, you did quite right, and showed your Celtic pluck," I said, after shaking hands with each of the pretty girls. "I propose, ladies, that we have breakfast now, and then we shall all feel well fortified to listen to the recital of your adventures, which, I assure you, I am most anxious to hear from the lips of 'Captain' Sinclair."

While we were partaking of the matutinal meal, I ventured to ask whether the young ladies possessed any other habiliments than the masculine ones which they wore so gracefully.

"Oh, yes, indeed!" chirruped Miss Cushing, a blushing, blue-eyed blonde, "we have plenty of nice dresses. But we don't intend to wear them while at sea; this 'rig' is so much more comfortable—yes, and becoming, as you say, Mr. Clarke. We felt rather awkward at first, you know; but then there were no impudent men to make fun of us, so we soon got used to it."

Breakfast over, we adjourned to the poop, and seated ourselves *à la* Turk, in a semicircle, the centre of which was occupied by "Captain" Sinclair, with logbook ready for reference.

"Now, Captain Hawley, before I commence, I must request that no one will interrupt me, or else I may lose the thread of my yarn. Being a girl, of course I can only reel it off after my own fashion; but I will endeavor to be as concise and accurate as possible."

I replied that I would do my utmost to preserve order and

prevent interruption; but, nevertheless, so many occurred, that I think it advisable to give only the gist of her story. Condensed, it ran as follows:

The *Psyche* was owned by one of Miss Sinclair's elder brothers, whose chief amusement was yachting, a pastime he never enjoyed so much as when he had on board his pretty vessel a party of nice girls, who were not "mawkish," or fearful of disaster.

When Alice had finally quitted the seminary at which she had been educated, she had persuaded several of her favorite schoolfellows to pay a visit to her father's house, a stately mansion at Cape May, wherein Mr. Sinclair always spent the Summer months.

These young ladies, from constant cruising in the *Psyche*, became so *au fait* in matters maritime, that they decided that the only thing necessary to complete their nautical education was a knowledge of navigation. This, Alice and her chief *confidante*, Milly Masters, soon acquired, and it was a casual complimentary remark made by their tutor, the old sailing-master of the *Psyche*, that led to their paying a visit to Orient seas.

"You could navigate a vessel to any part of the world just as well as I could, Miss Clara," he had said; and the words made a deep impression upon the young lady to whom they were addressed.

"What capital fun it would be to run off with the *Psyche*, and take a cruise all by ourselves, to some of those sunny Eastern climes, the beauties of which I am constantly hearing spoken of in rapturous terms," said Clara, when closeted with her five friends, the Misses Masters, Merton, Cushing, Forbes, and Forten, one night, after they had thoroughly enjoyed a delightful day's sail.

"A glorious idea!" chorused her listeners; and then and there, in the mystic stillness of that ornate chamber, a direful plot was concocted.

Proper, suitable dresses were to be ordered, the *Psyche* surreptitiously provisioned for a long cruise, and two maidservants suborned to assist in the cutting-out expedition.

When everything was ready, a favorable opportunity to seize the vessel was anxiously watched for. It soon presented itself. The sailing-master of the *Psyche* went to Newport, on a visit to his wife, so the six girls proceeded on board, accompanied by their two servants, at an early hour one bright and beautiful morning in June. To dispense with the regular crew was merely a matter of *finesse*. They were directed by Miss Sinclair, whose orders they always readily obeyed, to trip anchor and hoist the sails, and, when that was accomplished, were dispatched in detachments—three in a shore-boat for unnecessary provisions, two in the dingy to bring off the owner, who was then peacefully slumbering under the parental roof, blissfully oblivious of all that was going on aboard his trim craft.

As soon as the coast was all clear, the anchor was hove to the bows by the reckless young ladies, the helm put up, and, wafted by a fresh breeze, the fleet *Psyche* sped like a white-winged bird over the sparkling emerald waves, until the land faded far in her wake.

Letters for their friends, informing them of their intention to take a long cruise, had been left in Clara's boudoir, so the girls did not feel any particular remorse for the step they had taken until long after the first flush of excitement had evanesced, and they had advanced so far on their voyage, that to return would be almost as difficult as to proceed.

With the exception of a few gales, and a hard storm when off the Cape of Good Hope, the *Psyche* experienced very fine weather all the passage, and she had been navigated with such skill that Java Head was reached without a mishap. It was the intention of the beautiful buccaneers to proceed to Singapore, where they proposed to recruit their stock of provisions, prior to continuing their voyage to Hong Kong. But in the Straits of Gaspar they had encountered unexpected foes, the merciless pirates, from whose clutches I had plucked them just in the nick of time.

I did not possess sufficient courage to read much of a lecture to the young ladies, upon what I could not but consider their very reprehensible conduct; for I could see that they were all thoroughly ashamed of their escapade, and deeply grateful for preservation from the dreadful fate which their erratic conduct had nearly brought upon them.

They were all beautiful and highly accomplished; yet I was soon able to detect the reason why Miss Sinclair's young companions had placed such implicit confidence in her as to allow themselves to be lured into entering upon such an insane expedition as that of voyaging, unaccompanied by any of the sterner sex, to foreign climes.

Clara was a girl who possessed no ordinary attributes. Apart from her wondrous beauty and queenly presence there was something commanding about her that it is difficult to define, with which also were amalgamated powers of fascination utterly irresistible. She was, in fact, an exquisite specimen of American girlhood—beautiful, brave, gentle, generous, and thoroughly self-reliant.

Joe Clarke, however, did not seem to appreciate her merits so highly as those of Miss Masters, who was certainly a remarkably nice girl—one of your pretty, golden-haired violet-eyed darlings—but who seemed to approach nearer to Byron's description of Dudu, who found such favor with Don Juan, than to meet my idea of feminine perfection. The other young ladies were gay, lively, and generally charming; but I soon found that they were mentally far inferior to their leader, who was simply peerless.

Nearly a week had elapsed since the arrival of the *Psyche*'s crew on board my vessel, and yet the *May Rose* had not advanced fifty miles further upon her homeward course, for only light, contrary airs fanned her sails.

I came on deck one morning just as the golden sun rose in majestic splendor from a bed of amber-violet clouds, and flung slant rays of glory across the stately palms and verdant trees which clothed with a mantle of green a small island toward whose silvery beach the rippling tide was bearing my bonny brig.

The sails hung lazily from the yards and gaffs, for there was not even sufficient breeze to cause them to flap; so, on ascertaining that the water was only thirty fathoms deep, considered it advisable to drop anchor.

When the young ladies came on deck, they were enraptured with the beautiful appearance of the island on our lee and beseeched me to allow them to go ashore.

"I should have thought that, from your experience of the natives in these parts, you would hardly wish to run the risk of again meeting with any of them," I remarked, with a malicious smile.

"Ah! but you told us yourself, only the other day, you know, that the natives ashore were generally pretty peaceable people, and that it was only those piratical prahus that any one had cause to fear," replied Alice.

"Do *you* wish particularly to go?" I whispered in her ear.

"Why, of course I do, or I should not have asked. If you go with us, I shall not be afraid of a host of natives. By-the-by, what is the name of this island?"

"Pulo Leat, a spot which you ought never to have been near, if the *Psyche* was bound to Singapore. You should have taken her through the Straits of Banca, instead of those of Gaspar."

"'*Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit*,' as my brother Launcelot used to say, when we accused him of doing anything foolish. But you will take us ashore, Captain Hawley, will you not?"

The dark, lustrous eyes uplifted themselves, the coral lips rettily pouted, a tiny hand, white and delicate as alabaster, as laid upon my arm. What could I, being but a man, do ut surrender?

"Certainly, Miss Sinclair, if it will afford you pleasure. I n willing to set out directly after breakfast," I said.

A slight flush mantled the cheek of the beauteous girl; er perspicacity enabled her to divine that I was growing nd of her, and that my ready submission to her will was ot the result of a mere desire to be deemed courteous.

I gave Mr. Julius Northrup, the second mate of the *May ose*, instructions to have the quarter-boat ready for us, and ien followed the ladies down to the breakfast-table.

As soon as we had done sailor-like justice to the palatable ands my steward had prepared for our oblectation, Joe larke and I assisted the girls into the boat, and leaving the rig in charge of Mr. Northrup, were rowed by four of my ew up to the sparkling, silvery beach that severed the azure the ocean from the emerald-green of the island.

We landed without difficulty upon Pulo Leat, for the sea as calm and smooth, and glistened like mercury in the ellow rays of the great orb of day.

Leaving the beach, we wandered up a narrow game-track ntil we came to a small patena, or meadow, surrounded on l sides by most beautiful trees, some clothed to their very owns with odorous blossoms, others so laden with delicious uits that their branches bowed beneath the burdens pen- le from them.

Dotting the meadow, here and there, stood stately papaws *Carica papaja*), with their coronals of pinnatisect leaves; tall coanut palms (*Cocos mucifera*) towered toward the cloud- ss skies; the beautiful *Champahu*, the tamarind-tree, its ide-spreading branches covered with delicate blossoms, led the air with fragrance; while the *Champadak* and *rtocarpus intergrifolia*, laden with luscious fruits, mingled eir leaves with those of the prolific mangustin, durian, and ne.

Birds of gaudy plumage warbled sweet songs from amid e leafy thickets, the bright cellular green of which was casionally relieved by the vivid scarlet of the pomegranate- ower, the golden glow of yellow bignonias, and the virgin hiteness of great clusters of night-blooming cereus.

"Eden could never have equaled this lovely spot," said iss Sinclair, who was enchanted with the prospect before her. Hitherto she had been a stranger to the glorious magnificence of scenery in the oriental tropics.

CUZCO COSTUMES—WOMAN OF THE LOWER ORDER.

"No, indeed; for our primal mother's beauty could not have enhanced the charms of Paradise so much as yours does this fertile spot," I replied.

Clara and I had left the rest of the party regaling themselves upon pumplenoos, the fruit of a fine tree (*Citrus decumanus*), under whose drooping branches they reclined, and strolled up a narrow game-track that led we knew not whither. A slight shade of annoyance flitted across the fair face of my companion.

"I wish *you* would not say such things to me, Captain Hawley. From men like Mr. Clarke I expect such vapid, meaningless compliments, and estimate them at their proper value; but I do not like to hear a thoroughly sensible man address such platitudes to me, for I consider that he holds me in such slight estimation as to imagine that I feel delight in fulsome flattery," she said.

I was effectually silenced, though I admired the dear girl all the more for showing herself superior to paltry praise.

We strolled onward until we came to a small glade or opening in the forest, across which a herd of tiny deer (*Cervus muntjack*) fled, on our approach.

"What exquisite little creatures! How gracefully they bound! Ah! what is that?" cried Miss Sinclair, alarmed by a buzzing sound above her, and the shrill shriek of a small reptile somewhat resembling an alligator, only it possessed wings, that passed close to her as it flew from the upper branches of a tall *anchar*—the upas-tree of Foerch's romance—to a giant *lingoa*, into one of the enormous excrescences on the lower part of the trunk of which it struck its sharp talons.

"It will not harm you, Miss Sinclair. It is a flying dragon—the *Draco-fimbriatus* of naturalists. I have long been wishing to obtain a few specimens for the Salem Museum. This is a famous opportunity to do so. Just hold my pistol, please. I think I can impale that fellow with my knife," I said, handing to my companion a revolver I had been carrying in my hand for security against ferocious animals, if any existed, and drawing a long, keen *couteau de chasse* I wore in my girdle.

Creeping stealthily forward, I reached the tree to which the winged reptile was clinging. With a skillful thrust, I impaled the poor creature, and was mentally congratulating

CUZCO COSTUMES—FASHIONABLE YOUNG LADY.—SEE PAGE 158.

CUZCO COSTUMES—INDIAN WOMEN.

myself upon my success, when a piercing shriek rang upon my ear, instantly followed by the report of a firearm.

Wheeling instantly around, to my horror I saw Miss Sinclair encircled in the folds of a huge python, whose flexuous nether extremity was twined around the trunk of a tree, toward which he was drawing his victim, with the evident intention of crushing out her life!

Her struggles were vain, the muscular power of the great ophidian was irresistible—a few seconds only, and her death would be inevitable.

Withdrawing my knife from the transfixed dragon, I sprang with giant strides toward where the fairy girl was struggling with her subtle foe. In my eagerness, my anxiety, I was almost blind; but I could see the eyes of the reptile gleam and glare, and his parti-colored skin glisten in the golden sunrays.

One dexterous stroke I dealt with my trusty knife; it cut clean through the python's extended body; a torrent of deep-crimson blood gushed forth, the folds relaxed, and the hideous creature writhed in agony upon the gore-stained grass.

Poor Clara was senseless. I feared she was dead—feared that her pure young soul had fled to its heavenly home. Raising her in my arms, I bore her swiftly to the brink of a tiny rivulet that chattered through the forest on its passage to the all-absorbing sea.

Ferns were her couch; flowers bowed their heads in sympathy over her. She still breathed, though her heart's pulsations were slow and irregular. I dashed water from the limpid stream in her lovely, pallid face; I chafed her little hands; in my frenzy of woe I covered her cheeks with kisses, and in endearing terms besought her to awake from her death-like sleep. A tremendous thrill passed through her frame; a convulsive sob broke from her bloodless lips; the jetty fringes of her eyelids parted—she gazed into my face as I pressed one last, passionate kiss upon her marble brow.

"Where am I?" she murmured. "Oh! it was too terrible!"

"You are safe now, darling"—I did not attempt to weigh my words at that moment—"I am with you, and that cruel reptile is dead. Tell me, I implore you, Clara, have you sustained any serious injury?" I cried.

She smiled sweetly upon me—she read my heart's secret plainly.

"I do not think so; I feel no pain. I fainted from mer fright, I fancy," she replied.

I placed my arm around her dainty waist, and drew he fair head upon my breast. For a moment I could not speal feelings of deep gratitude for her preservation so ove powered me; but at last my tongue found utterance, and poured into her attentive ear the story of my love.

The cynical stream laughed merrily as it carried the tal to the sea, the fragrant flowers blushed in emulation of the queen, and the bright birds sang their sweetest songs joy.

"Tell me, my darling, is my future to be bright drear?"

"Bright as the sun at noontide, Herbert, if my devotio to you will have power to lighten your pathway throug life."

When we rejoined our comrades, and told them of Clara narrow escape from the terrible python, Joe Clarke openl expressed his astonishment at our looking so happy an unconcerned; but I saw each of the girls glance at m betrothed, and from the merry twinkling of their bright eye I could tell that they divined the sequence of what threa ened to have been a dreadful catastrophe.

Soon after our return to the brig, a fresh breeze spran up, which carried us clear of the Straits, and, indeed, wafte us nearly all the way to the Cape of Good Hope, aroun which a vessel filled with happier hearts than those aboa the *May Rose* never passed.

One fine, starlit night, when the southeast trade-winc were driving us merrily over the phosphorescent surges, was sitting with my *fiancée* upon the lee-side of the poo hidden from observation by the shadow of the mainsai when Miss Masters came up on deck, and began to chat wi the chief-mate.

"We must be nearing the equator, Mr. Clarke; m favorite constellation, the Southern Cross, will soon be longer visible," said Millicent.

"Did you ever hear a legend about those lustrous stu Miss Masters? No! Well, we sailors believe that just pri to the crucifixion our Saviour gave to his Mother, the Virg Mary, a diamond brooch, in the form of a cross, and th she took it from her bosom during the Transfiguration, a placed it in the sky, as a beacon and emblem of Hope to poor mariners."

CUZCO COSTUMES—A WHITE WOMAN.

"A pretty conceit, Mr. Clarke. I'm fond of astronomy; ut I don't know much about it, I fear. Which are the rightest orbs visible in this hemisphere?"

"Your eyes, Miss Milly," replied Joe, sighing sentimenally.

"Nonsense, Mr. Clarke."

"If they would only beam with love-light upon me, I hould never know what care was."

Joe was evidently bringing things to a climax; the whisering became inaudible, but a sound as of vehement oscuation soon reached our ears, and the following day Clara nformed me that Milly had confided to her the fact that she ad promised her hand and heart to the irrepressible Joe.

At last Sandy Hook was reached, and our pleasant passage rew to a close.

As we entered the Narrows, I went into my berth for the urpose of assuming my "shore-going" attire. O'Leary, he steward of the *May Rose*, was brushing my coat.

"I'll be lavin' the brig in New York, sir, I'm thinkin'," he aid, diffidently.

"Why, Mike, how's that?" I asked, slightly astonished. or the fellow was a good servant, and had sailed several oyages with me.

"Shure, sir, Miss Burke's persuaded me to lave the say ltogether; an' as I've got a bit o' money in the bank, we're est agoin' to git married!"

"Whew! that's how the land lies, is it? Well, I wish ou joy, Mike; your future wife's a mighty good cook. But I thought you preferred Miss Sinclair's maid, Amy Brooke?"

"An' troth, sir, she's a moighty fine gurl, that same Miss Brooke; but Mr. Northup, the second mate, tuk a fancy to er, and she's goin to be his wife, sir—so Bessie says."

I went up on deck, found Clara, and drew her aside.

"Will you kindly inform me, my darling, how many wedding-rings I had better order while I'm ashore? I know of our that will be required; but, perhaps, a few of your oung friends have entered into matrimonial engagements ith some of the sailors, as all the officers were bespoken."

"Don't be absurd, Herbert," replied my affianced. "I new all about Milly's, Amy's, and Bessie's love affairs long go. I'm sure I don't begrudge them their happiness, and either ought you, sir, for——"

"I had the first choice, and I gained the greatest prize of ll, when you, dear love, consented to share the future with ne," I interrupted, as I kissed her adieu, and went ashore.

It seems only the other day that I led my bonny bride om the hymeneal altar, for happy hours fly swiftly by; et, since then, bachelors have been converted into Benedicts by each and every one of the pretty crew whom we plucked from the fire" in the far-off Gaspar Straits.

CUZCO COSTUMES.

Cuzco, a hundred leagues from the sea and 12,558 feet bove its level, with a chilly climate, has preserved a characr of its own, unchanged by foreign intercourse. Fashions o not alter, and are little likely to undergo much modification. Chilly as the climate is, fires and stoves for heating ne houses are unknown. Warmer clothing alone gives rtificial heat. The Indians wear woolen shirts and clothes, which men add the llacola, and women the llacolla, larger smaller woolen mantles. They have an aversion to cold ater, and it is doubtful whether from birth to death they er wash even their face and hands; the rest of the body ever, beyond all doubt. They sleep in their clothes, and hen a garment is worn out, cover its rags with a new one. he result of such a life need not be described; it detracts om the picturesque effect shown in our illustration.

The Spanish women, of whom we give a specimen taken from the middling class, are probably of mixed blood, though all deny it. Graceful, timid, domestic, and industrious, they are seldom seen abroad, and it requires some great holiday to bring them all out. Except among the fashionables, their dress is very plain and modest; even the national costume is worn without the coquettish grace seen on the coast.

The women of Cuzco (says a French traveler) are generally of dark complexion, of middle size, and tend to a fullness of figure. Among them the Indian type still predominates over the Spanish, as the qualities and faults of the native race reappear beneath the varnish of education which covers them. Still, it would be a deadly insult to remind a Cuzco woman of her origin. All are ready to prove that they are Andalusian from head to foot, and if you are intimate in the family, the foot will be displayed as an evidence beyond dispute. The tiny shoe does, indeed, recall that province by its size, and would be a fitting slipper for Cinderella; but in ethnology slippers do not prove much. The women we allude to, it must be understood, are those from fifteen to forty-five. Those past the age of illusion say, frankly, "*Somos Indias para que negarlo?*"—"We are Indians, what is the use of denying it?"

All are distinguished by sweetness and amiability, combined with a modest timidity that makes their conversation a sort of stammering. They live a very retired life, making few visits.

The costume is that of the time of the viceroys, and retains the frightful *saya angosta*, or *pollera apresiliada*, which, on one of the lower order, seen from behind, gives her the appearance of a huge black beetle. The fashionable ladies alone have renounced it. They affect the fashions of Paris, but of Paris of fifty years ago; and what they appear may be seen from our illustration.

TRADITIONS AND ANECDOTES OF THE BAGPIPE.

There is at Rome (writes a correspondent) a sculpture, in basso relievo, representing a piper playing on an instrument resembling the Highland bagpipe. The Greeks, unwilling as they were to surrender to others the merit of useful inventions, acknowledge that to the Barbarians—*i. e.*, the Celts—they owed much of their music, and many of its instruments. The Romans, who no doubt borrowed the bagpipe from the Greeks, used it as a martial instrument among their infantry. It is represented on several coins, marbles, etc.; but, from rudeness of execution, or decay of the materials, it is difficult to ascertain its exact form. On the reverse of a coin of the Emperor Nero, who thought himself an admirable performer on it, and who publicly displayed his abilities, the bagpipe is represented. An ancient figure, supposed to be playing on it, has been represented, and particularly described, by Signor Macari, of Cortona, and it is engraved in Walker's History of the Irish Bards; but it does not, in my opinion, appear to be a piper. A small bronze figure, found at Richborough, in Kent, and conjectured to have been an ornament of horse furniture, is not much more distinct. Mr. King, who has engraved three views of it, and others, believe it to represent a bagpiper, to which it has certainly more resemblance than to a person drinking out of a leathern bottle.

The bagpipe, of a rude and discordant construction, is in use throughout the East; and that it continues the popular instrument of the Italian peasant is well known. In Italy it is the medium through which the good Catholics show their devotion to the Virgin Mother, who receives their adoration in the lengthened strains of the sonorous Piva. It is a singular but faithful tradition of the Church, that the

shepherds who first saw the infant Jesus in the barn, expressed their gladness by playing on their bagpipes. That this is probable and natural, will not be denied; but the illuminator of a Dutch missal, in the library of King's College, Old Aberdeen, surely indulged his fancy when he represented one of the appearing angels likewise playing a salute on this curious instrument. The Italian shepherds religiously adhere to the laudable practice of their ancestors; and in visiting Rome and other places to celebrate the advent of our Saviour, they carry the pipes along with them, and their favorite tune is "The Sicilian Mariners," often sung in Protestant churches.

It is the popular opinion that the Virgin Mary is very fond and is an excellent judge of music. I received this information on Christmas morning, when I was looking at two Calabrian pipers, doing their utmost to please her, and the infant in her arms. They played for a full hour to one of their images, which stands at the corner of a street. All the other statues of the Virgin which are placed in the streets, are serenaded in the same manner every Christmas morning. On my inquiring into the meaning of that ceremony, I was told the above-mentioned circumstance of her character, which, though you have always thought highly probable, perhaps you never before knew for certain. My informer was a pilgrim, who stood listening with great devotion to the pipers. He told me, at the same time, that the Virgin's taste was too refined to have much satisfaction in the performance of these poor Calabrians, which was chiefly intended for the infant; and he desired me to remark, that the tunes were plain, simple, and such as might naturally be supposed agreeable to the ear of a child of his time of life.

How many anecdotes might be given of the effects of this instrument on the hardy sons of Caledonia! In the war in India, a piper in Lord M'Leod's regiment, seeing the British army giving way before superior numbers, played, in his best style, the well-known "Cogadh na Sith," which filled the Highlanders with such spirit, that, immediately rallying, they cut through their enemies. For this fortunate circumstance, Sir Eyre Coote, filled with admiration, and appreciating the value of such music, presented the regiment with fifty pounds to buy a stand of pipes. At the battle of Quebec, in 1760, the troops were retreating in disorder, and the general complained to a field-officer in Fraser's regiment of the bad conduct of his corps. "Sir," said the officer, with a degree of warmth, "you did very wrong in forbidding the pipers to play; nothing inspirits the Highlanders so much; even now they would be of some use."

"Let them blow, in God's name, then!" said the general; and the order was given, the pipers with alacrity sounded the Cruinneachadh, on which the Gael formed in the rear, and bravely returned to the charge.

George Clark, now piper to the Highland Society of London, was piper to the 71st regiment at the battle of Vimeira, where he was wounded in the leg by a musket-ball as he boldly advanced. Finding himself disabled, he sat down on the ground, and putting his pipes in order, called out, "Weel, lads, I am sorry I can gae nae farther wi' you, but deil hae my saul if ye sall want music;" and struck up a favorite warlike air, with the utmost unconcern for anything but the unspeakable delight of sending his comrades to battle with the animating sound of the pibroch.

It is a popular tradition that the enemy anxiously level at the pipers, aware of the power of their music; and a story is related of one who, at the battle of Waterloo, received a shot in the bag before he had time to make a fair beginning, which so roused his Highland blood, that, dashing his pipes on the ground, he drew his broadsword, and wreaked his vengeance on his foes with the fury of a lion, until his career was stopped by death from numerous wounds. It is related of the piper major of the 92d, on the same occasion, that, placing himself on an eminence where the shot was flying like hail, regardless of his danger, he proudly sounded the battle-air to animate his noble companions. On one occasion during the Peninsular War, thesame regiment came suddenly on the French army, and the intimation of their approach was as suddenly given by the pipers bursting out their gathering. The effect was instantaneous; the enemy fled, and the Highlanders pursued.

THE CAPITAL OF SERVIA.

Belgrade is one of the most picturesque cities on the Danube. Its cathedral stands on a high hill, at the confluence of the two mighty rivers, the Save and the Danube. Near the cathedral is the fortress; and the city, containing 25,000 inhabitants, is built round these centres.

Few cities are so favored by nature for commerce as the capital of Servia, which, however, is not so active at present as may be hoped for in the future, for the Servians are not a commercial people.

The streets and houses in Belgrade but a few years ago resembled exactly those of all cities in Turkey in Europe. The former were narrow and ill-paved, the latter little better than huts, and the shops were closed by a single falling shutter, and consisted of a board on which were some miserable wares, and a corner on which squatted the shopkeeper.

Much of this state of things is entirely changed; the streets are spacious, many of the houses tall and stuccoed, and the shops as handsome as those of most small German towns.

Strange to say, the pavement is strictly oriental, and formed of unevenly laid stones, with break-neck holes for unwary travelers.

Formerly there were no hotels worthy the name in Belgrade. The traveler, with his saddle-bags, carpet, and padded quilt, was fain to seek hospitality, as in other Eastern cities, in the bare rooms of a khan, or at the house of a friend. Now there are several large and pretentious hotels; but they are very inferior to those of Pesth or Vienna in comfort or cookery.

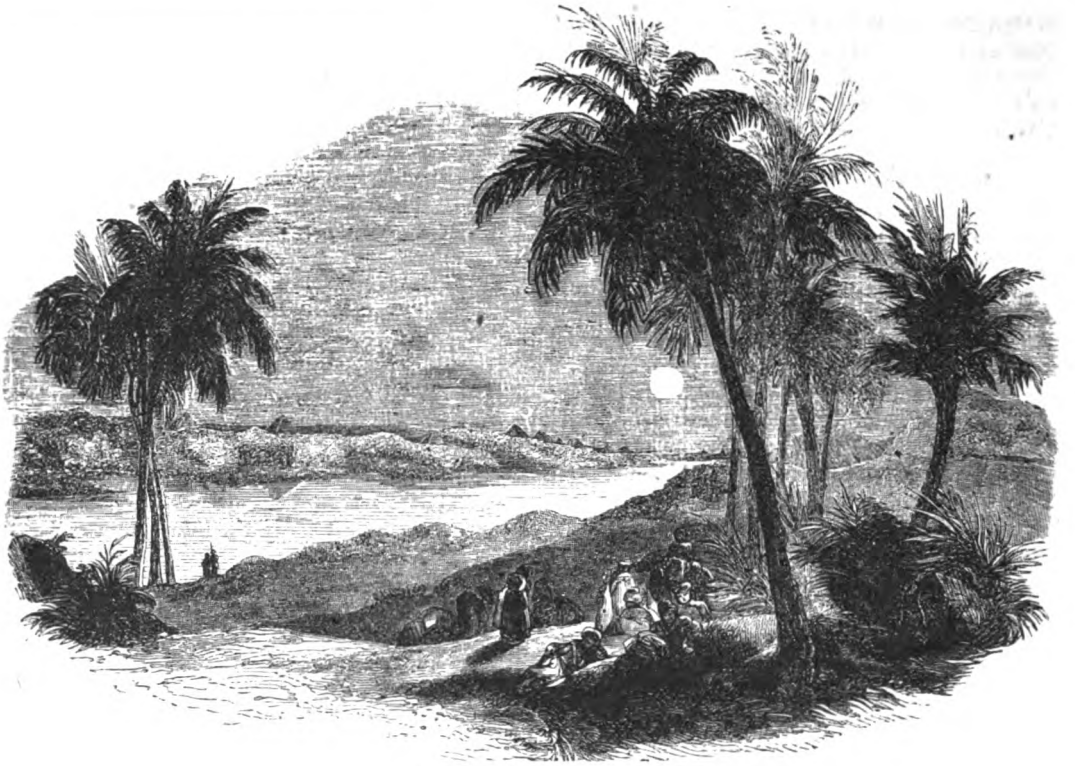
After seeing the fortress and taking a glance at the cathedral, there is little else to look at in Belgrade. It is, in fact, a new city, though doubtless other towns have been built upon the site, and perished.

There is no native art of any consequence, for the Servians are agriculturists and cattle-dealers, not famous or in any way clever as tillers of the earth, but raising enough maize for their own simple wants, with something to spare for their pigs, which latter they export largely, but with every drawback possible, owing to bad roads and the absence of railways.

There are no manufactories in Belgrade. It is a town grown to its present importance from being the seat of Government, most of the handsome houses being occupied by senators, superior officers, lawyers, and the foreign representatives of the Great Powers, who are political agents and consul-generals.

The palace of the Prince is a modest house at the end of the handsomest street, exactly resembling the house of a French *préfet*.

Life has a certain duration, and there is allotted to every man a certain round of duties; and as, in a journey, a man divides the distance into stages, according to the time in which he has to accomplish it, so a man ought to look forward to the day of dying, in order to accomplish in this life the things that are to be accomplished.



MOONLIGHT ON THE NILE.

UP THE NILE.

NOTES OF EGYPTIAN TRAVEL.

By Leonard Scott.

My wife and daughter, who can make longer excursions than I am able to take, went out into the Desert to see the great pyramids of Gizeh. They took a carriage to old Cairo, opposite the upper end of the Island of Roda. Thence crossing the Nile in a ferry-boat, they traveled the rest of the way (six miles) on donkeys. Each donkey was driven by a donkey-boy, belonging to a class of active, shrewd, intelligent, and not over-honest lads, who resemble, in many respects, our newsboys in America.

These young Arabs have picked up a little English, and they make a display of it on all occasions, creating thereby no little amusement, and sometimes a good deal of annoyance. They name their donkeys to suit their customers. When the latter are Americans, they call them "Yankee Doodle," or "Ginger Pop"; when English, "Johnny Bull," or "Captain Snooks"; and they praise their various merits by such epithets as "Berry good donk," "Magnificent," "Splendid," "Exquisite," "Like a steamboat," "Just like home," and so on, to the end of their vocabulary. They sometimes act as guides as well as drivers, and the cleverest ultimately become dragomans.

The ladies did not enter or ascend the pyramids, but contented themselves with riding around them and admiring their vast proportions—for vast they are, even more than they seem to be as you approach them. Figure to yourself an almost solid mass of stones occupying a space of thirteen acres for its base, and rising in the centre to a perpendicular height of nearly 500 feet. The largest of these immense piles is known as the Pyramid of Cheops, and it contains no less than 85,000,000 cubic feet of stone. It is nearly all solid, having only a few small interior chambers, whose purpose still remains in obscurity. From what has been found in these chambers, it is supposed that the pyramids were designed as burial places for the Egyptian kings who built them. If so, a more senseless waste of time and labor could hardly have been conceived. They are said to have been erected some 4,000 years ago, and, according to Pliny, the one I am describing employed 360,000 men and 20 years' time in its construction. There are two other large pyramids at this place, one being about 450 and the other over 200 feet in height, and both, in all other respects, much like their greater neighbor.

Near these pyramids stands the celebrated Sphynx, cut from the solid rock, of which it forms a part, a huge monster, half animal and half man, and worshiped by the ancient Egyptian as the "Image of the god of the Sun." Its face has been much mutilated, the nose and part of the lips being gone, but it is still an object of great curiosity to visitors. It lies couchant, with head erect, and measures, from the belly to the highest point of the head, 60 feet, the circumference of the latter being 102 feet, and the entire length of the figure 143 feet. These are its dimensions, as given by the books. At present the figure is so buried in the sand that nothing below the top of the shoulders is visible.

The ladies also visited an old temple near by, recently excavated from the sand, and even now only entered from the top, which is on a level with the surrounding Desert. It is built of immense blocks of red granite brought from the first cataract, a distance of nearly 600 miles, and its floors are composed of fine white alabaster. The ladies ate their lunch in one of the apartments of this temple, protected from the drifting sand by its thick walls.

On the 26th day of January, we went on board our boat, which lay at Boolak, the port of Cairo, two miles distant from the city. Here we were joined by the three gentlemen who were to be our companions—viz., Mr. Gifford, an artist from New York; Mr. Curtis and Dr. Ingham from Philadelphia.

Our *dahabeah*, the Arabic name for passenger-boat, was just large enough to accommodate the party, having a double stateroom or cabin in the stern for the two ladies, and single

staterooms on either side for each of the four gentlemen. The boat is called the *Hamama*, which is the Arabic for pigeon. The wind being unfavorable, we lay at Boolak till the next day. Meanwhile we hoisted the American flag upon our mast, and as, by contract, the boat, captain, crew, and dragoman were all under our command, we considered ourselves "masters of the situation," and well prepared for any emergency.

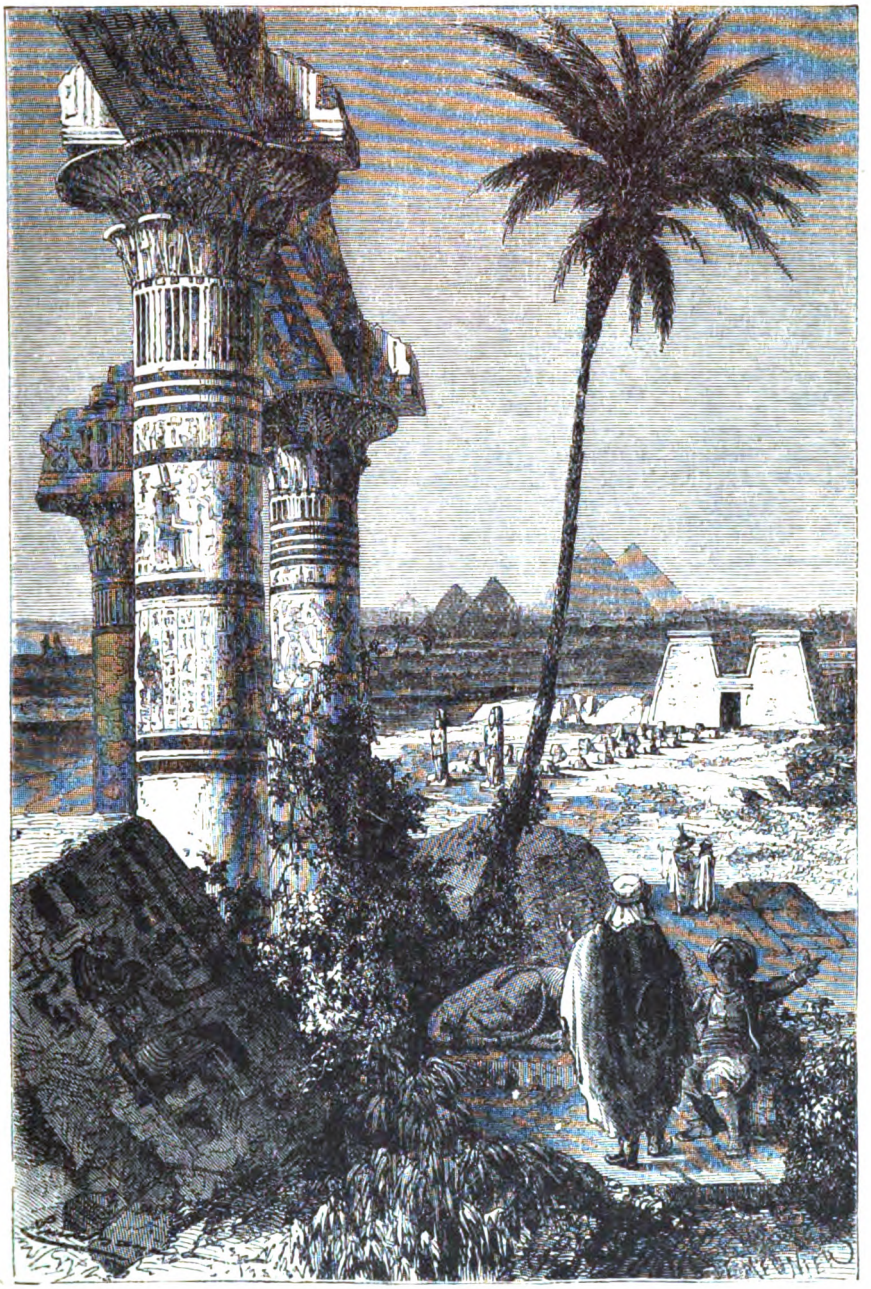
Mahmoud surprised us with a very good dinner soon after our arrival, much better than any we had eaten at Cairo, and we were all in excellent spirits. Our sleeping, however, for the first night, was greatly disturbed by the fleas, as they had evidently been waiting for us, and they doubtless enjoyed their first meal with as keen a relish as we had ours.

In the morning we found, to our dismay, that the boat had sprung a leak, and that the hold was half full of water. It took most of that day to bale out the water and repair the leak, so that we did not get started till about four o'clock P. M. on the 27th.

The bridge of boats which had been made by order of the Viceroy still remained, and would not be removed till several days to come, as the wedding of the Viceroy's daughter was about to take place; but, fortunately for us, just as we approached the bridge a way was opened for the passage of a government steamer, and before it was closed again our boat slipped through. The wind, however, being against us, we went no further than Old Cairo that night.

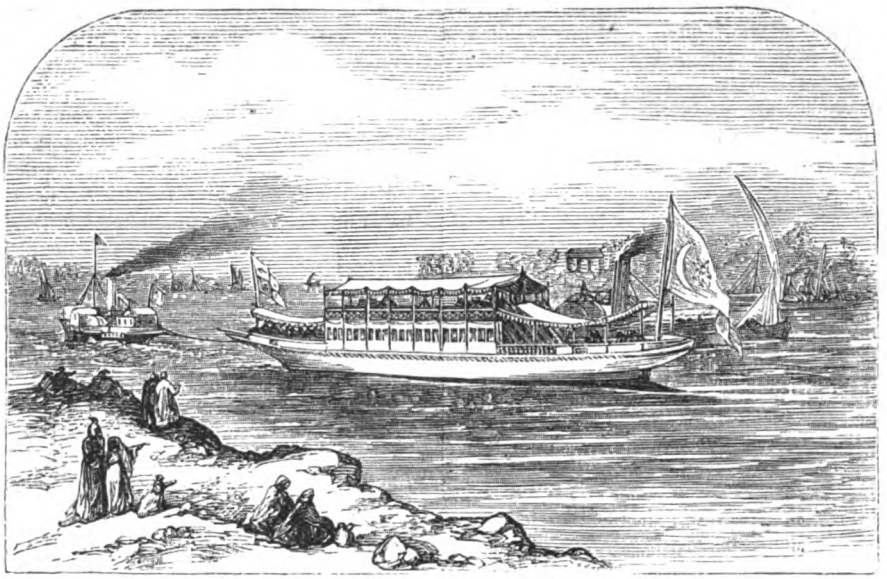
Our boat was manned by a *reis*, or captain, a steersman, ten sailors, a cook and assistant, a sailor's cook, and a waiter. These, with the dragoman and passengers, made altogether twenty-three persons. The captain was a fine-looking man, but he seemed to have but little authority over his sailors, and, but for Mahmoud, with his stick, it would have been hard to tell who had the command.

Two of the hands were Nubians, black as ebony; the rest were Egyptians. They are a jolly set of fellows, and very fond of music, vocal and instrumental, but oh, such music! I wish you could listen to it. Their time is perfect, but they sing in a sort of nasal drawl, often accompanied by a grunt which answers for a chorus, and where any tune is at all distinguishable, it bears a nearer resemblance to some of our old-fashioned psalm-tunes than anything else I can liken it to. Their musical instruments consist of the *tam tam*, or small drum, two still smaller drums, or earthen bowls covered with sheepskin, the cymbal and the tambourine. These instruments accompany the voice, but it is hard to tell whether or not they tend to improve the music. Still it evidently delights the poor sailors, and Mahmoud prides himself on having the best choir (!) on the Nile.



A DISTANT VIEW OF THE PYRAMIDS.

We have before us a journey of nearly 600 miles, against a current where rowing is of no avail. We must rely mainly on our sails, and when these fail, upon towing, or tacking and poling. Fortunately, at this season the winds are mostly from the north, and of course in our favor. The boom of our mainsail attached to the foremast is 110 feet long, and is rigged at an elevation of nearly 30 feet above the deck, so that, in sudden squalls, which we hear sometimes prevail on this river, there is no little danger of being capsized, particularly as the boat carries no ballast, and draws only about two feet of water.



A FIRST-CLASS DAHABEAH, OR NILE BOAT.

But we are getting used to dangers. Our boat is 80 feet long, and at the middle, 12 feet wide. The cabins, state-rooms, etc., occupy the after part, and are covered by an upper deck furnished with lounges and chairs for the passengers. The forward part is used by the sailors, and has no upper deck.

Our cook is a genius. With a little clay-built stove—three feet long and eighteen inches high, and exposed to wind and weather—on the bow of the boat, he manages to give us four or five courses for our dinner—soup, mutton, chickens, pigeons, green peas, potatoes, pastry, etc.—all well cooked; and for breakfast, tea and coffee, omelets, chicken curry, roast chicken, mutton-chops, fried potatoes, wheaten-grits, etc., etc. He also baked the bread.

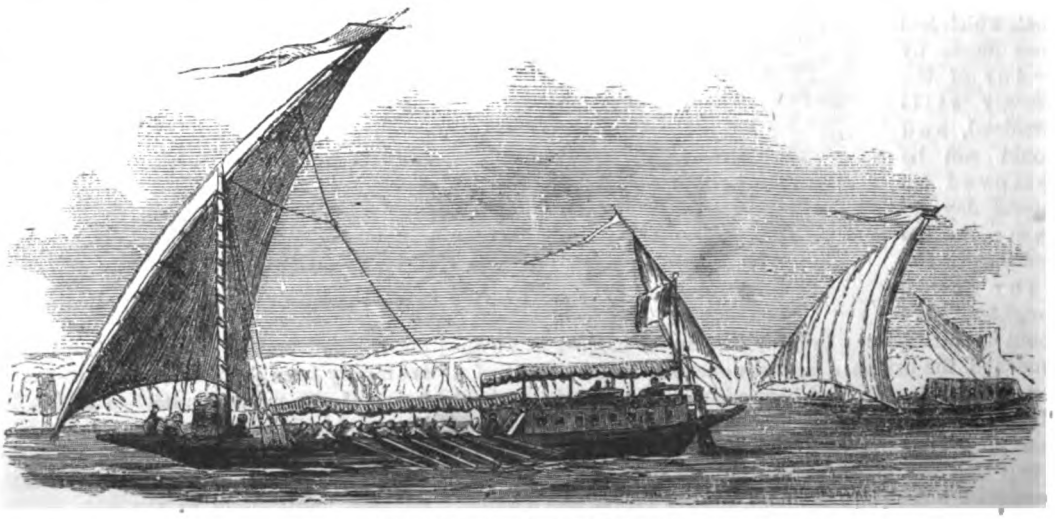
The duties of the sailors' cook are more simple, as well as his apparatus. Some mud thrown into a box serves for his fireplace, upon which he puts an iron pot, his only cooking utensil, containing water and lentils, or beans. When these are cooked, he pours them over a quantity of very black, stale bread, and when the bread becomes soft he stirs the compound with a stick into a kind of mush. A large wooden bowl placed upon the deck contains the smoking mass, and the sailors' meal, whether for morning, noon, or night, is ready. They gather around this dish in a circle, each squatting upon his haunches, and, without knife, fork, or spoon, proceed to eat. The meal is a brief one, for the appetite is keen, and the etiquette simple; and when it is over they lick their fingers and seem satisfied. Then the hookah is passed around, containing hasheesh and tobacco, of which two or three whiffs only are taken by each man, the hasheesh being too powerful a narcotic to allow of more, and this is the sailors' fare on a dahabeah; except that two or three times in the course of the voyage they are treated, sometimes at the expense of the dragoman and sometimes as a gift from the passengers, to a sheep, which they slaughter and cook up with their bread and beans and a few onions into a kind of Irish stew. With what intense gusto this rare and savory meal is eaten it would be impossible for me to describe.

The wooden bowl I have mentioned is made to do duty in more ways than one. Our waiter is also our laundress, and he does his weekly washing in it, and I have more than once seen it used as a foot-tub by our dragoman!

On the 28th day of January, the wind becoming favorable, we sailed up the river in fine style, and it is from this time we reckon our voyage fairly commenced. It is customary with travelers not to stop the boat going up the river to see sights, but to improve every favorable wind till they reach Thebes, and to do most of the sight-seeing as they come down. This was also our plan, and hence I shall have little to say in regard to the first two or three weeks of our journey.

About the first thing that attracts the eye of a traveler on the Nile is the *shadoof*—a rude machine for drawing water from the river for purposes of irrigation. It is simply a short well-pole, as we should call it in America, and is made by erecting two mud pillars, five or six feet high, across the top of which is placed a beam that serves as a fulcrum for the pole or lever which is suspended from it. On the land end of this pole is plastered a great ball of mud to give it the required weight, and on the other end is fastened an upright hand-pole, to the lower end of which is fixed a bucket for dipping up the water.

The banks of the Nile, while we were on it, were generally



A REGULAR PASSENGER DAHABEAH.

about eighteen or twenty feet high, and almost perpendicular. Consisting entirely of alluvial soil, a channel is easily cut into them, commencing at the water's edge. Here the first shadoof is erected, and with it a peasant, or *fellah*, lifts the water from the river and pours it into a channel whose bed is some seven or eight feet higher up than the first, and dipping a little as it extends into the bank, so as to form a well reservoir, from which it is again elevated by a second shadoof, erected above it like the first, into a third channel and reservoir, where still another shadoof lifts it to the surface of the ground. Then it is conveyed in trenches or canals, large and small, and from these spread over the land to sustain the crops, which, without it, would not grow; for it seldom or never rains in Egypt above Cairo, and not enough below to make irrigation unnecessary. Of course, when the banks are higher or lower than eighteen or twenty feet, the number of shadoofs is increased or diminished accordingly.

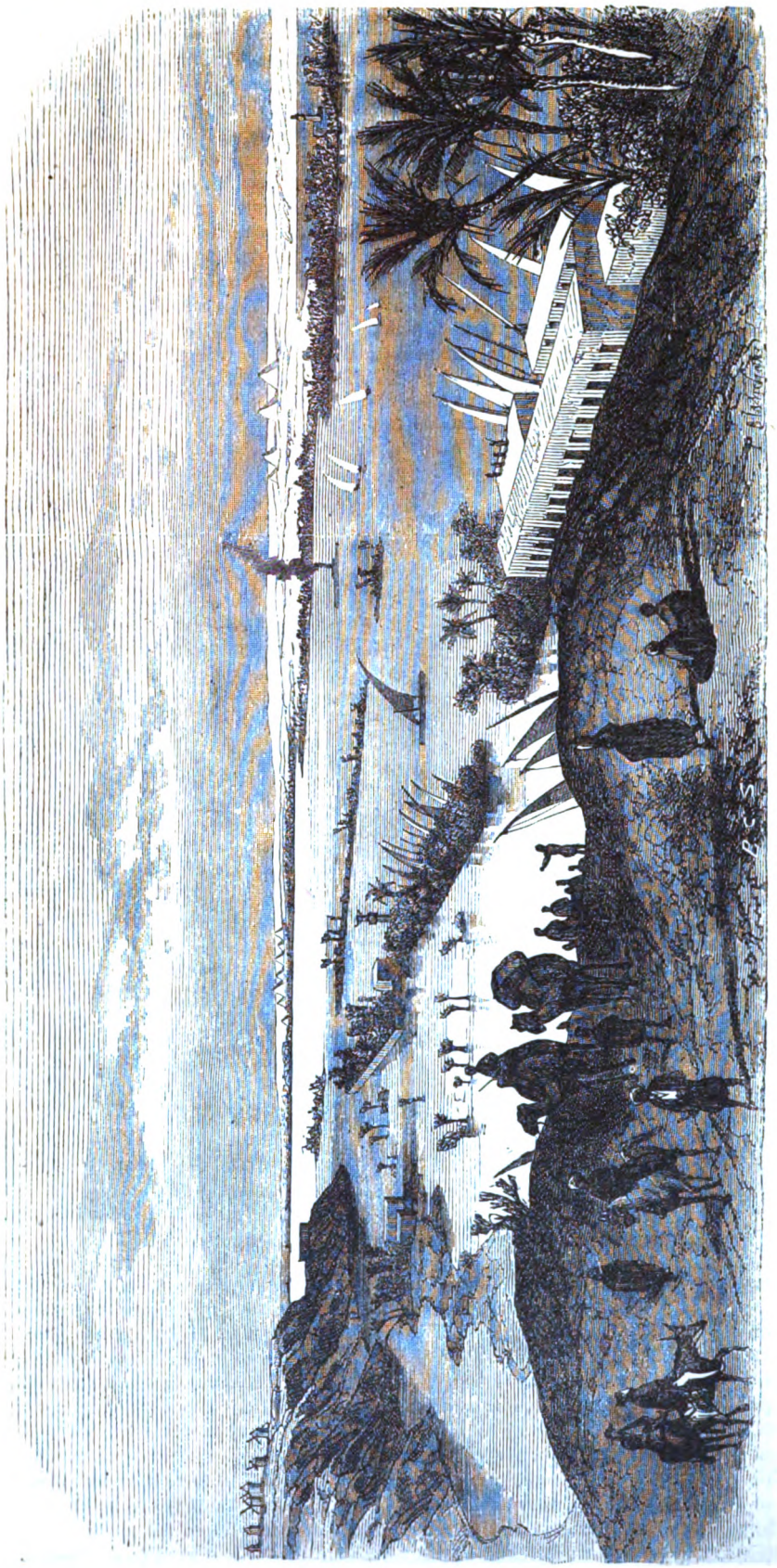
It is said that there are more than 25,000 of these shadoofs in use on the Nile, and the labor of working them is very severe. The poor fellah tries to make it seem lighter by singing, as he dips in his pail, some plaintive refrain, much as the sailors do when pulling at the rope or tugging at the oar. I often timed them by my watch, and always found that they dipped up thirty pails full in a minute. The work is so severe that two sets of hands are employed working and resting alternately, and in this way the shadoofs are kept going from early dawn to nine or ten o'clock at night. For this severe labor the poor fellah receives from fifteen to twenty cents a day, without board. A few years since he got only about ten cents, and this, too, in a country where all but the bare necessities of life in its rudest forms are dearer than in any part of Europe.

Besides the shadoof, there is the sakiah, a machine worked by oxen, consisting of two wheels, around one of which passes an endless chain of buckets, that go down to the water on one side empty and come up on the other full, and as the wheel revolves they are discharged into the upper or surface channel. These sakiahs, however, generally require one shadoof at the river's edge to supply the reservoir, above which the chain of buckets revolves, so that the sakiah and one shadoof raises no more water than three shadoofs. Both of the machines are fashioned in the rudest manner, as, in fact, are all the farming implements in Egypt, and the wheels of the sakiah never being oiled, their music, which greets you all along the river's bank, is anything but soothing to a nervous traveler.

There are large canals and reservoirs along the Nile which receive and retain the water that flows into them at the annual inundation, but these are quite insufficient to supply the land throughout the dry season, and hence the necessity for the shadoof and sakiah. The Egyptian fellaheen, or peasants, are literally "drawers of water," but they are not "hewers of wood," nor ever can be, simply because they have no wood to hew. The palm is about the only tree that grows to any considerable size, and that is cultivated mainly for its fruit (dates). Besides the palm, there are the tamarisk, the acacia, sycamore, fig, and a few other varieties, but they are so crooked, twisted, and knotty as to be of little or no use for mechanical purposes. Even the spars, oars, and poles of the dahabeah have to be imported from Europe.

Another feature in Nile travel is its numerous boats, which you meet everywhere. Their masts and spars are so set as to resemble almost exactly the old-fashioned well-pole of America, the long boom working upon the foremast diagonally, and representing the well-sweep upon its upright post.

A FELLAH GIRL NEAR THE SPHINX.



THE INUNDATION OF THE NILE.

I refer now to the boats when under bare poles." The spreading of the sails at once destroys the illusion.

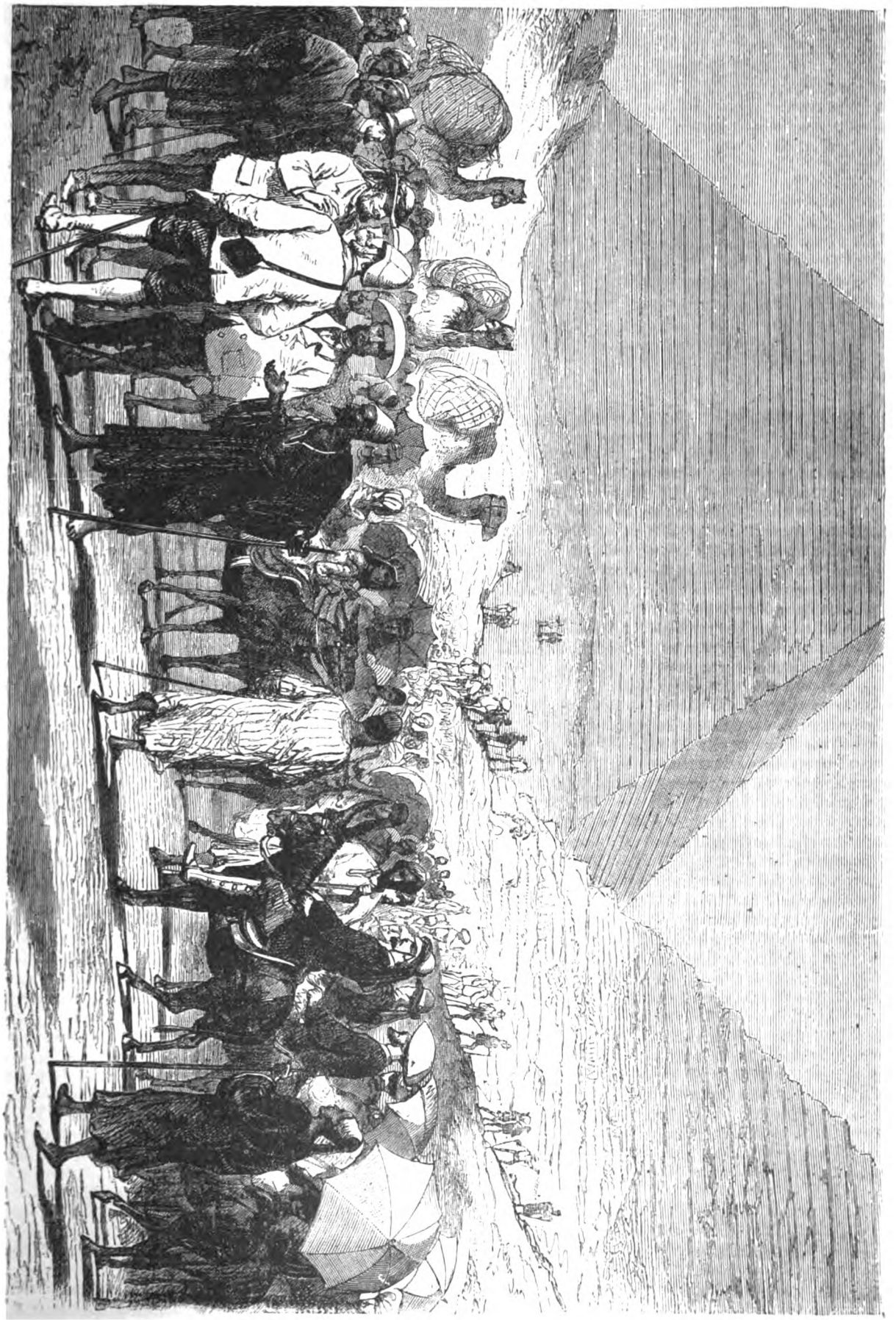
Still another prominent object is the palm-trees that line the river's bank much of the entire distance. They are planted there by hand, and being almost the only green thing visible from the low bed of the river, are very grateful to the eye. Their waving tops bend gracefully to the breeze, and they seem as they stand in close proximity to be holding converse with each other.

Beyond the objects I have named, there is little noteworthy in the upward Nile voyage. The high banks shut out what else might be seen, but in reality there is little to interest the traveler besides green fields, mud villages, gray rocks, and sandy deserts, with now and then a drove of camels or donkeys laden with sugar-cane or stacks of straw; dirty, half-naked Arabs, men, women, and children, the men doing nothing, the women carrying jugs of water upon their heads, and the children, many of them entirely naked, crying, "Backsheesh, Howadji! Howadji, Backsheesh!" at the top of their voices. *Backsheesh* meaning money, and *Howadji* merchant, or rich man; this being their mode of begging from travelers.

We meet and pass quite a number of dahabeahs bearing various national flags, the English being the most numerous. Next to them are the American, of which there are a larger number than usual this season, say from thirty to forty. Then come the French, German, Maltese, one Italian, and one Portuguese. The up-river boat always salutes the boat coming down by firing two guns or pistols, which are answered in the same way; and then both boats dip their flags. When we meet an American boat we generally make some extra demonstration, and when lying together at the same landing an interchange of visits frequently takes place, and pleasant acquaintances are often thus made.

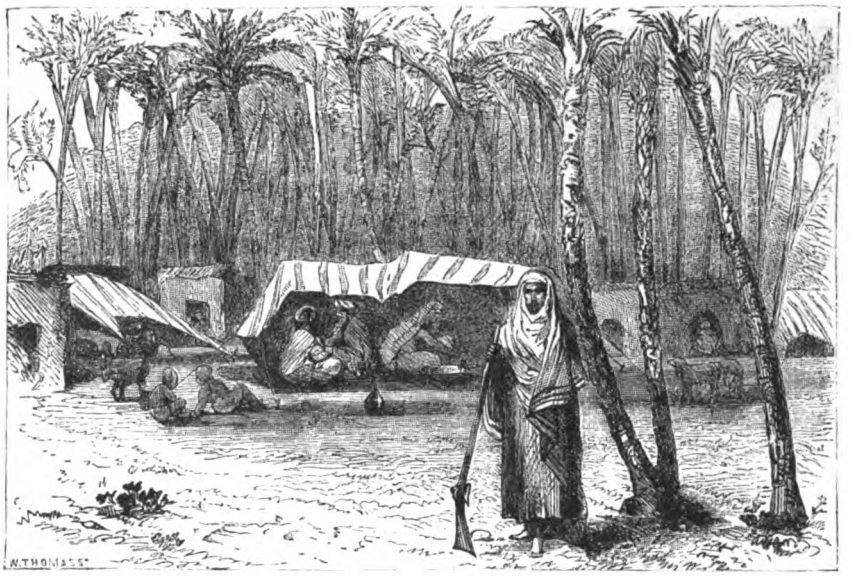
I got a nearer view of the Pyramids of Ghizeh as we sailed up from Old Cairo, and a few miles further on we came in sight of those of Sakharah and Dashoor, not so large as the former, but, as I am informed, well worth visiting; and finally we passed the Pyramid of Haram el Kedab, with its flat or unfinished top, which is the last one we expect to see till we return from Upper Egypt.

As we sail up the river we frequently run on to sand or mud-banks, the water being lower than usual and the



AMERICAN VISITORS ABOUT TO ASCEND THE PYRAMIDS.

channel very uncertain. Then there is a great excitement among the sailors, all talking and shouting at the same time; a great pricking with poles and not unfrequently a jumping into the water by the whole crew, captain and all, and a lifting the boat by main force off the bar. Mahmoud, in the latter case, gives the poor fellows brandy to keep them from catching cold, but they often get quite ill, nevertheless.



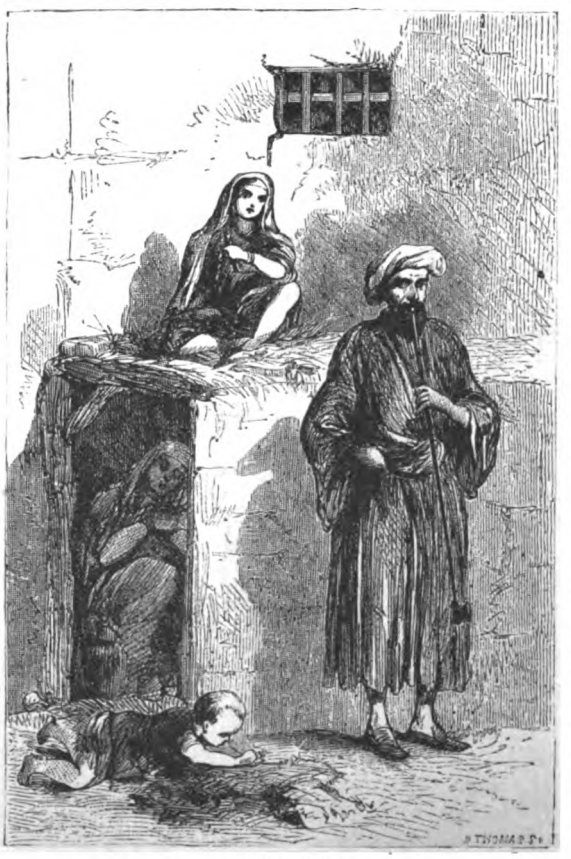
A PALM GROVE, WITH BEDOUINS ENCAMPED.

On the 31st we pass a Coptic village and convent, and the monks, divested of their clothing, swim out to our boat and beg lustily for backsheesh, calling themselves Christians, as by profession they really are, and claiming alms from us because of a kindred faith. They will not refuse any gift. and nothing pleases them better than brandy, which they doubtless imbibe for the palate's sake.

The following night we were run into by a native boat, the captain of which was asleep, and had our flag-staff broken. Mahmoud was furious, and ordered the sleepy captain to come on board the *Hamama*, who as soon as he reached the deck was seized by two of our sailors and thrown upon his back, while Mahmoud proceeded with a large rope to administer the bastinado, *i. e.*, to strike him heavily upon the soles of his naked feet.

My wife and daughter were greatly excited, and insisted upon going upon deck to remonstrate, but I persuaded them not to interfere. Finally, Mahmoud took his prisoner on shore, to the sheikh of a village near by, of whom he learned that the fellow was too poor to pay for the damage he had caused, and so, after giving him several blows over the shoulders with his cane, he allowed him to depart, giving him at the same time some backsheesh by way of consolation.

This was our first specimen of Egyptian justice. Mahmoud says it is the only way to treat the common Arab. He is used to blows, and expects them for every petty offense — the stronger party both deciding upon and administering his punishment and always with a promptness that gives it effect. Our young gentlemen went with Mahmoud to this sheikh's court, which was held in the open street. They afterward visited a mud coffee-house, where they found the shiekh's *chief of police* playing the tam-tam, while a gawazzee, or dancing-girl, was performing the very ungraceful dance or wriggle in which the true Arab affects to take so much delight.



A FELLAH HUT.

A day or two after this, we arrived at the mountains of Aboo Teyda, where the wind is almost always blowing in strong and sudden gusts, dangerous to navigators, especially to such as we, whose sails were too large for our boat. The gusts became so violent as we approached the mountain that we were in imminent danger of being capsized. We sprang our boom and split our sail, the dragoman, captain, crew, and passengers were all thoroughly alarmed, and as soon as it could be done we put about and ran to the opposite shore, where we lay on a mud bank nearly twenty-four hours, the wind blowing a hurricane most of the time and filling every part of the boat with sand from the Desert, which came down in clouds and darkened the atmosphere in all directions.

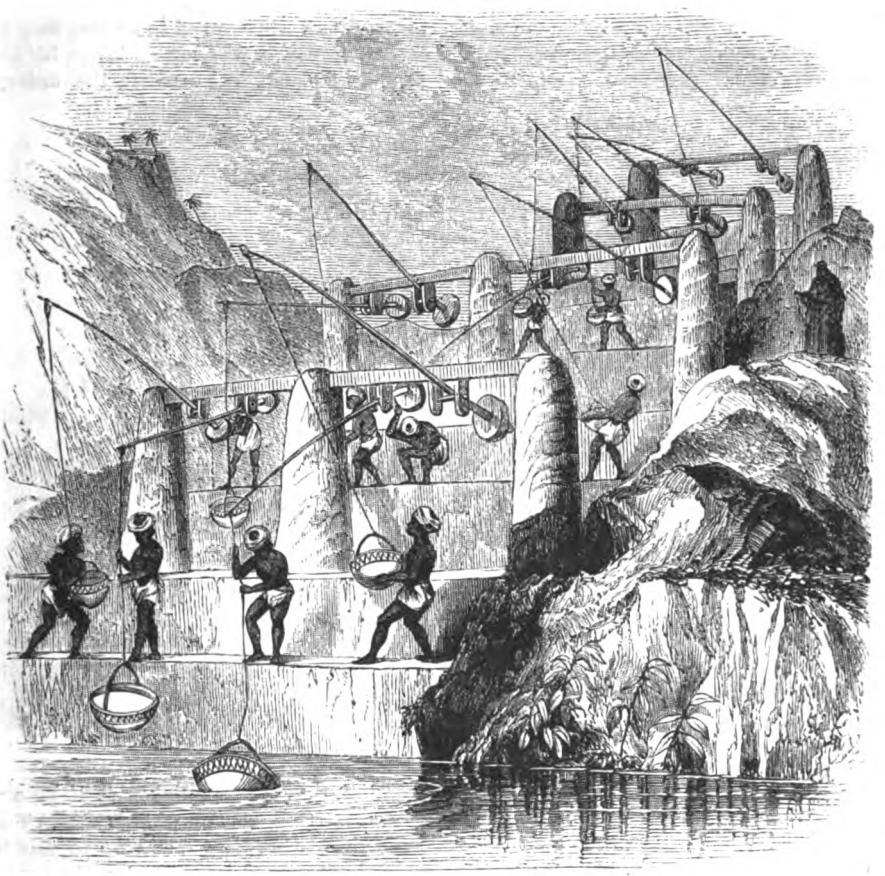
Several boats ventured up by us with trysails while we lay aground, but Mahmoud was so much frightened he would not attempt to move till the wind had subsided. Even then we ran upon a sand-bank, and at a very critical moment were struck by a squall, giving us another great scare, but we finally got off and soon after passed up beyond the mountain and out of the reach of these treacherous winds. You may smile, but it is a fact, that in all my wanderings by sea and land, I never felt more anxiety than during this trip up the Nile. I always kept my life-preserver inflated ready for use, and in the most dangerous passes I did not undress at night. What made it more perilous, was the careless, sleepy

manner in which the rope was watched, that regulated the movements of the mainsail. It should at all times be under the constant control of the man having it in charge, so as to "let go" should a sudden squall strike the sail; but it was frequently found tied, with nobody to guard it, and quite as often the sailor to whom it was intrusted would fall fast asleep at his post.

Thus far we found the weather at night very cold—thermometer at 46 degs.—but the days were pleasant, and from 25 to 30 degrees warmer. This great difference is a marked feature in the Nile climate, and I am told that on the Desert it is still greater.

On February 3d, we reached the village of Manfalut, where we repaired our damaged boat, and meanwhile went on shore to visit the town. On landing we were surrounded by a crowd of Arabs, mostly women and children, crying for backsheesh and coming in disagreeable contact with us, regardless of our threats to drive them back. They followed us wherever we went, increasing in numbers as we proceeded, curiosity and backsheesh being their chief motives; for otherwise they were very civil and even friendly

Manfalut is a mud village, with narrow and tortuous streets. The women were generally busy in their little huts at their domestic occupations. We noticed that some were engaged at churning, in a mode that would make an American housewife laugh; the cream being tied up in a goatskin suspended by cords, and jerked back and forth with other cords so as to give it the required motion. We did not stop to see the butter taken out, but to judge from the disgusting samples of Egyptian butter which Mahmoud sometimes gave us, I fancy we did not lose much.



A SHADOOF FOR RAISING WATER FROM THE NILE.

Here, for the first time, we saw bricks made with straw, as in the days of Moses. The bricks are made from the common mud of the Nile, softened with water and mixed with chopped straw. They are shaped in a mold and are left to dry by the sun till they are hard enough for use. Sometimes they are burnt in kilns, but not often. Whether burnt or unburnt they are but ugly, ill-shaped specimens, yet quite good enough to satisfy the untidy Arabs for whose use they are made.

The following day, while waiting for a fair wind, a steamboat came up the river, and Mahmoud, supposing it to be in command of a friend of his, fired a salute. The boat stopped, put about, and coming near enough to hail, offered to take us in tow to Assiout, ten or fifteen miles up the river. The offer was gladly accepted, and then we learned that the boat belonged to the Governor of Middle Egypt, Ibrahim Pasha, and that it was his Excellency who had thus kindly offered his assistance.

Mahmoud professed to us that he was acquainted with the governor, and that it was on his account the offer had been made; but we had, and still have, our doubts on that point. When we arrived at Assiout, we all went on board the governor's boat, to pay him our respects and thank him for his kindness. He received us very politely, treated us to cigars and coffee, chatted awhile with us through his dragoman, who spoke English, and finally invited us to his palace to dinner. A favorable wind, however, just then springing up, we were obliged to decline his invitation, when he expressed the hope that we could call on him on our return from the upper country; and so the interview ended.

On the 7th of February we met the steamer in which I had failed to take passage at Cairo. She had been up to the first cataract, and was now on her homeward voyage, having on board several of our American acquaintances, whom we recognized and hailed as they passed. Notwithstanding the steamers make the passage up and down much quicker than the dahabeahs, they give less time to the passengers for sight-seeing, and the latter have no control whatever over the boat, but must stop when it stops, and go when it goes; so that, all things considered, we were satisfied with our own mode of travel.

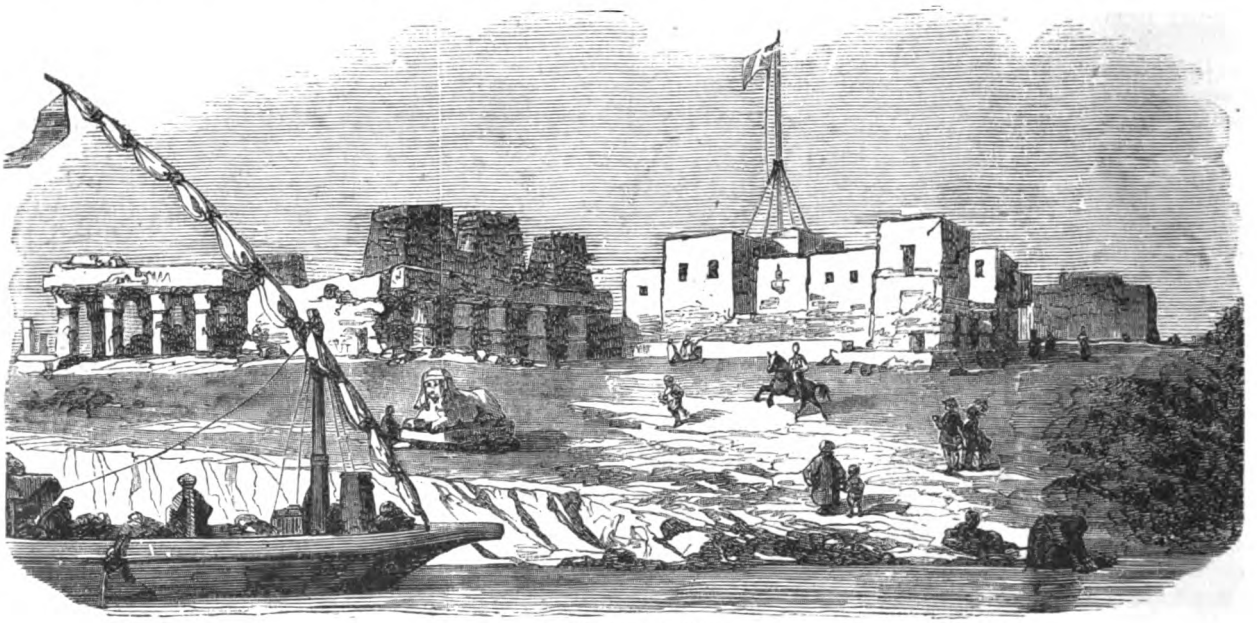
February 9th. At length we are at Thebes, the most attractive spot in Egypt to the antiquary or the traveler. The hills on either side here recede and form a circular plain intersected by the Nile, the common name, "Thebes," being given to both sides of the river. We land on the right bank, where we find some half dozen other dahabeahs, mostly English. Directly opposite the landing, at the distance of a few hundred yards, stand the ruins of the Temple of Luxor. We

approach the grand old structure with a feeling of profound reverence, for its age is said to be some 4,000 years, and, though a ruin, many of its tall and massive walls and columns, covered with hieroglyphics, still stand as proudly as when first placed upon their present foundations. Within its precincts an Arab who acts as consular agent for England and the United States has his domicile, over which float the flags of both countries, and thither we direct our steps and pay him our respects.

Mustapha Aga—for that is his name—receives us very politely, treats us to pipes and coffee, shows us his collection of Egyptian *antiques* taken from the ancient tombs which abound hereabout, and offers his services in any way we may command. Then we stroll through the ruins, clamber over fallen pillars and heaps of rubbish, gaze in wonder at the sculpture upon every available surface, wish we could tell the meaning these figures were intended to convey, mount to the roofs of the mud-hovels with which the Arabs have desecrated the sacred spot, and look over the wilderness of ruins lying beneath and around us, utterly unable from these alone to trace their plan or conceive their purpose. We make our exit at the northern gateway or *pylon*, on each side of which stand the remains of two tall, massive towers, called propylæ. On either side of this gateway, and buried in the sand up to their necks, are two sitting colossal figures of Rameses the Great, one of the Egyptian Pharaohs who reigned B. C. 1300, and whose effigy we have met, many times repeated, in most of the temples of Egypt. A few yards in front of these statues stands an obelisk about 70 feet in height, and covered with hieroglyphics cut deep into the solid stone, and showing the figures as distinctly as if they had but just come from the artist's hand.

There were originally two of these obelisks, but one was taken away by Louis Philippe about thirty years ago, and it now stands in the Place de la Concorde, at Paris, where I have often gazed at and admired its graceful proportions. The sculptures and frescoes upon some parts of this temple show that though begun by the Egyptians, many additions and attractions were made by the Greeks and the Romans while Egypt was under their sway. In some cases the Egyptian figures have been plastered over and Roman paintings made upon the plaster, which being since broken away discloses both at the same view. What struck us as most remarkable was the fact that many of the engravings were painted in water-colors, and though done thousands of years since, they are still quite fresh. In a humid climate they would have been destroyed long ago, but the dry air of Upper Egypt preserves everything for an almost unlimited period. The obelisks are always placed in pairs before the great propylæ of the temple, and are composed of a single block of granite, generally red, called *rose granite*. They are dressed into a column of four equal sides, tapering as it ascends, till within a few feet of the top, where it is sharpened to a point, and hence, I suppose, the name "needle" given to the obelisk at Alexandria, which I have already mentioned.

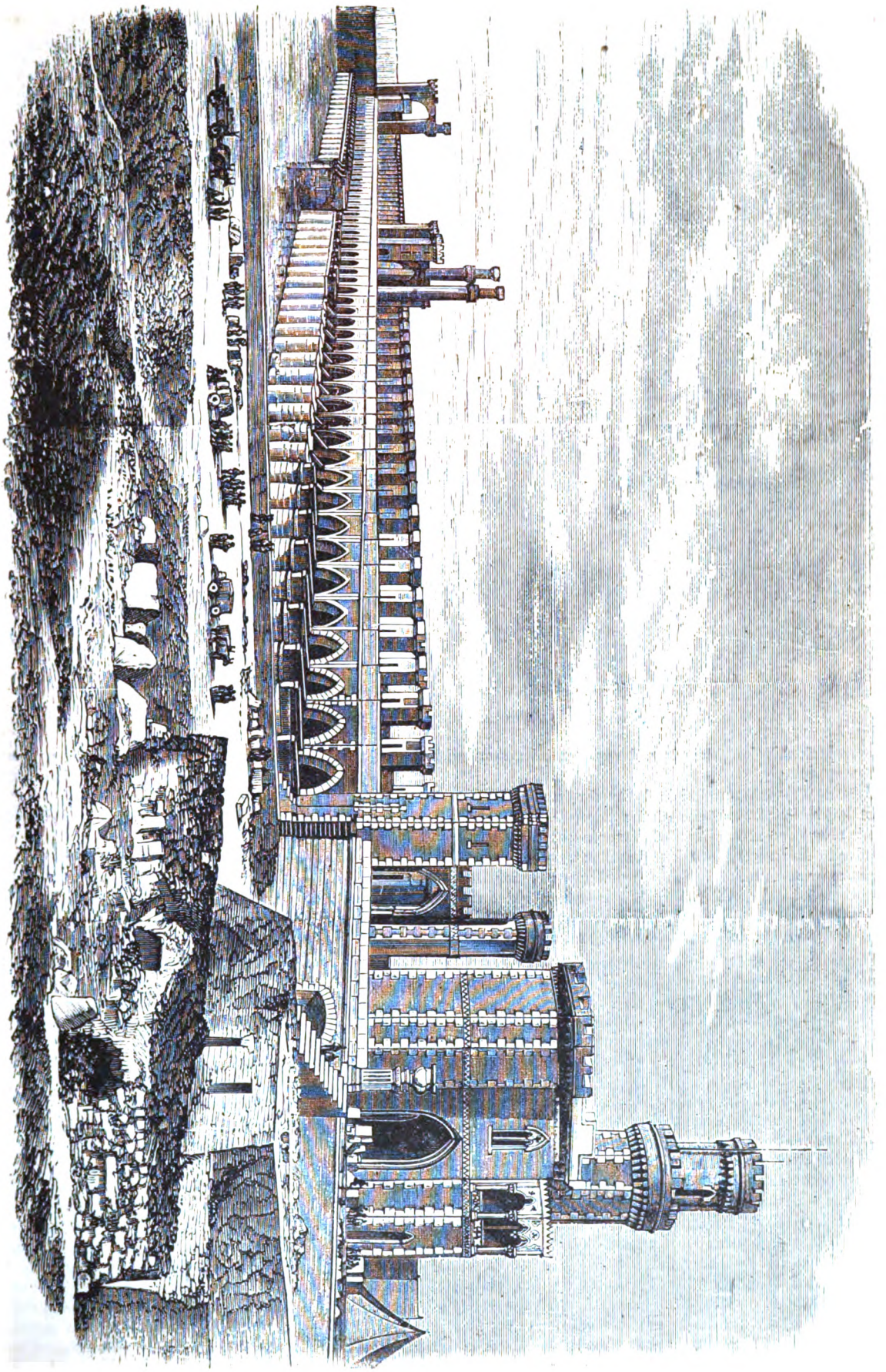
It was not until recently that antiquarians could easily decipher the hieroglyphics upon these temples, but fortunately the French, while digging for the foundation of a fort at Rosetta, near Alexandria, found a stone containing a key to many of the characters used; so that now, one having this key and accustomed to its use, may read the history of ancient Egypt, describing its kings, battles, worship, amusements, industrial occupations, the order of its successive dynasties, etc., etc., somewhat as if preserved in a written language. One corner of this famous Rosetta-stone was unfortunately broken off, and up to this time all efforts to find it have proved fruitless; but the *savans* are sanguine in their hopes of its ultimate recovery, and meanwhile they continue to get along without it.



THEBES AND ITS RUINS.

The accumulation of sand for so many centuries has buried the lower portions of these temples and their adjuncts, so that they seem much lower or shorter than they really are. In some places, however, the sand has been removed, and further excavations are in process of being made, both by the Egyptian Government and by wealthy individuals from other countries.

In the evening of our first day at Thebes, Mahmoud gave a grand illumination on board the dahabeah, having brought a hundred and fifty lanterns from Cairo for that purpose. This is customary with nearly all the dragomans going up the Nile, and they take great pride in making an imposing display. Guns, pistols, rockets, Roman candles, and other pyrotechnics were brought into requisition, also music and dancing by the sailors, to whom a liberal allowance of backsheesh was given by the passengers, together with a very large



ENGINEERING WORKS FOR THE IRRIGATION OF EGYPT.

A DISTANT VIEW OF THE PYRAMIDS.

sheep, which was slaughtered on the spot and devoured with a keen appetite.

The next morning we visited the far-famed Temple of Karnak, the largest and one of the oldest in the world. It stands about two miles north of Luxor, and half a mile from the river. Formerly Karnak and Luxor were connected by a *dromos* or avenue lined with sphynxes (a peculiar class of Egyptian deities, one of which I have already described), but at present only here and there a fragment is to be seen indicating the course of this avenue, and we travel over a barren waste till we approach the southern pylon, where we find on either hand a row of mutilated sphynxes which have recently been excavated. Passing along these and through the majestic pylon, we find other sphynxes, and beyond them we enter the southern portion of the temple, which is now detached from the main building by the ruins which intervene.

Steps lead up to the roof of this southern part, which is covered by immense oblong blocks of stone, where we get a fine view of the entire temple and its surroundings. Descending, we go around to the grand entrance on the west or river side, which is also approached through an avenue of sphynxes, and enter the lofty old temple through a pylon flanked by immense, high towers. Here we find ourselves in a large open court, some 300 feet each way, with a covered corridor on either side. Other propylæ terminate this court and form the front of the grand "Hall of Assembly," about the same size as the court, through the centre of which is an avenue of twelve massive columns over 60 feet high and about 12 feet in diameter, and flanked on either side by more than a hundred other columns 40 feet high and 9 feet in diameter.

Only think for a moment of the gigantic proportions of this *forest of stone columns*, any one of which would fill a good-sized room in one of our dwellings.

The twelve large columns have very broad capitals nearly twice the diameter of the shaft, which gives them somewhat the shape and look of mushrooms, and above these are laid the architraves, several of which have proved too heavy for the caps and have broken them off. This part of the temple is one which always commands the admiration of visitors more than any other, and it seemed to me that the impressions received from viewing it must remain through life.

Passing along to the east, we enter another court, containing two large obelisks, the one now standing being over 90 feet high and 8 feet square. Its fellow has fallen, and now lies in broken pieces near its pedestal, amongst vast heaps of other stones, which once formed the walls, pillars, and architraves of this inner court. Clambering over these stones we come to still another obelisk, distinguished by a single row or line of hieroglyphics down the centre of each of its sides, instead of covering its entire surface. It struck us as much more beautiful than the others, from this feature alone. Now we are in the sanctuary of the temple, the "holy of holies," but there is little to distinguish it from the mass of broken stone that lies around us in all directions, and we go on till we emerge from the great temple proper at its eastern terminus. There are, however, other ruins beyond; smaller temples, lofty propylæ, and detached remains, showing that while the main building was but about 1,200 feet long and 300 feet wide, the circuit of the entire temple, including all its adjuncts, measured a distance of more than two miles.

And now as to the period when this great work was

erected. Scholars who have made it their study differ considerably on this question, but the weight of evidence, I believe, sustains the theory that it was commenced nearly two thousand years before the Christian era. Other temples indicate a still earlier origin, even back to a period so soon after the Flood that one almost wonders where the people could come from, requiring such vast and costly edifices for their worship. But we leave these matters to scholars and divines, and re-enter the temple to refresh ourselves with the lunch which our dragoman has provided for us. The great, pillared hall serves for our dining-room; a carpet is spread upon the dusty floor, and we partake of a hearty meal; drinking to the memory of the great Pharaohs of olden time, whose effigies look down upon us on every hand.

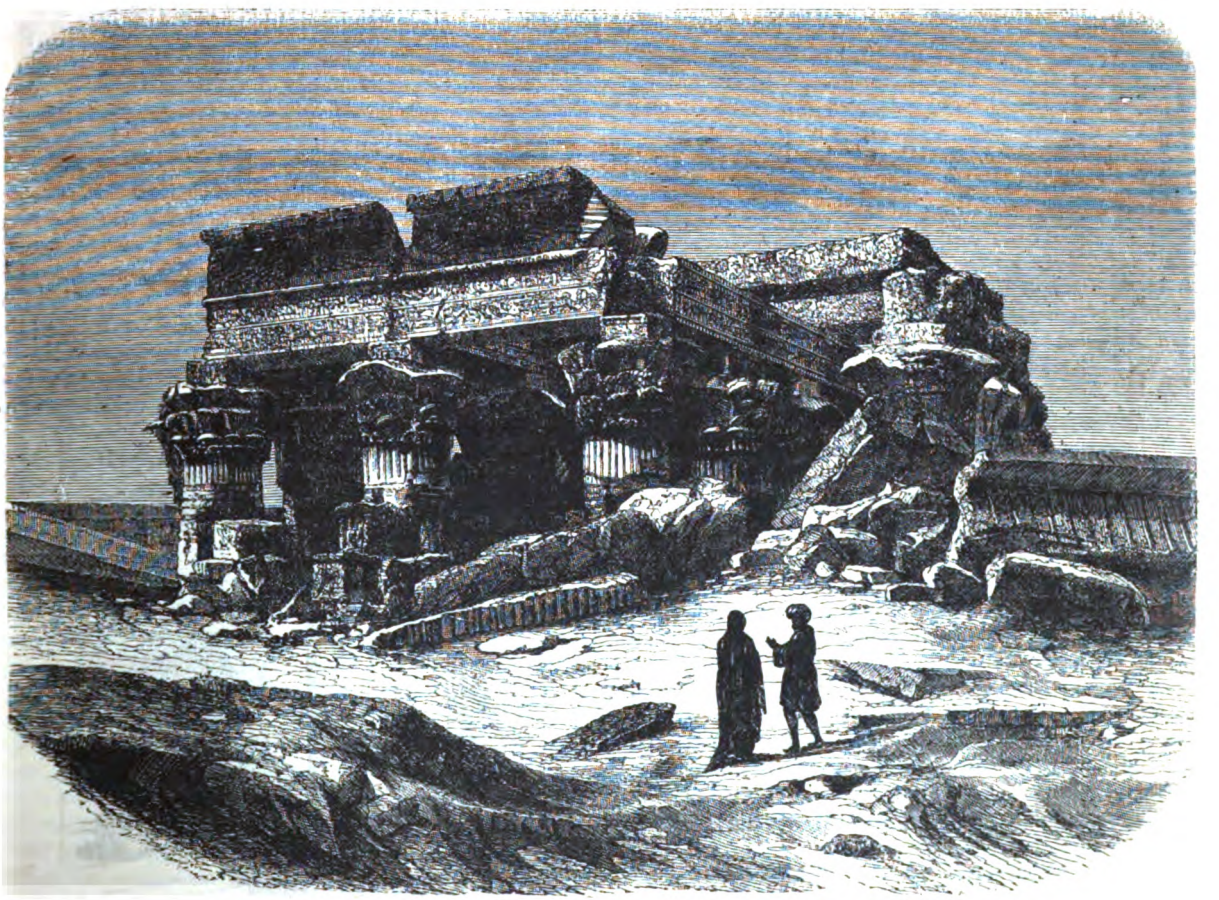
In the evening we renew our upward journey, and stop a short time at Herment, where there is a large sugar factory, also the remains of an old temple, built by Cleopatra, which, however, we do not go to see. The fact is, Karnak has spoiled us for looking at any but the larger and more imposing temples of Egypt, and none but such as these will now satisfy us.

February 11th. We took a long walk on shore this morning by the river's bank, and waited for the boat to overtake us. Such opportunities we never miss, for they occur but seldom, and the change is very refreshing. We met the Arabs or saw them at their labors, always the same dusty, scantily-dressed, poverty-stricken race, and all apparently on the same low level. They greeted us kindly, and we are told they are a very friendly and hospitable people.

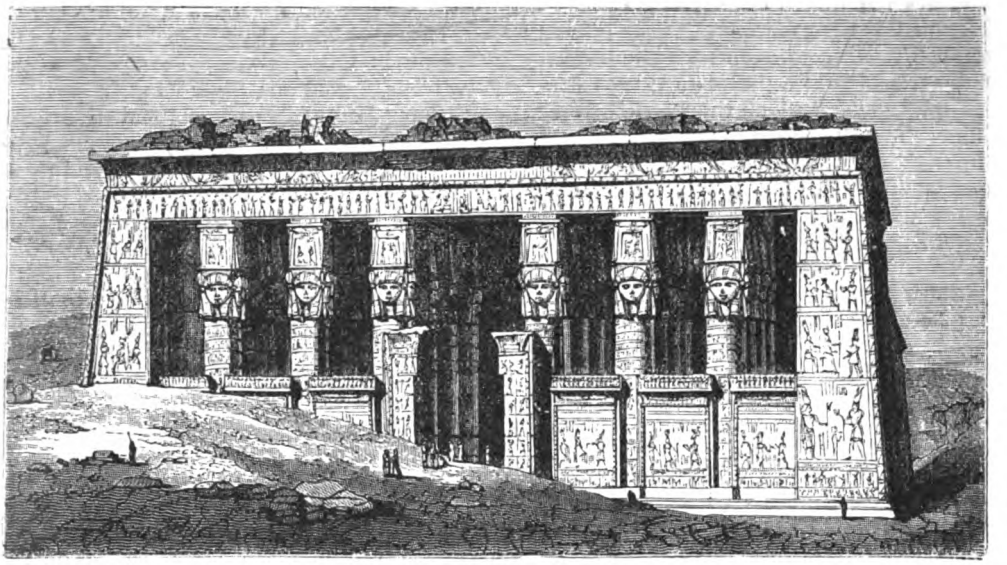
In the afternoon we reached Esneh, on the left bank of the river. The Nile, in some of its higher inundations, has washed away portions of the town, and the tottering walls of houses and mosques which stand on the margin threaten momently to tumble into the river. Here we first saw the Gawazzee, or dancing girls, who have been forbidden by the Viceroy to remain in Cairo. They were dressed in gay colors, with bracelets of gold and silver on their arms, and from their ears hung long strings of gold and silver coins. They wear other ornaments, paint their eyebrows and eyelashes black, and dye their nails red with *henna*, and grease their hair and skin with fresh butter and castor-oil. They are Cyprians of the boldest type, putting the most abandoned of their class in other countries to shame by their immodest demeanor. Their dancing, like all Arab dancing, male or female, consists in a wriggling and twisting of the body and limbs, without any corresponding movement of the feet, and has in it neither activity nor grace. We visited the portico of a temple at Esneh, half buried in the sand. The main building is entirely obscured, but the interior of the portico has been recently cleaned out. It exhibits numerous columns remarkable for elegance and massive grandeur, and the ceiling is decorated with the signs of the zodiac. The portico is believed to have been built in the time of the early Cæsars, but the temple itself at a more remote period.

At last we are at Assouan, the terminus of our upward voyage in the dahabeah, which has occupied nineteen days. Distance by the river, 573 miles. The first cataract of the Nile commences a mile or two above the town, and some of the Nile travelers continue their journey to the second cataract, 210 miles further, beyond which very few deem it prudent to go; partly because there is little worth seeing, but mainly on account of the savage and hostile character of the inhabitants.

There are no temples worth visiting at Assouan, but there are several, and one very large one on the beautiful island of



RUINS OF COM OMBOS.



THE TEMPLE OF VENUS AT DENDERAH.

Philæ, above the cataract, called the temple of Isis, and thither our party, all but myself, went across the Desert on donkeys, a distance of seven miles.

On the way they passed through an ancient cemetery, out on the bleak Desert, the resting-place of Moslem saints and sheikhs, whose dome-shaped tombs were seen in great numbers.

On reaching the Nile above the falls they ascended the river in a boat a mile and a half, and landed on the island. They described the scenery as wild and picturesque. Immense black rocks glistened in the sun like polished ebony, some in great boulders within the river's bed, others heaped up in fantastic masses on either side. They visited the great temple, ascended its dark stairway, and from its summit had a magnificent view of the lovely little island with its palms and temples, the yellow mountains on either hand, and the placid waters of the Nubian Nile (for they were now in Nubia), and having lunched in the shade of a small temple, they came away much pleased with their visit.

They rowed down to the gate of the cataract, where the water rushes through a narrow channel for a distance of an eighth of a mile, and this constitutes the principal cataract. The fall though considerable, does not obstruct the passage of the dahabeahs, yet makes it somewhat troublesome, and more or less dangerous. When the boats can no longer be moved forward by sails or oars, the hardy boatmen draw them up by ropes and other contrivances, and it is not often that accidents occur; but frequently one hundred men are required to get a boat successfully through.

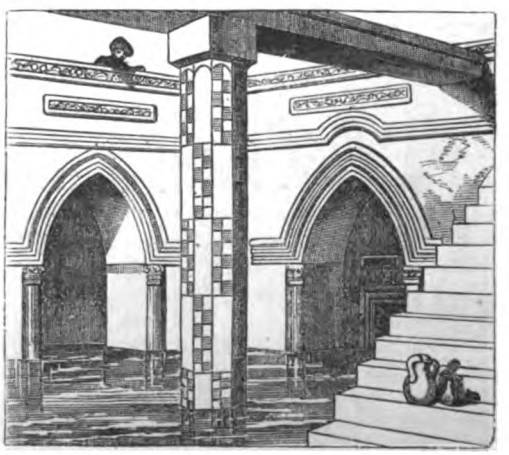
Our party met an English gentleman who had been so unfortunate as to have his dahabeah run on to a rock in mid-channel in descending the river, where it remained for nine days; completely putting a stop to all navigation up or down during that time. He had, however, just succeeded in getting his boat off.

Our party were amused by the dark-skinned Nubians, men and boys, who for a little backsheesh would plunge into the falls and allow themselves to be carried swiftly down the current, often entirely disappearing beneath the water and coming up again far away below. Some of them would make the descent on a log, which seemed scarcely less dangerous.

On the return of the party across the Desert, they visited the granite quarries from which so many of the great stones have been removed to build the temples and other monuments of Egypt. These quarries were above the surface of the ground, and the drill-holes made in working them were still to be seen. One immense block, partly dressed as an obelisk, lay on the quarry, having been abandoned on account of a defect discovered near the middle. It was nearly a hundred feet long, and over eleven feet square. It was no less a *monument* than if it had fulfilled its destined purpose, for it bore silent record of the wonderful genius and mechanical skill of the race who once peopled this ancient land. Herodotus says it required 2,000 men three years to remove one of these obelisks to the place of its erection in Lower Egypt.

There is evidence to prove that the falls of the Nile were once below Assouan. There are deposits on the higher lands showing the present bed of the river above Silsilis—which is 40 miles below Assouan—to be lower by 25 or 30 feet than it once was, and it is believed that the Nile forced its way through the barrier at Silsilis, drew off the water from its channel above, and gave it the new one it now occupies; thus enriching and extending the land in Egypt at the expense of Nubia and the countries higher up. The greatest fall in any part of these rapids does not exceed six feet, and it is a succession of these little falls that form what is known as the "first cataract of the Nile."

The general descent of the river below this cataract is five inches to a mile, which gives about 300 feet from Assouan to the Mediterranean; and here I would remark that, unlike any other river I have ever seen, the Nile maintains its average width throughout its entire course from Cairo to the first cataract, and even, I am told, to the second, and still further up. This is accounted for by the fact that it has no branches or streams running into it in all that distance to swell its volume or increase its breadth.



THE NILOMETER.

NELL'S DIAMONDS.—"'DO NOT SCREAM, OR I WILL BLOW YOUR BRAINS OUT. I LIKE YOUR DIAMONDS SO WELL, THAT I WILL TAKE THEM,' RAPIDLY UNCLASPING THE GEMS AS HE SPOKE, 'AND BID YOU GOOD-EVENING.'"

NELL'S DIAMONDS.

THERE was quite a sensation in the Durival mansion when it was known that Aunt Mollie Hines was dead, and had left Nell five thousand dollars. In the first place, nobody supposed Aunt Mollie was the possessor of five thousand cents. She had lived on a bit of a farm that she rented by the year, and had been thought very poor; living on the milk, butter, and eggs she sold, and what she could raise on the place with the help of one man.

All her relatives congratulated themselves upon the fact that she was self-supporting, and dreaded the time when old age, or perhaps illness, would throw her upon some of them for support, for family pride, if not family generosity, would have kept her from the almshouse.

But Nell, pretty, bewitching, winsome Nell, with her great brown eyes, and short, curling, golden hair, had been Aunt Mollie's darling from the time when to say "Chicky! chicky!" to the old woman's hens was a wonderful feat of infant precocity. Summer after Summer Aunt Mollie coaxed her mother to send Nell to the little farm.

"Country air and sweet milk were so good for the darling," she urged, and Mrs. Durival allowed her to go, well content with the rosy cheeks and bright eyes she brought home again.

When she was ten years old, Nell lost her mother, but the Summer visits continued till she was seventeen, when Aunt Mollie died, and left her pet all her worldly wealth.

There was a very singular stipulation in the will.

"As my nephew, George Durival, is a man of fortune," it read, "I desire the money to be given to little Nell as soon as I die, to use exactly as she pleases. She is not to wait till she comes of age, and the money is all in the bank, so that it can be drawn out for her to spend in finery, sugar-plums, or whatever she wants. I never had the pleasure of spending money freely in my life, but Nell shall have it *once*, if no more."

"Well," said Aunt Charlotte, Mr. Durival's maiden sister, who had lived with him since his wife's death—"well, I always thought Aunt Mollie made an idiot of herself about Nell, but this beats all."

"Five thousand dollars," said Mr. Durival, "seems a large sum to *waste*. I hope Nell will act judiciously.

"Judiciously!" groaned Aunt Charlotte. "You might as well hope she will become forty years old this week."

And here Nell flashed into the room, and was told the

news. She had already wept her brown eyes sore because dear, kind Aunt Mollie was dead, so this news had not the sting it would have had told sooner.

"Why," she cried, breathlessly, "that is just what Ida Haverstack paid for her lovely set of diamonds. I'll have a set exactly like them. Lionel de Vere says there is nothing that heightens female beauty like diamonds."

"Lionel de Vere is a puppy!" said Mr. Durival, in a rough tone he seldom used to his petted child.

"A chit like you wearing diamonds!" cried Aunt Charlotte. "Why, I never owned more than one, in a ring, in my life."

"Better put the money at interest," said Mr. Durival, taking up his paper. "But you must exercise your own judgment."

"As if she had any!" said Aunt Charlotte, in a distinctly audible aside.

"But I do so want the diamonds, papa," said Nell, putting her arms around her father's neck, and pressing her rosy lips against his cheek.

"Well, my dear, you are to have your own way entirely; that was Aunt Mollie's wish. But," and he drew the little figure on his knee, "five thousand dollars is a large sum for a little girl to spend alone. Many a strong man has worked for years, and saved no more. Your Aunt Mollie spent a long life hoarding that sum. Should I die poor, it would give you a little fortune of your own to live upon. Why, Arthur Marvin was telling me yesterday that he could buy a partnership with Wheeler & Co., where he has been bookkeeper for nine years, for five thousand dollars."

And Mr. Durival looked keenly in his daughter's face, seemingly not ill-pleased at the soft, tender blush that came upon her rounded cheek.

"Why don't you lend it to him, papa?" she asked.

"It is a bad plan to commence life upon borrowed money, and Arthur Marvin is not the man to take such a gift, even if I were rich enough to offer it."

"Then, if he won't borrow or accept it, I suppose he must wait till he earns it," Nell said, laughing. "But, papa, do go and look at the diamonds with me. It won't take any money to look at them, and they would be so splendid with my rose-colored silk for Mrs. Stuart's party."

"What has that party cost you already, Nell?" asked her father, smiling.

"I don't know."

"I do, then," said Aunt Charlotte. "The work Miss Green has put on that dress is scandalous. I never saw rich silk cut to such shameful waste in all my life. And the roses for your hair must be matched to loop the overskirt. Diamonds, indeed! You'll look extravagant enough for any ball without diamonds."

"But we have had no ball for years that will compare to this one," pleaded Nell. "Come, papa, I will get my hat, and we can look at them, if we don't buy them."

But looking proved as tempting as Mr. Durival was afraid it would, and, after much consultation, a velvet case, containing a beautiful *parure* of the sparkling gems, was given Nell in exchange for her Aunt Mollie's hard-earned legacy.

There was no disputing the fact that the figure that flitted into Mr. Durival's library on the night of Mrs. Stuart's ball was a very bewitching one. Nell's golden curls, crowned with a delicate wreath of half-opened rosebuds, rose above clouds of pink silk, cut in ruffles and flounces, with a long train, yet leaving ivory-white arms and shoulders exposed.

Upon the slender throat, and in the small ears, glittered the superb stones, throwing out their flashing tongues of fire with every movement.

"I am sorry you cannot go, papa," Nell said, after being sufficiently admired, drawing her soft opera-cloak over her finery.

"Mrs. Grey will take good care of you, dear; and if I can manage it, I will drop in during the evening. But don't expect me, for I am very busy this week."

Aunt Charlotte, objecting to balls in general, had no thought of making an exception in favor of Mrs. Stuart's, as the lady was no favorite of hers.

The old Durival blood running in Aunt Charlotte's veins shrank from anything *parvenu*, and the society at Mrs. Stuart's was apt to be a little too mixed for her.

"It was at Mrs. Stuart's Nell first met Lionel de Vere," Aunt Charlotte said, in a confidential chat with her brother, "and I don't like that man."

"Nor I!" said Mr. Durival. "He is a mystery, and I hate mysteries! I cannot find out, with all my inquiries, where he came from, or who he is."

But Papa Durival was enlightened on both points on the night of Mrs. Stuart's ball.

Arthur Marvin, the old gentleman's especial favorite amongst young men, the one who, in his heart of hearts, he most desired for a son-in-law, burst in upon him after midnight, accompanied by a police officer, and after a hurried consultation, the three entered a carriage, and drove rapidly toward the scene of the evening's festivities.

In the meantime, pretty Nell was enjoying the ball, as only a young, light-hearted girl can enjoy such a scene.

She was always a centre of attraction, being the only child of a rich man, a beauty, and full of pleasant, lady-like vivacity, but on this evening she was unusually brilliant.

Conscious of her own beauty, proud of her diamonds, and ready to be easily pleased, she had an additional piquancy in the fact that she was annoyed, and anxious to conceal her displeasure.

Though she could coquet with Lionel de Vere, and feel her vanity gratified at the attentions of the fascinating, handsome man, in her heart there was a deep, unspoken affection for her father's favorite, her own companion since childhood, Arthur Marvin.

Words of love they had never exchanged in years of pleasant friendship, yet each had felt secure of the affection of the other, until Mrs. Stuart introduced Nell to Lionel de Vere.

The stranger was very handsome in an Italian style, and his costumes were the perfection of taste and gentlemanly propriety.

His manners were as fascinating as exquisite courtesy, delicate flattery, and a courtly deference to ladies could make them.

Nell knew, intuitively, that Arthur's quiet frankness, his steady business habits, his plain dress, really overbalanced Lionel de Vere's brilliant qualities in her heart; but she was young and thoughtless, and drifted into a flirtation, scarcely realizing the danger.

And on the night of Mrs. Stuart's ball, after engaging her for the first waltz, Arthur Marvin did not appear. Not only the first waltz, but dance after dance passed, and no Arthur Marvin.

Piqued, half offended, Nell allowed Lionel de Vere to pay her even more than his accustomed attentions.

She danced with him several times, allowed him to take her in to supper, and during a stroll in the conservatory, in an unguarded moment, she told him, she scarcely knew how, the story of her Aunt Mollie's legacy.

"Five thousand dollars," said the gentleman. "I am considered quite a judge of diamonds, and these are really very fine. From Tiffany's, you said?"

"Yes; papa selected them. The design of the necklace is quite new."

"Only necklace and earrings?"

"That is all one requires for full dress. I am glad you like them," said Nell, really prouder than ever of her purchase.

They were near the door of the conservatory as she spoke, and the moon fell upon the steps leading into a garden, which separated the front of the house from the street.

The glass over the door allowed the two figures that paused to be seen distinctly, but at that hour there were no passers-by, only a few carriages waiting for the guests of Mrs. Stuart to disperse.

Suddenly Nell felt a strong arm thrown around her, and her companion spoke in a low tone:

"Do not scream, or I will blow your brains out. I like your diamonds so well that I will take them"—rapidly unclasping the gems as he spoke—"and bid you a very good-evening!"

He opened the door of the conservatory, and ran lightly down the steps, just as Nell recovered her voice for a long, piercing scream. Its echo was still in the air when Lionel de Vere met at the gate three men, who had left their carriage during his brief conversation at the conservatory-door.

"James Ruggles!" said one of these men, placing his hand upon the stylish young gentleman's coat-collar.

"No; my name is De Vere."

"Yes, we know. It is also Lyons, Carter, De Courcy, and several other cognomens."

"I assure you you have mistaken the person," said Lionel de Vere.

"Perhaps so," said another of the trio; "but, officer, I arrest him for robbing my daughter of her diamonds."

"Oh, papa, papa! take me home!"

And Nell, who had recognized her father, ran to his side, as the conservatory filled with the guests attracted by her screams.

Mr. Durival drew her at once to the carriage, leaving Arthur Marvin, with the officer and his prisoner, to explain matters to the guests now pouring into the garden, full of eager questions.

"Stole Miss Durival's diamonds!" cried one, clasping a pair of coral earrings in a firm embrace.

"Mercy on me! and he is so handsome!" screamed another.

"I don't believe a word of it. The girl wanted to get up a scene!" said Mrs. Stuart.

But the prisoner was hurried away, in close custody, and Mrs. Stuart found out that every one of her guests had "always thought that man was an impostor." Which impression was certainly confirmed when the morning papers announced the arrest of a celebrated counterfeiter, who had escaped from a jail in New Orleans, and, in a clever disguise, forced his way into New York society as a French gentleman, Lionel de Vere.

Poor little Nell, having to go to court to testify to the robbery of her diamonds, could scarcely believe the prisoner was her handsome admirer.

The stain washed from his complexion, the dye from his sandy hair, his glossy linen rumpled and soiled, his airy manner exchanged for a sullen frown, he was little like the gay young Frenchman she had danced with at Mrs. Stuart's ball. But the identification of the prisoner by other witnesses was complete, and he was sent in careful custody back to New Orleans, and Nell's diamonds were restored to her uninjured.

Great credit was given to Mr. Marvin for the first discovery of the prisoner, but he told Mr. Durival that he did not really deserve any commendation.

"If the scoundrel," he explained, "had never tried to win Nellie, I should never have suspected him; but jealousy prompting me to watch him, I found out several interesting facts. First, I became convinced that his hair was dyed and his complexion fair, from meeting him in a barber's shop, where, his coat being off, I saw his neck and arms, beyond the dark skin, were unusually white. Then I noticed an uneasy air whenever strangers were first introduced; and one little suspicion after another being confirmed, I became convinced that there was something very wrong with Monsieur de Vere. But when my friend Paul Leman wrote to me from New Orleans of the escape of the man he had had arrested for passing counterfeit money, describing him and giving me the details of his rascality, I felt sure this was the man. There was a scar, I had often noticed, above the left eyebrow, and a slight hesitation of speech in pronouncing the letter M. I laid my suspicions before the chief of police, and he deemed them sufficient to warrant an arrest at once. The letter from Leman came, as you know, on the evening of Mrs. Stuart's ball, and I came direct to you."

"But," said Nell, looking up from a cozy resting-place her head had found on Arthur's shoulder, "how came you at the garden-gate?"

"We drove up just as you came to the door of the conservatory, and were about to divide our forces to enter the house by both entrances, when his movements proved he meant to rob you of your jewels. The officer suggested that we should keep quiet, as he would certainly try to escape by the conservatory-door, and he proved to be right."

"Those hateful diamonds!" said Nell.

"Not hateful," Arthur whispered, "since they were the means of our coming to an understanding, and of my winning my wife."

"Not hateful," said Mr. Durival, "since they are back in the jeweler's, and Nell's money, slightly reduced, in the bank, ready for another piece of nonsense, I suppose."

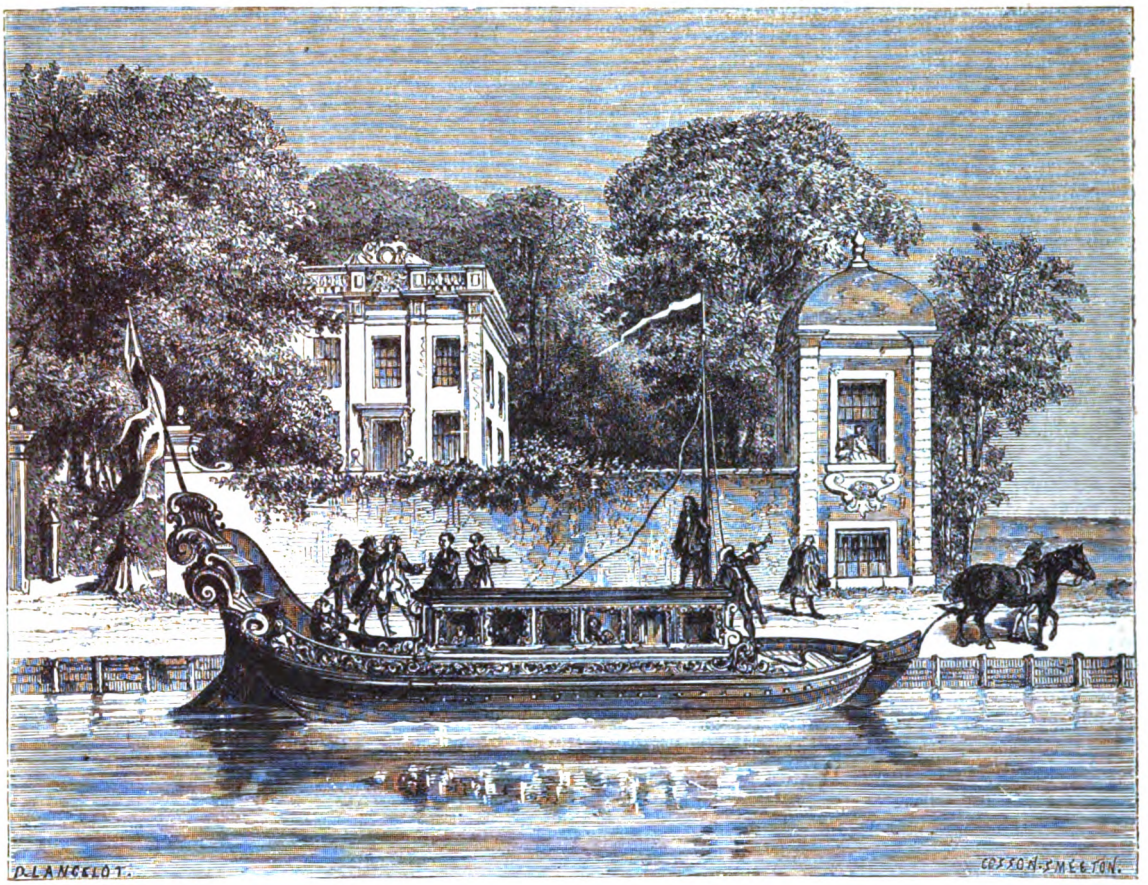
"What will you buy now, Nell?" asked Aunt Charlotte—"a lace flounce for that pink silk, or a half-dozen India shawls?"

But Nell would not tell till the day when she returned with Arthur from her wedding-tour, to take possession of the house her father had bought and furnished, to present to her. Then, at her first family gathering, when Mrs. Durival and Aunt Charlotte were her guests, the old gentleman informed Arthur that he had that day invested Aunt Mollie's legacy in securing a junior partnership at Wheeler & Co.; and Nell met her husband's loving remonstrances at thus appropriating her little fortune with:

"You can't help yourself, you know, for Aunt Mollie said I was to do exactly as I pleased with the money, and I am certain to have brain-fever, or something else equally dreadful, if I am contradicted."

WORK.—The man or woman who engages in some congenial, regular work, will never be on the brink of despair; their names will never be chronicled in the list of self-destroyers, for in idleness alone is despair. Work chases it away, no matter how thickly the clouds may have gathered. Nature is one vast workshop, teeming with millions of busy workmen. If we follow in their footsteps, all will be well. The beauties, the gifts, and glories of nature may be scattered around us in great profusion, yet she demands toil to reach out and grasp them, and utilize them to our fancies and wants.

THERE are many ways of being agreeable—so many that not one among us can take shelter behind that silly barrier of "I cannot do so and so" as an excuse for being disagreeable, or of failing to pay the "shot" which every one in society is called on to pay.



SCENE ON A DUTCH CANAL IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY—A GENTLEMAN'S VILLA AND PLEASURE-BOAT.—FROM AN OLD PRINT.

A VISIT TO ROTTERDAM AND THE NEW AMSTERDAM CANAL.

By J. E. Nourse, U. S. N., of the Naval Observatory, Washington, D. C.

"Holland is a small country, but has great works of engineering; you ought to see the fascine work of the Rotterdam piers, and, by all means, the new Amsterdam Canal, superior, in some respects, to that of Suez." This was our advice in London from Sir John Hawkins, one of the first of English engineers.

The evening train took us to Harwich, whence, after a night free from the usual discomforts of the sea, morning found our little steamer quietly threading her way through the flats of the upper Maas. Delfthaven, mournfully classic in Dutch history, though bright in our own, and Schiedam, classic also among the lovers of "Schnapps, Hollands, and Geneva," were in our wake. Before us lay Rotterdam, the second commercial city in the Netherlands.

Looking out on the Boompjes, the fine landing quay which gets its name from its long rows of shade-trees, we saw tokens of a busy trade, inland by countless steamers and canal-boats, and outward by ships whose names, the *Samarano*, *Sumatra*, *Borneo*, etc., tell their destiny to Holland's foreign domain.

Pass through this city of 125,000 inhabitants, winding as you will along the borders of canals, admitting heavy tonnage, and waiting as you may for the descent of some old halved drawbridge; everywhere you see a busy people. Visit the Groote Market, you will see a bronze but not imposing statue of the great scholar; it will tempt you to go on to the house of his birth to read the inscription "*Hæc est parva domus qua natus Erasmus.*" You may be repaid for entering the Church of St. Lawrence by the sight of the monuments to the old admirals, De Witte and others, and even for toiling up the 320 stone steps of the tower, by the view it gives; for it will not be easy to take off your eye from the towers of Brill, Schiedam, the Hague, Leyden, and Dordrecht—old Dort of Synod memory.

It will be hard to say whether land or water holds the largest share in this scene, as you look upon long, straight avenues, pasture fields, and Dutch cottages, all seemingly mized up with the oddest of windmills, and cross-cut canals, boats, and bridges. When you come down from the tower, cross over to the Willemskade, the newest part of Rotterdam; you will find its handsomest dwellings in the Buitenstadt, built mostly since 1850 on ground reclaimed from the Maas.

To have named this reclamation of land secured on a small scale in the Dutch cities, is to have named a large share in the business of the whole country. Nowhere else on earth has there been such a struggle for mastery between land and water. The very existence of the Low Countries is to be credited to the rivalry between their rivers and the ocean. The land is the *detritus* brought by the sluggish rivers from Germany. The rivers pushed out their deltas to the sea. But the sea in turn has, at times, fiercely altered the coast line. Cities and districts, as is well-known, have been overwhelmed; islands which had been on the maps ever since the days of Pliny, have been utterly lost. To-day, the sea is held in check only by the double defenses of

THE VYVERBERG AT THE HAGUE.

Nature's coast dunes, and the dikes which attest the skill and industry of the Dutch. The interior also, lying mostly below the sea-level, requires the constant care of the engineers to wall in river and canal, as well as to irrigate the lands. But it is all marvelously done.

Holland has been called the country in which the rivers seem to flow over the people's heads; in which cities stand below the sea that threatens them; in which the soil has been invaded by the waters, which, surrendering back the land, have again recaptured it; in which the natural course of some has re-bound old islands to the mainland; and where again old parts of the mainland, destroyed and surrendered, have formed new islands. Coast-line and interior changes are nowhere else so marked.

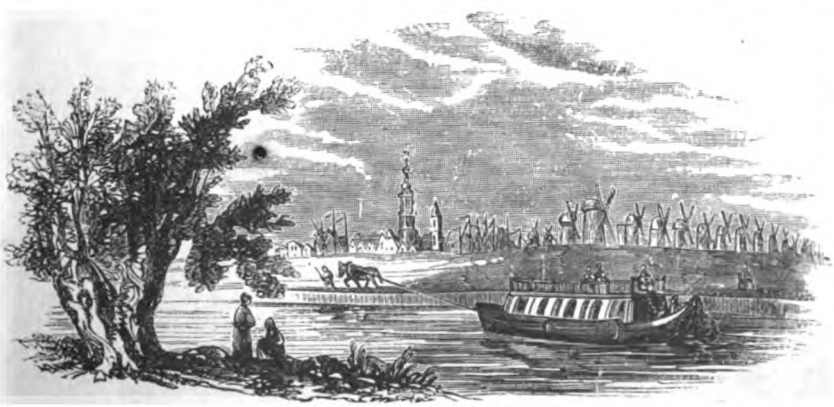
"Without the Dutch, Holland would not have existed." But with them, independence was won by a handful of men; cities and dikes have been built without stone-quarries; ships have been built and the lordship of the seas disputed without forests; and reclaimed sandy bottoms are irrigated, and cities rising upon them have become granaries.

The war between land and water is most plainly seen on the two inland seas, Haarlem Meer and the Zuyder Zee. The battle on the first of these was won in 1853. The western part of the Zuyder Zee, the Y, is almost entirely redeemed this year; and the whole of this great lake will soon surrender to reclamation.

Within two centuries Haarlem Lake was made by nature; in thirteen years it was drained by the Dutch and covered with crops. In 1531, near the city, were four insignificant ponds and three villages. One village disappeared before the century closed; "it was all over with the other two by the middle of the next," and the four little lakes were a stormy sea. In 1755, the Lisbon Earthquake showed its strange signs on the face of its waters.

In 1789 the Prussians sailed over it. Naval actions have been fought on it; vessels have perished there; specimens of the fish once caught in it are to be seen in the museum.

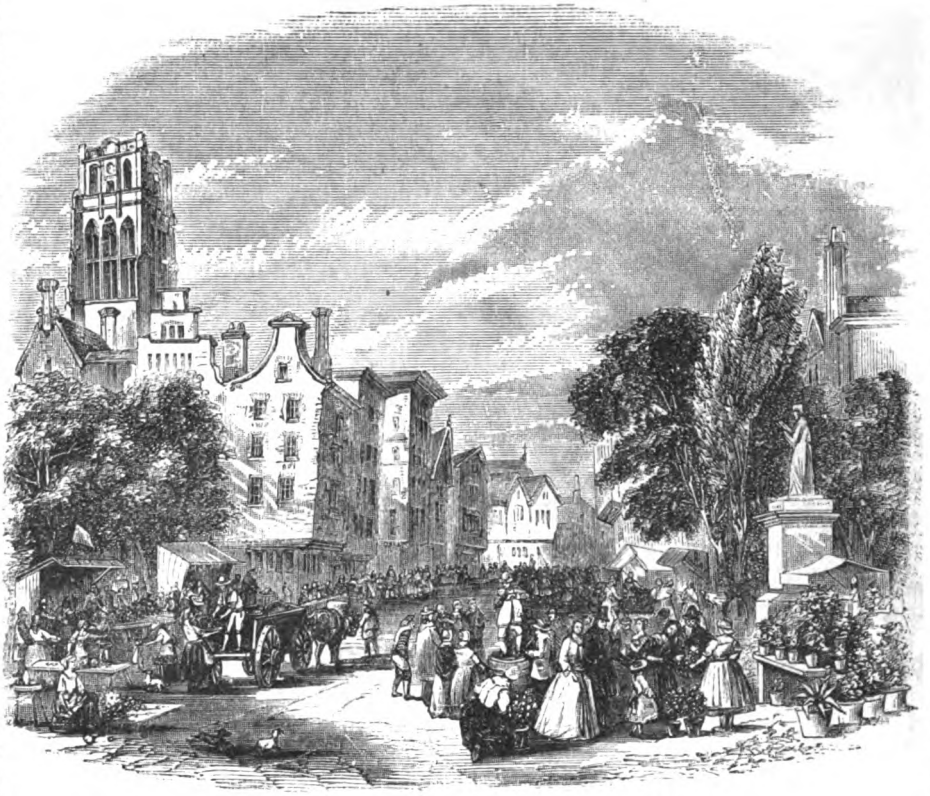
But the lake began to threaten even the city of Amsterdam. In 1836, its waves, driven by a westerly gale, rushed almost to the city gates. Either the city or the lake must surrender, and it was not hard to decide. Steam power had now come to permit the doing of what had been proposed by John Adrian "Leegh Water" a century before—"*Delendum est mare.*" The colossal engine sent over by the English in 1840 was better than the 140 windmills proposed by "Leegh." It was named, from him, the "Leegh Water;" in thirteen years it lifted the mass of fluid, averaging fourteen feet in depth, and lying below the level of all possible sluices; raising 35,000 tons per month, to an average height of sixteen feet; draining an area of 72 square miles, and pouring the waters into the canals of irrigation,



A DISTANT VIEW OF AMSTERDAM.

which now encircle the area. To-day all is a well cultivated plain, covered with villages.

By another reclamation the resources of modern engineering could secure a yet more valuable good to Holland. The western arm of the Zuyder Zee could be drained, leaving in its centre a ship canal, and on either bank the same fertile fields.



THE STATUE OF ERASMUS AT ROTTERDAM.

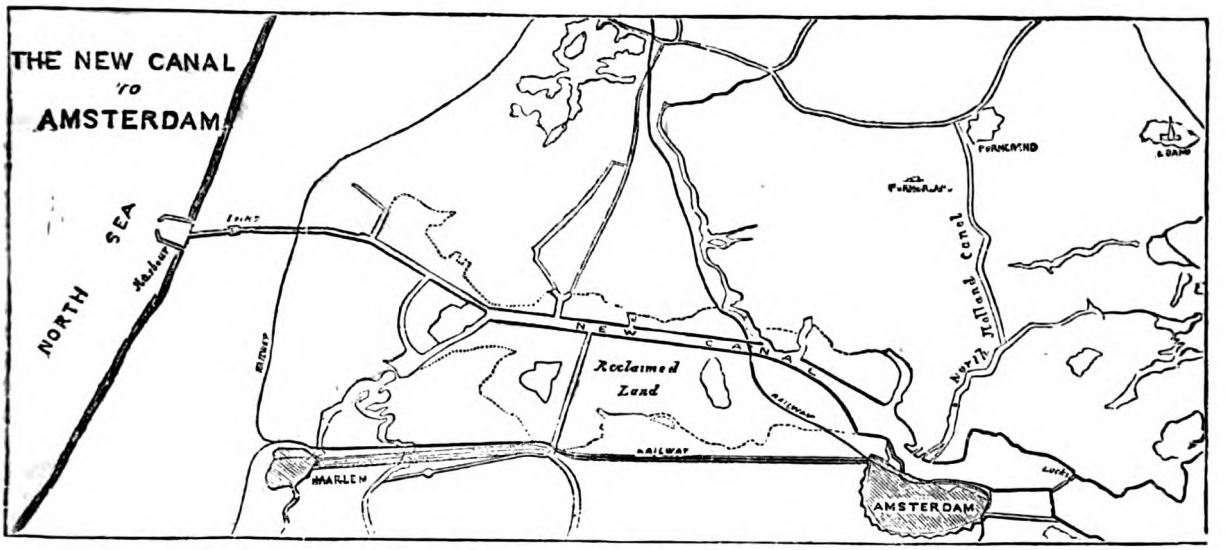
Amsterdam wisely decided a few years ago that she must have this new access to the sea. Her natural communication through the Zuyder Zee had become difficult and dangerous. The Pampus Bar, at the junction of the Y with the lake, seven miles below the city, has but ten feet of water.

Years ago the famous floating camels, or caissons, lifted ships over this bar. The delays and losses occurring thus, however, and the steady increase in the shoals, brought about the Northern Ship Canal, completed in 1825, which, commencing at Buikshoot, and following a tortuous course by Pumerend and Alkmaar, joins the sea near Nieuwe Diep, a distance of about 51 miles. This canal cost £1,500,000. It was considered a great work in its day, and used by steamers, called large before the late extreme increase in the dimensions of sea-going vessels. But it was falling behind the age. It sometimes took two days for an East Indiaman to get to the city. Under a strong westerly gale, steam towing often had to be abandoned, and horses placed on both sides of the canal. The bridges were a serious obstruction, and heavy expenses were incurred in keeping navigation open in the Winter. Its locks were only 45 feet wide, and the greatest depth 18 feet.

Amsterdam would lose her trade, and Antwerp and Rotterdam would distance her unless she secured a clear outlet to the main. In the sixteenth century she was the head of all the commercial cities of Europe, and must and will now regain her place. The increasing difficulties of the Pampus Bar and of the Zuyder Shoals culminating a few years ago, the original project of a ship canal straight west to the sea entertained in 1825, but fought off then by the interests of those on the big lake, was, after another struggle, adopted. The contract was taken by Henry Lee & Sons, of London, for 27,000,000 guilders, or £2,295,000, of which the city pays £510,000, and the company the remainder, on the condition that it retains the advantages of the reclaimed land.

PALACE OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION AT AMSTERDAM.

Furnished with letters to the superintending engineer, we went up (if we may use such a word in Holland) from Rotterdam to the half-moon city. After an hour's drive along the banks of canals, with broad margins for streets, we rested at the Amstel Hotel, of which the cut is not an overdrawn picture. The Palace of Industry is close by. Eight years ago all was water



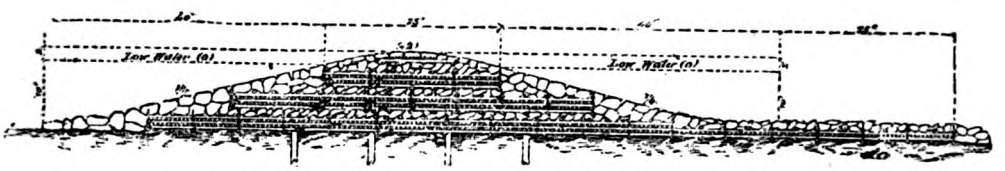
MAP OF THE NEW AMSTERDAM CANAL.

where the hotel now stands. The Amstel Company drove piles forty feet deep, and built their beauteous white edifice upon them. The name Amstel, it may be remembered, is the historic word here. In 1204, or thereabouts, Gigsbrecht, Lord of Amstel, built his castle, and the dam was constructed which gave to the city its name; properly Amsteldam—the dam of the River Amstel.

To see the canal works, we went from the city by rail sixteen miles to Velzen, where, oddly enough to us, at breakfast-table napkins were furnished of tissue paper, imprinted with a picture of the hotel and of the canal works near. Mr. David Lindsay and Mr. Rhees, the contractor, most courteously put us in possession of the condition of the work, taking us in the company's steamer through the new canal. The three points of note in the whole enterprise are, the harbor on the North Sea, with its lock entrance; the line of the canal (mostly through the Y); and the great dam, which it was necessary to construct a little east of the city to prevent the constant changes in the canal itself which must occur if left in direct communication with the lake.

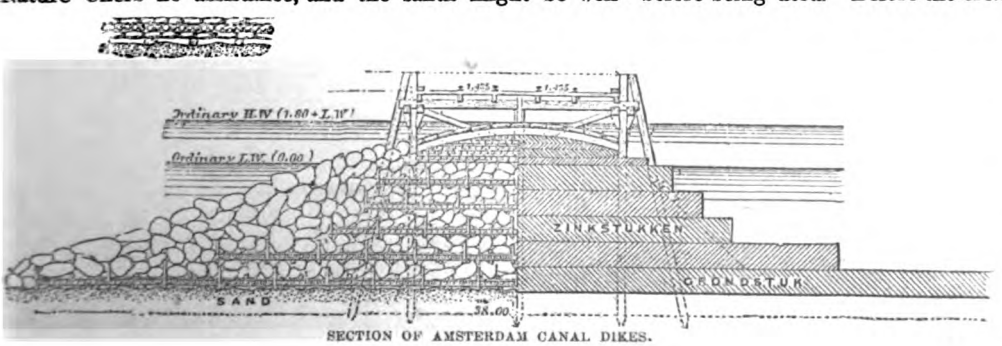
The works at the harbor occupy the only break on the Holland coast in the whole line of sea dikes of nineteen miles from the mouth of the Maas to Mars Diep, near the Texel. It looks hazardous to tempt the old fighting ocean again at the very front of this narrowest part of the coast. Nature offers no assistance, and the sands might be well expected to prove as treacherous as ever. We learn something of the character of this spot when we looked upon an elephant's tusk and other fossils of the prehistoric age, dug up from a depth of nearly sixty feet in the sand cuttings near Velzen, and we thought of the coast-line work which nature carries on when we listened to the traditions of the old castle near Zaandam, where toll was once taken for ascending here through one of the old Rhine mouths. Mr. Lindsay told us, too, that at the Harbor mouth, three miles distant, the force of the sea was sometimes greater than he had known it at Madras.

But what were treacherous sands or a stormy sea to engineering for Holland any more than were the unapproachable coast and the blended marshes and land and water at Port Saïd for Egypt and Lesseps?

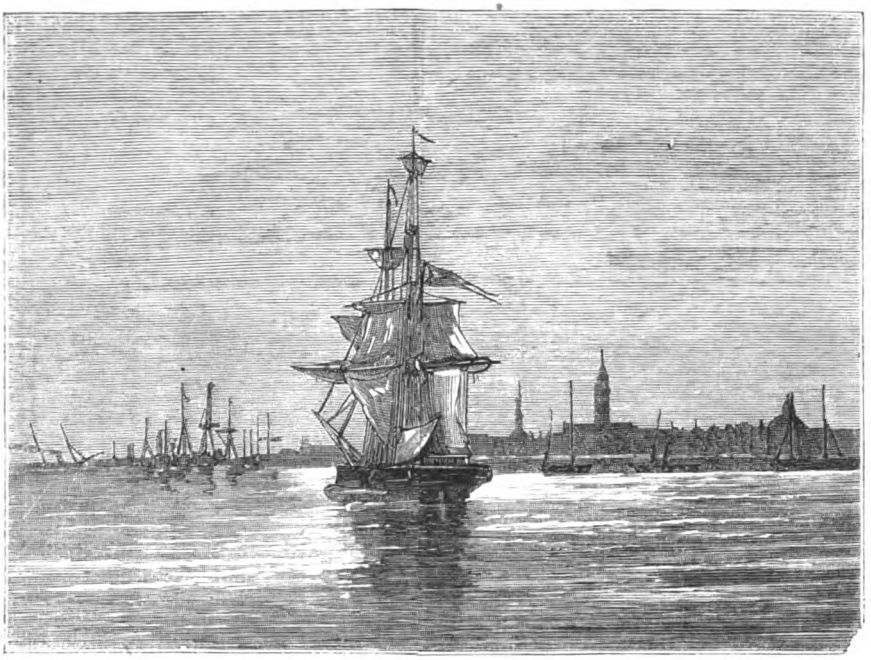


INTERMEDIATE SECTION OF JETTIES USED AT THE MOUTH OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

The harbor is nearly completed. Its converging piers inclose a harbor area of 55 hectares or 135 acres, with an entrance of 852 feet in width. The concrete blocks which form them weigh from 10 to 12 tons each; they are composed of one measure of Portland cement to four of gravel and five of sharp sand. The mixture is prepared in iron cylinders at the Velzen works. The molded blocks are tested by heavy pressure, and must be from two to four months old before being used. Before the creation of the outside wave breakwater, heavy injury had been sustained; since that date, 1874, no serious harm had been experienced. The dredging necessary for the harbor itself would reach one and a half millions of cubic metres—nearly two millions of our yards.



SECTION OF AMSTERDAM CANAL DIKES.



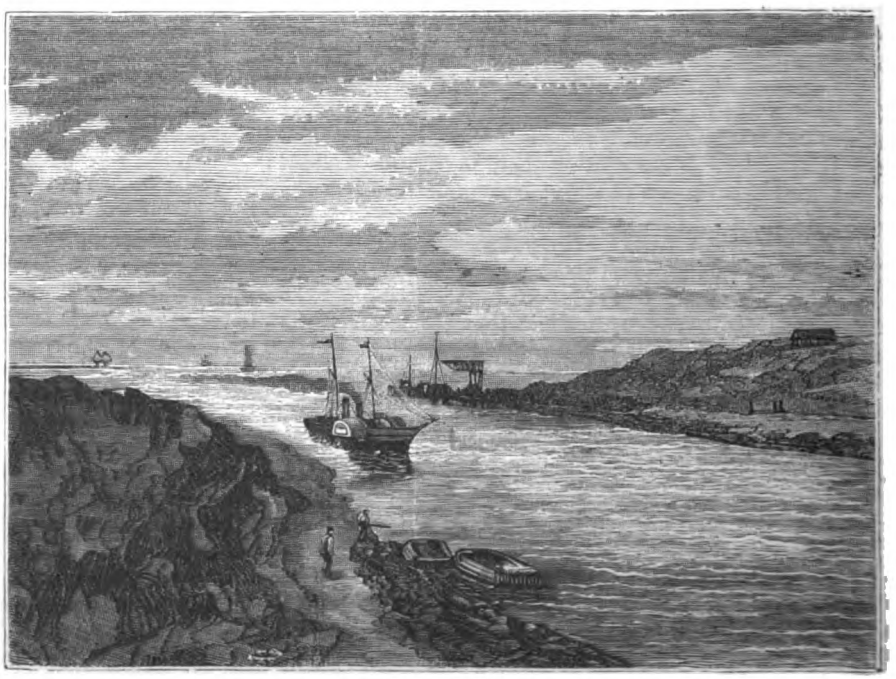
VIEW OF THE HARBOR AT THE MOUTH OF CANAL.

From the sea to Velzen, 3½ miles, the cutting through the sands has been, at the deepest points, as much as 100 feet. The drainage of the Y, the west section of the Zuyder Zee, and the construction of the new canal through it, begin at Velzen. As we passed through, at one time taking notes in the cabin, then called out by Mr. Lindsay to see the working of the dredger, and then again to see his Archimedean screw pumping out a Polder, we witnessed the whole interesting process. "This Polder before us," said Mr. Lindsay, "has about 3,000 acres surface; like the others, it was part of the lake in May last. On the 8th of the month I surrounded it with a bank strong enough to withstand the outside waters, and raised a little above the level. I lined this bank with fascines—(mattress willow-work weighted down with stone), and I then raised on each side a small wall of clay sods, filled in with sand and clay dredgings. After allowing the bank to settle and shrink, I placed more stone on the fascines, and fashioned the bank into shape, covering the slopes and top with clay sods, and the lower part of the slopes with reeds; then over all of them again more fascines and stone work to protect against the wash of the waves.

"After thus shutting it off from the rest of the lake, I commenced to pump it out, with the Archimedean screw, the largest of which is eight metres long and three in diameter. On the 6th of June, 11,000,000 of cubic metres had been pumped out in the 28 days. The surface was dry. Large and small drains were then cut, and the dredging stuff spread over them. Before the end of September it was sown with rape, from which a good crop was cut the next July." We have set down this full account because this fascine work succeeds in the Low Countries, not only in building canal and river banks, but in the construction of such heavy works as the sea moles. Rotterdam was profiting by the full use of fascines in the piers running out on the mouth of the Maas. A short cut had been opened to the sea, the first steamer fully laden for New York having just passed through the channel deepened by the building of these fascine jetties. And our readers may not have noticed that the new outlet at the South Pass of the Mississippi, which is about to open New Orleans and the great valley by a channel for the largest vessels of commerce, is being constructed mainly by fascine jetties. The Pass is narrowing by the effect of parallel jetties, and the scour of the river mass is working out a deep cut. This work at the Mississippi mouth was recommended by our army engineers after their visit to the Holland works.

The whole reclaimed area of the Polders will produce nearly 600,000 square yards of good ground. It is expected to bring 10,000,000 guilders at the rate already realized for the Polder we have described, of 2,700 guilders per hectare; the guilder rating at one-fifth of our dollar, and the hectare at two and-a-half acres.

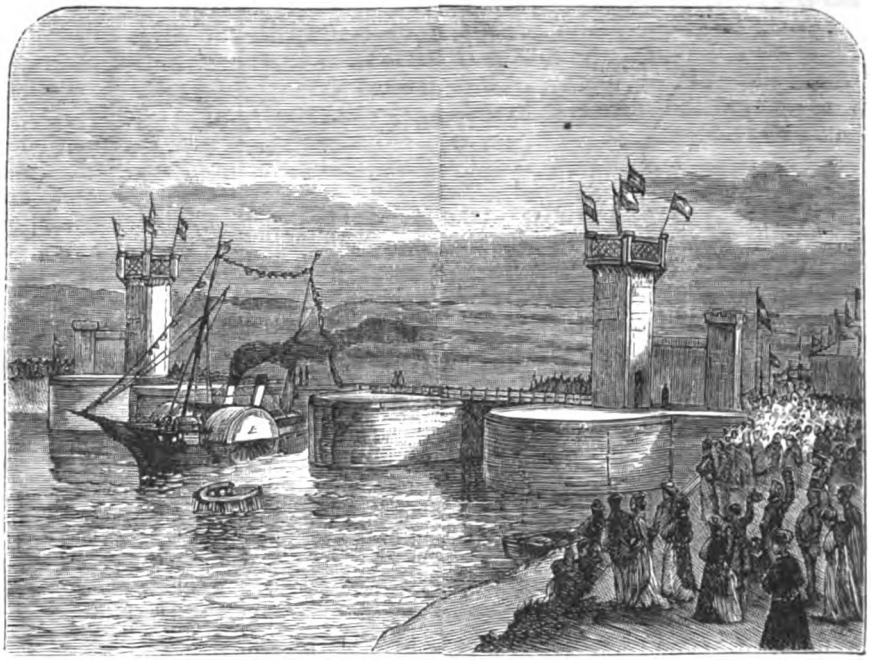
As the canal was expected to be opened for navigation during the early part of this year, it is altogether probable that the further sales and nearly full drainage have been effected. The two kinds of apparatus used were shown to be the most effective and economical of all hitherto used in



ON THE Y.

ship canals. For the excavation by dredging, in place of a dredger with a long spout, such as was used in the Suez Canal, which needed an additional boat to support the spout, Mr. Lindsay was using a much simpler apparatus.

His Scotch steam-dredge empties the mud into a vertical cylinder, on the lower end of which works a horizontal centrifugal wheel. The wheel forces the mud into a floating tube, made of wood, and joined in sections of about fifty feet by flexible connections of leather, wrapped with band-iron. These tubes float zigzag on the surface of the water, and discharge the mud which has been raised and which is about half water, drawn up by the revolutions of the wheel (230 per minute), to a distance across the banks of as much as 800 feet.



THE KING OPENING THE FLOOD-GATES OF THE NEW NORTH SEA CANAL.

This drainage and canal construction is not more worthy of note than the great dam at Schellingswoude, half-way between Amsterdam and the Zuyder Zee. Excursion parties go out to see the great dike, extending 4,460 feet, containing a group of navigating, pumping, and discharging locks. The dam surpasses all hitherto built in the depth of water through which it passes. The engineer makes a profitable study of the double-lock gates; the stone locks here, as at the harbor, being built in pairs, for the accommodation of vessels for the inland trade, and for foreign commerce.

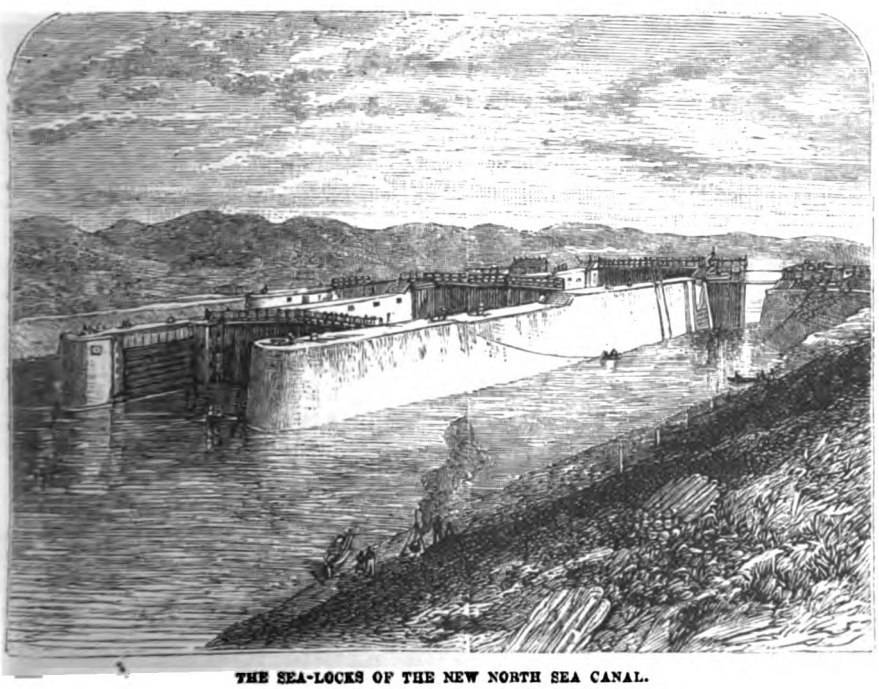
And now that the Y is turned into a ship canal 180 feet in width, giving the city a short route of but sixteen miles from the dam westwardly to the North Sea, navigation by the Zuyder Zee will no longer be needed. The big lake will be dried in its turn. Until the beginning of the fourteenth century it was mostly dry land. The sea broke through the Straits of Helder, and a gulf appeared. The inhabitants of the islands in it exhibit such a strange collection of features, characters, and customs, that visiting them is like a visit to the old Batavians and Frisons of history.

But the drainage of that part of the Zuyder Zee lying between the provinces of Guelderland, Utrecht, and North Holland, is about to begin. The area of about 740 square miles is to be inclosed by another great fascine dike 40 kilometres (24 miles) in length, and 16 feet above the ordinary tides. Then it will be divided into squares, to be pumped dry by steam engines, whose united force is 9,400 horse-power.

The commission in charge, estimate that it will cost $50,000,000, besides the interest accumulating until the sale of reclaimed lands. But these will amount to 400,000 acres of arable land, after the deduction of what is needed for the dikes, canals, and roads.

The Dutch Government will assist, as in all its other works. Its subsidy is to be one-fourth. But this will be more than repaid by the great addition to its territory. And its experience of the profits of its inland canals, averaging more than $3,000 per mile, encourages the Government to begin even this vast new work.

And what may not Amsterdam expect? Give her now this cheapest, most direct route from Central and Northern Europe for the exports brought by the network of European railroads, and add this new back country made out of the sea, she must draw away a large part of the trade which now goes to Antwerp, Hamburg, and Bremen. Our steam lines will soon open up direct commerce and travel to the



THE SEA-LOCKS OF THE NEW NORTH SEA CANAL.

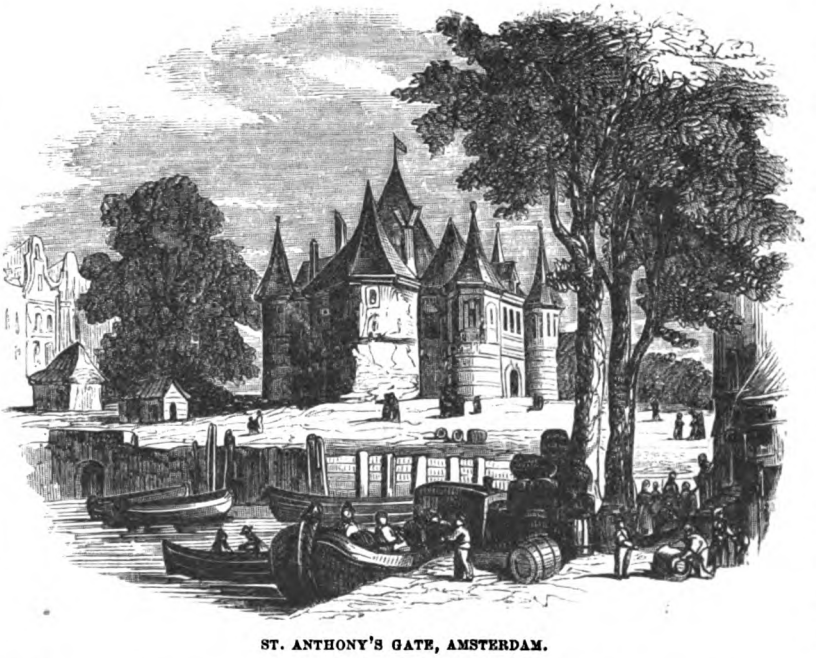
half-moon city. It may be justly expected that a large part of the tide of travel which flows in the tourist season up the Rhine and across to the "Seven-Hilled," and to the Gondola City of the South, will turn toward these ninety islands and nearly three hundred bridges which make a city which stands on all sides below the sea.

"AND THE DOOR WAS SHUT."

By Helen W. Pierson.

A place of streams, of thread-like rills, and tangled water courses, overshot with a strange growth of green and purple and yellow. A plain, windy and bare, over-roofed by a sky of doleful gray. Two pale, misty, blue peaks in the distance, that cloud-like melted into cloud, and then the sea with its beach of sand, and cliffs, and deep inrunning caves. An October day, yet with a shrill, chill sea breeze sweeping over that unsheltered spot. A woman walking slowly there, drew the soft woollen shawl about her, as its salt, cold touch made itself felt, and shuddered and shrank back as if she had come in contact with a death-cold hand. The dreary sense of illimitable space seemed to crush her, although there was a house near, that looked as if it had somehow drifted out on that ocean of space, and stranded there.

And there was a town not far off. For the shrill shriek of a locomotive seemed to take the soul of that wild place with surprise or terror, and an answering cry started up and shrilled through all the creeping mosses and clambering weeds, and was thrown back again from echoing banks till the whole place seemed to have started into fearful life. But the last echo died away again as the woman listened, and the only sounds she could hear were the old ones heard so often; the water, choke, choke, through the tangled reeds, or the mournful note of a bird.



ST. ANTHONY'S GATE, AMSTERDAM.

A woman colorless as the day, you might think, and wonder what grief had washed the roses from so round a cheek, what fire had burned itself out and left so cold an eye, why the hair, still glistening with childhood's gold, was thrust so carelessly into a net, where its sunshine was almost extinguished.

She is farther from the old brown house now, and looks back at it furtively, as if it were a dreary shadow on her spirit, out of which she would gladly walk.

"Why, Alice!"

A subtle change passed over her at the voice, a sea change into something new and strange, the tintless cheeks glowed, the rayless eyes kindled, but she did not speak.

"You were looking back, Alice; are you afraid the dreary old house is following you, as the old church bell in the German fable, followed the naughty boy who would not go to church?"

"Do not jest, Sainty, can you feel like jesting to-day?" she said, almost harshly, drawing her hand away from his eager touch.

The young man drew back with a proud and injured air, not in accordance with the saintly title she had given him. Indeed, one could easily read in his handsome face a self-pleasing nature, an ardor only for a desired object, a heart tender to all who owned allegiance, merciless to all who opposed.

But Alice did not look at him, she gazed with restless anxious eyes, far out toward the sea instead, as if she expected help or advice there. Ah! it might help her best after all, she suddenly thought; and an old fragment of a Bible verse floated daintily through her mind—"He maketh his path upon the waters." So might she make for herself a path out of all her troubles. The sea would welcome her with dark, cold hands, and give her rest—"Rocked in the cradle of the deep," where had she heard that song? and all about that sleep so calm and peaceful. Ah! but who knows, that quietness may be the outer shell, "and there might be within the heart of graves a seething, restless hell."

St. George Cameron, looking as if he might then and there have crushed any dragon of opposition that came in his way, stood for a moment in an angry silence. But his glance fell on his companion, and he softened.

"I'm tired of sea idyls, Alice," he said. "How many views of this place I've taken since that first day when I took a fall instead, and was carried, maimed and helpless, into yon brown house. Will you ever curse that day, Alice? You look as if you were ready to do so now!"

"I don't know," still with a restless gaze at the sea.

"As God is in heaven," said the young man, with a new fervor, "I am thinking of your happiness. Your life is a coarse one, coarse and bare; you are no more suited to your associates, to your husband even, than a rare hot-house flower would be to this bleak waste. You know it, Alice; you know you made a fatal mistake, when you married John Peters, to say nothing of his two rough boys and querulous old mother. I know, Alice, all the daily martyrdom you bear. I saw and heard it all."

"Yet—yet he is kind," faltered the woman.

"Kind—oh, yes—if he would only be abusive there might be a chance for divorce, but this kindness, does it satisfy? Alice, speak, have you repented your purpose? Are you going to turn away from the rich, beautiful, free artist life that I have pictured, and take up the old burdens again?"

The water went choke, choking through the reeds, and it seemed to Alice Peters that the current of life went choke,

choking through her heart. Sometimes it almost stopped. The problem of life grew too hard for her. Oh that she could give it up.

His arm was around her now. "Alice, come," he said, "you belong to me; lay aside the fictions of old creeds. You are mine by a higher law, even though the old minister said a few words over you, that you fancy joined you for life to that clod yonder. You have had a poor, miserable snow-bound life at best. I will make it glowing and glad for you; no more coarse, hard toil, and bitter words, my poor little frost-blighted blossom."

"God help me," she said, in a weak way, as if she were groping blindly after her old faith; "why is this awful choice given to me—why? Oh, Sainty. I bore this treadmill of life till you came. I suffered at times, I grew defiant, but I bore it. Why have you shown me anything else? Why have you taught me what culture is, and refinement, and all the nameless charms that make life beautiful to the rich and gifted?"

"Because I love you, darling," he said, in a tone of infinite tenderness, a tone which that well-modulated voice could use at pleasure, "and I know you will be happy, out of this Puritan air; the old figments of dead creeds will drop away as the husk does from the ripened grain."

She did not draw away from him now. The old house was in sight no longer, and could not gaze at them from any of its windowed eyes.

"I was making a picture, when you came, of this October day in my old home," she said, half musingly, as if glad to wander a little from the all-absorbing subject, and cheat herself with the thought that this was not the crisis of her fate. "My childhood's home. I can see the soft, mellow light, touching the trees to flame or gold, and the great, tremulous masses of shadow, the aromatic dead ferns, the stream that ran over a bed of silver-gray sand, and left fleecy masses of fox-colored foam among the stones."

Sainty stood a little impatiently during this reminiscence. He touched this rainbow-tinted bubble of memory with a rough hand, and it disappeared.

"I think the twilight is coming, if such a wan, gray day can have a twilight, Alice," said he. "I have taken our passage in the steamer that sails to-morrow. I counted on your word, you know."

She started—flushed, and grew pale again, like a coal that kindles and then pales to a white heat; a flashing, searching glance, dazzling as a sun-ray, darted from her eyes, and seemed to pierce like an arrow of light in the darkest place in St. George Cameron's heart. He blinked a little, as if the light hurt his eyes.

"Can I trust you?" she said, passionately, and then broke off as if something choked the words.

"What do you leave, Alice?" he said, petulantly, but drawing her very gently to him as he spoke. "Is it happiness? You've had your throw in this game of life, and lost. You and I will begin a new one, 'Forgetting the things that are behind.'"

"Hush, Sainty, not that; don't quote the Bible in this unholy cause," she said, with a shudder. "I'm thinking of my child—my little child."

Sainty made a little movement of impatience.

"I don't love it enough," she said humbly, "not as better women would do, I know, or its little hands would have kept off this temptation; and yet, and yet, Sainty, I might come to love it as a mother should some day, and it might make me a better woman. Poor little Bee."

One look at his clouded face, and all these better thoughts drifted away like dry waves before the whirlwind of her passion for him.

"Oh, Sainty," she cried, "I will give all up—what are they all to me? I have room for no other love, no other idol."

Then she grew sunshiny again, and painted cozy pictures of the future, till the light waned, and the air grew very salt and dark.

"One might remember Lot's wife here," he said, laughing. "I feel quite statuesque already. If I staid much longer, I should be crystallized. I say, Alice, the moral of that story for you is, when you leave the old life behind you, never look back."

So they parted. Alice with a little pang that he could be so merry, he with a misgiving that her nature was a little too much in the heavy-tragedy line. He wondered if a woman who talked blank verse would not be tiresome after a while. But he was not a thorough villain, and he had some tender thoughts of this woman, only a girl yet, who was giving up principle and right and her good name for him. Then, with an artist's eye, he noted the greenish gray of the sky tints, and the blackening green of the sea, as he walked away to make arrangements.

When Alice opened the door of the family-room in the brown house, the old squabble was going on, one continuous one, or a new one, she did not ask, as she went wearily in.

"Sakes alive, how you do look," said Grandma Peters, irate, and trembling with suppressed wrath, till her cap ribbons rustled, and clicking her knitting needles savagely.

Ah, Grandma Peters, there are stitches dropped in this net of life that can never be taken up again, but will go on till they ravel and ruin the whole fabric.

"How you kin find it in yer conscience, Alice Peters, to go trapesing about for hours—not alone neither," with an indignant sniff, "and leave them there children in heathenish darkness?"

"Why, it's light enough," said Joe, a shock-headed boy of eight, who was listening with open mouth.

"Hold yer tongue, and larn yer commandments—'specially the one ye broke!" exclaimed the old lady.

"Bah! I kin mend it again," said Joe. And he employed himself in secreting the very sticky remains of a piece of molasses candy in his little brother Jem's knotty curls.

"You hear?" said Grandma Peters; "them children's worse nor Hottentots—John's children! That I should live to see it! Joe, go to your room with your book, and I hope you'll soon have a new heart."

"Me too," shouted Jem, in sudden jealousy; "buy me one, too. Oh dear, any one what dits dis 'lasses candy out of my hair can have it!"

Alice sat down silently by the window.

"But I needn't say nothin' of John's children when ye've no nateral love for yer own. Pore little Bee! she's bin frettin' with her teeth. Alice, yer fallin' from grace, sure; yer buildin' on a sandy foundation, I calkerlate. Now there was poor Mandy Jane, John's fust wife, she hadn't no mind, not to speak on, but she was the faithfulest creetur. I reckon too much mind ain't healthy for women, it kind o' makes 'em oneasy like, when it can't find vent; it riles and ferments like ginger beer."

Alice sat still silent. The coarse words of the old woman fell like a blow upon her heart, and she ached and writhed beneath it. Ah! the broken commandment which could never, never be mended again; the sandy foundation that was even now slipping away from under her feet.

"I can't keep quiet any longer," the old lady went on, so agitated now that she stopped knitting and began stabbing the ball thoughtfully as she spoke. "It ain't in natur', leastways, t'ain't in my natur', to see John so put upon. I must speak to him, and I've made up my mind to do it this very night."

"AND THE DOOR WAS SHUT."—"BEE FRETTING IN HER CRADLE, SHE WENT TO TAKE HER UP."—SEE PAGE 182.

Alice was quiet no longer. A tremor shook her to the finest fibre of her being.

"Mother," she said, forcing herself to an unused word, "I do not often ask favors of you, but I must ask one now. Promise me to wait till to-morrow—promise me that you will say nothing till to-morrow."

The old lady peered at the face that shone out white and ghastly enough even in that waning light, and then promised.

Even while she spoke, John Peters, with a lusty shout to the boys, came in from his day's work. Lights soon shone in the rooms, and his supper sent up grateful incense into his jovial, bronzed face. He sat down in his shirt-sleeves, though it was a cool evening, having an idea that no freedom or comfort could be enjoyed in a coat. He ate in a manner that was fearful and wonderful to behold. Yet, rough and uncouth as he looked, there was a genuine heartiness about the man; he was true to himself and those about him; there was no artificial gloss or veneer, but real wood—a poor kind, perhaps—knotty and common, but real.

Alice complained of a headache, and went up-stairs. Some things must be gathered together, and the moments seemed slipping away with fearful rapidity. She heard Bee fretting in her cradle, and went to take her up. No rosebud of a baby was Bee, with dainty ways, and dimples, and crowings manifold, but a lean, sallow little elf, doomed to that dire fate of being brought up by hand, writhing in a continual colic, and making ineffectual protests against the uncomfortable existence thrust upon her with shrieks unutterable.

Bee opened such dark, wise eyes upon her mother as she took her up, that Alice turned away for a moment appalled before that baby intelligence, as if the little, unskilled eyes could read her heart. She was glad when they closed in sleep again, and she could put her away in her nest. Yet she bent over the thin, dark, little face, with more tenderness than she had ever felt before—and something glittered there like a tear. Poor little Bee!

"Her grandmother loves her, her father dotes on her," she pleaded for herself. "She will be better off without me. I am only a cause of strife. Oh! I hope they will tell her I am dead—when—when—when she is old enough to understand."

And a burning blush rushed over her face. But she hurried on with her preparations, putting a few things hastily together—only a change of clothing—and one or two common bits of jewelry. Lastly, she slowly took off her wedding-ring and laid it down, and sank beside this hated fetter of her old life with a despairing moan.

She remembered the day John had tried it on, and jested about the little hand that shone out so rosy-white in his rough palm. She had fancied she loved him then—almost; but now she knew how far short the weak feeling she had so mistaken fell below the thrilling passion that possessed her soul and body. And yet—and yet—with the royal purple and gold of this love came a crown of thorns. They were talking and laughing in the room below while she was fighting her battle with Apollyon. She heard her husband's jovial voice as she passed the door, shrinking like a culprit already, stopping one tremulous moment with some sort of mute farewell and inarticulate prayer, and then out into a surging sea of darkness that seemed waiting to swallow her up for ever.

Then and there—at the very portal of her home—she relented. Every sweet and peaceful memory of the past came up and overwhelmed her. The time when Bee was born and a benediction had fallen upon the old house, the resolutions she had formed then, how tender her rough husband had made himself in time of need, how the boys rejoiced over the little one who could only cry.

Ah! it was not too late yet. There was a way of escape. She could go back. She could take up this daily cross, and the pitiful Saviour, who had borne such a heavy cross for her, would give her strength to bear it. She turned with a frantic haste—she would not wait to be tempted again—but the door was shut. It fastened with a spring inside, and she could not open it.

Too small a thing to change the current of a life. The door was shut! Could she make a spectacle of herself by knocking for admittance, to meet her husband's wondering eyes, and Grandma Peters's ill-natured remarks? Never! Then she remembered the old lady's threat, and what must

"AND THE DOOR WAS SHUT."—"ALICE, CLINGING TO A SPAR, FELT THE WAVES BOIL OVER HER."

come to-morrow, and back in a flood rolled all the old grievances of her life.

It was no use to linger longer in the cold, dank air that wrapped her in its vaporous folds. The door was shut! The door that shut her out from innocence and purity—the door that seemed to her frenzied mind to shut out the whole world and to leave her alone with her sin and her love; with her love, which was sin.

She told Sainty something of the kind, after they had been rolling away through the darkness for a few moments, but he only said:

"Will it be so terrible to have only me, Alice? Let me be your world. What do you care for others? Do you think our first parents were lonely in Paradise?"

St. George was an artist—for his own delight solely. He had never sold a picture in his life, and would have scorned it more, I think, than selling himself. He had enough money to lead an idle, dilletante life, and he had no higher aim. They wandered about Switzerland for a while, climbed an Alp, saw the snow-fields and glaciers, and seas of ice, and finally made a temporary home at Lucerne. Sainty went out sketching every day, and Alice, at first, went with him. One day an old acquaintance — a college friend rather of Sainty's—came up with some joyful words of recognition toward him. Alice felt her face crimson under his inquiring gaze, for her companion did not introduce her. At that moment the iron entered her soul. She would not go out again, except to wander in lonely ways with one of the children of the house for a guide.

THE FARNESE HERCULES.—SEE PAGE 190.

So she found that one could be lonely in Paradise — after the fall. She walked a great deal. She knew all the aspects of the scenery. She had watched old Mount Pilatus with its cloudy cap of storms, and Righi, with its grand, serrated outlines. She gazed dreamily into the pellucid sea-green waters of the Reuss as they rushed beneath the Kappeltrucke with the swiftness of a mountain-torrent, and the weird old pictures that line the bridge from the lives of Lucerne's patron saints, looking shadowy enough in the half-light. The Lake of Lucerne, the hills in the neighborhood, from which she caught glimpses of the snowy Alps of Schuytz and Engleberg, all gave her a new pleasure, although she saw them with a sadly preoccupied heart, and seemed to drag with her for ever a lengthening chain.

Not that Sainty was unkind or seemed to love her less. But he had found that the world was something to him still —that he did care for others. The door of such society as could be found in Lucerne was open to him. Even those who might guess the history of the sad-eyed woman who was sometimes seen in his company welcomed him with open arms. Even the ladies smiled upon him. To seem to know of vice, to call things by their real names, this is the highest crime in Vanity Fair. It was so very improper for them to know anything about this fascinating gentleman's moral character. But to Alice the door was shut!

She had a pleasant home enough—a palace in comparison with the old brown house; gay and bright little rooms, with quaintly carved furniture covered with crimson satin. Books and paintings, and objects of art were Sainty's delight, and he pleased himself by giving them to her. She hardly knew herself in the soft, thick silks, the laces like hoar-frost, the jewels that glinted like tips of fire, which he delighted to lavish upon her. She could only know herself by the old, old pain that gnawed ceaselessly at her heart, by the old memories that darkened the sunshine, so that in the fairest scenes she saw for ever the plain, windy and bare, the unsightly brown house, that stood out more desolate than ever to her view; she heard for ever the choking of the water through the tangled reeds, and the great sea coming in with weary moan.

What were they all doing now? she wondered. Was Bee learning to lisp out baby words—would she again see "mamma"? Never, never; that word was dead for her. Even for John, the old clod, as Sainty called him, she had some wistful thoughts. In the golden distance, the old life did not look so hideous. There might be, yes, there might be more rugged truth and sterling honor in such a rough casket than many a delicate-handed gentleman, with "Hyperion curls, the front of Jove himself," could ever feel. Brooding in this way Sainty would find her, when he came in fresh and buoyant from his out-door life, singing gay snatches of German airs; and he felt, somehow, that he was stepping into the shadow when he was near her.

"Positively," he said to himself, looking at her as he did at everything, with an artist's eye, "she is getting into the Magdalen tints. She used to have some very nice, cool grays in her complexion when in repose, and she could kindle up into such a woman as Paul Veronese painted, but she is losing tone, evidently. We must move."

But Sainty did not altogether look upon this woman who had given up all the world for him in the light of an old picture whose tints were damaged, and needed renovating. People called him kind-hearted, and were inclined to apply to him dear old Joe Gargery's famous couplet—

> "What sum'eer the failin's on his part,
> Remember he were that good in his 'art."

He liked smiles, and sunshine, and smooth paths for his feet, so he gave no hard words to any one, and no one appeared to discover that he was never more intensely selfish than when he seemed devoted to others. So they tried a change and went to Dresden. And Sainty grew more tender for a time, to appease any remorse he might feel about his waning love, but he said to himself, in a self-pitying way, that "It was too bad, by Jove, this pale, spiritless woman was not the being he had loved. It was exactly like buying a Rubens, full of glowing color, and splendid shadows, and lights like a glory, and finding, on reaching home, that some insipid, tame, and meagre altar-piece of Tyssens had been sent instead. It was very embarrassing, by Jove!"

But one day he came home to find her in a dead swoon, with an old newspaper clinched in her lifeless hand. When life came back in shuddering gasps, she held the paper toward him in a speechless way. He saw that it was a New York paper more than a month old.

"What is it, Alice?" he asked.

"Dead!" she whispered.

"Who is dead?"

"Bee—little Bee!"

Sainty turned over the paper because he had no words to say.

He only wondered why such extravagant sensibilities had lain dormant till now. Was the child's death to call forth feelings never awakened by her birth? He was a long time finding the simple announcement, "Beatrice, only daughter of John Peters." No mother's name appeared there; the child had only one parent!

He comforted her as he could, however, or he made the attempt. The child had been sickly at best; it was better off even in the chill, conventional Puritan heaven, than in the stiff, cold Puritan house. It would have been all the same if she had been there. Now the only thing she cared for in her old home was gone, she must brood no more, but be happy with him.

And Alice listened, and felt the words fall cold as ice on her shrinking, aching heart. This was a grief in which the stranger intermeddleth not. Yet Alice felt that she had forfeited even the right to grieve as pure mothers may do, when they see their little ones fade away under their eyes day by day. A woman who has deserted her babe, to put on sickly sentimentalities about its death, looked like a farce; she had no right to weep. But she could not put little Bee quite away, or picture the old house without her. She saw, sometimes, the little group assembled there, a few kind neighbors, the frightened boys, the sobbing old woman, the strong man bowed low over the little coffin, the still, little face, with its baby wisdom quenched for ever, and she felt an unutterable longing to stand with the mourners, to sob her wretched life away in a bitter, because ineffectual, remorse. Old words of consolation rose on her remembrance, offered to better mothers in the old time; oh, so very old now! Was Bee an angel, then, looking down from starry spheres? Did she reach out invisible, baby hands to lead her sinful mother up the shining way?

As if in answer to her thoughts, Sainty's voice floated up like the voice of doom, singing a line from a new song heard only the night before, "Too late, too late, ye cannot enter now!" and Alice cowered down before those words, as if there was no appeal. She thought of the foolish virgins, who had hastened at last to meet the bridegroom, "and the door was shut." She made Sainty come up and sing the whole song to her, and the words kept echoing in her heart—

> "No light, so late, and dark and chill the night—
> Oh, let us in, that we may find the light.
> Too late, too late, ye cannot enter now."

"It's a gloomy thing," said Sainty, laughing. "Why people want to harrow up one's feelings in the festive throng, I can't see. Imagine me sitting down after a great feed at Mrs. Thorne's supper-table, and singing, 'Give me one grain of corn, mother,' plunging one into all the horrors of famine, in the most unexpected manner. If I had the ordering of music for the nation, I'd prohibit all such dismal ditties. There the people had been all jesting and dancing at Madame Thorne's last night, when some one quenched them with this 'Judgment song,' I call it."

"Who sang it?" asked Alice, always anxious to appear interested.

Sainty did not answer the question at once.

"I tell you, Alice, it was sung splendidly, and preached to me better than a sermon. I began to think about what may come after, and to weigh things. What if we have Aladdin's lamp, even, if we have no oil in it? Miss Ireton's voice moaned out the refrain till it sounded like the wail of a lost spirit."

"Miss Ireton?" asked Alice, who had heard the names of most of Sainty's associates, but this name was new.

"Madam Thorne's niece, Crystal Ireton. Haven't I spoken of her before? Though why Crystal, I can't see. I imagine her name's Christine. One of Titian's women, you would say, love, too full of luminous color to be 'crystal,' just toned down by a hazy-looking dress like violet vapor."

Alice examined Sainty's face with a flashing glance, as if she read something more than the careless words. A new pang began to torture her, and love, shadowed so long by memory and remorse, was stung to a painful life. Ah! how slight was the tie that bound them; a word could send her adrift, borne with no comforter on the surges of an untried sea. This thought stabbed her to the heart.

So the Winter wore away in Dresden, and the late, wan German Spring began to dawn on them. Sainty went out a great deal, for there were many Americans resident there, and he seemed too contented to think of moving on. Yet Alice fancied she read at times a vague unrest in his manner, and it smote her with the keenest pain. She knew Dresden

so well now that she often wandered out alone when Sainty was with his new friends. She could not sit and brood any more, but walked about with a feverish haste everywhere. She spent hours in the picture-galleries and the Zwinger; she looked at the blaze of jewels in the Green Vault without the faintest sigh for their splendor, she wandered over the long bridge from the New Stadt, she loitered on the Terrace of Bruhl and listened to the music.

One evening in May—so chill yet that the green foliage on the trees seemed a mistake—Alice went out. Some tormenting doubt that would not let her rest directed her feet. She seemed led by an invisible hand she knew not where. Yet she knew Madam Thorne's abode when she stood before it in the great mass of shadow, and saw the windows lit up with a blaze of light, and heard the merry dance music ring out on the night.

Sainty was there, and she stood almost breathless to watch the changing pictures that floated by the windows like bright Summer clouds. Perhaps she might see that girl—Crystal Ireton! A cold fog came up and seemed to wipe out the town, only its pale, glimmering lights beamed through the haze, only a great, illuminated house, and one wretched woman watching in the chill, damp air were left. The house seemed to waver and swing in the midst before her eyes, but it grew still and right again when Sainty stood at the window.

Yes, Sainty and a girl—Crystal Ireton, of course; but Alice did not look at her. She was taking leave of her lover. She was looking her last on that splendid head bent so tenderly over a flower. She was noting with a fierce exactness every gesture and glance, but she did not look at the girl. Why should she? What matter who won, since she had so fatally lost? She was reading the old, old story of his love again, but it was not told to her; it belonged to another, that was all. And she was in his way.

She knew him so well that she could almost hear the words he said as he kissed the flower, or the other words when he raised his eyes to the girl's face. It was enough. She looked no more, but, stumbling on through the fog, found her home at last.

"It is right, it is just. Oh, my God!" she moaned, "I am scourged through my love! I will never be in the way of his pure love for a pure woman. I cannot wait for him to wish me gone."

So she hurried a few things together, and some money, and went out into the night, where the "sharp javelins of the rain" began to fall. All night they fell on the car roof, and rattled there in a ceaseless, maddening way. Alice could have moaned out, "Oh, be silent for a moment! Oh, let me think! let me hear my own heart beat, that I may know that I live!"

For sometimes all seemed a frantic dream. Could it be that she would ever wake up again in the old home and hear the boys quarrel and Bee's moaning voice? Ah! Bee moaned no more, but joined in the choral strains of heaven's triumphant song. She was summering high in bliss upon the hills of God, while her sinful mother sank into this outer darkness. Yet she thought, "If God's presence is everywhere, all is not lost. Can hope go out utterly while God is God?"

And when the white-sailed ship was bearing her back to her native land—for she wanted to put the ocean between her and her lost love—she wondered what her place in life could be, or her work. She had given up her real place—and what was left? She had time to think and to pray in the long days and weeks spent on the ship, as she watched the wonders of God's power, and felt herself tossed on the waves of a more tempestuous sea—tossed like the tossing foam. She saw the gray mist flecked by the golden trail of sunset darken into a cold sea-fog, one evening, and heard some one say that land was in sight.

Land once more! Even in the dead heart of Alice these words stirred a thrill of life and—a thrill of pain. She seemed to hear the silver speech of church bells, swinging miles away, calling her, as in the innocent days of old, to the worship of God; and, leaning over the water, she prayed as she had never done in the old time. She prayed, half trembling that she dared to pray, hardly daring to shape her hope in words, almost expecting to hear pronounced in audible words the sentence that knelled through her brain, "And the door was shut!" Yet she did not cease to raise up weak and ineffectual hands against those barred gates of gold and seek to enter in, not with the confident joy of many a soul, but in shame and abasement.

> "Not for her the crown of gold,
> Palms and harpings manifold;
> Not for erring eye and feet
> Jasper wall and golden street."

Ah, she would not ask her birthright, but would be glad to be made as a hired servant in His kingdom, and so she fell into a troubled sleep at last.

Strange cries woke her, a mingling of curses and prayers, a sound as of seething waters, a thunderous mutter of storm and fury, the creaking of ropes, and now and then a lurid blaze of lightning that seamed the black clouds with fire. When she staggered up on the heaving deck she saw the pitch-black waves boiling up to the top of it, and casting their white foam wreaths over everything. Once she caught a glimpse of the signal-lamp from a lighthouse near, gleaming with its red eye through the gloom, then she looked into the dread abysms beneath, and felt that all her doubts and questionings were answered. No need to wonder what her place or work would be, this was the end—no place ever again in this world.

> "Instead of any on the earth,
> The civic heavens receive her."

With one shuddering crash—the death-cry of its agony—the ship went down, shattered on the cruel tusks of the rocks, and Alice, clinging to a frail spar, felt the waves boil over her, and a ringing blackness rush through soul and sense.

"Will the door be shut?" she gasped. "Oh, Bee! oh, my little child-angel, perhaps God will let you open it to let your sinful mother in!"

Morning came, with a dim sun wading through clouds and mists. Salt sea meadows and uplands brown swam in vapor, but a low breeze ruffled the waters, and the white foam-flowers broke into bloom. Men walked about the sea-washed beach and talked of the wreck in low voices. Some searched for any tokens that the sea might have kindly cast up, in the way of prize; a garment, or a floating keg, or a stray trunk, or some even for the bodies of the victims, that they might rob them of jewel or money-belt.

John Peters had strayed down with the others. He walked apart from them, though, for he had grown to be a moody and a silent man. He hardly noticed their whisperings together, and their pitying looks at him, till one of his neighbors approached him. He saw something in the man's face that made him start back as if he expected a death-blow.

"John," said the man, with a rough kindness, "they've found a woman's body just below, and they say she looks like—it may be a mistake—but she's main like your wife."

"I have no wife!" shouted he; yet he felt himself growing weak as a little child. "How dare you speak that word?"

"Don't'ee be too hard, man," said the kind neighbor,

unaffrighted. "God has judged her; she's in His hands now, and I doubt not she'll find Him a deal kinder than man. Won't you look at her, John? Ye'd be sorry, I think, to see her with her pretty yellow hair all tangled with seaweed and sand."

"Do you want me to strike you down?" cried John Peters, turning savagely. "Go, bury the woman you call my wife—I will pay for that; but, dead or alive, I will never look on her false face again!"

How much more merciful than sinful man is God! So poor Alice was laid to rest by stranger hands, and her grave in the quiet churchyard was soon starred by daisies pure as any, and the gracious dews and sunshine fell on it as God permits them to do on the just and the unjust.

One month after, Sainty read the account of the wreck—read it in a Paris *café*, in the midst of a gay company. They wondered to see him turn pale and shudder as if he had seen a ghost. He was disturbed for a few days. He felt a haunting presence near him, a finger that pointed at him in a menacing way, a voice that cried, "Thou art the man."

Then he worked off his melancholy in painting various sea scenes where wrecks predominated—dismantled hulls seen in a half moonrise—or stranded ships on a desolate shore, with the cruel green waves crawling up the beach. Then he married Crystal Ireton.

THE CHAMELEON.

The common chameleon is a reptile found both in Africa and Asia. Nearly all the lizards are constitutionally torpid, though some of them are gifted with great rapidity of movement during certain seasons of the year.

The chameleon, however, carries this sluggishness to an extreme; its only change being from total immobility to the slightest imaginable degree of activity. No one ever saw a chameleon even walk, as we understand that word, while running is a feat that no chameleon ever dreamed of.

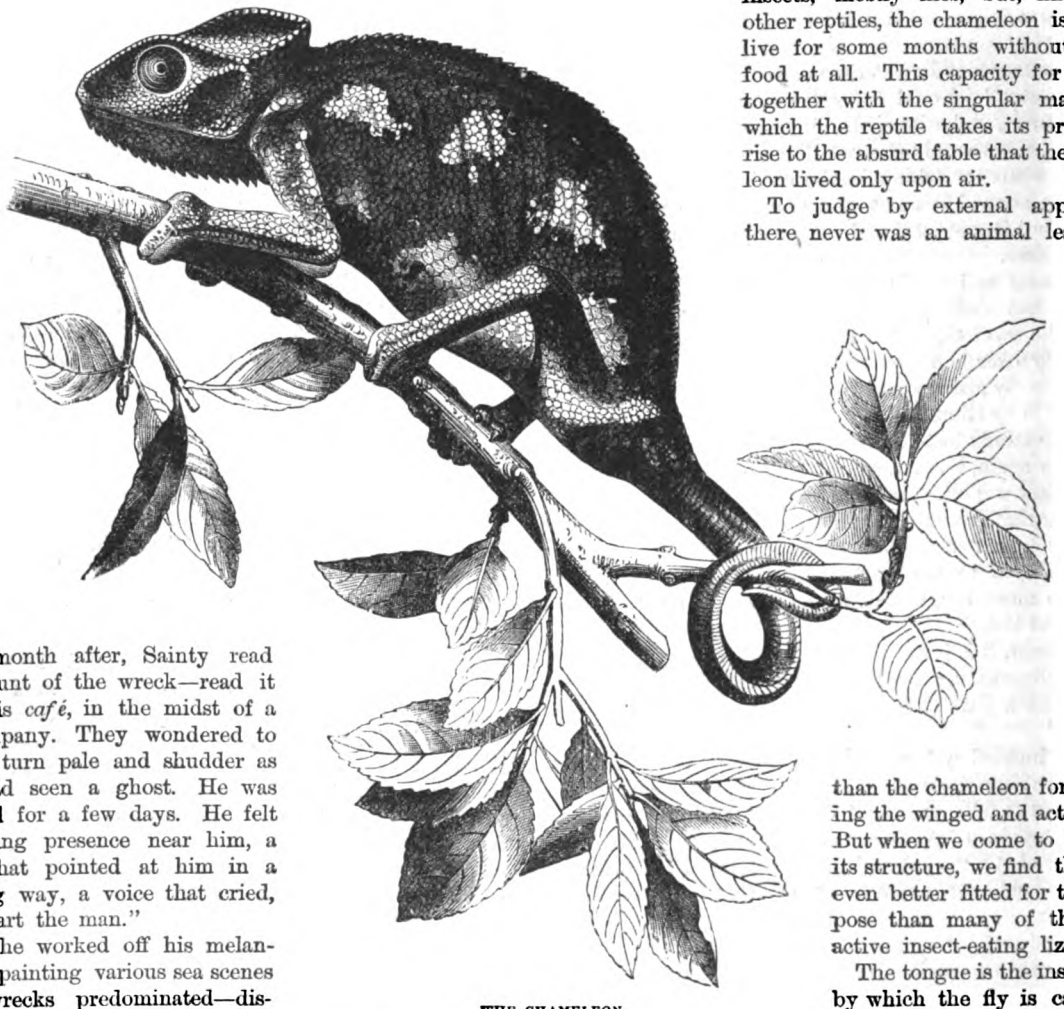
When it moves along the branch upon which it is clinging, the reptile first raises one foot very slowly indeed, and will sometimes remain foot in air for a considerable time, as if it had gone to sleep in the interim. It then puts the foot as slowly forward, and takes a good grasp of the branch.

Having satisfied itself that it is firmly secured, it leisurely unwinds its tail, which has been tightly twisted round the branch, shifts it a little forward, coils it round again, and then rests for a while.

With the same elaborate precaution, each foot is successively lifted and advanced, so that the forward movements seem but little faster than the hour-hand of a watch.

The food of the chameleon consists of insects, mostly flies, but, like many other reptiles, the chameleon is able to live for some months without taking food at all. This capacity for fasting, together with the singular manner in which the reptile takes its prey, gave rise to the absurd fable that the chameleon lived only upon air.

To judge by external appearance, there never was an animal less fitted than the chameleon for capturing the winged and active flies. But when we come to examine its structure, we find that it is even better fitted for this purpose than many of the more active insect-eating lizards.



THE CHAMELEON.

The tongue is the instrument by which the fly is captured, being darted out with such singular velocity that it is hardly perceptible, and a fly seems to leap into the mouth of the reptile as if attracted by magnetism.

This member is very muscular, and is furnished at the tip with a kind of viscid secretion which causes the fly to adhere to it.

The eyes have a most singular appearance, and are worked quite independently of each other, one rolling backward while the other is directed forward or upward.

There is not the least spark of expression in the eye of the chameleon, which looks about as intellectual as a pea with a dot of ink upon it.

The popular opinion has long been that the chameleon is famous for its power of changing color—a singularity,

which, greatly exaggerated, is supposed to enable it to accommodate its appearance to that of surrounding objects; but the investigations of naturalists do not favor this idea, or rather, they seem to negative it.

Van der Hoven has devoted an illustrated work to the subject, and more recently H. Turner, Jr., in the Proceedings of the Zoological Society, and in the Annals and Magazine of Natural History, has detailed his personal observations on the varieties of tint presented by a specimen of the chameleon which lived for some time in his possession. The general tints of this individual varied between different shades of brown, olive, yellow, and light-green—the last-named being the most rarely observed; and the yellow being the tint usually assumed when the animal has hidden from the light.

When brought for inspection at night into the influence of lamp-light, it appeared at first almost white, but soon began to darken; the side next the light changing rather sooner than the other, although all the changes in the color of the animal are gradual.

In the daytime the color is generally brown, sometimes of a uniform dull olive, and sometimes of a light drab color. The ventral series of prominent scales remain constantly white, and certain markings in the body do not participate in the general changes of color.

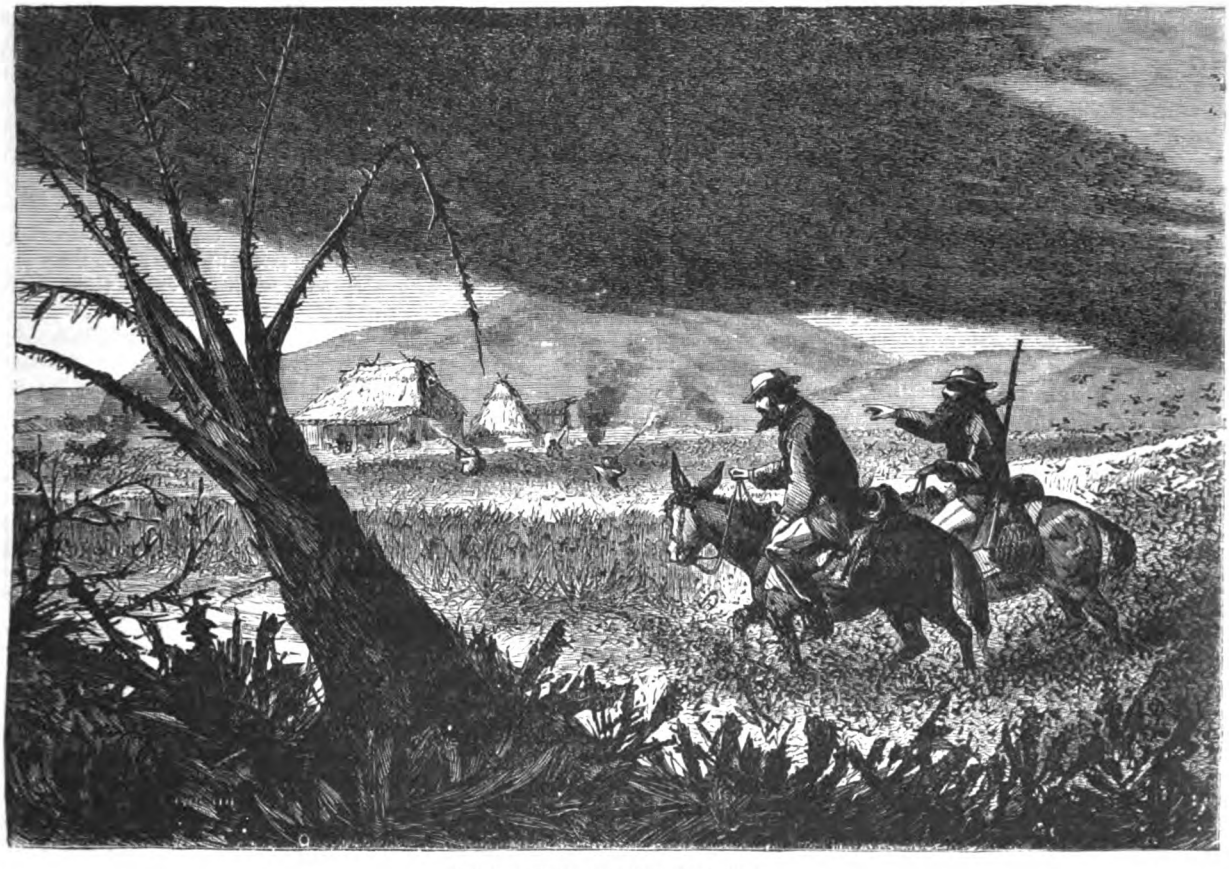
The box in which Turner's chameleon was kept was of deal, with a glass at the top and a piece of flannel laid at the bottom, a small, branching stick being introduced by way of a perch. He introduced at various times pieces of colored paper, covering the bottom of the box, of blue, yellow, and scarlet, but without the slightest effect upon the appearance of the animal.

Considering that these primary colors were not such as would be likely to be placed in contact with it in a state of nature, he next tried a piece of green calico, but equally without result.

The chameleon went through all its usual changes without their being in any way modified by the colors placed underneath it.

The general tints approximate, as may readily be observed, to those of the branches of trees, just as those of most animals do to the places in which they dwell; but Turner did not observe the faculty of changing called into play with any apparent object. It is only when the light is removed that the animal assumes a color which absorbs but little of it.

Thus the popular notion that the chameleon takes the hue at pleasure of the objects near it, is now shown to be erroneous.



THE CHAPULIN, OR AMERICAN LOCUST.

THE CHAPULIN, OR AMERICAN LOCUST.

THE army ants of Africa, that peregrinate and devastate whole sections of country, devouring every living thing in their track, and to which not man nor beast could offer more than a feeble and ineffectual resistance, have their parallel in the locusts, which, as long ago as Hebraic times, were regarded as plagues and the scourges of God.

It would, however, be a mistake to suppose that the locust of Africa is the only devastating insect of its kind. Some parts of the New World—if not periodically, at approximately regular periods—are afflicted by an insect corresponding in character, if not in fact, with the locust.

This insect, in Central America, is known as the *langosta*, a Spanish word signifying locust, but better known by the native designation of *chapulin*. It is not a true locust, but a species of winged grasshopper, quite as destructive as the

locust itself, sometimes attaining the length of from four to six inches, with powerful wings and mandibles. But it is not altogether when it is fully developed that it is most to be dreaded. It becomes a scourge almost as soon as it is hatched from the ground in which its mother has deposited her eggs.

According to the popular notion in Central America, the *chapulin*—always, however, to be found in smaller or greater numbers—makes what may be called an epidemic appearance once in from forty to fifty years, when it invades the whole country annually from five to seven years, and then disappears, leaving only a few representatives to satisfy curiosity in the long interval of a generation.

However this may be, I can affirm that when it does appear it is a real curse. They make their first appearance as *saltones*, or jumpers, with small, red bodies, like oblong coral beads, wingless, and swarm over the ground like ants, marching, in all cases, from South to North, and devouring all tender plants and vegetables they are able to reach. At this time myriads of them are killed by the people, who dig long trenches across their track, into which they fall, and so deep that they cannot leap out of them. This trench, when partially filled by the struggling red mass, which vibrates like molten metal, is again filled up with earth, and the young pests are buried for ever.

Sometimes a line of dry straw or twigs is lighted on each side of the advancing column, and the line of march deflected toward some rapid stream, into which those behind push on those before, until nearly all are drowned. Their arrival gives the various insect-eating birds high holiday. They gorge themselves on the little, tender, coralline things, until they are ready to drop from surfeit, and too plethoric to attempt to escape from the snarer. I found over two hundred *saltones* in the crop of a single blackbird.

But, in spite of the depredations of birds, the devices of men, and the vicissitudes of travel; in spite of government proclamations and war on them *à l'outrance*, incalculable millions of the *saltones* develop into full-fledged *chapulins*, and continue to pursue their polar course swiftly through the air, which they had before followed so slowly and painfully on foot.

They collect in vast columns of varying width, from a mile to many miles, literally darkening the air, and destroying every green thing in their course. I once rode through one of these columns, in my way from Comayagua, in Honduras, to the departmental capital of Gracias, which was fully ten miles in width. Not only did the insects cover the ground, rising in clouds on each side of the mule-path, and like spray when the mule put down its feet in the swarming highway, but the open pine forest was brown with them, as if the trees had been seared with fire, while the air was filled with them as with falling flakes in a heavy snow-storm.

Various devices are resorted to by the owners of plantations to prevent the passing columns from alighting, or to divert them in another direction. Sulphur is burned in the fields, guns are fired, drums beaten, and every means of making a noise resorted to for the purpose. In this way detached plantations are sometimes saved. But when the columns once alight, no device can save the largest *milpa* or cornfield from desolation. In an hour all that will remain will be the bare skeleton stems.

One of the old chroniclers of Central America, Juarros by name, insists that sowing the eggs of the *chapulin* produces a plant like a gourd; but perhaps he means that the planting of a gourd in which the *chapulin* has laid its eggs may produce *chapulins!*

The *chapulin* does not limit itself to Central America, but sometimes, still true to its north-going instinct, it sweeps through Mexico, and has even invaded Utah and some parts of California. Its habits deserve study on economic as well as scientific grounds, and any mode of accomplishing its destruction will be a boon to the people of all Central America, Mexico, and the Southwestern United States.

THE FARNESE HERCULES.

Hercules, as a type of immense strength and courage, was a favorite of Grecian sculpture. The great masters sought to give in marble and in bronze their ideal of this demigod; and many statues have survived the wreck of ages, and reached us to serve as models and incentives for those who, in our age, study the highest art.

But of all, the Farnese Hercules is pre-eminently the statue of antiquity. Every line gives the impression of immense strength and vigor.

The Farnese Hercules, or Hercules of Glycon, was brought by Caracalla from Athens to adorn his Thermæ, or Baths, and was found among their ruins in 1540, but the legs were wanting. Cardinal Alessandro Farnese employed Michael Angelo to replace them, and legs were executed from his terra-cotta model by Della Porta.

Twenty years after the discovery of the statue, the legs were found on the property of the Borghese family, three miles distant. The statue remained in the Farnese family till the property of that house passed to the royal family of Naples. Prince Borghese soon after presented the legs to the King of Naples, so that the two portions of the statue were brought together. They are at present in the famous Museum at Naples.

This celebrated statue represents Hercules resting on his club, which seems to bend beneath the weight of his ponderous arms; while the expression of complete fatigue, both in the countenance and limbs, is combined with supernatural strength. The club bears inscribed the name of Glycon. Few statues were admired, even by the ancients, as much as this. It was copied on the coins of Athens as a masterpiece.

THE CASTLE OF THE TEUTONIC KNIGHTS, AT MARIENBURG, PRUSSIA.

The final summit of glory attained by the Prussian monarch in assuming the title of Emperor of Germany, after prostrating France and transforming her empire into a republic that can find no sympathy with the European monarchies, carries the mind back to the origin of Prussian power. The illustration in our columns gives us the key. The castle of the Knights of the Teutonic Order, at Marienburg, a city founded by the Order, was the cradle of the present German Empire.

The citizens of Bremen and Lubeck, who associated together at the siege of Acre, in 1189, to care for the sick and wounded, never dreamed of such a result; but their charitable society was made by Frederic Barbarossa an order of knighthood, and confined exclusively to nobles. No serf could hope to wear the white mantle, with its silver-edged white cross. The knights were dedicated to the service of the Virgin Mary, and called themselves "Brethren of the German House of our Lady of Jerusalem."

As the Crusades ceased, the Teutonic Knights undertook to reduce the pagan Prussians, and in the thirteenth century conquered Culm. Prussia, Courland, and Livonia soon fell into their hands, and in 1309 they founded Marienburg, where the Grand Master fixed his seat. Nobles and princes of Europe fought under its banners, and Henry IV. of England had, in early life, battled under these chevaliers.

The power of the Order at last excited jealousy. After several defeats in the field, they yielded West Prussia to Poland; and when the Reformation came, the Grand Master, Albert, Margrave of Brandenburg, joined Luther, and, marrying a daughter of the Danish king, acquired East Prussia. The Order was maintained for a time, shorn of its political power, but rich in domains; but in 1805, at the peace of Presburg, the Emperor of Austria acquired the rights, revenues, and possessions of the Grand Master, to hold them only till 1809, when the Order was formally suppressed.

The house of Brandenburg gave in time electors, and then kings of Prussia, and now, in the nineteenth century, revives the German Empire.

MYSTERIES OF THE SEA.

The land is wonderful with its teeming vegetable and animal life; but land is a desert—a sterile waste—compared with the sea. Here we find the highest and lowest types of creation, so far as respects magnitude. And even in respect to beauty of form and complexity of organization, the inhabitants of the sea will not suffer in comparison with those of the land, man only excepted.

Here we find the huge, animated monsters of creation, that excel in strength. And here we find the minute, phosphorescent insect, so small as to be invisible in the light—even a congregation of thousands, and yet makes itself seen by its mysterious brilliance in the darkest night. Here are those wondrous zoöphytes, seemingly at first sight a combination of the animal and the plant, as its name implies, and a thousand other wonders which will well repay us for a careful study of them, to say nothing of the sea itself, their habitations.

Let us, however, begin by considering that greatest wonder of the animal creation, *the whale*. There are several varieties of the whale, known as the cachalot—pronounced cashalot—or spermaceti; the right whale, called also the mysticete, or baleen, or common whale, or Greenland whale—these last five names being applied to one species. The great whalebone whale is another species, and the rorqual still another. There is a general misunderstanding respecting the nature of the whale. It is commonly regarded as a fish. But *the whale is not a fish*, but a mammiferous animal, like man, and elephants, and lions; that is, the whale brings forth and suckles its young, precisely as do the elephant and lion, and the human race.

Fishes spawn or lay eggs from which their young is hatched. Fish are cold-blooded, while the whale is warm-blooded. Fish have only two chambers or cavities in the heart and a single circulation; the whales have four, and a double circulation of the blood, like man. Again, fish soon die *out* of water, but whales would soon die *in* it if long submerged, and be as truly drowned as an elephant, or lion, or a man. From all this it will be seen that the whale is a *mammal*, and not a *fish*, and we should speak of whale *hunting* rather than whale *fishing*.

But we must consider the peculiarities of some of the particular species. We begin with the rorqual, perhaps the longest whale known. It is sometimes stranded on the seacoast, being washed up in storms of unusual violence, and while, perhaps, disabled by sickness or wounds. Its length is more than a hundred feet, but its circumference is not as great as that of some others. The weight of one has been found to equal 249 tons—that is, 498,000 pounds. And yet these immense creatures have muscular power enough to throw themselves perpendicularly out of the water into the air, falling over on their sides, and striking the water with a report like that of a large cannon.

The common whale is not often more than seventy feet in length, but is greater in circumference than the rorqual, so that its weight is about the same. It is difficult to realize the immense size of these monsters of the deep until one has seen their skeletons. There is such a skeleton in the museum of the College of Surgeons, Lincoln's Inn Fields. Its length, however, is only about sixty feet, and yet, as one looks upon this comparatively small specimen, he is amazed at the stupendous structure of bones and cartilages. The head of the whale is an exceedingly interesting part of the animal. It is about one-third of its whole bulk in the cachalot or spermaceti, which is about seventy or eighty feet in length. A tall man can take quite a walk inside of the mouth. At the sides of the mouth there are long rows of whalebone slats about the size of laths, each having a sort of fringe on its edge, and all fitting quite close together. These act as a sieve through which the water is forced, while the food in it remains in the mouth. The jawbones of this huge creature are frequently seen in America as archways over gates and walks in gardens, and are large enough to allow horses and carriages to pass beneath, and are also sometimes used as supports for swings.

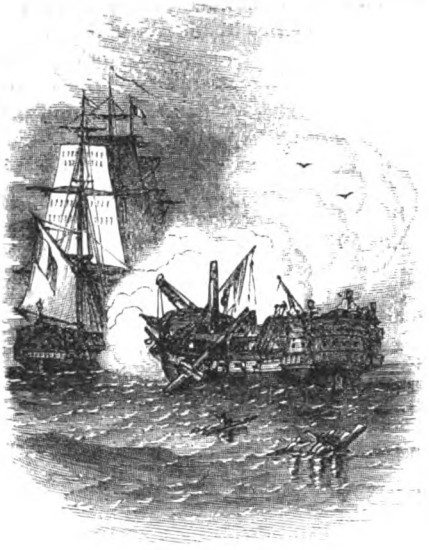
The skin of the whale, too, is wonderful. As the animal is often found in Polar seas, where it is exposed to intense cold, it of course needs some protection against this cold. But what protection can it have? Feathers would not answer, and fur would not avail. But the wisdom and power of the Creator are never at fault. And so we see it here. To protect this great animal, having such a large surface exposed to the cold, a most remarkable provision is made in the thickness of its skin. This is sometimes *two* and even *three feet* thick.

But this is not all. This wonderful skin is filled with numerous cavities or sacs, and these sacs are filled with oil; so that this leviathan of creation is wrapped around by a warm covering of fatty matter—*an oil blanket*—and so constructed that it serves other important purposes besides keeping the whale warm. Thus, as you look at the huge, bony skeleton, weighing probably 300,000 pounds, you would at first think it would be impossible for the animal to float, or even keep near the surface, or move in any direction, except to the bottom, with such a mass of solid matter inside of it. And this, indeed, would be its experience, had not the Creator made also ample provision for such an extraordinary state of things by giving it an immense floating apparatus of oil-sacs!

The mouth of this marine monster requires further notice. In the cachalot species the lower jaw is furnished with powerful teeth, and these fit them to eat a variety of food which others could not swallow. Thus the cachalot feeds upon large fishes, porpoises, and seals, which, of course, are swallowed in large fragments at least, if not whole.

But there is a species of whale called the whalebone whale, which eats nothing but small mollusks or shell-fish, and medusæ, or jelly-fish, sometimes called also *stinging galls*, because they produce a prickling sensation when in contact with the bather in sea-water.

This leads us to notice more fully the peculiar food of some whales. It might be supposed that it would be difficult to supply such huge creatures with the delicate food they in some instances require. But it is among the wonders of the great deep that it has such inexhaustible supplies of various kinds of food for its myriad inhabitants. An instance is recorded where a shoal of medusæ or jelly-fish was met by a vessel, that extended from thirty to forty miles, and estimated to contain 225,000,000 of fish. In the midst of this shoal a school of whales were feasting, each one swallowing thousands each minute, without, apparently, reducing the number in the least.



THE CAPTAIN.

A LEGEND OF THE NAVY.

By Alfred Tennyson.

He that only rules by terror,
Doeth grievous wrong.
Deep as hell I count his error.
Let him hear my song:
Brave the Captain was; the seamen
Made a gallant crew;
Gallant sons of English freemen,
Sailors bold and true.
But they hated his oppression—
Stern he was and rash;
So, for every light transgression,
Doomed them to the lash.

Day by day more harsh and cruel
Seemed the Captain's mood;
Secret wrath, like smothered fuel,
Burnt in each man's blood.
Yet he hoped to purchase glory,
Hoped to make the name
Of his vessel great in story,
Wheresoe'er he came.
So they passed by capes and islands,
Many a harbor mouth;
Sailing under palmy highlands,
Far within the South.

On a day when they were going
O'er the vast expanse,
In the North, her canvas flowing,
Rose a ship of France.
Then the Captain's color heightened,
Joyful came his speech;
But a cloudy gladness lightened
In the eyes of each.
"Chase," he said; the ship flew forward,
And the wind did blow;
Stately, lightly, went the *Norward*,
Till she neared the foe.

When they looked at him they hated,
Had what they desired;
Mute, with folded arms, they waited—
Not a gun was fired.
But they heard the foeman's thunder
Roaring out their doom;
All the air was torn in sunder,
Crashing went the boom;
Spars were splintered, decks were shattered,
Bullets fell like rain;
Over mast and deck were scattered
Blood and brains of men.

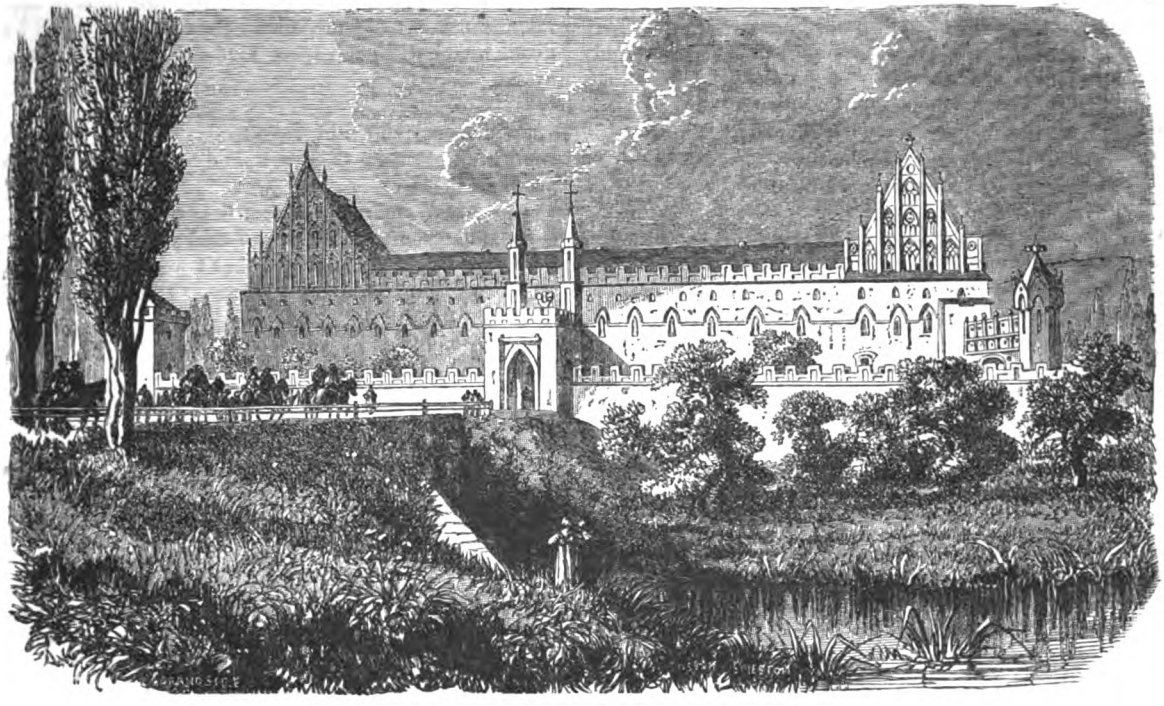
Spars were splintered—decks were broken—
Every mother's son—
Down they dropped—no word was spoken
Each beside his gun.
On the decks, as they were lying,
Were their faces grim;
In their blood, as they lay dying,
Did they smile on him,
Those in whom he had reliance
For his noble name;
With one smile of still defiance
Sold him unto shame.
Shame and wrath his heart confounded,
Pale he turned, and red,
Till himself was deadly wounded
Falling on the dead.

Dismal error! fearful slaughter!
Years have wandered by—
Side by side, beneath the water
Crew and captain lie.
There the sunlit ocean tosses
O'er them moldering,
And the lonely seabird crosses
With one waft of wing.

THE PELELE, OR LIP-RING, OF THE MANGANJA WOMEN IN AFRICA.

The fashion of wearing rings as ornaments has, in different parts of the world, assumed most eccentric varieties. Our ladies pierce their ears, and are charmed with the effect produced by the glitter of diamond pendants, but they shrink from the Egyptian beauty, with her nose-rings. What will they say to the picture we now give of the lip-ring, *pelele* (too pretty a name for so hideous a thing), of the Manganja, or Lake women, in Southern Africa? "The Lake people," says a traveler who has recently visited their remote region, "are by no means handsome. The women—to use our mildest term to the fair sex—are *very* plain; and really make themselves hideous by the means they adopt to render themselves beautiful and attractive. The *pelele*, or ornament for the upper lip, is universally worn by these ladies. The most valuable of these queer ornaments are of pure tin, hammered into the shape of a small disk, but some are made of white quartz. They give the wearers a singular appearance, being thrust through the lip and projecting beyond the tip of the nose. Some ladies, not content with the upper *pelele*, go to extremes, after the custom of their sex, and insert another in the under lip, through a hole opposite the lower gums.

THE PELELE, OR LIP-RING, OF THE MANGANJA WOMEN, IN AFRICA.



THE CASTLE OF TEUTONIC KNIGHTS AT MARIENBURG, PRUSSIA.

GLADYS ARDEN'S DISLOYALTY.

By the Author of "She Never Told Her Love," "The Last of the Carnes," Etc., Etc.

Chapter XIV.

The bells of St. Jude's church were tolling sleepily for afternoon service, as Gladys Arden came up the High Street, and stopped at Paget's door. It was not Sunday, but Wednesday. Ever since the arrival of the Rev. Michael Robinson there had been morning and evening service regularly every day in the week—in the morning at ten o'clock, and in the afternoon at four. Some people in Mount Linford approved of this arrangement; and others, from the sheer love of contrariety, disapproved, and declared that they did not "hold" with it, and, moreover, made a "stir" which did no good.

"Miss Paget is out, but Miss Mattie is at home," said the servant, in answer to Gladys's inquiry.

"Then I will see Miss Mattie."

Gladys was shown into the drawing-room, a low, dusky room, much broader at one end than at the other, so that Miss Arden, standing on the threshold with the door closed behind her, was unable to see into the corners of the more spacious part in which the wide, old-fashioned fireplace was built, with a high, carved mantelpiece above it.

The day outside was chill and gloomy, so that Paget's barn-like drawing-room was full of shadow. The light from the fire danced and flickered on the paneling, and Miss Arden, thinking the gleams looked inviting, made her way toward the fireplace.

She started at the sight of a young man's figure lying indolently back in a deep arm-chair, his long legs stretched out upon the bright steel fender; but the low room being so shadowy, she could not see him distinctly. Apparently, he had not heard her entrance, or the opening and shutting of the door, for he was lost in the perusal of a newspaper, with his back to Gladys Arden as she was then.

Involuntarily she went a step nearer to him, and then cried out in dismay. At this unexpected interruption, the young man threw down his paper, and sprang to his feet.

"Gladys!" he uttered, incredulously. "Gladys!"

And then what light there was fell upon Rooke Paget's face, and showed it white and stern, with a pitiless look in the beautiful, dark eyes.

With a throbbing heart, Gladys sank into the nearest seat, struggling all the while to regain her scattered wits. He did not speak, and the silence became unbearable.

"I did not expect to see you here," she faltered at length, lifting proud, yet woeful eyes to his, and thinking vaguely, as she glanced thus up at him, how boyishly and grandly handsome he still was looking, standing not half a dozen paces from her, with arms folded scornfully across his breast.

"No, I suppose not," he returned, grimly. "I scared you, doubtless."

"I had not the slightest idea you were at home," she went on, hurriedly. "I believed you to be—to be——"

He would not help her; neither did he offer to take her hand.

"Well?" he said, coldly.

"Miles away," she uttered, almost inaudibly.

"And so I was the day before yesterday," he announced, speaking in the most frigid of frigidly polite tones; "but, had you seen anything of my sister Mattie lately, she would, I dare say, have told you that, at my father's request, she had written to me at Strasburg, begging me to return to Mount Linford as early as I conveniently could, in order to superintend the affairs in the office, as he—my father—was so thoroughly unable just at present to superintend them himself. I left Strasburg a few days ago, and arrived here yesterday."

"Ah, I have not seen Mattie lately!" Gladys murmured, absently.

For reply, he merely inclined his head.

"You will be leaving us again by-and-by?" she interrogated, with something of her old listlessness, though she alone knew how painfully this sudden meeting had awakened the crushed-down memories of the past.

She began to feel—perhaps for the first time in her life—how deeply and perfectly she loved him—how drearily hard it would be in the future to go through with that which only yesterday, in the chill, lifeless park at Oswestry Wold, she had faithfully promised to go through with. Ah, well, she was lying on the bed which she had made, in her earthliness, of her own free will, and he, Rooke Paget, should be the last in the world to guess how thorny and comfortless a rest she was finding it.

He must hate her very heartily by this time, she thought, heavily; and there was no such thing as turning back for her now—now that she had gone so far upon the perilous way she had chosen. Yes, he must hate her. Did not his studied coldness and hateful politeness tell her, as plainly as though he had spoken outright, that he had long ago ceased to feel the slightest or commonest interest in her?

"Yes," he answered, briefly, "by-and-by."

"You will be glad to go?" she said, defiantly.

"Yes, of course. And now," he added, calmly, breaking the silence which was threatening to fall again, "you must excuse me if I leave you. As it is, I have no business here. Had I been where I ought, this encounter would have been avoided, and, consequently, much unpleasantness saved for both you and myself. I am sorry, believe me, that it should have happened—more sorry than I can say; but I promise you, Miss Arden, that it shall not occur again during the remainder of the time I may be compelled to sojourn in Mount Linford. Possibly the next time I meet you," he ended, vaguely, it will be under a different name, and different circumstances. But, until then, good-by."

She did not answer him, for she could not; neither did he seem to care whether he received an answer. There was an angry, passionate, rising lump in her throat, which in some strange way was filling her eyes with tears, and keeping her lips together. The last thrust was a cruel one—at least, the way in which it was said was cruel.

"He might have spared me that," she thought, dismally.

He was gone from her presence, and she was by the fire alone. She heard the door open and close behind him. She listened, with her breath held, to the sound of his tread, until it had died across the hall and was beyond her hearing; and then she sat motionless, with wide, miserable, tear-stained eyes, staring into the heart of the fire, her hands locked together on her knees. Mattie Paget, coming in, discovered her thus.

"I am so vexed Gladys dear," she said, "to have kept you waiting; but I have been upstairs with papa, and could not come before."

She wheeled round the chair lately occupied by Rooke, so as to face her friend, and, having given the fire a poke, sat down.

"You needn't apologize, Mattie," returned Miss Arden, hastily, sweeping back—as she was wont to do in moments of distress or annoyance—with her hand the softly-straying, red-brown hair from her brow; "I have not been by myself. I—I have seen Rooke."

Mattie pursed up her mouth into a comical little shape, and wondered curiously what the meeting had been like.

"What did he say?" was her question.

Miss Arden shrugged her fur-clad shoulders, and swallowed the unpleasant big lump that was rising in her throat once more.

"Oh, he was very hard, of course!" she answered, speaking as carelessly as she was able. "Horribly hard!" Not that I care, Mattie, you know, one atom for his harshness; you needn't think that I do," raising her graceful head proudly, yet feeling the whole time as though she must weep her life away soon with mortification and wounded love. He also called me 'Miss Arden,' and was as carefully polite as though we had met for the first time in our lives. He was not kind to me, Mattie; and though, when I recognized him I did not expect kindness, he might have been kinder."

Mattie sighed.

"Oh, dear," she said, regretfully, "things are all wrong—all wrong! And, Gladys, nobody has made them so put yourself."

Miss Arden stamped her foot impatiently.

"Cannot you recollect what I told you once, Mattie?" she asked, quickly. "I told you that I would not come here to be reproached. I tell you so again. You shall not reproach me."

"Very well, dear," said Mattie, quietly. "I will remember for the future. Were you not surprised to see Rooke?"

"I could hardly believe my eyesight, Mattie," the girl answered, sorrowfully. "As I told him, I believed him to be miles away."

"It was entirely papa's suggestion," explained Mattie, "that he should come home for a time. He fancied everything must be going on badly in the offices, and that Rooke ought to be there looking after matters. I have not been out for an age, or I might have seen something of you, and could then have warned you that we were expecting him home. I have been papa's constant nurse, you know."

"Is he better?" Gladys inquired, listlessly.

"Much better," replied Mattie. Mr. Craycroft says that he will soon be downstairs."

"And will Rooke leave you then?" asked Miss Arden, with undisguised anxiety.

She was thinking how terrible it would be if, at the expiration of a little more than five short weeks, he should not have returned to where he had come from. It would be better that he should be "miles away" then than anywhere in the neighborhood of his home and Mount Linford.

"I believe," said Mattie, dolefully, "that Rooke will go away again the instant papa is able to get about. It was very, very good of him to come so unselfishly."

"Of course," assented Miss Arden, softly; but she sighed, as she spoke, a sigh of relief. For surely, thought she, the lawyer would be back at his old post before the arrival of that inevitable day which was still in the future, thank Heaven, though near at hand nevertheless.

The day was growing grayer, and the people were coming out of church, yet still Gladys Arden lingered with Mattie amongst the fire-flecked shadows of the dusky room.

"Mattie," she said, presently, after they had spoken of Leah's engagement, "Mattie"—with a subdued wistfulness in her lovely eyes—"I want you and Leah to grant me a favor."

"I will, dear," responded Mattie, promptly, "but I cannot promise for Leah. She is at the Rectory, I suspect. She went to afternoon service with the Robinsons, as she invariably does now. What is your favor, Gladys?"

Miss Arden steadied her voice, and leaned pleadingly forward to tell Mattie Paget in the gloaming.

"You must not refuse me," said Gladys, earnestly—"I could not bear a refusal from you in this matter. You, Mattie, are my dearest friend, and I hope you always will be. I thought, at one time, that you would have thrown me over, but you were true and forgiving, and did not. I cannot forget, Mattie, and never shall, that you have been true and loyal to me always. For our long friendship's sake you must not remember bygones just now—for our long friendship's sake, let them be, dear, as though they had never been."

"Well?" Mattie interrogated, puzzled and smiling. It was so unlike Gladys Arden to plead and sue with humility for a favor, however great.

Her face paled, and seemed to harden, and the deep, violet eyes looked worried and unhappy, as they drooped before Mattie's questioning and curious ones.

"I am going to be married in less than six weeks, Mattie," Gladys said, slowly; "and it will make me miserable—unutterably miserable—if you and Leah refuse to be my bridesmaids."

"Mattie's little mouth and eyes simply opened in amazement.

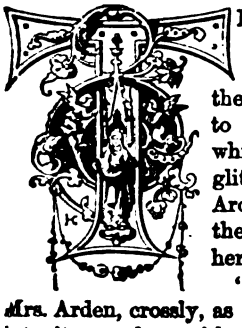
"Is it not very sudden?" she asked, with a long-drawn breath.

"Yes," answered Miss Arden, with hard resignation; "it was settled only yesterday. We were at Oswestry Wold, and he"—she did not mention any name—"pressed me to fix some day. As it was the second time of harping on the same string, and to save further bothering, I did what he wished, and have told him that I will marry him on the eighth of May—this coming May, Mattie. He is satisfied; and so it is to be. Now, dear, will you grant my favor?"

Mattie Paget never hesitated. As Gladys had suggested, the past and its bygones should be, for the time being, as though they never had been, and, for their long friendship's sake, she would not pain her by refusing her request. Mattie did not think it likely that the old lawyer would trouble himself to make any objection to his daughters' officiating as bridesmaids on Gladys Arden's wedding-day, although he had taken such a firm dislike to her on account of her misdemeanors, which he could not bring himself to pardon yet. So, Mattie, standing up, threw her arms round Gladys's neck.

"Dearest," whispered the younger girl, generously, "you may count upon me. It all seems very strange and sudden; but, still, I give you my promise; and, if I agree, Leah, I am sure, will too. With my promise, take my love, and my earnest prayer for your future happiness; and, oh, Gladys, my friend—my darling—may you never, never regret, in the years to come, the choice—forgive me, dearest, this once—that you have made between the two!"

Chapter XV.



THE pale sunlight of the early April morning streamed into the breakfast-room at Linford Grange through the long French window that was close to the table—streamed upon the snow-white table-cloth with its china and glittering silver, before which sat Mrs. Arden with her letters, as a clock on the mantelpiece struck nine. Opposite her mother sat Gladys.

"I am beginning to think," spoke Mrs. Arden, crossly, as she folded up a letter and pushed it into its envelope with a jerk, "that you have been a trifle too hasty, Gladys."

Gladys, unfortunately for her mother, was in one of her most listless, aggravating, independent moods.

"Too hasty, mamma?" she repeated, languidly. "Pray in what way?"

"You must know in what way as well as I do," returned the elder lady, with impatience. "You should not have made so ridiculous an arrangement with Bethel without consulting me."

Miss Arden lazily and coolly sugared her tea.

"Ridiculous arrangement!" she said. "Why, mamma, it was only the other day when I told you what I had done, and you were overjoyed."

"Yes," returned Mrs. Arden, fretfully; "but how, I should like to know, is everything to be satisfactorily accomplished in so short a time? Here is a most tantalizing note from Miss Jenkins, saying that it is next to impossible to send all those dresses home by a date even so late as the sixth. When I drove into Great Linford on Thursday, she told me she thought it could be done easily; and now she writes that, upon second consideration, the thing is impossible. She promises the white satin, and a few others, late on the sixth; the rest, she declares, really must wait. What are we to do?"

"We must do without them," said Gladys.

"What?" cried Mrs. Arden, shrilly. "Are you to go off with a *trousseau* half-packed? Gracious, Gladys, you must be out of your mind!"

"It is your own fault entirely, mamma, if you are put out and distressed," said Miss Arden, with composure. "I told you emphatically that I wanted no fuss or nonsense, and I expressed the same wish very plainly to Bethel, too. There will be plenty of time for the making-up of anything I may actually require; and, if I get *the* dress home by the sixth or seventh, what more will be necessary? Of course, if, in the face of all my protestations, you will insist upon getting in a number of things that are totally unnecessary, and which it is impossible, as the woman herself says, to make up and send to us with so little time to do them in, it is no fault of mine. I never asked you for one-quarter of all that which you have thought proper to send off to Miss Jenkins."

Mrs. Arden set down her breakfast-cup, and wiped away with her handkerchief an imaginary tear from her flaxen eyelash.

"You are simply incorrigible, Gladys," whimpered she—"incorrigible and ungrateful to a degree. Shakespeare—or somebody — says something clever about an 'ungrateful child'—a comparison about a 'serpent's tooth'—which is very true indeed. Is it not natural that I should wish to give my child up to the care and protection of a husband with — with — common decency?" added Mrs. Arden, reproachfully, rather at a loss for a suitable expression.

"And shall I not go to Bethel Oswestry with common decency?" inquired Gladys, with irritating meekness.

"With common decency, perhaps," snapped the mother, "and in all probability with a scanty wardrobe."

Miss Arden shrugged her shoulders with that faultless, almost imperceptible movement of hers, and said, ironically: "Is he going to marry me for my wardrobe?"

To which Mrs. Arden deigned no reply, but presently launched forth upon another grievance. It was astonishing sometimes how many troubles she seemed to be burdened with, when she and Gladys were alone together—how peevish and quarrelsome she invariably could be, apart from society and society's smiles.

"And the bridesmaids too," she resumed, with a dissatisfied little frown — "a really fashionable wedding with only——"

"Mine is not to be a fashionable wedding," interrupted Miss Arden, with cold decision. "I hate such scenes, and do not believe in them; I particularly wish mine to be as quiet and unpretending as possible,"

"Four bridesmaids," Mrs. Arden grumbled on, taking not the slightest notice of the interruption, "and there ought to be just twice that number! I certainly think, Gladys, you might ask Bethel to invite other ladies to be present. He has more cousins than those frightful Miss Langhams."

"He is very fond of the Langhams; they are his favorite cousins," said Gladys. "If he possessed a hundred more, I would not agree to the asking of one of them."

"And there are Beryl Summers and Agatha Templeton," fumed Mrs. Arden; "why can't you invite either one or the other? It would be but fair toward Lady Templeton to ask Agatha."

"It is too late," was the girl's listless answer, as she toyed with her tiny egg-spoon; "and, if it were not, I would not ask them. Bethel Oswestry's two cousins, and Leah and Mattie Paget, are the four whom I have chosen—those and no others."

"So Leah has agreed to be one of them?" Mrs. Arden interrogated, with just a spark of animation. "I presume the ceremony will be of unusual interest to her, as she will have to go through it herself very shortly. She was not at home, you said, when you called the other day?"

"No," said the girl, growing weary of the theme, "but I met her yesterday. We spoke of it then."

"Ah, and Rooke Paget is at home, I hear!" observed Mrs. Arden, with quick blandness, secretly delighted at the opportunity of punishing Gladys a little for her irritating obstinacy. "I thought he had gone for two years; I am sure somebody told me so. Surely we ought to ask him?"

Gladys Arden never flinched, but it cost her a painful effort to speak easily.

"Rooke Paget is at home, but only on account of his father's illness," she said, very coldly. "By the eighth of May he may not be here—at least, I pray he will not," she added fervently, to herself.

"I understand," Mrs. Arden returned, checked, but not quieted. "I was greatly surprised when I heard that he was back again. When did he arrive, dear?"

"Days ago now, I believe," answered Gladys.

"You never mentioned that you knew he was here."

"Did I not?" said Gladys, indifferently. "I suppose I forgot to do so, mamma?"

"Is it likely that you would forget it?" ventured Mrs. Arden, with a sneer. "It is not politic to remember his existence now, is it?"

And then she smiled, and showed her teeth pleasantly. She was beginning to feel in a better humor, having delivered herself of a portion of her venom. She could not help inflicting the pain of that last cut, for Gladys had so sorely tried her endurance with her obstinacy and perverseness.

"You have done nothing, mamma, have you, toward helping me to forget his existence, as you call it?" the girl asked, with bitter irony; and Mrs. Arden looked scared for the moment, as though conscious of having trespassed too boldly on forbidden ground.

Without another word, but with a swelling heart, Gladys got up from the table and sauntered to the window, which, at an angle, commanded a view of the park at Oswestry Wold.

"There is Bethel, mamma," she said, icily; "he is coming here. I will go and meet him."

She pushed back the window and stepped out on to the lawn, leaving Mrs. Arden in a flutter at the breakfast-table, arranging and settling herself for a "pretty effect" by the time that Sir Bethel Oswestry should come in from the garden.

Gladys met her lover half-way between the house and the garden-gate. He appeared to be in excellent spirits, and, stopping, tenderly greeted her.

"Did you see me coming?" he asked, wistfully.

"Yes," she said, "I saw you in the road, and came out to meet you."

"How good of you!" he whispered, gratefully. He drew her passive hand through his arm, and they paced amongst the flower-beds together.

She noticed how blithe he was in his manner; how his usually grave and thoughtful face was unusually animated; and she wondered, as she walked by his side, what could have wrought the change.

"You did not come over yesterday," she observed, but there was not the shadow of a disappointment in her voice—no pain, no suspicion. "How was that, Bethel?"

"And you missed me, did you?" he returned, eagerly.

"Of course. Why didn't you come?"

"Ah, my darling, I have good news for you," he said, gladly, "and I have hastened over here this morning, at this unconscionably early hour, because I was so impatient for you to share it with me! I was in town all yesterday, and did not get back to Mount Linford until very late last evening. My motive in going, Gladys, was to place myself, as I promised you I would, under the examination of a most clever and deservedly eminent physician—a certain Dr. Carter—and he, I am thankful to say, simply and solemnly assures me that there is no cause whatever for alarm or anxiety so long as I am careful to avoid all unnecessary fatigue and exertion, and, what is worse still, the danger of undue excitement. What he means me to understand, dear one, is that, although a great strong fellow, I must, under present circumstances, nurse and be careful of my strength, as it were. And, Gladys, darling, you may rest well assured that I will do so, now"—dropping his voice, so deep with its love—"that I have something to cherish and live for—something to make life trebly dear. Of course I am told that occasionally I must suffer from those troublesome spasms—as you know, darling, I have been accustomed to suffer lately; but, if those brief attacks are all that I have to dread, I do not mind so much. I have borne it more than once, and therefore can bear it again. Thus you see that it is all right," concluded Sir Bethel Oswestry, hopefully; "and the relief to know that it is indeed so is truly beyond expression."

"Yours is not an excitable nature, Bethel," the girl said, smiling faintly, "and that is a great thing. We need not fear on that score."

He laughed.

"No, dear one. I scarcely know the meaning of the word. The depth of my love for you, Gladys, may perhaps have something of excitement in it, but that is all"—his voice dropping again to the low, fond whisper. "Oh, Gladys, Gladys," he uttered, with quick and sudden passion, "if you could only guess—if you could only know how I love you—how my life is bound up in yours—how entirely your joy and sorrow are mine likewise—you would, at least, my darling, be grateful for the intensity and reality of it all!"

"Hush, hush!" she breathed, shivering involuntarily. "I am grateful—grateful for everything."

"And grateful only?" he asked, with that strange, touching wistfulness of his. "Nothing more?"

"Oh, yes—yes!" she answered, hurriedly, with the frightened, wild look in her eyes which always crept into their depths whenever he questioned her too closely, as he sometimes did unconsciously, "Bethel, let us go in to mamma. She will be glad to hear the favorable report of your town visit. Come." She drew her hand from his arm, and moved toward the house.

"Stay a moment!" he cried, hastily.

She turned, and saw him draw from the pocket of his morning-coat a parcel of fine, white paper; he tore the flimsy paper off, and disclosed a purple Russian leather case, the spring of which he pressed and the lid flew lightly open. There, in a fair, glossy bed of the whitest of pearl-like satin, lay gleaming a massive chain of gold, fashioned in the form of a snake, with a large locket studded with brilliants attached to the beautiful necklace.

He took it out of its soft, white bed, and, with his own hands, clasped it round Gladys Arden's throat.

"With my love!" he said. "Do you like it, dear one?"

She could not speak—she could not thank him yet. The consciousness of her utter unworthiness possessed her most uncomfortably, and the irrepressible tears, rushing into her eyes, dimmed her vision so that she could with difficulty see him.

"You are too good to me," she murmured, at last. "I do not deserve so much at your hands; you will kill me with kindness, Bethel. I cannot—cannot thank you as I would like for this lovely gift," touching the cord-like chain and glittering locket with her fingers; "but, please, believe me when I say that I do like it, and shall prize it very much, and will never forget to wear it, because you—you have given it to me, Bethel."

Her gentle, ordinary words were to him the sweetest ever uttered by woman's lips.

"It is not half good enough for you, my darling," he cried, foolishly—"nor a quarter. Had it been possible to have obtained a better anywhere in London, it should have been yours, my own."

She lifted her beautiful, tear-dimmed eyes to the kind, bearded, trustful face above her.

"It is a perfect treasure," she said, softly, "and I would not have it different for the world."

"And you will keep it forever and ever?" interrogated he, smiling tenderly down on her as she stood before him.

"Yes, Bethel," was the earnest answer—"for ever and ever."

Oh, if she could but love him!

Chapter XVI.

NOT until the last week in April was Lawyer Paget to be seen at his old post, contented and busy again, surrounded by the work which he loved. Of the gout he had long since been effectually cured, but, in the gout's trail rheumatism and a severe cold had unfortunately followed, and upon the heels of the rheumatism had come sundry other ailments, one giving place to another in painful succession; so that before the poor old lawyer was altogether free the Spring was far advanced, and he had been a martyr for upwards of seven weeks.

Philip Craycroft had been wrong in his predictions, and he had had a patient at the great red house in High Street for a much longer period than at first he had thought of having. And Philip Craycroft, for more reasons than one, was thankful that it had been so ordained—ordained thus by Heaven? Yes, he was inclined to think so.

On the very day that Lawyer Paget returned to to his office duties, Rooke—who, during the whole time of his father's imprisonment upstairs had stuck patiently and uncomplainingly to the office-chair—spoke of leaving for the continental city whence he had journeyed. It seemed as if his sole desire was to be rid of, and far away from, Mount Linford by Gladys Arden's wedding-day—the approaching eighth.

He had not seen her once since that dreary afternoon when they had so unexpectedly met in the shadowy old room, face to face after many days, and when, too, her errand had been to the girls, to ask them to be present at her marriage to Sir Bethel Oswestry. He did not wish to see her again. The pain of beholding with unnatural coldness the dear face he might not love was a great deal too strong for the young fellow to bear easily. He did not wish to see her again if he could possibly avoid it, for he loved her as well as ever. He would never cease to love her, he knew, but still it would be wiser that he should conscientiously try to do so, although the task was a hopeless and despairful one.

It was the morning of the day before his departure, and Mattie and he were strolling round the old-fashioned garden in the yellow light of the warm Spring sun. The ancient, well-trained espaliers and drooping pear-trees had unfolded and put forth the tenderest of tender green leaves and the palest of pink and snow blossoms, and the chaffinches and house-sparrows, amongst the newly-clad boughs, chirped shrilly and incessantly as they flitted from twig to twig; by the sides of the broad grass-paths the heavy-headed tulips were glowing, gorgeous and tall, with their crimson and saffron stripes, and hearts of the deepest, loveliest purple; the dew still sparkled on the grass, like drops from some fairy chalice, and the butterflies, fluttering round and above the swaying hollyhocks, seemed as yet strangers to their canary-hued wings; the air was the air of a lazy west wind, laden with the richness of a sweet Spring fragrance, and the fair sky above, wherein the lark was trilling, was blue through a thin, misty vail which would break as the day waxed stronger. And over the tops of the chimneys, from the tower of St. Jude's, came the tolling of bells for the morning service.

Rooke Paget, for the first time since his sojourn at home, was speaking out freely of Gladys Arden, and Mattie, with her hand linked lovingly through his arm, was thinking to herself, as she often thought, how different, how very different, things might have been, had Gladys Arden been but true to herself and Rooke.

"You need not take the trouble to write and inform me how she looked," he was saying, gloomily, "or how she bore herself, or anything like that, you know. In fact, you need not write to me for weeks afterward, unless you particularly want to do so."

"Very well, dear," returned Mattie, gently.

"I don't believe," went on the young fellow, passionately, "that she cares a straw for the man she is going to marry; and, if such is the case, what on earth will her future be like? How, in the name of Heaven, I wonder, can she willfully thrust her neck into so terrible a noose?"

He frowned darkly, and his jaw looked very square.

"She does not love him as she ought—that is very evident," observed Mattie Paget, sadly shaking her head; "and it is also very evident that he is devoted to her, which makes it sadder still."

"Let me put matters plainly, Mattie," said Rooke; "do you think she loves me now—I mean, do you think she really ever loved me?"

"Of course," answered Mattie, stoutly. "I know that she cares for you, just as by rights she ought to care for Sir Bethel Oswestry."

They had been walking slowly, and now they stopped—Rooke every now and then with his strong brown hand mercilessly stripping off the fragile pink-and-white blossoms of the old espaliers which bordered the pathway. Mattie, absently stooping down, gathered a bright garden-daisy, and placed it with a little leaf in the bosom of her morning-dress.

"Oswestry Wold has been the stake for which she has played," returned Rooke, savagely, "and Oswestry Wold is the stake she has won."

"But I believe," said Mattie, softly, having fastened to her satisfaction the daisy in her dress, "that Gladys would have stood a better chance of being saved had Mrs. Arden been a different mother to her. She is very worldly, Rooke, recollect, and Gladys has never lived apart from her. We must not forget that, dear."

"Gladys Arden is too clever a girl not to see through her mother," responded Rooke Paget, scornfully. "I always knew Mrs. Arden to be a hollow-minded, treacherous woman, but still I do not believe that she has influenced Gladys in the least; Gladys has chosen for herself."

Mattie sighed, and gazed reflectively at an eddying butterfly that apparently could not make up its mind either to settle on or flutter from the tall hollyhock which seemed to fascinate it.

"It may be so," the girl said, slowly; "but Mrs. Arden, you know, Rooke, has ever been a noted hand at scheming; even people in Mount Linford are saying that she has 'caught' Sir Bethel Oswestry for Gladys."

"Mrs. Arden is deep, as everybody who knows anything at all of her is perfectly aware," was Rooke's dogged, bitter reply; "nevertheless, if it has been a case of catching, Gladys has 'caught' Sir Bethel Oswestry without any aid from her mother."

"Don't be too hard on her," pleaded Mattie; "with all her gain, she is not happy, dear—poor Gladys!"

"Yes, I pity her from the very bottom of my heart," the young fellow said, more gently. "But, oh, Mattie, Mattie, it is very dreary to feel that one's life is joyless and dark—hopelessly dark—at two-and-twenty, isn't it? And who can say if it will ever be gladdened again and lighter?"

The girl's eyes filled pityingly at his words, and she raised them to her brother's face, resting her hands on each of his shoulders. Looking down upon the face of this favorite and well-beloved sister, his own handsome, boyish one cleared as he smiled into the true, tearful eyes.

"There are brighter days in store for you," she whispered, comfortingly; "be sure of that, dear.

> "'Thy fate is the common fate of all;
> Into each life some rain must fall,
> Some days must be dark and dreary.'

But that there may be lighter and brighter days before you, Rooke, I pray earnestly."

He bent yet lower, and laid his dark young face tenderly against her own.

"Let us hope so, Mattie," he said—"and Hope is a star on the way."

* * * * * * *

Rooke Paget took his departure next day, and after he had gone the house, to Mattie, seemed drearier than ever it had seemed before. The two had been much together of late—more constantly so, perhaps, than they had ever been in the bygone days; for Leah Paget, since her engagement, had spent the greater part of her time at the Rectory with Miss Robinson, and Rooke and Mattie, in consequence, had been much in the companionship of each other. Now he had gone back again to Germany to try to forget Gladys Arden; and Mattie could only look forward to that distant time when he should return for good, a sadder and a wiser man for the trouble that had fallen across his pathway in life.

Rooke left Mount Linford in the morning, and in the afternoon Mattie called at Linford Grange. She knew that Gladys would be thankful to hear of Rooke's leaving, thankful and relieved to learn that he was gone away at last; so she started on her walk as soon as luncheon was over, and, happily, found Gladys at home, and her mother out, driving with the pony-carriage—which suited Mattie exactly, for she did not love Mrs. Arden.

The April evening was still fine and light when Mattie Paget set out for her homeward walk. It was barely a quarter-past six when she passed through the gate at Linford Grange; but, as the lawyer dined at seven, and was vexed if kept waiting a minute beyond the time, she was obliged to hasten along, and occasionally to run part of the way.

Just as she was entering the town she met Mr. Craycroft. He was coming out of a house near St. Jude's, and Mattie, in her haste, literally came into collision with him.

"Ah, Miss Mattie, how do you do?" he said, smiling his quizzical smile at her blushes, as she came to a standstill before him. "You are in a hurry, judging from the rate at which you were going. Are you walking for a wager?"

She laughed slightly, but somehow the blushes got deeper.

"No," she answered, demurely—"for my dinner. I am rather late, Mr. Craycroft."

"So I perceive," he said, lightly, glancing up at the dial on St. Jude's tower, the hands of which were pointing to the quarter to seven, "and your father is, I know, a pattern of punctuality."

Yet he did not seem in a hurry to let her be gone, and, standing, as he was, directly in her way, she could not well proceed without going deliberately round the side of him.

"Yes," she said, quickly, and a little nervously, wishing he would take his dreamy, quizzical blue eyes from off the bright color in her cheeks, "papa is always angry if we keep him waiting."

"How is he now?" the young doctor asked. "Does he still remain quite well, Miss Mattie?"

"Yes, quite well, Mr. Craycroft. Good afternoon." And she essayed to pass him on the pavement, but he did not see the movement, or professed not to do so, and Mattie Paget was in despair.

"No returning symptoms of his old enemy, the gout?" inquired Craycroft, coolly.

"No, no, nothing of the sort," answered Mattie, hurriedly. "Indeed, I must be going, Mr. Craycroft." She held out her hand to him timidly, and the next instant he was holding it closely within his own.

"Good-by, Miss Mattie," he said, with great gentleness. "Tell Mr. Paget that I shall call soon to see how he is getting along. Good-bye."

And then, with a clinging, lingering hand-shake, he let her go; and Mattie, speeding home as fast as her limbs would carry her, thought what a brave-looking, handsome young fellow he was, and wondered vexedly if he had noticed the "ridiculous color" which she would have given much to have kept from rising in her cheeks under the straight, quizzical gaze of his lazy blue eyes.

She reached home just in time to see Leah descend the staircase in her pretty evening-dress of green and white.

"Oh, Mattie," she cried, "how late you are! You must make haste;" adding, in a proud whisper, "Michael will dine with us to-night."

"And Miss Robinson?" asked Mattie.

"Miss Robinson of course, Mattie," said Leah, innocently.

A comical expression of disgust flitted over Mattie Paget's countenance as she hastened up the shallow stairway, two wide steps at a time. In spite of herself, she could not help her thoughts dwelling on Philip Craycroft, the doctor; all the while she was dressing she could not get him out of her mind; and so, thinking of him, she forgot at last that she was reprehensibly late, and the fact that there were guests downstairs seated already in the dining-room, with her vacant place in the midst of them.

When she did go down the lawyer looked very severe, and Mattie never before in all her life had held those dreadful glances in such light estimation. She never thought to have been so light-hearted with her parting from Rooke but a few hours old.

Chapter XVII.

It was the evening of the seventh of May—Miss Arden's bridal-eve—a breezeless, beautiful, cloudless evening, with a golden sunset in a pale blue sky, that promised fair for the coming morrow and the bride that Heaven's sun-rays should slant down upon. The day had necessarily been a busy one, and the bustle at Linford Grange had been great, but the day now was nearly over—the sweet, cool evening had come,

and with it a cessation of toil, and a hush suggestive of rest. In the morning Sir Bethel had strolled over, bringing with him the Langham girls who were to be bridesmaids with the Misses Paget. Mrs. Langham was also staying at Oswestry Wold with her daughters, and one or two more of Sir Bethel Oswestry's friends whom, with Miss Arden's sanction and approval, he had invited to be present at the wedding. They had all stayed to luncheon at Linford Grange, but had taken their departure soon after, Sir Bethel himself lingering a little behind the rest, to whisper his farewell to Gladys alone until he should meet her again at the church next day.

The next day! Gladys Arden dared not think of it. She shivered at the mere sight of the costly white satin, with its sprays and blossoms of pale syringa and fairylike, delicate falls of fragile and exquisite lace, laid out so carefully in the shadowed dressing-room where the window-blinds had been down all day in order to keep out the sun—shivered and turned sick at the fair wedding-wreath and misty lace vail so like a gossamer web, destined to cover her red-brown tresses as she knelt with Sir Bethel Oswestry at the altar—almost cried out, now that the day was so near, that she could not go through with the part which she had steeled herself to play,

All the morning long, with a vague unrest, she had wandered about the house as though vainly endeavoring to comprehend the full meaning of her present position—as though trying to understand the meaning of the excitement and preparation that she so listlessly beheld going forward for the approaching festivity. Her very heart ached, and felt as lifeless as lead, and her lovely eyes, full of a haunting dread, were pitiable to see in their mute distress. Yet she tried with all her strength to keep her brain clear and cool—to remember all that she had promised to do, and all that would be expected of her in the future. Now that the much-feared day was actually dawning, that but a few short hours of freedom were left to her, she began to feel as if moving in a dream; the cold and cruel reality of that which she was about to experience, of the new, strange life she was about to enter upon, was somehow too difficult for her imagination to wholly and dispassionately grasp. She tried to think, and the effort pained her; she tried not to think of the past, and that was worse still; so she let her mind wander just as it would, and then the past, present, and future, with a host of sweet and bitter recollections, seemed to blend unaccountably and hazily into a confused and worrying whole.

Restlessly she stole about, because somehow she found it intolerable to remain in one place, though the lethargic sensation was heavily upon her, and the dreary oppression of it was as "the old man of the sea."

Mrs. Arden, flitting from one room to another, observed, of course, the unmistakable signs of a mind ill at ease, but discreetly appeared as though she saw nothing extraordinary in Gladys's painful restlessness and woeful, dark-rimmed eyes. She saw that the girl was troubled, but was afraid to question her—afraid of some passionate, vehement outburst to which a volley of unpalatable home-truths might perhaps be unpleasantly added. So Mrs. Arden held her peace, and went about the trivial, light duties which she had assigned to herself with a heart which secretly misgave her in a way that she could scarcely understand.

All the past week, up to this day, Gladys Arden had been as cold and indifferent as she was wont to be—had not exhibited the least symptom of fear or anxiety at the thought or mention of the ordeal in prospective; and, possessing the knowledge she did, Mrs. Arden, watching her with a sort of maternal curiosity, had marveled at her coolness, and was immeasurably relieved to observe the girl bearing up so resolutely against the trial of a situation which would assuredly have tested the nerves of a stronger and worldlier woman. Therefore Mrs. Arden was scarcely prepared for this miserable lethargy at the eleventh hour, which she felt required but a single ill-timed word to rouse it into all the passion of a dreadful despair. So, in her wisdom, she let Gladys alone.

At the luncheon-table the girl had contrived by a mighty effort to appear as serene, as self-possessed as usual, and with her usual nonchalant grace; still it certainly struck Sir Bethel that her face was paler than it was generally, and that in the eyes he thought so beautiful the expression was not altogether as he would have seen it. But, thinking perhaps that it was his fancy only, he hesitated to speak out his anxiety in her hearing, or make any comment to his people afterward.

Undoubtedly, had there been no guests staying at Oswestry Wold, Sir Bethel Oswestry would have spent this, the last evening of his rather quiet courtship, in the society of the woman to whom he had so generously given his heart, but as matters were, he could not well do so, and Gladys was very thankful that he could not. She wanted to be alone this evening—this last evening of her freedom and maidenhood—quite alone. But it was not that she wanted to dream by herself of the coming, the inevitable honeymoon, now so near—the novelty of the pre-arranged tour through the South of France, *en route* for Rome and Naples, for which her new maid was diligently packing upstairs, surrounded by gigantic, yawning leather trunks, into which she was stowing all requisites for the journey; it was not that she wanted to dream in solitude of the numerous advantages of her future position, or of the rank and title which would be hers as Sir Bethel Oswestry's wife. No, she simply wanted to be alone—alone, in order to breathe a sad farewell over each fair spot in the garden of her home, haunted by sweet associations of those happier bygone days before Sir Bethel Oswestry had come into her life—at least, in the temptingly gilded character of an ardent lover.

And there was one spot in the garden she would visit too—one that had witnessed the sealing of her fate, sealed in wicked, willful words uttered by her own lips, and repented of long ere this. Yes, there was a spot in the Linford Grange garden that Gladys would ever remember, even to the day of her death. She had never once visited it since that night nearly a year before, when she and Rooke Paget had stood there alone, he pleading, and she rejecting with a heart that had throbbed with different, far different emotions from those she had labored to display throughout that interview in the gloaming.

In the sweet long-ago Rooke and she had passed hours and hours of a glorious summertide amongst the lights and shades and flowery nooks of the neatly-trimmed garden at Linford Grange, unutterably happy in the companionship of each other, with Summer loveliness all round and above them, never dreaming of a strife that would come by-and-by to sever the hearts that had made no vows.

Gladys, crossing the hall on her way to the garden, met Mrs. Arden, dressed and with her whip.

"Won't you come with me?" inquired she. "I am just going to start. Do, Gladys; the drive will do you good, and give you a color. I have been looking for you everywhere—make haste."

Mrs. Arden was bound for the station at Great Linford. At Mount Linford there was no railway, the nearest being at the county-town, and by the last train which stopped there on that night Mrs. Arden's only brother would arrive. He it was who would give the bride away. Mrs. Arden was going to meet him.

"No, mamma," the girl replied, tiredly, "I would rather not go. Besides, I should have to put on my things, and

you have no time to lose. Your train is due at Great Linford at a quarter to eight, and now it is seven, or later."

"Well, good-by," said Mrs. Arden, lightly; "I and your uncle will be home by half-past eight, if his train should not be late. We must have tea in the breakfast-room, I suppose. Tell cook to be punctual."

Mrs. Arden hastened away, and getting into the pony-carriage, drove briskly down the road. There was to be no dinner at Linford Grange, for the dining-room was already locked up, with the cloth on the long table partially laid for the wedding breakfast. When Mrs. Arden returned with her brother, there would be a heavy tea instead of the ordinary dinner. They could not well have dinner at such an irregular hour as nine, affirmed Mrs. Arden, and so she had decided in favor of the heavy tea.

Hardly a sound broke the stillness of the evening—so calm, so cool, so clear, now that the sun had set. Over the trees in the park at Oswestry Wold the lingering glory of the sun still streaked the perfect heavens—streaks of fiery red and violet with a zigzag dash of gold here and there, like brilliant swords of flame in the grasp of invisible hands. Just where the glorious mass of color melted and faded into blue, cloudless blue, the evening star was twinkling shyly, as though peeping forth from its amethyst setting before its appointed time, to view the silent loveliness that had settled on the earth below. Into the garden Miss Arden strayed, and across the lawn to the dusky groups of shrubberies, in the tangled boughs of which a late robin was singing in notes that awakened the echoes lurking amidst the shadows of the trees. The flowers had been watered recently, and their fragrance filled the air—heliotrope mingled with geranium, and the lilies' with the mignonette's perfume; the scent of the full-blown roses, dripping with the water they had been sprinkled with, was wafted on the earth-smelling wind, which barely stirred the drooping leaves as they hung. She had thrown a light shawl over her shoulders, but her red-brown hair was uncovered; and, as she lingered wistfully in the nooks and corners that she loved, bending over some favorite rose-bush, or tenderly gathering a leaf or two of the wild sweetbriar, her sad eyes filled with the tears that memory called up, and they fell unfelt, unheeded, on the grass round the wild-briar's roots.

She felt very miserable, heart-sick, and lonely, dangerously unsettled, and hungering for the grace of sympathy. Her resolution and nerve seemed to have deserted her quite, just as she was most in need of the courage to finish that which she had begun. She did not feel as a woman should feel on the eve of the day most eventful in her life. She wandered on, at last, to that end of the garden where the filbert-trees and wilderness of shrubs completely screened the walls of the house in the distance, the quiet, shadowy, dead-leaf-strewed corner where she and Rooke had said farewell.

Once more she was standing there, with the shadows deepening around her, and the stillness of early night creeping on; once more she was standing amongst the shadows and long-trailing grasses at eventide—but this time alone; and he—ah, where was he? Heaven knew—she did not.

Her head was bowed, and her hands were clasped before her. Softly she moved over the well-remembered ground, thinking, with a tired sigh, how dearly she would prize all that she had once cast from her, if only it were hers again! "Too late—too late!" the still, small voice rose up and whispered; and the evening breezes echoed the cry, and carried it on mournfully to the shivering leaves of the lilacs and laurels swaying gently at her side in the dusk. "Too late—too late!"

All at once she halted, and every atom of color forsook her cheeks in an instant. Both her little hands went swiftly to her bosom, and she cried out sharply, as if in sudden pain.

There, scarcely a yard from where she stood, stretched on the grass, face downward, with his head buried in his folded arms, his hat off, and lying on the turf, his dark hair all dank and matted with the dew that had fallen upon it, was Rooke Paget—lying there with his face hidden in the garden at Linford Grange! At Miss Arden's startled exclamation he lifted his head quickly, lifted a white-drawn face with hopeless, despairing, haggard eyes; and then, discerning Gladys a few paces from him, shrinking and amazed, as though her vision were fixed upon a ghost, he leaped to his feet, and there again in the twilight the two were confronting each other on the old battle-ground of nearly a year before.

Chapter XVIII.

"No, Sir Bethel, Miss Arden is not indoors. She is in the garden, I believe: at least, she was crossing the lawn about ten minutes since. I think she must be about the grounds somewhere, Sir Bethel."

So said Mrs. Arden's servant in answer to Sir Bethel Oswestry's inquiry for Gladys.

"Thank you, I will not go in. I will find her myself."

And he turned from the open hall-door. In his hands he carried a bouquet of the choicest of white syringa blossoms, with feathery maidenhair fern and drooping sprays of delicate hothouse foliage. It was for Gladys on the morrow—her marriage bouquet, which in the morning he had promised he would send her—only, instead of sending it, he had brought it himself, taking the opportunity which the separation of his guests, at the sound of the first dressing-bell, afforded for his coming. He did not intend to stay long, for that would be out of the question; all he meant to do was to offer the flowers to Gladys—hoping to surprise her pleasantly by bringing them himself—and then hasten back to Oswestry Wold, to dress as speedily as possible in the short time there would be left to him for his toilet.

So he sought her in the garden with the flowers in his hand. He could find her nowhere: the garden seemed deserted. Presently the soft sighing of the twilight wind wafted the sound of a woman's voice in his direction—a voice that seemed to him in deep distress—and, occasionally, the tones of a stronger and manlier voice were borne upon the stillness of the twilight wind as well.

Sir Bethel Oswestry was perplexed. Could it be possible that it was Gladys who had strayed to that uncultivated and neglected part of the garden, where the lilac-bushes and straggling laurels grew wild and uncared for—beneath the branches of the elm and larches—that unfrequented part where the grass was never mowed, and the blackbirds and thrushes built their nests unmolested? And, if so, who could be her companion? It was hardly likely that it was she, but still he would go and satisfy himself and discover whether the wind had deceived him or not. He made his way toward the neighborhood whence the voices appeared to come, and, as he drew nearer and nearer to the dense plantation, the turf and soft dead-leaf-strewed mold muffling the sound of his footsteps, he could plainly distinguish the voice of Gladys Arden, but the other—and that, with hers, there was another, he could clearly hear now—seemed strange and unfamiliar to him, as he involuntarily paused and listened—listened breathlessly, with a nameless dread stealing over him.

What, in Heaven's name, was she about? Why did she seem to be speaking and weeping together? And what right had she, his betrothed, to be holding a troubled and secret conference with a stranger in the gathering dusk? A hot flush mounted to Sir Bethel Oswestry's brow, as he strode hastily forward with a strange, angry light in his eyes.

A FRUIT PIECE.—AFTER A PAINTING BY GEORGE LANCE

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Whoever her companion might be, he was close upon them now—a few more steps and he would be able to hear their words. He turned the corner of a clump of laurels and came upon the quiet path which led to the place where they were. Still a few more paces, and then but a boundary of spreading, tangled underwood divided him from them whom he sought.

Far into the branches he thrust himself without the hesitation of a second, the tough boughs and brambles scattering the fragile blossoms of the bouquet, as, with his arms before him and the flowers in his hand, he fought a passage desperately into the depths of the shadowed thicket.

He did not wait to consider whether this eavesdropping was dishonorable, and unworthy of one calling himself a gentleman; he did not think, neither, just then, did he care. The demon of jealousy was tearing at his heartstrings, and blinding his reason to all sense of justice. His one hot desire was to see, unseen, the person with whom Gladys Arden, his promised wife, was holding this clandestine interview. In a wrathful, reckless moment he cast the flowers from him, and trampled them heedlessly under foot, as the incumbrance, slight as it was, became almost maddening in his impatience. His hands were free now—the lovely flowers were crushed; and, cautiously parting the interlacing leaves, he looked forth on the other side.

Amidst the long, damp grass, and with the trailing boughs and shadows all round them, stood Gladys and young Rooke Paget. They had not heard the rustling, nor the hurrying footsteps coming toward them. Unhappy and distracted, they had forgotten where they were. They were wholly unconscious that a man with fierce despair on his features, and the iron entering his soul, might almost have touched them with his clenched, trembling hand, had he but thrust it out through the branches which just separated him from them.

Miss Arden was weeping, as Sir Bethel Oswestry had never before seen her weep, with one hand held to her forehead.

"Why could you not have kept away?" she was crying, passionately. "Why should I find you here to-night, when I fully believed you to be in another country—in another country, with the sea between us? This is the second time that we have met unexpectedly since that evening when we parted here, just where we are standing now, as the bitterest of foes; and on both occasions I have thought you miles away from England. But this night, of all others, why should have you found me out again, when, too, my repentance is upon me most heavily, and my hardest trial so terribly near. Oh, Rooke, I am not so strong as I thought I was! I am weak, very weak, after all. You should not have come back to torture me like this!"

"I have only been in London since I left Mount Linford last," he answered, looking yearningly down on the beautiful, humble face that was not haughty and insolent now—"there, and nowhere else. I told Mattie, before I left, that they were not to trouble themselves about writing to me until I had written to them at home, as my movements for the next month or so would doubtless be erratic and uncertain; and oh, Gladys, the secret was that I could not find the heart to go right away—after hearing that your—your wedding would take place so soon—until I had learned, had seen for myself, that there really was no hope left to me, that you really and truly were his wife, and henceforward nothing to me. I wanted to listen to the death-knell of all my foolish, lingering hope, in the joyous pealing of your wedding-bells, Gladys. I wanted, moreover, to tread, to live my misery over again on this spot, where you had thrown me overboard for him who has won you from me. There was a melancholy satisfaction in the thought of all this, particularly of listening to the ringing of those bells that would proclaim you to the world at large as Sir Bethel Oswestry's wife. I seemed to feel that, if I might only hear your marriage-chimes, and know—having seen and heard for myself—that it was all over and settled for me, beyond every power on earth to make it otherwise, there would be then some chance of my setting-to with my life's work, steadily and earnestly; gray and joyless as it must ever be without the sweet, coveted blessing of your love, Gladys, to brighten and cheer it. No living being, that I am aware of, except yourself, knows that I am lurking here; and you would never have known it either, had you not come to this spot to-night."

"But, if you have not been home, Rooke," she faltered; "you are going?"

"Yes, I suppose I must look them up presently," he answered, gloomily. "I shall scare them, of course; but somehow I don't fancy that Mattie will be taken so very much aback. She knows that a fever is upon me, and she also thoroughly understands the nature of it. After the first surprise she will scarcely marvel at seeing me, and perhaps," he added, with a bitter, mirthless laugh, "she will imagine that I have merely run down for the wedding, at your invitation, Gladys."

"Oh, why have you come?" she repeated, helplessly, wondering, with a sickening terror at her soul, if at the church on the morrow she should behold his haggard, restless eyes among the many curious ones that would be sure to be there. "Mattie would have written when it was—was——"

"Do not you understand," he cried, fiercely, "that I mean to see and hear for myself? Why, great heavens, did I not witness with my own eyesight the impious ceremony between you and that man, I do not believe that I could ever think of it as irrevocably performed! No, unless my own ears heard, I would not believe that, at the altar-rail, you had sworn to love, honor, and obey all the days of your life a man for whom you have not one atom of love in your heart!"

The watcher in the shrubs made no sign that he was there; but the horror and pain on the dark, bearded face showed how intense were the sufferings he was undergoing in silence.

"Rooke, Rooke!" she wailed, "I never thought it would come to this! I would give years of my life—I would, as Heaven above is my judge—to be able to undo all that I have done—to be free to act as I would, instead of hopelessly fettered as I am!"

"The evil is of your own working," cried he, bitter scorn in his eyes, bitterer scorn in his words. "A year ago I offered you my love—told you that it was yours, and always had been. You spurned me then, and called me a boy; and yet I knew at the time, and know still, that you have loved me, and me alone, since the days so long ago when we played as children together, as I have you."

She was weeping again, and almost wishing herself dead.

"Things cannot be altered now," she said, wearily. "For me, wretched as I am, there is no turning back. I thought when I last met you that you had learned to hate me heartily. I wonder you do not. It can do no good, no harm, if I tell you that you are right; and that, ever since I have known the true significance of love, I have loved you with all my heart. Nevertheless I steeled my best feelings against you, and did that which I thought must ensure my happiness in the end. I have found out my mistake now that it is too late, and my punishment is great—almost greater than I can bear. There is nothing left for me to do but to take up the burden of my folly, and try to realize that repentance is of no avail."

And still the watcher behind the leaves made no sign. There was a different expression now on the man's dark face, and that was all. Pity was at last stealing into his eyes, and the dreadful anger dying out of their depths. He smiled a little mournfully, a little tiredly, to himself, as he remembered how easily he might discover to them his undreamed-of proximity, and thus, by so doing, bring the pair before him to dire confusion. But to take such a course would be to pain his darling inexpressibly, he knew well enough—would humiliate and shame her utterly—and he loved her far too dearly to do wittingly either one or the other. No, he would leave them presently as he had found them—unheard and unsuspected. He felt keenly how unworthily and dishonorably he had acted; but, for the very life of him, he could not have moved just yet from his post of secret observation.

Oh, what a cruel awakening was this from the sweet dream in which he had reveled! He had thought Gladys so true and perfect, ay, even as Cæsar's wife. Oh, what a cruel awakening!

"Gladys," said young Paget, beseechingly, "Gladys, my darling, it is not too late. There is even now time to draw back—plenty of time. You confess that you love me—you confess that you can never be happy with the man who is able to give you so much—so much more than I can. You confess that it has been a mistake from beginning to end. Let the mistake end with this night. How could you hope to be happy, Gladys, loving one man and giving yourself to another? How could you hope that Heaven would send happiness upon such an unholy union? My darling, my darling, you are on a brink that is terrible—too terrible. Think, Gladys—there is yet time!"

"No—no!" she sobbed, the old cry rising to her lips, wringing her hands in her despair. "For me there is no turning back!"

"There will be none in a few hours' time," returned the young fellow, quickly, his smoldering passion burning up once more, and his brow flushing hotly in his eagerness. "You only need the courage—the courage, dear—and there is yet time."

She let her arms fall weakly to her side, and, with her white face uplifted in its fear and hopelessness, crept, half unconsciously, close to him.

"Rooke," she whispered, her voice hollow in its misery, "I have not the courage. I must go on as I have begun. There is no help for it. Let us part now—and for ever. I mean it. Good-bye."

Before she could divine what his intentions were—before she could resist, or remonstrate at the wrong—he had taken her to his breast and had kissed her once, twice, thrice. She struggled wildly in his passionate clasp, but her girlish strength was as nothing compared with his, and so, in spite of her resistance, he held her to his heart.

Sir Bethel Oswestry waited to see no more, but turned from his hiding-place and staggered away, with the weary face of one who at a single blow had lost all the hopes and brightness that makes life dear and worth clinging to.

"I must not marry her now," he muttered, tiredly, his head sinking despondently, and one hand tugging mechanically at the thick, dark beard. "It would not be fair to her—it would be a sin to marry her now. Yes, a sin, knowing all that I do. Oh, why should she have deceived me so? Oh, Gladys, Gladys! She has never loved me after all, it seems. After all, my wealth, title, and position have been the temptation, the prize, to obtain which she has erred so unpardonably. It is hard to think that she would have married me for those things alone," he mused, with deep sadness—"hard, hard to know that her love has ever been another's. She must be free, and so must I. She must be free, and my own life is spoiled and blighted henceforth. I will go immediately and write my farewell to her from Oswestry Wold—tell her truthfully, word for word, all that I have heard—all that mere chance has led me to be a witness to—and then summon my people together, and state simply to them that the match is broken off. I must not place my darling in a bad light—they must not be harsh toward her, though the wrong is hers; but that it is so none shall ever learn from word or deed of mine. For do not I love her still, and shall I not love her for ever? Hardly a quarter of an hour ago I thought myself the most blest, the happiest man in all creation, and now——"

His head sank lower on his breast; the bare realization of the sudden overthrow of the fair dream-fabric which he had built up for himself with such keen delight was too exquisitely painful for words or contemplation. So he left the twilit garden without looking back once; and, still as though walking with senses sleep-bound, he entered, through the park gates, the park at Oswestry Wold.

Chapter XIX.

ROOKE PAGET, on releasing Miss Arden from the embrace of his winding arms, strode quickly over the low, straggling hedge that topped the wild, grassy slope on the meadow side of the garden, and was gone from her sight almost before she could recover her breath, so strongly had he held her, unmindful of her struggles.

The evening breeze still quivered amongst the boughs, and Gladys Arden, feeling chilled and wretched, clutched her shawl, and held it tightly about her.

"He told me that it only needed courage," she said, in a frightened, awe-struck whisper. "Can it be possible that there is yet time to draw back, I wonder? To-morrow will be my wedding-day. Oh, can I draw back now?"

She trembled, and covered her face with her hands. Earnestly did she strive to think the question over steadily, but her brain seeming to whirl, her ideas refused to shape themselves into anything approaching lucidness, as had been the case the whole of the worrying day. All at once a ray of light seemed to dawn on the confused and troubled state of her mind, and she took her hands from her forehead. She breathed a sigh of relief.

"At least, I will be honest with him at the eleventh hour," was the thought which had come to her. "I will confess to him, without further delay, that I have never cared for him from beginning to end. Yes, I will tell him that I have acted basely—that I have done my best to win his love and esteem, in order to win likewise his wealth and name. I will tell Bethel Oswestry all—how I have wronged him—everything!" she cried, passionately, the resolve strengthening with each passing second. "And if, after hearing every word that I have to say, he still would have me hold to my compact, and would make me his wife, regardless of my tardy confession, I must bear then as best I can the weight of the heavy crown which, in truth, I have won with a vengeance. And yet I believe he is too generous, too unselfish, too noble to wed me against my will—to wed me, knowing that I have no love for him. Surely, oh, surely, he will offer me my freedom when I tell him that from first to last I have basely deceived him—that I have most bitterly repented the giving of my word!"

She drew out her watch, and held it, in the dusk, close to her eyes. It was just half-past seven; and, even as she held

the watch in her hand, the clock over the stable-yard rang out the same time.

She hurried from the dusk-haunted corner, where the slanting shadows were growing ghostly, and the tall, rank grass was becoming silvery with the evening mists, and gained the lighter part of the garden where the lawn and flower-beds were. And then she entered the hall noiselessly and sped upstairs to her room. The maid, still packing in the dressing-room, did not hear her mistress moving in the one next to it; but, on descending the stairs, and at the foot of them, Miss Arden was met by an old woman. It was the old domestic who was cook and housekeeper in one—an old domestic that had lived at Linford Grange for years.

"Oh, Miss Gladys," she cried, "I have been waiting to see you! I wants to know if the missis will be home punctual-like, 'cause the chickens as I have put down will be done in less than an hour."

"Mamma will be home by half-past eight," Miss Arden answered, hurriedly. "If, when she returns, she should ask for me, and I am not in, tell her that—that my head aches, and that I have gone for a little stroll in—in the meadow. But, no"—a trifle distractedly—"such a message is not necessary. By the time mamma is home I will be back again myself."

"Dressed, and going out with a headache, Miss Gladys!" remonstrated the old servant, eyeing with disfavor the quiet-looking black hat and long, dark cloak in which Miss Arden had attired herself. "Why not rest indoors, my dear young lady? That 'ud do you more good than going out a-walking at this time o' night. You have seen Sir Bethel Oswestry, I suppose, Miss Gladys?"

"Sir Bethel Oswestry!" exclaimed she, quickly. "Has he been here?"

"Leastways," said the old cook, "Jane come and told us as how he had been here with the most loveliest bow-kay for you, Miss Gladys, as ever she see in all her born days. Jane said you was in the garden, and he went directly to find you."

"I have not seen him," said Miss Arden, her brain beginning to whirl again. "Are you sure that he called?"

"Yes, Miss Gladys; but he's gone away now, I know," was the reply. "I see him in the road some time ago. I 'spects he couldn't find you. He looked just a bit down-hearted, now I comes to think of it."

"No wonder he was unable to find me," thought the girl, remorsefully. "I don't suppose he has ever been where I have been to-night. He would never dream of looking for me in the dusk, amongst the wild, neglected shrubberies by the meadow."

Leaving the old cook standing in the hall, Miss Arden hastened out into the gloaming, fearful lest she should arrive at Oswestry Wold after Sir Bethel Oswestry had gone in to dinner. She trusted that she might be enabled to find him alone, seated in the library, as he sometimes was before the last dinner-bell rang out from the cupola. The Langhams and the other people, she guessed, would be, if dressed, assembled in the drawing-room, waiting for their host, if he were not yet amongst them. It was not eight o'clock; the quarter to the hour had but just chimed, and it was even possible that she might reach Oswestry Wold before the people staying in the house had left their rooms. Sir Bethel was always down early, she recollected—was never long over his toilet for the evening; and doubtless he was already dressed when he called at Linford Grange with the flowers that the old cook had spoken of. Yes, she thought, feverishly, there was every chance that she would find him in the library, with his books and papers of the day strewed about on the table, himself in the midst of the litter, perhaps, with a moderator lamp before him. She had so often seen him thus when it had happened that she and her mother were at Oswestry Wold together; and the one hope to which Gladys Arden clung was that she might be fortunate enough to discover him thus this evening—this evening, her bridal eve.

She sped along the dusky road, heedless alike of the grasshopper's chirp and the piercing note of the nightingale from the garden of her own home, and came in a short time to the lodge-gates in the park. She crept through the side one, which was ajar, and, unobserved, continued her way beneath the dense, sombre shadows of the old park timber. In the distance she could see plainly the lights at the house—lights glimmering fitfully in the upper-chamber windows—which to her meant the welcome assurance that the guests at Oswestry Wold were still occupied with the business of the toilet.

Within five minutes after passing the lodge-gates she was close upon the old house itself. It was very still; not a sound or footstep broke the silence of the grounds—nothing save, from the farm-buildings in a clump of trees not far distant, one low, occasional howl, wolf-like, of a watch-dog chained to its kennel.

Miss Arden crept round to that side of the house where the library windows were. Thank Heaven! The shutters were unclosed, for the lamp-light streamed out from the window-panes upon the turf of the sloping terrace, where the big stone vases rose up majestically, with rare burdens of flowering shrubs and palm-like Indian grasses.

Gladys, in the gloom outside, with a heart the beats of which she herself could distinctly hear, softly stole on until she could touch the woodwork of that window in the library which opened to the terrace-ground. Cautiously she peered in—her soul in her eyes.

Yes, there he sat, as she had prayed he might do, but with his desk open on the table before him, as though he had letters to write. She noticed, with great wonderment, that he was still dressed as he had been in the morning, and that the attitude in which he was sitting was one of the deepest despondency, as if his thoughts were very sad—the hour and his surroundings alike forgotten. She could see but little of his face, for his hand was across his eyes, and the lower part was hidden by his beard, which rested upon the open desk; and the elbow of the arm that supported his head rested upon the desk likewise. Ink, pens, paper, lay littered there, and his other arm hung loosely by his side.

Gladys Arden thought the whole scene a remarkably strange one, and a cold, indefinable sensation crept over her as she trembled by the window.

The watch-dog howled again, and the twilight wind scraped the creeper leaves against the window-glass. Now that the terrible moment was come, she felt indeed that she lacked that courage which Rooke Paget, in his wrath and disappointment, had preached so fiercely to her. The minutes were creeping on, her opportunity was fast slipping away.

Trembling as though palsied, she tapped gently at the glass; but the sound was not so loud as that which the restless creepers made upon the panes. Sir Bethel Oswestry did not look up. He did not appear to have heard the timid knock. Miss Arden tapped again, this time louder and longer, but he did not take his hand from before his eyes even, or rouse ever so slightly from the fit of abstraction into which he seemed to have fallen. So Gladys tapped once more, and once more from the home-farm near, upon the fitful night-breeze, came the prolonged howl of the deep-voiced watch-dog. But Sir Bethel Oswestry never moved.

"I will enter if the bolt is unfastened," thought the girl, desperately; "I cannot wait. My heart is failing me now. I cannot wait! I shall go mad!"

She tried the handle of the window; it was not locked. Full of fear, she pushed it slowly back into the room, and

then stepped in herself. She closed the window behind her, and paused a few seconds on the threshold in order to gain more nerve, more strength, before venturing any nearer toward him. Sir Bethel had not stirred once; he remained as motionless as when she had first looked into the room. She fastened the window on the inside, and, as she did so, the melancholy baying of the dog smote her ear again—such a heart-sickening, melancholy howl! Softly and fearfully she trod the carpet, until she was within a yard of the chair he sat in.

"He is asleep," she said to herself; and then she moved close to his motionless side. The stillness of the room was as the stillness of a vault. "Bethel," she murmured, hardly above her breath—"Bethel!"

No answer—still that attitude of deepest, deadliest despondency—the bowed head supported by the hand over his eyes, the elbow resting on the open desk, whereon were the paper and pens that apparently he had not touched. Colder and more fearful she grew; the ghostly stillness of the great room around her was awful, and struck terror to her inmost soul. In the hall outside there were the rustling of silken gowns, light laughter, and the opening and shutting of a door. Eight o'clock—the dinner hour—would strike in a few minutes, and somebody had descended to the drawing-room.

"Bethel, I have come to tell you that I must not marry you untill I have confessed something that should have been confessed long ago," faltered Gladys Arden, laying her cold, trembling hand upon the back of his chair to steady herself. "Bethel, look up; it is I—Gladys."

She waited for him to speak, but he spoke not. Could it be possible that he slept so heavily that he was unconscious of her nearness to him?

"Bethel," she whispered, now really terrified with a fear which to herself was indescribable, "do not you hear me? I have something to tell you that you ought to have heard before this; but I have been wicked, very wicked," she went on, hurriedly, and, each swift second, dreading discovery or interruption. "I never meant to tell you; I meant my future life with you, Bethel, to have been a living lie. It shall not be so, if you will only hear me now."

Had the dim, sombre library been occupied by herself alone, the silence which followed her words could not have been more perfect. The quiet figure never stirred.

"Speak to me—speak to me!" she cried, in agonized tones. "Why are you so strangely quiet, Bethel! It is I—Gladys Arden!"

And she grasped, in her nervous terror, the arm which upheld the bowed head, the hand which covered his eyes from her own. The arm and hand, in her weak grasp, fell away from his brow, a helpless, lifeless limb; the head with its fast-shut eyes sank slowly down to the green-baized slope of the open desk on the table. No sound escaped the rigid, bearded lips, no ray of recognition came from beneath the waxlike, fastened eyelids, for his face was colorless, cold, and still forever.

Sir Bethel Oswestry was dead. In an instant the truth in all its stunning force and reality flashed upon Miss Arden's understanding. A wild, startled shriek, and a fall, dull and heavy, resounded through the chambers and corridors of Oswestry Wold, waking the dormant echoes of the sombre old mansion.

With a rush nearly everybody in the house, both up-stairs and down—guests and their servants, the housekeeper and hers—the dinner-bell ringing furiously at the same time as the clock struck eight—crowded to that part where the sounds seemed to have been, flocked to the now silent room with scared and anxious faces, one and all asking together in quick, breathless whispers the question that nobody amongst them could answer satisfactorily yet. Without ceremony they burst open the library door, and then drew back appalled, checked in their impetuosity.

On the carpet, unconscious, lay Miss Arden, the beautiful bride-elect, with Sir Bethel Oswestry fallen forward from his chair to the table—dead, they could see at a glance; the pale halo from the reading-lamp flickering weirdly over the two quiet figures, the dead and the living so near together—ay, their bodies so very near, their spirits so far from each other.

Chapter XX.

ONCE more Summer, in all her full and gorgeous beauty, was upon the country fields and hedge-rows round about Mount Linford, when Miss Arden first slowly began to recover from the severe attack of brain-fever which had struck her down on that ever-to-be-remembered night, when she discovered Sir Bethel Oswestry dead in the library at Oswestry Wold. It was May then, and now it was late in June.

She had been fully conscious—though not allowed to excite herself by asking dangerous questions—for nearly a week, when, one lovely, sunlit afternoon, Mattie Paget called to see her, with Philip Craycroft's permission to talk with the patient in moderation. Young Craycroft was attending Miss Arden, and Mattie and he had met often of late beneath the roof of Linford Grange. Seldom a day had passed since Gladys's illness without either Leah or Mattie calling there; and, whenever they were prevented from calling, they had sent and made inquiries.

Mattie Paget came upon Mrs. Arden strolling languidly about the garden in front of the house, airily decked out in black and white muslin, with black and white bows of ribbon fluttering about on her in all directions; even the handkerchief which she carried by the handle of her black-and-white striped sunshade had a bordering of a narrow line of black. Mrs. Arden had plunged into mourning as a compliment to the memory of the late Sir Bethel Oswestry. The bitter disappointment and vexation of spirit which the news of his sudden demise had caused the poor lady would not be forgotten by her for a very long time to come. It was a wonder that she too did not have brain-fever.

"Gladys is much better, I hear," was Mattie's greeting.

"Yes, she is much better," echoed Mrs. Arden, pathetically; "Mr. Craycroft has just left. He says to-day there is great improvement."

"I met him on my way here," confessed Mattie, a warm flush crimsoning her cheeks; "he told me himself that a quiet talk could do her no harm this afternoon—in fact, would do her good, most likely. May I go up to her?"

"Oh, yes, do!" said the mother. "I have only this minute left her for a breath of fresh air. She will have much to ask you about; her memory is growing stronger every day. She begins to question me, Mattie; but I am really obliged to rush from the room when she does; the sad recollections which her words call up are too much for me, I really do assure you."

And Mrs. Arden wiped away a feeble tear with the pocket-handkerchief that had the thin black line round it.

"Thank you, I will go up to her at once," said Mattie, briskly, thinking to herself what genuine satisfaction it would afford her, if she might only shake some of Mrs. Arden's "humbug" out of her. "Please don't trouble to come with me; I know my way well enough."

So Mattie went into the house, and up the staircase to Gladys Arden's bed-chamber.

"Come in," said a weak, small voice, in answer to the knock. Mattie entered accordingly.

"Do you know me, dear?" asked she, gently.

"Oh, Mattie!"

And then Mattie leant over the invalid and kissed her lovingly—kissed her cheeks, brow, and eyes, and the poor head so closely shaven of its glorious Titian tresses. The windows of the room were open to the warm, sweet air out-of-doors, laden with a thousand breezy scents from the flowers in the garden below. But the door of communication between the dressing-room and bedroom was locked, for within that other chamber were the numerous articles of wedding finery—the wedding-gown and the nearly-packed traveling-trunks, the syringa-blossoms and the gossamer vail—everything just as it had been left on Gladys Arden's bridal-eve—at least, that evening which everybody thought was and had spoken of as Gladys Arden's bridal-eve; and she must not see all those things just yet, affirmed Craycroft, the sight of them would distress her too painfully. So that door was kept locked as carefully as ever was the door of the ghostly chamber wherein the headless wives of terrible Bluebeard were hidden.

"Sit down, Mattie," said Miss Arden, pleadingly; "I have such a lot to say; here by the bedside, close to the pillow, Mattie."

So Mattie sat down, and took into her own the delicate, blue-veined little hand which was straying about the coverlet in a restless, aimless fashion.

How wan and thin was the exquisite, colorless face, with its lovely eyes of deep violet, fringed so heavily with the sweeping, tawny eyelashes! How pale were the once red, insolently-curved, beautiful lips, which in the past had uttered such false and heartless words to the one—which had given so little that was kind and gentle to the other—the other that was now—— Ah, how differently, how widely different, would she act toward both, could she but have that past to live over again!

"I have been ill a very long time, Mattie, have I not?" she asked, presently, fixing her great dark-rimmed eyes dreamily on the blue-misted space visible over the woods through the open window.

"Six weeks to-morrow, Gladys," was the tender reply.

"I don't in the least remember the cutting-off of my hair," she said:

"No, dear, you were too ill."

"I have been delirious, haven't I, Mattie?"

"Yes, my dear girl," answered Mattie, with a faint assumption of motherliness; "but don't let us talk of your illness. Let us talk of something more cheerful."

"No—I want to speak of it," Miss Arden urged, feebly—"I must and will speak of it. I must ask the questions that I have been longing to ask for days. Mamma pretends to cry when I ask anything of her, and leaves the room with her handkerchief to her mouth—of course that's sheer nonsense—so you must answer me, Mattie, now that my reason has come back."

"Yes, yes, I will," answered Mattie, fearfully; for Gladys was growing excited, and, if not cautious, would undo all the good that Philip Craycroft had done her—"anything, if you will but lie quiet."

Mattie Paget smoothed away the short, straying hair from the pale forehead with her cool, ringless hands, and under the soothing touch Miss Arden closed her eyes.

"Mattie," she asked, slowly, "does mamma know—do all of you know—why it was that I walked over to Oswestry Wold on that—that night—what motive I had for doing so mad a thing?"

"Yes, Gladys," said Mattie, gently, "we all know."

"But how?" she asked, perplexed. "How?"

"All through your illness, Gladys, you have cried out incessantly the story of your visit to Oswestry Wold," Mattie answered, gravely—"all that happened in the shrubberies, and all that happened after it. Night and day, a little while ago, your brain, my darling, seemed haunted solely with the recollection of it all."

"Ah, no wonder!" she sighed. "Mattie"—earnestly—"I shall never, never forget that night so long as I live. If I live to be a hundred years old, I shall remember it in every detail. I wonder I did not fall dead myself, there and then, by his side. Oh, Mattie"—shuddering violently—"it was fearful—fearful!"

"Hush!" interposed Mattie, warningly; but Gladys would not heed.

"First, that meeting with—with Rooke, which left me wavering and miserable," she half sobbed, "and then—and then——"

"If you work yourself into a fever, Gladys," interposed Mattie, with quick firmness, "I will leave you instantly."

"Then I will not," she said, with more composure, though the beautiful eyes were dim with their tears. "Mattie, what killed him? Was it—was it——" And the awe-struck, breathless whisper died away.

"It was heart-disease," the younger girl answered, a great pity shining in her eyes—a gentle solemnity in her voice. "That was the verdict at the inquest, darling; and all the doctors that were summoned by his people said the same thing. His mother, Lady Oswestry, died of a diseased heart, you know, darling; it was a fatal inheritance from her, they said."

"Poor Bethel!" murmured Gladys, tearfully. "Don't you recollect my telling you, Mattie, something which took place at Oswestry Wold when mamma and I were there one day?"

Mattie nodded.

"Well, after that, I always seemed to fear that sooner or later something dreadful would happen suddenly to him—as it has done."

"Poor fellow!" sighed Mattie, compassionately.

"And yet," Gladys went on, musingly, "a physician in London told him there was nothing to be anxious about, or fear either, unless under the pressure of severe mental trouble, or fatigue. And there could have been nothing whatever on that—that night to worry him in any way, could there, Mattie?"

"No," answered Mattie, thoughtfully; "and that was exactly what the other doctors whom they called in afterward said. They opined that some mental disturbance or shock, known only to Sir Bethel Oswestry himself, must have hastened the lamentable end. Nobody can ever know now what it was that killed him."

No, only a dead bouquet of fragile and once lovely blossoms, fast crumbling to decay amongst the trailing shadows which the branches and leaves of the brushwood and wild laurels cast athwart the neglected grass at the far, unfrequented meadow-end of the Linford Grange garden, could unfold the sorrowful tale of Sir Bethel Oswestry's death. If flowers—dead, scentless flowers—could speak, then they might tell the story; but they were faded by this time, and all but withered into nothingness; and with their utter destruction the secret which they alone knew would die into nothingness likewise.

"It is so sad to think," said Gladys, speaking dreamily and quietly, "that he was looking for me in the garden scarcely an hour before he died—so sad to think he was unable to find me, and so went home—to die!" A faint color stole into the wan face as the dim, yet perfect recollection of

why he could not find her—as she so truly, so thoroughly believed—came back to her enfeebled memory. "And then, again, to think that I should go over to Oswestry Wold with the intention of acting as fairly and honestly toward him as it was in my power to do at the eleventh hour, only to see with my own eyes that he was beyond all—all——"

Here she began to weep, but not excitedly, only quietly and sadly—tears that would ease and refresh her.

"Don't cry, darling," whispered Mattie, tenderly; "all that is past now—is, of course, unalterable. Don't cry, Gladys; you will be happier and braver in future.

"Oh, I pray so!" cried the girl, with fervent wistfulness. "What a mistake it has been, Mattie—wrong and wicked from beginning to end!"

"Yes, dear—I told you so," Mattie answered, quietly; "but when I said that it was all wrong, you used to get angry with me, and tell me not to reproach you."

"Ah, that was in the old days!" said the other, smiling faintly. "I never mean to be proud and willful any more. I mean to begin a new life altogether—a life wherein selfishness, vanity, and worldliness shall have no part. I will, with Heaven's help, be a different woman from what I have been hitherto—that is, of course, Mattie, if I should be spared for the better and nobler life," she added, softly.

"Hush!" Mattie whispered again, this time reprovingly, and speaking as cheerfully as she could. "You must not talk of being spared, now that the worst is over."

"And did they bring me from Oswestry Wold that same night?" inquired Gladys.

"When they discovered you, dear," was Mattie Paget's gentle explanation, "they sent immediately for Mrs. Arden and your uncle; but it was some time before they arrived. When they came, they bore you away in the carriage, and you have been in this room—in this bed—ever since."

"It seems a long while ago," she said, wonderingly; "and yet it isn't really."

"No, Gladys—not very long."

"And, Mattie, tell me," she asked, "was there much of a scandal? Did Mount Linford talk very much about—about me and him, after it was all known?"

"Just a little, naturally," said Mattie, with a slight disregard for the truth; "nothing to fret about."

"I am so glad of that," spoke Miss Arden, earnestly. "And is he—Bethel—buried in the mausoleum in the park, along with all the other Oswestrys that lie buried there"—in a timid, curious undertone—"is he, Mattie?"

"Yes," said Mattie, hurriedly, anxious to change the drift of the subject, "and everybody has gone away from Oswestry Wold. It is shut up at present, but the new master and heir is expected daily, I believe—an old widower, we hear, with a lot of daughters. More girls to Mount Linford, so obnoxiously full of them already—only imagine it, Gladys! And now, my darling girl, I must say good-by, much as I should like to remain another hour or so. Leah has asked the Robinsons to our 'five o'clock,' and if I am not at home to meet them, she will be mildly huffy, as you know she can be occasionally."

She leant over the pillow in order to press her parting kiss on the invalid's pale, sad face. Gladys, throwing her arms about Mattie's neck, held her head down whilst she breathed into her ear the one eager question which all the afternoon she had been burning to ask, yet had not, keeping it, womanlike, until the last.

"Mattie," she murmured, her heart throbbing nervously, and with something of the old, lovely color dyeing neck, cheeks, and brow, "where is Rooke—at home or abroad?"

"At home"—very softly.

"At home still?" was the breathless, whispered inquiry. "And is he going away again?"

"Never again, Gladys—never again."

And then Gladys Arden nestled her red-brown head against Mattie's faithful breast, and shed tears of joy for the grief and trouble that were done with for evermore now—tears of thankfulness for the sweet ray of promise which she could discern in the vista of the fair, dim future.

Chapter XXI., and Last.

BENEATH the trembling stars, in the fair evening quietude, Rooke Paget and Gladys Arden were once more lingering together about the old familiar paths. Well and strong again was she by this time, and her cup of weal was full to the brim. Into her willing ear, and side by side, he was pouring the oft-repeated tale of his unalterable devotion—the tale that he had told her a year before—the tale that had then been met with scorn and falsehood.

"For ever and ever I will love you, Gladys," he was saying, "and no power on earth shall ever part us."

"Ah, Rooke," murmured she, "can you freely forgive me all that I have wrought in the past—the pain, the misery, the disloyalty—can you forgive me everything, Rooke?"—clinging to his arm, and lifting her eyes pleadingly to his.

"Everything is forgiven, dearest," he answered. "You love me now—I am satisfied."

"But then I have always loved you, Rooke," said she, with tender emphasis—"I shall love you always."

"I was only a boy once," he said, smiling down on the upraised face—a smile in which there was a little sadness for memories in the shadowed past—"only a boy, Gladys."

"So you are still," said she, shyly—"but yet I love you."

"You do?" interrogated he, with foolish fondness. "Really?"

She only nestled closer to his side; she would not answer.

"Really?" he persisted. "I would that I could test your love, dear one"—more softly, more fondly.

"That cannot be," she answered him, gently and simply; "but, if it were necessary, if it were possible, I would willingly die for your sake, Rooke, my darling, so strong is the love which is all your own."

Ah, sweet confession! He drew her into his arms, and kissed her.

"Yes, my own at last!" he said.

* * * * * * *

Mr. Craycroft, one morning, to Lawyer Paget's great surprise, walked boldly into the private office where the old man sat busily writing. The lawyer was more surprised than ever when Mr. Craycroft, with characteristic coolness, explained the reason of his call in a straightforward, honest, business-like manner which quite charmed the old gentleman, though, at the same time, it took away his breath. For Philip Craycroft had come to ask him for his younger daughter, Mattie.

"Why, bless my soul," cried the lawyer, at length, "who would have thought it?" and he pushed up his spectacles till they sat jauntily on the top of his bald forehead. "Have you spoken to her yet?"

"No, Mr. Paget," Craycroft answered. "I want your permission first."

"Umph!" the old man said; and then he tugged the spectacles back into their proper place and gazed at the

young man very steadily as he sat before him in the full light of the office window. "And are you in a position to marry?" he asked, bluntly. "And do you believe my little Mattie cares for you well enough to marry you?"

Craycroft flushed slightly before the owl-like, spectacled eyes, but he answered, truthfully and without conceit:

"Yes, Mr. Paget, I am in a position to keep a wife; and I have every reason to believe that your daughter Mattie regards me favorably."

Lawyer Paget stood up, and the young doctor followed his example.

"Well, young man," Mattie's father said, gruffly, but not unkindly, for it was his way, "you have astonished me, I must confess. I shall be sorry to lose her—very sorry; but girls, of course, must marry some day or another if they can get the chance. I knew your father, and liked him—I know you, and like you too. Take her, and be kind to her, if she'll have you, and my blessing with her into the bargain. Dear me, who'd have suspected it?"

Mr. Craycroft grasped the old man's hand, his dreamy blue eyes sparkling unusually.

"How can I thank you, sir?" he said, with grateful respect. "How——"

Lawyer Paget was not by any means a demonstrative man; neither did he care for that sort of thing in others.

"There, there, that will do," he interrupted, testily. "If you are really anxious to display your gratitude, do so by leaving me in peace. I am exceedingly busy this morning, and must, therefore, bid you good-day."

THE SINGING LESSON.

Craycroft needed no second bidding to be off, for he had barely ten minutes in which to see Mattie before setting out on his general round of calls, which was in a rather different line from that of love-making.

"Sly puss!" muttered Lawyer Paget, as he settled down to his work again. "Sly puss! But there, in my opinion, women are all alike—all sly, all sly—not one of 'em to be trusted out of your sight!"

Many years have come and gone since Gladys Arden's actual wedding-day. She is Gladys Paget now, and her life is a life of unclouded happiness."

And the shrewd old lawyer has long since passed away, but he lived to fondle his first little grandchild, Rooke's son, and to alter the harsh opinion he had once formed of that child's beautiful mother.

Rooke and Gladys live at the great, square, red brick house in the High Street; it has always been Rooke's home, and neither of them would care to desert the old place.

Leah and Mattie are happy too, each as the wife of a good and earnest-working man. Miss Robinson, in spite of her years, is as blithe and energetic as ever she was, still residing at the Rectory; and Leah would not have her go elsewhere for the world.

At Linford Grange, vain and frivolous, even with old age creeping stealthily toward her, Mrs. Arden lives on alone. She will never cease to mourn that Gladys is not Lady Oswestry, and mistress of Oswestry Wold.

And Gladys's married life, perhaps, would scarcely be so perfect could she but guess the sorrowful enigma of Sir Bethel Oswestry's death.

But Gladys knew nothing of this; nobody knows, nor will they ever know. Sir Bethel Oswestry carried the secret to his grave; in his broken heart it lies buried with him.

Blessed with the unchanging devotion of him she so dearly loves, unutterably happy in her children's and husband's happiness, a cloudless present after the storms of a shadowed past, what more could mortal woman sigh for as a crown to a life so crowned? Yes, it is more than she deserves, she often and often tells herself; but, ah, if all were known to her—if that letter had been written which, in mercy doubtless, the dead man was not spared to write—what would she tell herself then? Surely the merciful ignorance of the real, sad truth must be the crowning and inestimable blessing to a life so richly blessed already.

THE END.

FAST ASLEEP.

WHO that ever crosses Fulton Ferry has not noticed the fact that the great chimneys of the old-fashioned stores on the south side of Fulton Street, near the ferry, are all connected together by stout iron bars. Whenever I see them, they remind me of a little story.

Ever so many years ago, as I was passing toward the ferry, at about three o'clock of a cold Winter morning, on my usual return trip from night-editor work, my attention was attracted by a singular spectacle. Hanging to the middle connecting-rod in the series, there was plainly discernible a man in his long night-shirt. He was hurrying along, hand over hand, toward the western end of the row. Presently he reached the next chimney; and, as I gazed in astonishment, he clambered over its blackened top, and let himself down upon the next rod, and began swinging along as before.

I thought, by this time, that the traveler was either drunk, crazy, or an escaping malefactor. So I raised a shout. It was wonderful to see how soon a crowd was gathered at that unpropitious time and place. The stray travelers to and from the ferry, night-prowlers, wharf-rats, police, and market watchers, soon made a large assemblage of intensely interested spectators. They yelled, screamed, questioned, expostulated, entreated, and threatened.

"'MAKE FAST BELOW!' CRIED NUMBER ONE, AS HE PASSED HIS ARMS ABOUT THE UNCONSCIOUS SLEEPER, AND NUMBER TWO DREW THE ROPE WITH AN ALMOST CRUEL TENSION."

One man ran for a hook-and-ladder company, as it was impossible to get into the buildings at that time of night; and if the pursuers did get as far as the scuttle of one of the stores, none of them would wish to creep after him on those slippery slate roofs.

Meanwhile the "object of interest" gave no sound, but gradually worked his way to the next chimney.

As we were noisily debating, another actor appeared upon the scene. A window of the hotel, that then as now stood on the river corner, was opened, and a woman leaned out, inquiringly. Seeing the crowd and hearing the shouting, she stretched out of the window, and gazing in the direction toward which our arms were pointing, caught sight of the adventurer, just as he was careering over the last-but-one chimney. Her scream now rose above all the others.

"Oh, my husband! My husband! Save him! Save him! He's asleep—sound asleep! Don't wake him! He'll fall and kill himself! Oh dear, how will he ever get down? Can't you get into one of the stores?"

"No."

"Well, then, can't you get a long ladder? Mercy on me! and I only three days married. I knew he was a sleep-walker," she went on, to the half of the crowd that had swayed toward her window — she being the latest sensation. In fact, for New Yorkers, we had already been devoting a most tremendous quantity of time to the poor fellow.

"Oh," went on the stricken but not over-refined young woman—"oh, I had tied our two big toes together, because he told me he was one of them night-walkers; but my toe was so little (a softening of the tone here, showing that she was not forgetful that she hereby made a point) that it slipped off."

By this time all the windows on that side of the hotel were opened, and there was a Babel of sound, it being utterly impossible for the majority to imagine what could be the cause of the two crowds, and in what way that special woman was an object of special interest.

"Is it a fire, or a murder, or a robbery?" was the generally asked and universally answered question.

Some of the ladies of the house, upon entering the room of the deserted bride, soon learned how the matter stood.

"I must dress and go out to him," she cried, at last.

The other dutiful wives agreed that such was the proper course; only there was a difference of opinion among them as to the amount of dressing that was needed. Two that were very fond of their husbands, rushed, the one madly at the bed clothes, the other after his shoes. Then we seized the bedding, flung it over her shoulders, exclaiming:

"Now she is ready." Then looking down at her feet, cried, "Oh, I forgot the feet!"

Busy hands were already arraying them. But the more decorous and less affectionate wives objected to the coverlid business. That would never do. The bride rather sided with this party, and there was a compromise, one of the loving ones saying:

"If my husband was in danger of losing his life, I would not stop to dress up much before I ran out to help him."

Finally the crowd all centred on the pavement below where the amateur acrobat was. There he sat on the top of a chimney, whistling and kicking his bare heels together in the frosty air.

Soon we heard in the distance the sound of that single bell that was then always found on the hook-and-ladder trucks, being struck once at each revolution of the wheel, by help of the said revolution. The shouting and hooting of the ladder company was also heard.

Here was a new source of alarm. The crowd on the sidewalk had been stilled as soon as the information was circulated that the man was a somnambulist.

At my instigation, some one ran to meet the ladder company, to silence them. So we presently heard only the sound of the wheels and the inevitable bell.

Arrived on the ground, they silently raised the ladder against the eaves of the house. Each end of the connecting-rod was fastened down to the roof of a house; and if the erratic voyager had chosen to slip down the west end of the rod from the chimney, where he sat, to the roof below, he could have been readily secured. But there he staid, utterly oblivious of danger, and of the crowd watching him from the street.

The two firemen who mounted first to the eaves eyed him some time in silence, and then whispered down that they "must have a rope."

After a few minutes' delay, a stout line was obtained from the ferry-house, and handed up.

One of the firemen made a coil of it, and then, with a mighty heave, flung it over the horizontal section of the rod just behind where the innocent object of their solicitude was perched. The end thrown over the rod, sliding down the roof, was seized by them. They thus had a safe means of climbing up. Silently they crept toward the chimney.

Fearing a dangerous struggle on his part when he should be awakened, they determined to tie him where he sat. One of them stole around the upper part of the chimney, and fastened the rope to the rod where it entered on the west side.

The other one just passed the other end of the rope around the rod on the other side of the chimney, and stood ready to "make fast."

Number One then climbed up, carrying the bulk of the rope, and, seating himself alongside the sleeper, whispered down:

"Is all ready?"

"All ready, it is."

Number One thereupon suddenly flung a full turn of the rope over the wanderer's head—just such a "turn" as that which a carman uses, when he fastens his reins to the front stake of his cart.

"Make fast below!" he cried, as he passed his arm about the still unconscious sleeper.

Number Two drew the rope down with an almost cruel tension. But "well was his need," for the somnambulist woke with a start that would have thrown him and the man sitting beside him into the street, but for the rope, which held him securely seated on the top of the chimney.

"Oh, where am I?"

"Safe, my boy, for this turn," said the fireman.

"Good heavens! I see! Been walking in my sleep! How did I get here?"

"Climbed all along these rods from the hotel. There is your wife in the street."

"Poor soul! How frightened she must be! and we only just married! She has made a poor bargain, I fear. But she knew it!"

"Sit still here a minute, till I untie the rope."

He got down and unfastened it from the rod, and then got up again and tied it securely around the shivering wretch, who was so benumbed by this time that he could scarcely move.

"Now, Jake," said Number One to Number Two, "you will have to hold us both after we get down, and slack up on the rope as we slide down the roof."

"Shall I take another turn?"

"No; the rod is square. You could hold five more."

So the rescuer and the rescued slid down the roof, and then hurried down the ladder, and the other came close after them.

That was all, except the affecting embrace of the young couple.

In five minutes more I was on the boat.

MY KITTY.

There is no pet of childhood like a kitten. Years of discretion bring doubts of the feline race, with knowledge of its treachery; but blissful childhood scorns knowledge and trusts puss, or at least puss's innocent brood. A kitten supplies just what infantile desires require, playfulness, motion, and a rare disposition to take any reasonable or unreasonable amount of mauling.

Cat is the word of age. In every language there is a pet name—kitty, puss, mie, mis, or the like; and the favorite is never *cat* to our little ones. They look upon the harsh sound as a kind of insult to their pet, who is dressed up, washed, taught, scolded, punished, put to bed, and put through all the processes that imitative infantile brains can achieve. Blessings, then, on the kittens; welcomed in palace and in hovel.

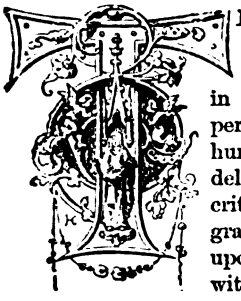
It is a study, this taste of childhood for pets. It seems an instinctive want that calls for something that moves. Try even a very young child with a toy dog, moving it so as to counterfeit life. The clumsy little hands will make vigorous, if not well-directed, efforts to secure the prize. But when innocence betrayed, finds the motion not inherent, and that it has a lifeless toy, mark the indignant disgust with which it rejects the mockery and delusion.

The young wife's pet canary, so jealous of the new pet in multitudinous folds of lace and fine linen, never becomes as great a pet with baby, being unapproachable, and not submitting to fondling by infantile hands.

The kitten is nature's triumph in the department of children's toys.

True joy is a serene and sober emotion; and they are miserably out that take laughing for rejoicing; the seat of it is within, and there is no cheerfulness like the resolutions of a brave mind.

FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS.



THERE is no doubt that I was a lion. I was made to feel it wherever I went. People nudged each other in passing me in the street, and whispered "There he is!" Professed lion-hunters besieged me; my rooms were deluged with cards; congratulations, criticism, and counsel were offered me gratuitously; lady-like mammas smiled upon me; beautiful girls looked at me with interest and admiration in their innocent eyes; now and then some true soul spoke words that were dearer than gold.

Some of this was very pleasant; but there were compensating inconveniences. Imprimis, my pockets were still woefully empty, for my works had brought me more renown than money, and I was appropriating all my funds, as fast as they accumulated, to the payment of debts contracted in less promising times. I longed to lift that weight from my shoulders. Artists do not borrow their tints from the hues of earth and sky, and canvas and brushes are coarse, material things, that demand an exchange of filthy lucre. So I was still forced to work away as hard as ever.

In consequence, my popularity in society was somewhat embarrassing, because, to say nothing of the encroachments upon my time, etiquette prescribes a respectable attire. I brushed my best coat clear through to the lining before I could make up my mind to discard it; and as for gloves, every pair I bought cost me an unutterable pang.

And then—ah, there's the misery of it!—it was inexpressibly mortifying to be upon familiar terms with the beautiful young girls before alluded to, and have all the time a profound consciousness that the man in the moon would have been considered a much more eligible suitor than I.

Considering all these things, I bore myself very meekly. I have no doubt I was thought very modest that I did not roar any louder—such a remarkable lion as I was. I still lived in my third floor, managed my own very economical housekeeping, and found the best of my life in my art.

But I have not told you how I attained my questionable eminence. I had a picture at the Exhibition of the Royal Academy of Design. It was only a foaming waste of green waters, a stretch of yellow sand in the foreground, a bit of rocky sea-wall hollowed by the waves, a dun sky, with storm-clouds flying wildly before the wind, and low down in the West a break in the gloom, whence a shaft of lurid light glancing out, just touched a pale, dead face rising ghastly and terrible above the tempest-driven breakers. This picture was not an outgrowth of my life. I did not put my soul into it as I had too often done before. It was merely an inspiration of a morbid fancy flung upon the canvas in a freak. But it was weird, eccentric, peculiar, and took the public by storm. It made me a lion.

One evening a *soirée* was given at the Derby Gallery, and several artists lent their pictures for the occasion. I lent mine; and there it now hung upon the wall of the gallery. I had refused to sell it; and thus at this *soirée* it was among the foremost attractions.

That was a gala night, more like a scene from some fairy tale than a real event in this prosaic, working age. Stately men, and beautiful, gifted women stood in groups before some triumph of art, or walked about, conversing in low, soft tones.

Standing not far from my picture—I could not help hovering near it with a kind of jealous care—a bevy of fair girls passed and stopped before my treasure.

"I am so eager to see this wonderful picture. You know I was out of town when it was exhibited," said one.

I looked at the speaker. A face like one of Titian's women; hair of warm gold; eyes a sunny hazel, limpid as crystal. The small head was thrown back, those striking eyes coolly fixed upon the picture. It was plain the lady thought herself a competent critic.

"It is a strange, beautiful thing," she said at last. "I don't think I wholly like it—but——"

"Oh, Miss Vandermeyer!" cried the rest in chorus.

"I must buy it, I think."

"Very cool, young lady," I thought. She surveyed it still more critically—this girl of twenty Summers.

"It is too morbid in its tone; but I have a nook at home where it will just fit—my chamber of horrors I call it. You may see a ghost there at mid-day any time, if you like. Who is the artist? Can't somebody find him for me?" with the air of a duchess.

There was a furtive looking about, then a buzzing whisper, and Miss Vandermeyer turned her eyes upon me. In a moment she was before me.

"Mr. Delafield, I would like to buy your picture."

"I don't wish to sell it," I replied, coldly.

She made an impatient gesture—just a little saucy wave of the hand.

"I want to buy it. How much do you ask?"

The gold-brown eyes were fixed upon my face with a quiet audacity that amazed me. I named a sum that I meant should startle her.

"Twenty-five hundred dollars."

"Very well. I will send my servant in the morning to take it down."

I started.

"Miss Vandermeyer, I don't wish to sell my picture." For the first time she seemed to comprehend me.

"Don't wish to sell it! What did you paint it for? I thought artists painted their pictures to sell;" her eyes sparkling as she spoke.

"All artists are not alike," I said, sharply, for I was vexed, first at her criticism, and afterward at her pertinacity.

She looked at me rather curiously, as if I were some phenomenon.

"Haven't you any more like it in your head?"

"I don't know."

"I should hope not," she said, gravely.

"Why?"

"Because it wouldn't be good for you. There's something dreadful about it."

"Really, Miss Vandermeyer," I remarked, sarcastically, "you are peculiar. I don't understand why you should want the picture."

"I want it because in some moods I like to look at such things."

I reflected a moment.

"Can you afford to give twenty-five hundred dollars to indulge a mood?"

"If I please," she said, with a little saucy shrug of her shoulders.

"Very well. I will sell it to you then,"—her eyes gleamed—"upon condition that, if I choose, I may some day buy it back."

"I knew you would sell it to me," she said, with an air of triumph. "You'll never want to buy it back."

"Why not?"

"You won't be rich enough. Artists are always poor, are they not?"

I did not answer, but stood in haughty silence.

She glanced up at me; and then her eyes filled with sudden tears.

"Did I wound you? I never meant to do so!"

I was mollified directly.

"I see you did not."

"You'll forgive me, then?" with a smile like sunshine. "Will you call upon me to-morrow and receive the money for the picture?" She put a card into my hand, and looking at me with the frankest, sweetest face in the world, said, "Now would you be good enough to take me to my friends? I am so near-sighted I can't see across this great gallery."

"Near-sighted—with those eyes?" It was very bluntly put, but I was no courtier in those days, and I could only hope that she would recognize the compliment and forgive the awkwardness. But she startled me.

"Yes. They don't look so, do they?" with the most charming simplicity.

I took her across the gallery, bowed my *adieux* and left her. Retracing my steps, I met my friend Mason.

"Delafield, my dear fellow, what in the name of all that's wonderful have you been doing?" he exclaimed.

"Nothing that has any harm in it, I hope."

"What: haven't you been seen for half an hour in close confab with Miss Vandermeyer; and didn't you ——"

MY KITTY. BY WILLIAM HUNT.—SEE PAGE 210.

"And what of it?"

"What of it? Why, Miss Vandermeyer is worth five hundred thousand dollars!"

"Indeed!"

"And is the sauciest, severest, most lovable, most provoking little witch that ever existed—with only one fault in the world."

"What is that?"

"Why, her fortune is such a terrible bugbear. She wants to be wooed for her own sweet self; but she knows how potent are the charms of gold; and so the poor little Circe is doomed to perpetual celibacy—for she'll never dare accept anybody."

"How dreadful! What a misfortune it is to be worth a fortune!"

Mason left me, and I saw him circling round Miss Vandermeyer, in company with a troop of other foolish moths, all the rest of the evening; and the lady, holding herself loftily in her queenly grace, minded them not in the least. As for me, I made a vow that night, sitting before my small fire, that I'd not fall into her train or lose my heart to her.

I was not going to think anything more about her, indeed. I found, however, that Miss Vandermeyer danced before my eyes as soon as I shut them; and her voice, like sweet bells, was all the time ringing through my head. It being manifestly impracticable to forget her that night, I resolved to begin to do so in the morning. But in the morning I awoke from my brief, feverish sleep, profoundly impressed by the near approach of some extraordinary event. Upon a little reflection I remembered that I was to call upon Miss Vandermeyer that day.

I went, and a footman ushered me into a spacious drawing-room, where it seemed that all sorts of beautiful things were grouped in picturesque confusion. I had not waited half a minute before Miss Vandermeyer came in, and said, if I pleased, I was to go upstairs to her den.

We went over carpets soft as moss, up flight after flight, till we reached the upper story. Then Miss Vandermeyer pushed aside a door, and I entered what seemed a fairy bower. I had left Winter out of doors—here it seemed as if Summer had been wooed to linger all through the year. The atmosphere was warm, and fragrant with blossoming flowers. A soft light came in through the ground glass, bringing out the marvelous beauty of the pictured faces and landscapes that were everywhere. An oddly carved writing-desk stood in one corner; a little buhl table with some pretty work upon it occupied another—tokens of the strange, beautiful girl who made the place her home.

"Come here," said Miss Vandermeyer, leading the way across the spacious room.

I followed, and saw my picture hung in fit company, one or two weird faces above and beside it, and a companion piece—a desolate moor, a wild crag, and an eagle sailing heavily through an empty, gray sky—just opposite.

"How do you like it?" said Miss Vandermeyer.

"Very much. It could not be better placed."

"This is my chamber of horrors. I come and sit here when I feel fierce," she said, with an air of frankness.

"Fierce!"

"Yes. When things don't go as I like. Do not you find a great many things very provoking?"

"I do; but you—I shouldn't think you could be annoyed."

FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS.—"OVER THOSE SILVERY WAVES, WE ROWED BACK TO THE LANDING."—SEE PAGE 211.

"Why? Because I am rich?"

"Partly."

"You don't know anything about it, then, if you think that one can't be miserable with a fortune. I wish you had it, and then you'd see," she said.

"I wish I had."

"What? What do you mean?" her bright hazel eyes full of surprise.

"I believe I meant that I wish that I had a fortune," I said, laughing.

"Do you really?"

"Indeed I do."

"Now, that is odd," with a queer look in her face.

"How odd?"

"Oh, they generally say that they don't value money in the least; that they wouldn't take it as a gift; that they prefer poverty, or, at least, a modest competence, and all such—stuff."

"*They* say so. Who?"

"Oh, some people," she returned, that mischievous light dancing in her eyes. "What made you think I was going to tell you my secrets?" And the little fairy walked away with a make-believe *hauteur*.

I followed her out from the comparative gloom of this part of the apartment into the sunshine that flowed over the flowers and climbing plants. A piano stood open, its white keys gleaming.

"Won't you play to me, Miss Vandermeyer?" I said.

"No!"

"Excuse me—you are not musical, then?"

"Oh yes, I play well enough; but when I have people who can say anything, I'd rather talk."

So we talked; and I watched her beautiful face, wondering at its marvelous power of expression, admiring the exquisite tinting of cheek and lip, and the splendid gold of her hair.

I put her into a picture I was at work upon that afternoon—it was just the face I had needed. Having this to do, of course I was obliged to think of her more or less; but I definitely decided to begin the next day to forget her.

It does seem, however, as if everything conspired to make one forget a good resolution. I always did dislike combating obstacles, and when I found that the fates were bent upon keeping Miss Vandermeyer in my mind, I yielded gracefully, I hope, comforting myself by thinking that she must soon go out of town for the Summer, and then I could apply myself to my business without hinderance.

The months drifted by. One day I received a tiny note, rose-scented, and addressed in her own exquisite hand. She had gone to her country-house at Staten Island. Would I come to dinner that evening?—only a friend or two, no ceremony, moonlight and boating!

I went, taking a late afternoon boat. The red shining of the setting sun upon the windows revealed the house, a roomy, quaint mansion, gabled, and half hid by luxuriant trees. Miss Vandermeyer looked fresh and lovely in her pure muslin, some jessamine sprays with waxen flowers clinging about her bright, rippling hair.

"I knew you would come," she said, her beautiful, smiling eyes upon me. "We only wanted you to make up our party."

"You are very kind. Whom have you here?"

"Only my dear old guardian, Uncle Lakeman, you know—Nellie Damer, and Mr. Fred Lacroft."

"Fred Lacroft?"

"Oh, you don't know him; but he's such a good fellow."

It is not particularly delightful to hear another man praised as a good fellow by a young lady—at least, I didn't find it so. I had no doubt I should hate Fred Lacroft. He was sure to be a detestable snob. I felt that I had found the enemy of my life. So I accompanied Miss Vandermeyer to the drawing-room; and there was the impudent interloper, playing chess with Mr. Lakeman with the most assured and at-home air imaginable.

"Mr. Delafield—Mr. Lacroft," said Miss Vandermeyer.

I bowed, but scowled as fiercely as I could, and was conscious of an inclination to throw him out of the window.

"Would you like a game of chess while we are waiting for dinner?" asked Miss Vandermeyer.

"No, I thank you," I responded, morosely.

"What—don't you like chess?"

"I think it does very well for boys," I returned, with a tremendous effort to be sarcastic.

Miss Vandermeyer blushed a little, and glanced shyly at Mr. Frederick Lacroft; but that individual only stroked his moustache, and gave a low, mellow, good-humored laugh, thus adding insult to injury. I was strongly tempted to challenge him on the spot.

A footman came in and announced dinner. It was served in a little vine-hung balcony, opening toward the river. The soft, summery air was all about us; the moon was rising just over the water, and the birds were singing good-night in the tall, dark tree-tops close by. It ought to have been delicious—but somehow it wasn't. Miss Nellie Damer was placed beside me—a young lady with a face like a wax doll, pink cheeks, blue eyes, and little rings of yellow hair lying on her white forehead—a style of beauty that I don't admire. I could, however, have forgiven her looks if she would have let me alone. But the creature would talk, which was very aggravating, considering that a most animated by-play was going on between Miss Vandermeyer and that detestable Lacroft, which I could not catch without giving it my closest attention. He laughed a good deal. He seemed to find things very amusing. I took my dinner in silence.

I made one or two discoveries before we left the table. I had always thought Miss Vandermeyer's uncle rather a nice old gentleman; but now I perceived that he was an old fogy, with a rubicund nose, who ate like a gourmand.

When dinner was over, Miss Vandermeyer proposed a row upon the river. Everybody acquiesced. Lacroft and I took the oars; but it was Lacroft who took Miss Vandermeyer's shawl, and wrapped it tenderly about her.

"You can sit there, Margaret," he said.

Margaret, indeed!

"No," she answered, with a little, willful shake of the head, "I'll sit here." And she sat down close by me.

Then I had my revenge. Lacroft was forced to play the agreeable to Miss Damer. He did it with a very good grace, but I could imagine his feelings. That little hour atoned for my misery. She was beside me, her beautiful eyes looking into mine, her soft voice singing low songs for my pleasure. Then I undertook to teach her to row. Delightful pleasure it was to see her little, white hands trying to manage the clumsy oar.

So, over those silvery waves, we rowed back to the landing, overshadowed by the huge old trees that grew close to the river's brim, and lying in deep gloom. While I held the boat fast to the wharf, Lacroft sprang out to assist the ladies. In an instant I was cursing his awkwardness, for there was a quick, frightened cry, and I knew it was Miss Vandermeyer who slipped and fell into the black water. It was only a moment's work to throw off my coat and plunge after her. Ah, how thankful I was when my darling's white face came to the top of the water—a long way off, swept away by the tide, but not beyond my reach, after a few swift, strong strokes.

They were all wild with joy when I laid her dripping and half fainting on the turfy slope.

"Oh, my dear fellow, how can we ever be grateful enough to you? If she had been lost, I should never have got over it," cried Lacroft.

The words froze me? He was her lover, then? I walked up to the house with him, mute and miserable. I would have rushed away, but I could not go back to the city wet as a merman. I must stay all night. So Lacroft said, and so said Mr. Lakeman. Miss Vandermeyer added her persuasion.

"Do you think we could let you go?" she said, softly. "You forget what I owe you."

"You owe me nothing—any one would have done the same."

I think my harsh tone hurt her. I caught the surprised, grieved look in the eyes that met mine, before I turned abruptly away. That night, lying awake after the household was asleep, I resolved to rise early the next morning, before any one was stirring, and go to the city, leaving a note to excuse my sudden departure.

So I left Staten Island, in the cool, sweet hush of the early morning, never, I thought, to see it again. Back to my work I must go, and forget that I had ever known Margaret Vandermeyer.

That was a gloomy day. Toward night came a sunny gleam in the shape of a note from Miss Vandermeyer.

"Do you know," she wrote, "that you were very rude to go away as you did this morning? You want to escape our thanks, I suppose; but that does not excuse you. Will you come to-morrow, and be forgiven?"

There was a deal of consolation in these simple words, but I hardened my heart, and wrote to Miss Vandermeyer that urgent business would prevent my doing myself the honor, etc.

What a wretched week followed! Who would have thought that one little woman could have thrown my mind into such a tumult? I worried myself ill, and, conscious that I was looking haggard and miserable, I would not go out, but worked at my easel all day, day after day.

One afternoon, at the end of that wretched week, I was putting a few last touches upon my picture, which was now completed, when there came a low tap at the door. I opened it, and to my inexpressible surprise, beheld Miss Vandermeyer. She threw back her vail, put out her little, gloved hand doubtfully, and said:

"How do you do, Mr. Delafield? May I come in?"

"Certainly, Miss Vandermeyer—I am very happy," I stammered.

"You may wait for me at the door, Rosette," she said, turning to the maid who accompanied her; and then she stepped inside my apartment, looking around with a curious, half timid air.

I gave her my best chair, and stood a little way off, looking at her, hardly daring to speak, lest she should vanish into thin air. My poor studio had never been so illuminated before.

"I came to see if you were ill," she said, presently, looking shyly up into my face.

"You are very good. No; I am not ill."

"Why haven't you been to see us, then? You look ill, I am sure," she added, softly.

"I wrote to tell you that I was very busy."

She lifted up one little, diamond-ringed hand warningly.

"Now, do tell the truth to me!"

"The truth, Miss Vandermeyer, would, I am afraid, give you little pleasure," I said, bitterly.

"I don't understand you."

"I staid away from you because I thought it best I should," I said at last, quite desperate.

A rosy flush crept slowly over her sweet face.

"Why?" she asked, after a minute.

"Because, Miss Vandermeyer, I love you!"

The blush faded away to white; and a smile trembled about her lips.

"I thought you did!" in a low, cooing voice.

I drew a long breath.

"Then you must understand me. You are going to marry Mr. Lacroft——"

I was interrupted by a quick, musical laugh.

"Why, you silly fellow, don't you know Fred is my cousin, and engaged to Nellie Damer? They're to be married in September."

I was silent from surprise.

"Is that any consolation?" asked my tormentor, presently.

I could not deny that it was.

"But then, that makes no difference," I said, at last.

"No difference?"

"No. That confounded five hundred thousand dollars of yours!" I said, between my teeth.

"Oh, that is it?" with a rippling laugh.

"Yes, that is it!" and hardly knowing what I did, I turned my easel so that my picture faced her.

She started.

"Why, that is I!" she exclaimed, her eyes glowing. "Did you do it?"

"Yes."

She went up to the picture and examined it closely.

"You've made it just like me," she said, in a gratified tone.

"I couldn't help doing so."

"It's prettier, too, than any likeness I've ever had," she added, with quite unconscious self-praise. "Will you sell it?"

"No."

"Not for five thousand dollars?"

"Not for ten thousand."

"Not to me?" coaxingly.

"Not even to you."

She sat down in my arm-chair again, her gloves lying in her lap, her hat in her hand, her cheeks crimson, her eyes soft and bright with excitement. I paced the room, fast losing my self-control. I loved her so.

"I wish you would leave off walking, and sit down," she said, in a moment. "I want to talk to you."

I sat down instantly.

"Is this your studio?" glancing around.

"My studio, dining, and reception-room.

"Why do you live so poorly?"

"To save money."

"And this is all the home you have?" she said, with an air of tender pity.

"You needn't be sorry for me," I replied, hastily. "My debts are all paid now; and some day, I dare say, I shall live in better style."

"And yet you wouldn't accept my fortune?" she went on, her voice shaking a little.

"Miss Vandermeyer——"

"But suppose," she interrupted—"suppose I should tell you that it never was so much as people thought—and that what there was is almost, or quite, lost"—she began to cry now—"gone to ruin in a broken bank—and that I—oh, Mr. Delafield—expect to have to be a governess, or do something—for my living——"

She broke down here, and hiding her face in her hands, sobbed aloud. I was at her feet, caressing her shawl, showering kisses upon her bright curls, overwhelming her with tender words.

"Oh, my love—my precious darling—you become a governess? I will work like a galley slave, if you love me! It was only that horrible fortune; but now—now will you give yourself to me?"

She put both her hands into mine, smiling through her tears. I don't know what I said then—I know I was roused from a trance of delicious joy by her voice.

"You will think me mercenary—to accept you now I am poor, and would not when I was rich. But then you never asked me," with sly malice.

"Dear, I won't think you so. I know you love me; I take that sweet comfort to my heart. My black days are over now. I've seen a good many of them, precious Margaret!"

She faltered a little, her eyes filling again.

"But you can't support a wife, can you? You are poor, you know."

"Oh, my dear—not so very poor. Besides, I'm doing better all the time."

"Rosette—I should never do without her. I don't know how to make my own dresses."

"I'll find a way," said I, trying mentally to contrive some way in which I could pinch myself, and save Mademoiselle Rosette's salary. Just then that personage knocked at the door.

"If you please, miss, it's getting late; and though I don't mind waiting any reasonable time, yet you know your uncle——"

"I'm coming, Rosette. You'll go home with me, and tell my guardian?"

In an hour we reached Staten Island. Mr. Lakeman was sitting upon the lawn. I saw now that he was a nice old gentleman, after all, and that his nose was not at all more rubicund than was becoming. We walked up to him.

"Uncle, Mr. Delafield and I have decided to be married some day. We're in no hurry."

"Indeed, sir, we *are* in a hurry."

"Be quiet! So, uncle, you'll please give us your approval," said Miss Vandermeyer.

Mr. Lakeman laid down his newspaper.

"My dear, this is quite unexpected; but I have the highest opinion of Mr. Delafield, and I've no doubt he will make you an excellent husband, and know how to manage your fortune. I shall be quite pleased to have the charge of it transferred to other hands. I am sure I congratulate you."

"But, sir!"

"Come with me!" commanded my tyrant.

She drew me into the library.

"Margaret, what does he mean?"

"You stupid old darling—did you believe that story?"

"Margaret!" I cried, in dismay.

"I only put a case, you know," pursued the little gypsy, "I was afraid I should have to tell some fibs; but you believed it all so easily."

I was dumb.

"Now you've promised to take me; but you can't have me unless you take the five hundred thousand dollars, too. Do you want to recall your words?"

She put her two dear hands around my neck—and I wasn't enough of a hero to give her up.

* * * * * * *

I must confess that the fortune has never seriously interfered with my happiness.

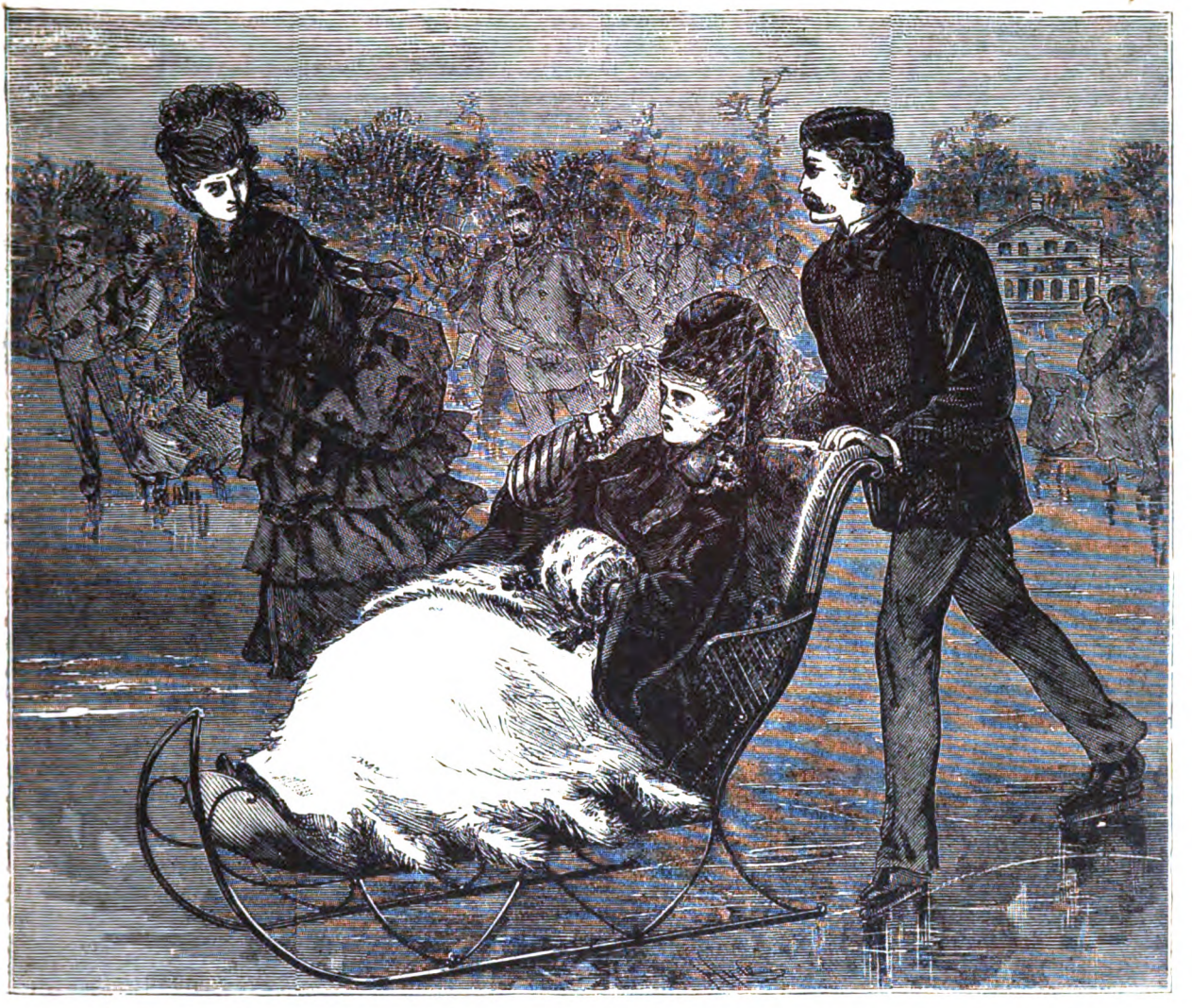
TARTAR VASES.

CERAMICS.

Tartar Vases.

The potter's art is one of the most ancient and widespread. In every land men have molded the pliable clay into useful forms for the various wants of all. Each country seems to have improved in the manufacture, employing for beautifying and strengthening the ware materials supplied on the spot by Nature or drawn from her resources. As its capability for beauty appeared, pottery became ornamental as well as useful. The forms of beauty in animal and vegetable life were soon copied or used as suggestions.

Of late years it has been popular to make collections of specimens of the finest china and porcelain, the highest types of the ceramic art. The vases of various nations excite our admiration. Nations apparently rude—the nomadic Tartar, for instance—exhibit specimens of pottery which for beauty of design and excellence of workmanship challenge the admiring approval of all. Our illustration shows to what a degree of perfection they attain. No collector of bric-à-brac would fail to congratulate himself on the possession of such a group as we illustrate.



CACIQUE.—"THERE WAS, INDEED, A MYSTERY HERE, FOR, ON THE FAIR FACE OF THE NEWCOMER I BEHELD A DARK SCOWL OF RAGE AND HATE CLEARLY DEFINING THE FURIOUS LOOKS WITH WHICH SHE DEVOURED THE GIRL IN THE SLEIGH."

CACIQUE.

A Story of the Commune.

Have any of my readers ever visited the Bois de Boulogne? Alas! the ruthless hand of war has shattered the ancient glories of that famous park, and it will be many a long day ere its pristine pleasantness can be restored. To describe it as it was would be a vain task now; but when I knew it first it seemed to me the epitome of sylvan loveliness. In Summer its shady groves and bosky dells were redolent of the sweet perfume of flowers, and vocal with the melody of song-birds: its sparkling lakes flashed in the fervent sun like veritable diamonds; and its huge old trees, whose massive trunks were gray with the moss of ages, seemed true monarchs of the woodland, whose reign was to last forever.

But woe to the vanity of human expectation! In order to slay each other the more readily, men have sacrificed nearly all these noble kings of the grove, and their leafy crowns lie moldering in the dust. The exigences of the great Siege of Paris have compelled the destruction of the greater portion of the beautiful wood of Boulogne, and centuries must pass before the successors of its umbrageous oaks can rear their heads in as proud a majesty.

But a sunshiny, Winter day in the grand old Bois possessed for me even greater attraction than the flowers and birds of Summer time. On such a day, when the ice on the lakes was firm, and the air was clear and bracing, all the pleasure-seekers in pleasure-loving Paris thronged their favorite park, and filled it to overflowing with fun and jollity. The glassy surface of each little pond and lake was a perfect kaleidoscope of gay dresses, bright faces, and brilliant jewels. In and out, around and about, circled the merry skaters on their ringing irons; the ever-changing combinations of the vividly-colored dresses of the merry-makers was a constant source of delight; the blue sky overhead seemed to wave a ripple, in sympathy with the glad laughter and joyous shouts of those who thus sported beneath it; and the whole scene was a true carnival in which care was forgotten, and every one seemed to vie with his neighbor in making the most of the fleeting hour of happiness.

But perhaps there was a more potent reason than the mere pleasure of witnessing the gay scene, which has endeared the memory of the Winter days in the merry wood to my heart. It was on such a day that I first beheld Cacique. Bright-eyed, lovely, laughing Cacique, when I first knew her; hollow-eyed, pallid, dying Cacique, when she faded out of my life forever!

How little we know of the scorpion that is feeding on the

heart of our dearest friend, when his laughter is loudest and his smile the gayest among the gay? How little can we imagine the torture that may be racking the soul of her who seems to us the very incarnation of content and mirthfulness? The mystery of human life is a secret which has never been solved, for its miseries are incomprehensible, and the enigma of its disappointments as inscrutable as the contents of a casket, the key of which has been lost in a fathomless ocean.

Shall I ever forget the hour and the scene when I first beheld her? I ought not to forget it, for *one* reason, at least, among many. In that self-same hour I not only saw her for the first time, but witnessed the first scene in the last act of her life-tragedy. It was, indeed, a moment never to be forgotten by one who has loved as I loved her—though I remember, also, that I knew from the beginning she could never be mine.

Let me recall that scene, and the sequel of her sad story, as best I may. It will be a painful task, but the tale will convey a lesson that may do good to some fainting soul on the verge of despair, and I must not be selfishly weak.

It was just two hours after noon on a glorious January day—the mournful January preceding the war which has desolated poor France—when I reached the margin of one of the larger lakes near the centre of the Bois de Boulogne. The ice was firm and smooth, and its glittering surface was the stage on which some hundreds of the gay Parisians were enacting a fleeting scene of that drama of pleasure which they call life. Who shall say what secret comedies and tragedies were privately being played among the individuals comprising that company of actors? Of one, at least, of which the throng knew nothing, I was destined to be a witness—not only when the curtain rose on the last act, as it did that very day, but through all the rest of its sorrowful scenes, until death's black curtain fell and extinguished the light of many lives as well as mine.

"All the world's a stage." Our greatest poet says so, and we know it to be the truth. But I must abandon metaphor, and, stripping my story of the glare and tinsel of the theatre, confine myself to hard, plain facts.

In a few moments after I reached the lake I had strapped on my irons and made one among the joyous throng of skaters. It was a brilliant and a pleasant sight, and for a time I was contented to observe the crowd as a mass, delighted with its countless and wonderful changes of color and form. But presently I tired of the glittering whirl, and began to single out groups and individuals, watching the evolutions of each that I, in turn, selected, with as much solicitude as though I had a personal interest in their enjoyment. This pleasure, too, I finally exhausted, and at last my attention became wholly fixed on one group alone—fastened there, indeed, because I saw, what the careless crowd did not see, in the movements and action of that group—a meaning that was decidedly mysterious; and in the person of the principal figure a loveliness that was absolutely marvelous.

The group I thus observed consisted of three persons. The central figure was that of a young girl, perhaps eighteen years of age, who was seated in a handsome sledge, and enveloped warmly in costly robes of fur. The entire equipage indicated wealth and luxury; but I did not, at first, bestow a single thought on this, which would at any other time have attracted my close admiration—for I am not ashamed to say that I admire display at all times, if it is only regulated by good taste. Now, however, all my admiration was engrossed by the occupant of the sledge. A face more exquisitely lovely it had never been my good fortune to see, and its beauty was enhanced, at the moment, by a strange expression which, to my great astonishment, I soon discovered to be that of actual fear. Her great blue eyes were fixed wildly upon some object to the right of where she sat; her long vail was drawn half over the side of her face, as if to conceal it; the little hand that held the vail thus was trembling violently, and her beautiful lips were parted and quivering as if she was on the point of screaming aloud with terror.

As soon as I became conscious of these facts, I at once looked about me to ascertain the cause of her strange alarm in the midst of that scene of pleasure. My eyes first fell upon her immediate companion, who was propelling the sledge, and constituted the second figure of the group. There was nothing in him to cause her dread, assuredly. A tall, manly youth, with a noble face, well set-off by the round fur cap upon his head, and sparkling black eyes that might well inspire love, but could never be associated with deceit or treachery. No; he might be her lover—nay, I was sure he *was*, from the very first—but I felt that he would suffer himself to be slain in defending her from the slightest cause for fear, and I was forced to search further for the reason of her alarm.

I had not very far to look. Following the direction of her frightened glance, mine instantly encountered the third figure of the group—the form of a tall and very beautiful woman, who, moving gracefully over the glittering ice, was skating swiftly toward the other two. There was, indeed, a mystery here, for on the fair face of the new-comer I beheld a dark scowl of rage and hate, and the object of these fierce passions was clearly defined in the furious looks with which she devoured the girl in the sledge. Involuntarily I drew nearer the latter. I felt that she was in danger, though I knew not why, and my impulse was to shield her, even though I was yet unconscious of the lasting love with which she had inspired me.

All this I saw in the passing moment. In the next, the scowling woman had flashed swiftly by, bestowing on me a look of wrath, as if my near approach had baffled her evil purpose. Almost instantly she was lost amid the crowd, and as I gazed after her I heard, to my surprise, a silvery laugh break from the lips of the little beauty in the sledge. Whatever was the cause of her fear, it had vanished as quickly as it came, and she was now speaking merrily to her companion. I was not near enough to hear all she said, but I caught the last words, and they set me pondering:

"What a silly girl I am, Louis; I thought it was Irene!"

The youth started at that name, and a look of anger and disgust crossed his fine face; but the next moment they moved onward into the throng, and I did not hear his reply, or think of following them.

When I left the lake, the lovely countenance of that young girl went with me, in my heart; and, side by side with it, the furious face of the other beautiful woman who had scowled at her. Was this last really the "Irene" of whom she had spoken, and whom she evidently feared? Alas! I felt that her first instinct of danger had not deceived her. I knew too well the awful visage of a mortal hatred, and I felt sure that if she was in peril from a threatened vengeance, her enemy had that day been close beside her, and, perhaps, but for my involuntary movement, would have wreaked her fury then and there.

Of course it would be idle to say that I imagined I loved the peerless beauty of whom I had thus caught a passing glimpse. But I did not forget her, or the shadow I had caught of some strange secret in her life, though we did not meet again for many months—until long after the war had begun. Perhaps I might have forgotten her entirely in time, though I think some sweet memory of her would always have lingered in my heart. Nevertheless, we *did* meet again, at the house of one of my relatives, and I knew then that I

loved her madly, and should ever love her; even when I learned, at the moment of her introduction, that she was betrothed to the youth I had seen with her on the lake.

With this confession, and the solemn assertion that my pure love has always, until now, been hidden from every one, and most of all from her, my personal connection with her fearful story ends. The form of my narrative here changes, and I must relate in the third person all that I subsequently learned of her previous history, and her sad, sad fate.

The father of Irene de Miracourt was a cadet of a noble French family, impoverished by Napoleon's confiscations, in consequence of their adherence to the cause of the ancient monarchy. At the Restoration, the then head of the family was made governor of Martinique, where he retrieved the fortunes of his house, and his descendants continued to reside, acquiring large estates. Thus Adolphe de Miracourt inherited an extensive sugar plantation, which made him one of the magnates of the island; and when his daughter Irene was born, there was great rejoicing among his friends and neighbors.

To De Miracourt himself the event brought no joy. He had desired a son, to whom he might leave his wealth, and thus perpetuate his name; but the state of his wife's health, subsequent to his daughter's birth, precluded all possibility of her bearing other children. Indeed, this prognostication was soon verified, for within a year Madame de Miracourt died. The widower's age and tastes prevented him from contracting another alliance, and thus he was forced to abandon all hopes of a male heir. Unfortunately, his disappointment embittered him toward the unconscious cause thereof, and, instead of concentrating his affection upon the motherless child, he seemed to regard her rather as a misfortune than a blessing.

There was another reason why she should be a source of embarrassment to him, though it was not until many years after her birth that the world had any knowledge of it. De Miracourt was a younger son, and in his youth had no expectation of succeeding to his father's estate. He had been sent to France at an early age, and, having provided him with a military commission, his family took little notice of him, and knew still less of his actions for many years. He rarely alluded to that portion of his life afterward, but it is certain that he was wild and reckless, and that he gained the money for his excesses by gambling, and in other still more shameful ways. His worst folly, however, has yet to be related. It was the most fatal act of all his reckless career, because everything else he did only caused suffering to himself, while this entailed misery on many innocent persons, and wrecked the happiness of his future offspring.

I use the word "offspring" advisedly, for Adolphe de Miracourt had more than one child. The rash act to which I have alluded was his secret marriage to a girl far beneath him in station, but whom he really loved as much as it was possible for his selfish nature to feel true passion.

The marriage took place in Paris, and one year before he succeeded to his father's wealth (by the sudden death of both his parents and his elder brother, through accident) a child was born to him—in this case, also, a daughter. Six months afterward his wife and child suddenly disappeared, and he had good reason to believe that both had been drowned while participating in a boating excursion on the Seine. At first there was some doubt of the fact in his mind, for he well knew that he had shamefully ill-treated his wife, and that she had previously threatened to leave him; but at last he was convinced that they were dead, and when the news of his succession to his father's estate reached him, he left France laden with remorse and grief, which were destined to embitter all his future life.

Soon after taking possession of his inheritance, he resolved to wed again, merely to obtain an heir. Accordingly, he married the daughter of a neighboring planter, without communicating to her, or any one, the fact of his previous marriage. The union was without love, and its result—the birth of a daughter—was, as we have seen, disappointing to all his hopes. After his second wife's death he became quite a recluse, neglecting even the necessary business of his estate to indulge in his morbid melancholy. His child he utterly neglected, and she was left, without education or care, to the supervision of ignorant servants.

The effect of such training, or rather the entire want of it, may easily be foreseen. When Irene attained the age of twelve, she was as wild, uncultivated, selfish and willful as the veriest savage that ever roamed the forests of the island in the olden time.

She was proud and vain, moreover, for she was marvelously beautiful, and she knew it; she was supposed to be the sole heiress of her father's wealth, and she knew that also. Child as she was, no queen ever tyrannized more despotically over her subjects than the little Irene over her dependents. Her outbursts of temper were fearful to witness, and, as her father never interfered with or punished her, she reigned an absolute sovereign, whose will was law, and whose unreasoning anger often bore serious consequences. Young as she was, it was already known among the servants that she never forgot an indignity, and that, sooner or later, she was sure to exact vengeance. The slaves feared her more than they did her morose father, and it really seemed as if she believed that all mankind were only created to do her will and pleasure.

But a startling event was impending which rudely awoke the precocious child from her dream of absolute power, and hurled her from the pinnacle of pride on which she had thus early enthroned herself. There are no words less grandiloquent which will adequately describe the catastrophe, for it was utter, complete, overwhelming. It deprived her at once of station, wealth, and even name, and rendered her, at one blow, a mere dependant where she had formerly reigned supreme. I have no space to detail the affair at length, and must content myself with a bare relation of the main facts. The wife and child whom Adolphe de Miracourt had believed dead, suddenly reappeared, and landing in Martinique on the morning of Irene's thirteenth birthday, made their way to her father's presence!

No one could have been more astonished at this resurrection than De Miracourt himself, but his delight was equal to his surprise, for his old love had never left his heart. It is to be presumed that his wife fully satisfied him with the explanation she gave of her long concealment, for he received her with open arms, and, by publicly acknowledging his marriage to her, placed herself and daughter in their proper position before the world. But in so doing he made patent the fact that his last marriage was illegal, and that his younger daughter was illegitimate. Perhaps he scarcely realized her terrible abasement, and the extent of the wrong he did her, but it is certain that he had no sympathy for her, and was glad to be rid of her on any terms.

An only brother of her mother, after satisfying himself that De Miracourt had really believed himself free to marry when he wedded her, decided to adopt the forlorn girl, and the father eagerly accepted the proposal, settling on the daughter he thus repudiated so large a portion of his wealth that, on this score, Irene had no reason to be ungrateful, and the whole island was loud in praise of his generosity. Within a week the dethroned little queen was removed from her father's house, and the reign of her sister and successor began under apparently happy auspices.

It was, indeed, a new reign, for not many weeks had

passed ere the newly recovered daughter ruled the entire household as completely as her predecessor had done. But the law through which she won all hearts, and bent them to her sweet will, was that of love and kindness. Lovely as a tropic star, and never satisfied unless she was doing good to others, Louise de Miracourt seemed, to all who knew her, a new revelation of the sublime doctrine "peace and good will." So great a contrast was she to her half-sister, Irene, that the slaves (many of them descendants of the ancient Indians of the island), who had dubbed the latter "Dragon," called Louise "Cacique," the highest title of honor among them, signifying "chieftain." It is a singular title to be given to a girl, but it pleased her and its donors, so that, in time, she was almost universally known by it, and her friends rarely addressed her by her real name.

Her history during the next three years may be summed up in the sentence that she was happy, and made every one so who came in contact with her. But then her misfortunes began, and showered thick and fast upon her path, which would have been dark, indeed, had it not been for one ray of Heaven's own light that cheered and made her strong.

Her mother died, and her father sank, again, into a melancholy which was only one degree removed from insanity. These sorrows, and the wearying care of her demented father, would have been too much for her fragile strength if she had not found a new and steadfast helper in her time of need.

She loved, and was beloved in turn, by one who was in every way worthy of her priceless affection. Leaning on him she found comfort in her severest trials, and a counselor, who, though young, was inspired by his love to guide her aright in her greatest difficulties. Alas! she was destined to require from him defense, as well as counsel, soon—for an enemy whom she had never dreamed of was already planning her destruction, and in winning his love she had unconsciously added the crowning offense of the long series of involuntary wrongs for which her foe hated her with an undying hatred, and burned to be revenged.

It is almost needless to say that Irene, her half-sister, was the enemy in question. Though she had really lost little worth caring for, in being repudiated, as it were, by a father who did not love her, and, above all, though Cacique was in no degree whatever to blame for what had happened, Irene chose to feel that she had been cruelly defrauded of her rights, and that Cacique was alone the cause.

Selfish and cruel by nature, and utterly unprincipled through her total want of proper education, the unhappy girl had long ago resolved that she would one day exact a bitter retribution for the wrongs she really had endured, and those she fancied had been heaped upon her. Child as she was then, this evil purpose had been formed in the very hour she left her father's house, and for a long time he was the only object of her meditated revenge. But when she had grown old enough to act for herself as she desired to act, she found her father a poor imbecile who could not feel the blow she had meant to crush him with, and, at the same moment, she discovered that her sister had won the love of the man whom she also loved with all the passion of her fierce heart.

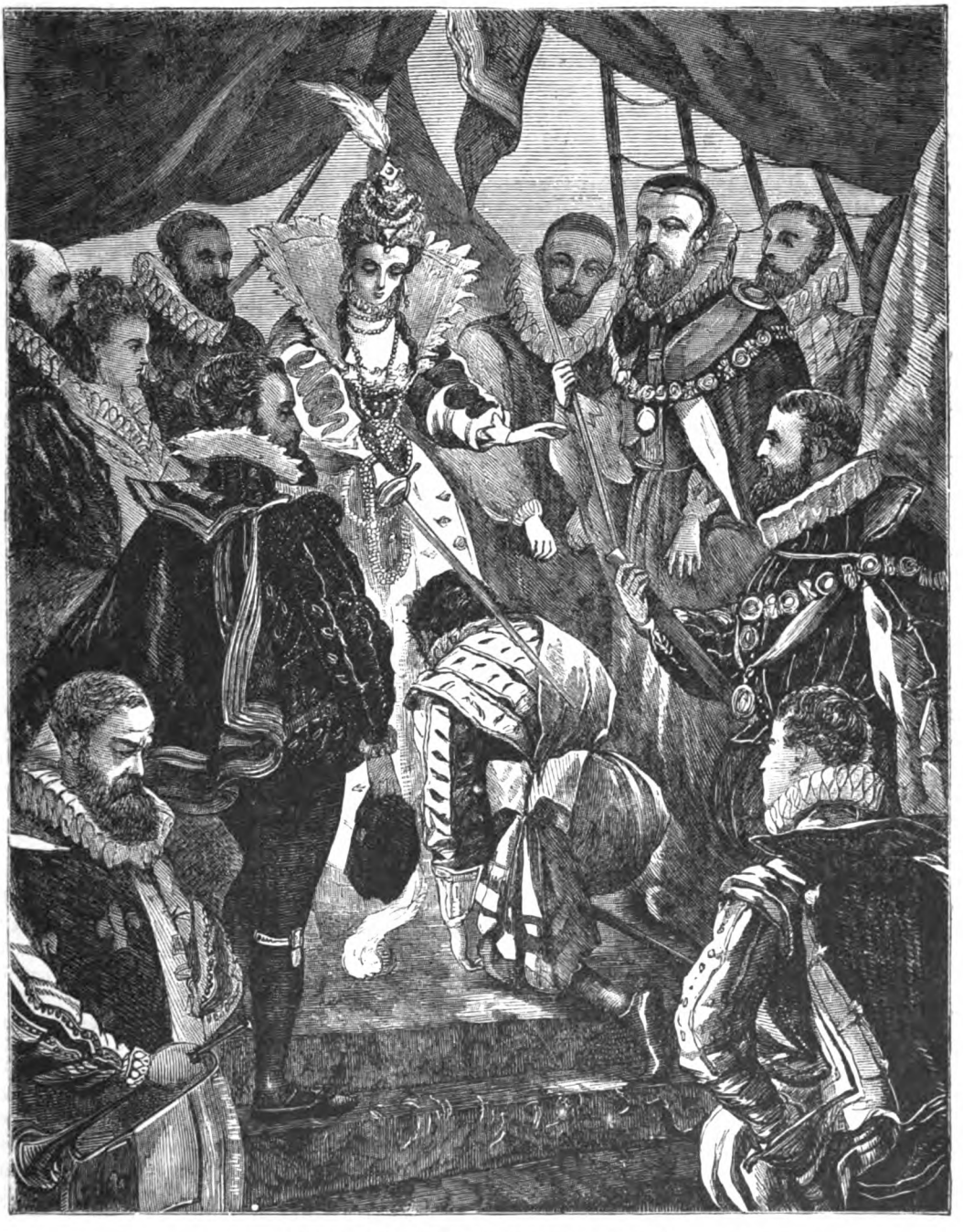
BOYHOOD OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.— SEE PAGE 223.

None save the three persons immediately interested ever knew the entire truth regarding the insane act in which Irene's furious hatred vented itself at the time of which I am writing. Neither Cacique nor her lover, Louis Martigny, could be brought to allude to it, and all that I have been able to gather from others is soon told. The main fact, always undisputed, was that Irene had attempted to take her sister's life, and the latter had only been saved at the expense of a severe wound to Louis.

The shock of this awful occurrence had been too much for the failing health of Adolphe de Miracourt, and he died the next day. By order of the authorities, Irene had been placed in confinement as an insane person, and Cacique had taken refuge with the parents of Louis, who were only too glad to be able to give her protection.

Two months subsequently the whole family left Martinique for France, and poor Cacique joyfully accompanied them; her only regret being that she was leaving for ever the land where she had first met her lover. When I met them in the Bois de Boulogne they had been in Paris several weeks, and Cacique had recovered all her gayety and health, for she believed herself in safety, and knew that the hour of her union with Louis was close at hand.

Her marriage did take place at the time appointed, very soon after I became known to her at the house of my relative; but, alas! her dream of safety was only a dream. Her enemy had, indeed, escaped from confinement, and followed her across the sea; and, though my pen almost refuses to record it, I must hasten to relate the fearful sequel of her story.



QUEEN ELIZABETH KNIGHTING SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

Events rapidly multiplied during this singular epoch in French history. The Prussian armies carried all before them; battle after battle was lost by the French; the Emperor was taken prisoner, and deposed; and, sitting down before Paris, King William finished the conquest of France with a celerity that seemed incredible to all who witnessed it. But these disasters were only the preface to still greater

misfortunes for the beautiful city. Scarcely had the terrors of foreign invasion disappeared when the revolt of the Commune occurred, and the horrors of civil war succeeded. The Provisional Government at Versailles summoned all its forces to crush the insurrection, and, for the second time that year, Paris was subjected to close siege, this time with tenfold greater misery than at first.

In the meantime I had remained in the devoted city, compelled to do so by the exigences of my business, and when, after the revolt, I would gladly have left it, no avenue of escape was open. Nevertheless, I should not have left it at this time had I found a way, unless I could have taken Cacique with me; for her husband and his father were unfortunately at Versailles when the insurrection occurred, and now were unable to rejoin their wives.

In their distress the ladies appealed to me for protection; and of course I was only too glad to be able to do anything, however little, for her who possessed my whole heart, though she knew it not.

As I approach the catastrophe of this melancholy narrative I am strongly tempted to abandon the task, for the recollection of that awful scene is almost too much for my shattered strength. Let me be brief, therefore, that I *may* end it, if only to bear witness to the sublime courage of the saint I adored, the heroic fortitude of the one woman I have loved, when standing on the brink of despair.

Day by day the horrors of the insurrection deepened around us, and day by day I saw my darling's strength fail and the color vanish from her lovely cheeks. Scanty food and the strain on her nerves from the fearful sights and sounds which rose up hourly around us, were doing a deadly work upon her; but, above all, the fearful suspense she suffered regarding her husband's safety—for no word had ever reached us from him—bid fair to break her down entirely. His mother could not console or aid her, for she was utterly prostrated by the situation, and all that I could do was to offer her my sincere sympathy and watch over her as I would have guarded an only sister.

By-and-by she herself found a way to distract her thoughts by occupying them in the relief of the sufferings of others. The siege was now pressed with great vigor by the Versaillists, and the wounded in the city were counted by hundreds daily. To the care of some of these my beloved Cacique devoted herself, and ere long she grew more cheerful through the good she did; while her beautiful face and gentle smile became widely known as the harbingers of succor to scores who would otherwise have perished without relief.

In this noble task I aided her as best I could—at first, merely because I would not allow her to go unattended about the streets, but finally because I grew interested in the task—and was well rewarded for my labor by her approving smile.

During all this time I was never free from an undefined presentiment that some great peril other than the dangers of the siege was hanging over us. I had never entirely forgotten the scene of the previous Winter in the Bois de Boulogne, and, though I certainly did not recall it at the moment of which I write, I now believe it was lurking somewhere in my brain, and produced the impression I have mentioned.

By this time I knew all that I have related of Cacique's history, and when it was told me, I had instantly decided that the woman who had regarded me so fiercely on the lake was no other than Irene. A long time had passed since then, and, as I have said, I certainly did not think of her during the siege; but I am now sure that that scene was the cause of my presentiment, for it was most fearfully realized at the very moment when we deemed we had escaped all danger.

The siege ended at last, the insurrection was crushed, and the day came when Cacique rose from her sleepless couch in the exultant hope that ere evening her husband would be in her arms. Alas! who could dream of the fearful fate that was to be her lot ere night had fallen? But let me not anticipate.

From the break of day the Versaillists had been pouring into the city, which was now fully in their power. Cacique desired to go to the barriers, in the hope of meeting Louis sooner. I hesitated to let her go at first, fearing danger from the excited mob; but when I was assured that the city was really in the hands of the government forces, I deemed that all was safe, and gladly accompanied her. Heaven forgive me! I had no means of knowing that the real peril menaced us from the victorious soldiery, nor that the foe from whom my darling had most to dread could alone gain power to harm her through this very victory to which we had looked forward with such joy and hope.

The streets were full of turmoil and excitement as we passed along. Marching troops and dense crowds of half-frantic men and women impeded our progress at every step; but not until we had reached the boulevard close to the barrier on the Versailles road did I observe anything which indicated that we were personally unsafe. How suddenly and terribly I was wakened from my dream of security, let this hasty record of my incoherent recollection of the next half-hour show.

It is still like a nightmare to me, and I cannot recall it clearly. First, I was conscious of a wild excitement in the crowd around us; next, I saw a disorganized band of the Versailles troops surrounding a group of pallid wretches, who were shrieking for mercy in piteous tones; then followed a volley of pistol-shots, and then—a sudden, ghastly silence. We had witnessed the first massacre of the Communists detected in using petroleum to fire the city after surrender.

But the worst was yet to come. Striving against the horror which had nearly overpowered me, I turned to drag Cacique out of the press, when suddenly I saw before me a face I remembered only too well—the face of her who had glared at me so furiously on the lake in the Bois de Boulogne! Instinctively I threw myself before Cacique; but I was too late, for her enemy had recognized her on the instant. The next moment I was struggling fiercely with the maniac to prevent her from reaching her sister, while, with unutterable terror, I heard her shrill, mad voice denouncing Cacique as a *petroleuse!*

I could not stifle the mad woman's cries; I could not resist the frenzy of a furious mob thirsting for blood. My frantic assertions of her innocence were impotent against the prejudices of an infuriated soldiery, determined to believe all guilty who were denounced. My darling was torn from me; I was speedily overpowered, and, helpless to raise a finger in her defense, I saw the only woman I ever loved led forth to die!

Ah, sainted martyr! Noble, glorious Cacique! Will Heaven forgive your murderers as you forgave them then? I see thee kneeling now, with white hands uplifted, praying for them and for thyself—no terror on thy pallid face, no consciousness of aught save that thou wert going home to God. I hear thy gentle voice imploring blessings on thy husband's head; I *feel* the awful volley which crashes through thy speech and silences it for ever; I hear the frantic laugh which proclaims thy enemy's revenge accomplished—and I know no more.

Weeks afterward I woke to consciousness in the hospital of St. Lazare. Why I was spared on that fatal day, I have never known. As soon as my strength would permit, I hastened away from Paris, never to return; and from that day to this I am ignorant of the fate either of Irene or of the husband of my lost Cacique.

FRANCIS DRAKE, THE FERRY-BOY.

FRANCIS DRAKE, one of the founders of English naval power, the eldest of twelve brothers, was the son of a most worthy sailor named Edmund Drake.

Francis was born in Tavistock, in Devonshire, in the year 1545. Francis Russell, afterward Earl of Bedford, stood as his godfather, and Sir John Hawkins, the celebrated navigator, defrayed the expenses of his education during the short period he remained at school. It was in this manner that the attention of Sir John Hawkins was drawn to the boy: While walking one day by the banks of the river Tamar, a few miles below the town of Tavistock, Sir John, being overtaken by a shower of rain, took refuge under the roof of an humble ferry-house, of which the only occupant at the time was a little boy.

As they sat together over the fire of turf and driftwood, Sir John drew the boy, shy and retiring at first, into conversation. They spoke much about the great navigators who had sailed away, and discovered lands where strange people dwelt, where strange animals roved, where birds of brilliant plumage flitted through forests whose leaves faded not nor withered away, and where gold and jewels were to be gathered in abundance.

The boy, young Francis Drake, listened eagerly to the stories told by the great sailor, and resolved, as soon as possible, to resign his post as ferry-boy, get his father's permission to attend school for a time, and then begin active life as a sailor. Sir John read the boy's thoughts.

"My lad," he said, "I return to Tavistock in the evening. I will see your father, who liveth there. At my expense you shall go to school; and, if you are attentive to your lessons, and obedient to your parents, I know not but that you shall go with me to those far-off lands, where rivers deeper and broader than our Tavy and Tamar run through channels of golden sands."

Sir John sent the boy to school.

When Elizabeth came to the throne, Edmund Drake obtained an appointment among the seamen in the navy to read prayers to them, and soon afterward was ordained deacon, and made vicar of Upnor Church, on the river Medway, within a short distance of Chatham, where the royal fleet was wont to be anchored.

Thus passed the boyhood of Francis, among men who had done business in the great waters. While yet in his boyhood, his father, "by reason of his great poverty," apprenticed him to a neighbor, the master and owner of a small vessel, who carried on a coasting-trade, and made occasional voyages to France and Holland.

This master kept young Drake close to his work, and when he died, he bequeathed to the youth the bark and its equipments.

As a master mariner, Drake might have gathered together much money; but he had never forgotten the tales which Sir John Hawkins had told him as they sat over the fire in the old ferry-house; so he sold his ship, went down to Plymouth, and joined Sir John Hawkins, who was setting out on his last and unfortunate voyage.

But, as the years went on, Drake became famous. He ravaged the Spanish territories in America, and, on his return from one of his cruises, relieved the starving French colony in Florida. In 1577, he sailed to the Pacific, plundered the coast of Chili and Peru, and, proceeding northward, took possession of California, in the name of Queen Elizabeth. At a later period, he took St. Augustine from the Spaniards; so that his name is connected with several points on our territory.

In the words of an old author, "books, pictures, and ballads were published in his praise; his opinion and judgment concerning marine affairs were held in the highest respect." There was no port nor harbor in the world where his name was not known and feared. When, after a perilous voyage round the Cape of Good Hope, he returned to the Thames, Queen Elizabeth dined with the celebrated mariner on board his ship, off Deptford, in the Thames, and after dinner, she made him a knight of the realm.

Even to this day the name of Drake is honored in Plymouth, and spoken of with affection, and his memory is drank daily in draughts of crystalline water; for he devoted the savings of his life to the construction of an aqueduct which brings a supply of water from the Tors of Dartmoor to the town.

"He brought a river to Plymouth, three feet deep and six feet wide, which river, in a right line from the town to the head thereof, is eight miles, but, in turning and winding to come from the head to the town, is two-and-twenty miles."

Sir Francis Drake acquired his greatest fame by driving back and dispersing the ships of the Invincible Armada, which had been fitted out by Philip of Spain to conquer England.

Drake died at sea, near Portobello, December 27th, 1595, and his body was committed to the waters of the great deep, on which so much of his life was spent.

RUTH GURNEY'S SET OUT.

"I'LL never do it while I live, Zuby Ann—never!"

And the stormy little maid brought her two brown, plump hands together with decided emphasis.

The person thus addressed tossed her yellow side-curls in righteous indignation, and regarding the girl with her keen, sharp eyes, said, in a tone as keen and sharp:

"Ruth Gurney, when I was your age, if I had spoken to my elders and betters in such a style, I should have been ordered to my room, and very properly, too."

Ruth's red lips parted as if to say something, then came together again, pressing each other vigorously, as if to keep this something better unsaid than said close-housed.

If it had found expression, it would have been but that one word, *betters*, repeated with intonation infinite in sarcasm.

Zuby Ann saw the firm-set lips, and as usual failed to read their clearly spoken language.

"Don't pout, Ruth; you had an amazing sight better pray than pout. You ought to go plump down on your knees every day of your life, and with your face in the dust of repentance beg Divine Providence to change your wicked temper!"

The black eyes flashed forth what the tongue withheld, and said, as plainly as it could have done, that she wished such a great wind would rise as to blow enough of that same dust of repentance in Zuby Ann's eyes to blind her to other people's sins, and, besides, make these same eyes *smart* just a little.

The next remark, however, made in the same tone of pious aggravation, broke away all the girl's self-control."

"If you ever do marry, your husband will soon be purified as by fire."

"I'm never going to marry, Zuby Ann, so ——"

The words were not much, but the tone was the very concentration of fury.

Zuby Ann could not brook such open rebellion. She exclaimed, in the shrill voice that had been the girl's terror from childhood:

"Ruth Gurney, when the proper young man asks you, you will marry; and in the meantime, whether or no, you shall begin your set out!"

The girl's light, graceful frame fairly quivered with the smothered "*I won't!*" She turned and ran quickly from the room.

Miss Azuba Ann Thorn put her hands to her ears to save her nerves the shock of the slamming door; then she soliloquized, with a groan:

"I ought to have whipped that girl regular while she was young enough. If I only had some one to go to for consolation—some friendly hand to smooth my rumpled feelings!" with most touching pathos; then adding, with a sigh of satisfaction, "Well, it is almost time for Doctor Lloyd to return. Professional men always have tender emotions. I believe I will tell him how that girl troubles me. I often catch him sympathizing with me. He looks at me a great deal. I suppose I seem fresh and flowery to him, after the artificial city women. Sometimes I believe that he is in——"

She did not finish the sentence, but stepped up to the looking-glass, which hung over the sitting-room table, and shook out her yellow side-curls with a sudden burst of girlishness that contrasted oddly with her thin face.

Ruth Gurney, as soon as she had quit the dreaded presence, passed out through the shaded portico, ran fleetly down the narrow front yard path, opened the gate softly, and crossed the road.

Then she stood still, and looked to see if Zuby Ann was peeping through any of the blinds; but the picturesque little farmhouse, to all outward appearance, was as quiet as if no perturbed spirit dwelt within.

GALLANTRY OF THE PERIOD.

JIM (on sidewalk)—"*Hey, Bill, why don't yer git down and let the lady put her letter in the box?*"
BILL—"*Didn't I see her a-comin', and git up here, to be perlite, and put it in for her?*"

Having convinced herself of this, the young girl committed an act which we shrink from recording; but the justice and honor of the historian require that favoritism should be cast aside.

Thus we present her faults, as well as Miss Azuba Ann's.

Ruth Gurney did not let down the bars, as propriety would require, but laid her brown little hands on the top round, and, with one light bound, cleared the fence. She crossed the pasture, and, entering a piece of woods on its hither side, sought its inmost penetralia, where a fallen tree formed a settee half grotesque, half unique in design, and wholly moss-covered. Here the girl threw herself down, and spent her pent-up grief and anger in a flood of tears.

When she had leaped the fence, she had thought herself quite unobserved; but an instant after, a little fat, jolly-looking urchin emerged from the barn, and started in pursuit, going at as rapid a rate as his short, fat little legs would permit.

On reaching the fence, he displayed some of his sister's characteristics; he never stopped for the bars, only, instead of leaping the top one, he threw himself on the ground, and rolled under the bottom one.

He reached her sanctum almost as soon as herself, and throwing his chubby arms around her neck, demanded, with a burst of indignation: "Whatever has that old Zuby Ann been up to now?"

Oh, blessed sympathy! In a moment the girl was pouring out all her troubles into loving little ears.

"I'll go poke her with a stick!" he suggested, bravely.

But Ruthie did not hear him; she was exclaiming, amid her tears:

"Oh, Archie, it is dreadful to make a whole dozen of those ugly red-and-yellow quilts, and to stuff hot feather-beds, and oh, oh, oh! the worst of it is to be a horrid, cross, yellow old maid like Zuby Ann!"

"But, Ruthie, I thought you made them to get married?" he said, not quite comprehending the situation.

"Well, they never do, Archie, never! Just as sure as a body makes them, they don't. Zuby Ann never did, and she has had hers full fifteen years. They were old nine years ago, when you and I came. I remember, when she was showing them to me, how you clapped your wee hands, and crowed at the great, ugly leaves in the counterpanes. She told me then I'd have to make some, some day. I was only ten then, and I dreamt about it every night for a week. Oh, I wish mother hadn't died!"

Archie cried out, too, for the mother that he had never known.

"Dear, dear, this is a dreadful world! I'm nineteen now, and if I begin those horrid things I shall have to keep putting fresh lavender in them until I'm forty, like Zuby Ann."

Just then a bright thought struck Archie; he took his arms from around her neck, and stood before her in all his brave, gallant little manliness.

"You sha'n't neither, Ruthie, you bet! I'll just marry you myself, so——"

The girl blushed crimson.

RUTH GURNEY'S SET OUT.—"WHEN THEY REACHED THE FENCE, RUTHIE STOOD WITH AN EXPRESSION HALF OF AMUSEMENT, HALF OF IMPATIENCE ABOUT HER RED LIPS, WHILST THE DOCTOR LET DOWN THE BARS."—SEE PAGE 223.

"Oh, Archie, dear, I don't want to get married! I wouldn't for anything in the world; I only don't want to be an old maid."

Which remark proved her as reasonable as girls usually are, and made Archie look fairly puzzled.

A little later, Ruth Gurney and Archie started for home. This time, when they reached the gate, she let down the

bars, and they very properly walked through, Archie loosening the earth with his brass-tipped shoes, like a restless young colt, while she replaced them.

When they reached the house, they found Azuba Ann flying around, like a grain of corn on a popping-pan, in a flutter of maidenish excitement, because Doctor Lloyd was a whole half-hour behind time.

If it had been any other than this same Doctor Lloyd, her whole concern would have been that dinner was getting cold, and anxiety would have given place to indignation at such presumption.

So excited was she, that she even forgot to scold Ruth and Archie for their lack of punctuality, and greeted them with:

"Have you seen anything of Doctor Lloyd? He went a-fishing, and I am afraid he has roamed too far down the river and has been sunstruck, or—or—oh! what if he should never come back?"

"Pooh, Zuby Ann. Doctor Lloyd couldn't get lost. If he had been around in Moses's time, he'd a-shown that old chap and the children of Israel the way out of them woods in that——"

Azuba Ann's mouth was already pursed into a reproof, but he did not give her time.

"And the idea of his being sunstruck! Golly! Why, his head is as cool as Squire Brown's ice-house!" then adding, as if with malicious after-thought, "'Sides, he ain't any nephew or son of yourn!"

Azuba Ann's side-curls stood out as if each one had an individual vitality of its own at this terrible insinuation as to her age. Words were inadequate to the situation.

She started for the closet where she kept the birchen rod used for "regular whippings."

When she returned, Archie had disappeared—so had Ruth!

She stepped into the kitchen just in time to see the little fellow make his exit with half a loaf of hot gingerbread that Martha, the kind-hearted Irish girl, had given him.

There was but one living person of whom Azuba Ann Thorn stood in any awe, and this was Martha. The girl, with her native shrewdness, held the threat of "Javin'" over the girlish spinster's head, like a veritable sword of Damocles.

So, biting her lips, Azuba Ann went back into the sitting-room, and smoothed her curls before the looking-glass.

Zuby Ann's yellow curls were, in a measure, the symbol of her temper; for, if one became rumpled, so did the other; consequently the smoothing of one answered for both.

A few minutes later the dinner-bell rang. She went out meekly to the dining-room, and took her place at the table.

Martha had waited a whole half-hour, and she knew, from the quick, energetic strokes of the bell, that she would not dare suggest any greater delay. Her father, or Uncle Daniel, as every one called him, was already seated.

It was a silent meal; no one spoke, save Uncle Daniel, who wanted to know where Archie was; and who asked Ruth why her face was flushed; and had she been crying; and where was her appetite? each of which four questions was an embarrassment in itself.

Ruthie was the old gentleman's pet.

A few hours later, Azuba Ann, from an upper window, saw Ruth Gurney pass out the garden-gate, and cross the pasture-land toward the woods, her gypsy set quite back on her head, and a book under her arm.

"Oh, my soul, there is that girl reading again! I wish her father had left her more money and fewer books. If my feelings had not been so flustrated about Doctor Lloyd, she would have had a roll of patchwork instead."

In the meantime the object of all this perturbation of spirit sat quietly upon the banks of the Hudson, rod in hand, and gazing into its bright waters with as lazy contentment as if in all this wide world there was not such a thing as either side-curls or dinner.

One glance at this man made you involuntarily exclaim with Izaak Walton, "God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling."

His face even now, with its dreamy, peaceful expression, was indicative of a strong character and cool head, and the light blue eyes fixed upon the water had a certain searchedness about them that made it very easy to comprehend how Miss Azuba Ann had thought he was fond of looking at her. They were eyes apt to look at whatever came within their range.

It becomes us to explain why this traveled, cultivated gentleman had come to a lonely Hudson River farmhouse to spend his Summer. The man was thirty-five. Until within the last ten years he had spent a free, roaming life, having inherited large possessions; then, satiated with the follies of life, he had settled down to his profession, and spent the ensuing years in conscientious, indefatigable labor, until at length, physically exhausted, he had sought the quiet and rest of a Summer in the country. Azuba Ann had seen his advertisement, hence the solution.

When Archie had made his hasty retreat through the kitchen-door with the gingerbread, he had started out with an object; one might see that by the long strides he took, which made the short legs look shorter still, and gave the plump little urchin a decidedly roly-poly appearance; besides, this same object was rendered palpable by an act small in itself, but infinite in its self-denial. He was ravenously hungry, as boys usually are a half-hour after dinner-time when the dinner has not been forthcoming, yet he put half the loaf in his pocket. He went down the river full two miles, and then came quite upon this same angler.

They were good friends, Archie and Doctor Lloyd, and once or twice the lad had gone a-fishing with him. Now, with a large-mannish air, funny to see, he asked, in fisherman phraseology:

"Well, do they bite finely?"

There was a slight curve of amusement under the doctor's fine mustache; but he made report of his efforts with imperturbable gravity; then Archie went on.

"I came to hunt you up, 'cause Zuby Ann was afraid you got lost. Golly! she is flying round like an old hen when a cat is after her chickens."

The doctor looked amused. Archie began to empty his pocket of its contents—the huge hunk of gingerbread, together with marbles, a top, and bits of string. He handed the cake to the doctor, saying, apologetically:

"I'd have wrapped it in a napkin, but I only had time to snatch it and run, 'cause that birch-stick was after me."

The doctor, with true refinement, accepted the cake with a courtly grace, as if it had been served on a silver waiter, and ate it with almost boyish relish, then asked, quizzically, "What had set the birch-stick in motion?"

He knew considerably about that same birch-stick, Archie having on several occasions given him his confidence. There was a comical grimace on the urchin's face as he replied:

"'Cause I told her you wasn't any son of hers, that she need bother about you. I reckon she didn't like that way of puttin' it, 'cause Martha says she's settin' her cap for you. She allers does for doctors and ministers."

The doctor forgot one of the chief of the angler's laws, *silence*, for he threw back his head, and laughed so long and so merrily that he frightened away all the fish. Archie waited until he had finished, then said:

"It's so, anyway, Doctor Lloyd. She's had her quilts made since ever so long before I began to live."

That made the doctor laugh louder than ever. Archie continued:

"The other day she told Ruthie she must set her cap for Squire Brown's son. He's a big lump of a fellow. Ruthie told her right to her face that if she had the stupid lad in her cap she'd throw it in the river. Zuby Ann said that was just as bad as being a murderer."

The doctor listened. He liked to hear the little fellow talk, he was so droll and so honest.

"Ruthie was awful mad at her this morning, 'cause she was determined to make her begin her set out against the time she shall get married. Ruthie cried like everything. She says she won't make make those ugly red-and-yellow quilts if she dies for it, 'cause she'd have to be putting lavender in them until she's forty, like Zuby Ann; and she hates lavender, and she hates old maids, and she hates married folks, and I do believe she hates most everybody but me."

The urchin's voice was full of a certain pride at this last fact. He was thoughtful a moment, then said, in a puzzled way:

"I really do think she doesn't even like you, for when I talk about you she looks bored."

The doctor actually started. This was finding himself presented in a new light. For the last fifteen years he had been courted and sought, yet here was a little country urchin frankly telling him that the bare mention of his name bored his sister.

He was interested. He had never met the girl excepting at her meals. She seemed by nature exclusive. He had noticed her only casually. He had been under the same roof with her about six weeks, yet all he knew of her was, that she was a pretty brunette, a trifle too dark, probably tanned; that she had a graceful figure, and was neatness itself; that her black eyes could flash fire, and her red lips were full of proud curves; that she didn't eat much, was Uncle Nathan's pet, Archie's idol, and Miss Azuba Ann's trial. That she had an individual life of her own he took for granted, and left her in possession of it; reveling in the freedom of not being entertained or entertaining. This afternoon's conversation had presented the situation in an unlooked-for manner. Miss Azuba Ann was setting her cap for him—it fairly made him laugh—and Ruthie Gurney considered him a bore.

Doctor Lloyd, the most eligible gentleman of "our set," was rapidly marking himself down below par.

For a moment he was thoughtful, then, with an odd smile under his fine mustache that was in itself suspicious, proposed going home.

Archie said he knew of a shady way, and acted as guide, with a merry twinkle in his eyes, that showed he too was laying plans as well as Doctor Lloyd.

He made a direct line for the woods in whose inmost recesses was Ruthie's sanctum.

The girl sat gazing straight before her. Her face was unhappy, dissatisfied, and full of infinite longings, perhaps suggested by the volume, which, all unheeded, had fallen from her listless hands, and lay on the ground at her feet.

Presently she started; any other sound than the light leap of a squirrel, or the twitter of a bird, was utterly foreign to the quiet stretch of woodland; now she distinctly heard voices, and the breaking away of the underbrush, and then through an opening in the foliage caught a glimpse of Doctor Lloyd's panama.

She rose abruptly, and started for home. Archie saw the quick flutter of her muslin dress.

"There! she's heard us, and gone. I thought we'd catch her, sure."

Doctor Lloyd looked amused. Boy-like, the little fellow had revealed his plot as soon as it had failed.

The next moment they came quite up to this moss-covered log. The spot was picturesque. Doctor Lloyd examined it admiringly. An artistic hand had trained vines around many of the surrounding trees, and a narrow stream of water ran clear, and cool, and rippling, a few feet from this unique settee.

"Ruthie most lives here," said Archie.

The doctor suddenly made up his mind that if there was any time in which her ladyship did not occupy it, *that time* should be his. Perhaps the resolve arose from the fact that we always like best what another has appropriated.

"It's too bad we didn't whisper, and come on our toes!" said the little fellow, his voice full of disappointment.

"Why?" asked the doctor, his mustache moving a trifle suspiciously at the odd picture here presented.

Archie never detected the half-smile, so he explained, in good faith:

"'Cause then we might have come on her sudden as thunder, and she couldn't have got away. If we'd caught her fair and square, she'd had to have staid, and then she'd been sure to have liked you."

Not even the frank compliment at the latter part of the remark did away with the feeling of pique which the doctor experienced from the first part; and yet, he sneered at himself with a sort of derision to think that he, a man full thirty-five, should give so trifling a matter as the avoidance of a young girl a single thought.

"There, she was in such a hurry, she's even dropped her book. I'll serve her right and hide it," said Archie, picking it up; but Doctor Lloyd suddenly took it from his hands.

It was a volume of Emerson's "Essays." He glanced it over with sudden interest and surprise. It was odd reading for a country girl. She had marked many passages with a quick, characteristic pencil-dash, and the volume showed evidence of much reading. He said aloud, in Goethe's words:

"When we know how to appreciate a merit, we have a germ of it within ourselves."

"Me and Ruthie has got lots of books; they were our father's," said Archie, solemnly.

Doctor Lloyd was decidedly interested.

"Where do you keep them?" he asked.

"In the little room off the parlor. Zuby Ann says bookcases look like coffins, so shut ours up in there."

Doctor Lloyd proposed instantly going home. He put the book quietly in his pocket. Archie nodded in a significant manner to himself, as much as to say, "He's got a mighty cool head—that's the way he means to do it."

When they reached home, Zuby Ann was on the portico, watching for them. There was an odd play to Doctor Lloyd's lips, and Archie said to himself, with a little chuckle:

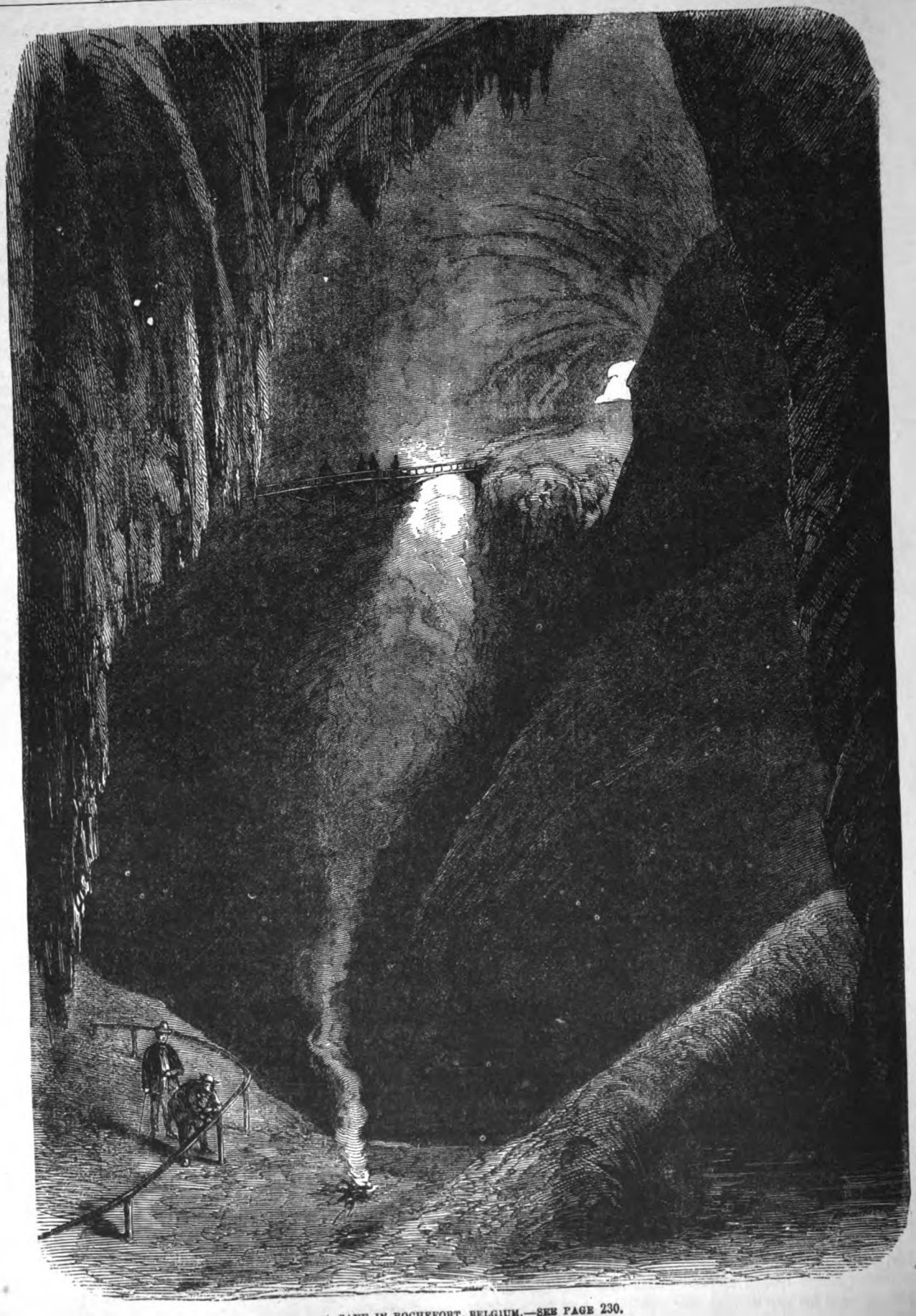
"I reckon he's like the rest of the ministers and doctors. Zuby Ann's cap ain't big enough to catch him, by a sight. Golly! if Doctor Lloyd would just out with the truth, I bet he'd say she was pesky;" adding, to himself, as he looked at the courtly gentleman beside him, "only I don't reckon he'd exactly put it that way."

Zuby Ann's side-curls fluttered most bewitchingly as Doctor Lloyd went up the steps. She burst out, quite girlishly:

"Why, doctor, I was just about to start out and hunt you myself!"

That evening Doctor Lloyd did what he had never done before—he went into the parlor and took a chair. Zuby Ann followed, with a perfect thrill of delight, saying to herself: "It's coming around—I feel it in my bones!"

There was a light in the little room adjoining, and the door stood ajar.



A CAVE IN ROCHEFORT, BELGIUM.—SEE PAGE 230.

Doctor Lloyd had no notion of spending the evening in a *tête-à-tête* with the susceptible spinster, and, besides, he had made up his mind to take this young girl, in her own quarters, quite unawares, or, as Archie had put it, "come down on her sudden as thunder," so he condescended to a bit of strategy, and asked Miss Azuba Ann if they had any books. She delightedly informed him they had, and invited him into the little library. So the victory was achieved, for the young girl was there.

In that evening the doctor was interested, entertained, and utterly surprised.

* * * * * * *

Doctor Lloyd had been in the habit of going off every morning before breakfast, for a ride. The next morning he got up earlier than usual, but did not go near the barn; instead, he took his way across the pasture, and sought the rustic settee in the heart of the woods; saying to himself, with a slight sneer and shrug of the shoulders, that he was impelled by some latent spirit of his boyhood.

Having reached the spot, he threw himself down, with a thrill of exultation that the place, for the present, at least, was his.

It was but five o'clock, and they never breakfasted until seven; "of course her ladyship would not disturb him before breakfast." Yet, while he sat there in undisputed possession, an odd thought came, followed close by a sneer at his foolishness, that he would like to see that girl in the freedom of this her sanctum. She had interested him intensely the night before. Even this morning, in his cool, unbiased mood, he was forced to admit it.

He drew the volume from his pocket, as if to learn more of her from it, saying to himself, as if the simple act needed justification, that "he had been studying people all his life—why not study her?"

He had read, perhaps an hour, when a slight sound caused him to look up, and he saw Ruth Gurney's retreating figure. He called after her:

"Ruth!"

Simply her name, with no prefix. It was so naturally done that she came back instantly, and met him quite on his own ground, saying, frankly, with neither surprise nor embarrassment at his unexpected presence:

"I dropped a book here last night, and came to hunt for it;" adding, "I see you have found it."

He invited her to a seat upon her own settee. She took it, with a sudden little laugh at his presumption; and when he asked her why she laughed, told him as honestly as Archie would have done. She was a new phase of womankind to him—a sort of perpetual surprise.

He had gained from the evening before that her mind was well stored, though the knowledge garnered was in a crude, unsettled state. She longed and dreamed, yet scarcely believed, since she had had no experience in life, and had been utterly destitute of companionship in her reading. Books to her had been what stories of the beauties of nature are to the man who is born blind.

It was wonderful how rapidly that hour passed. They would never have known that it was gone, had not Archie come through the woods calling, "Ruthie! Ruthie!" at the top of his vigorous lungs.

FAITHFULNESS AND SAGACITY OF A DOG.—"ABOUT A MILE FROM HOME I FOUND MY HUSBAND LYING ON THE GROUND, INSENSIBLE." SEE PAGE 231.

The girl arose immediately, and led the way home. Doctor Lloyd followed. They had gone but a few paces when they met Archie. It was both pretty and funny to see the young girl and little boy bid each other good-morning. In their hearty hug and kiss they quite ignored Doctor Lloyd's elegant presence. Then the urchin, looking at him with a comical grimace, asked:

"How did you know Ruthie came here every morning?"

The doctor looked amused, and thanked him for the information, saying he had not known it before.

Archie shrugged his shoulders, and went on—he seemed inclined to volunteer the news that morning:

"Zuby Ann's got on a spandy new gown, and pink ribbons in her hair."

The doctor laughed. Ruthie walked very fast, and looked very grave. They had much ado to keep up with her.

"Martha says she's coming to a climax."

Ruthie turned around and shook her head at the little fellow.

"We've got pancakes for breakfast," he said, suddenly changing the subject.

Doctor Lloyd had been watching the young girl's face.

"So if you had Squire Brown's son in your cap, you'd throw cap and all in the river," he said, coolly.

It was pretty to see her as she flashed a quick, suspicious look at Archie, her dark cheeks growing suddenly bright. That urchin was whistling in an indifferent manner, with well-assumed unconsciousness of them both. The doctor laughed. Ruthie increased her rapid pace.

They soon quit the woods and crossed the pasture. When they reached the fence, Ruthie stood with an expression half of amusement, half of impatience about her red lips, whilst the doctor let down the bars, wondering what he would think if he knew that she usually cleared the fence at a bound.

Archie, too, was waiting, with as dignified an air as if he had never even seen such a thing done as rolling under. As the bars were being replaced, the urchin said, coolly:

"Ruthie, I had an awful queer dream last night. I dreamt I saw you and Doctor Lloyd coming through this very fence. Doctor Lloyd had a red-and-yellow quilt around him, just like one of Zuby Ann's, and you had a bunch of lavender in your hand."

The girl started in desperation for the house, but Doctor Lloyd, with unbroken gravity, laid his hand upon her shoulder, and bade her wait. It was odd to see her obey; it set Archie to whistling again.

A few minutes later, when they sat down to breakfast, Ruthie discovered on a chair by the window a roll of patchwork. Her dark eyes flashed angrily.

The doctor had seen it at the same moment, with an odd smile about his lips, speculating upon the probabilities as to which would conquer in this woman's warfare.

In the month that followed, it was odd to see how this man, who until now had proved utterly invincible to the darts of Cupid, found himself undeniably and desperately in love with this girl. She interested, fascinated, and satisfied every demand of his nature.

At first he had sneered at himself, and refused to believe that he was conquered; but it was of no avail, and so he determined, since he had been won, to win in his turn. After that he filled every moment of this girl's life.

If she went to walk, he was sure to find her; and if she staid in the house, he staid too. Zuby Ann, with curious, blind egotism, appropriated all this attention. If he spent his morning on the portico, it was to be near her; and if she discovered him coming home from a walk with Ruthie and Archie—for the little fellow was always along—she flattered herself that "he was trying to win her affections by taking the care of them two off her mind."

Every day since the roll of patchwork had made its appearance the two women had had quick words over it. Zuby Ann had said very aggravating things in the sweetest tones imaginable, and Ruthie, with her frank nature, scorning deceit, had not sought to hide her anger, even in Doctor Lloyd's presence; then, when alone, she had cried over it, little dreaming that he found her honesty her greatest charm.

So the month had passed.

It was an afternoon, and Ruthie, longing to be alone, had sought her sanctum. In this month this girl had been bewildered and puzzled. Now she sat, her head resting on her hands, utterly startled with the knowledge that burst suddenly upon her—*she loved!* It brought no joy, but rather pain, for in a few weeks she would never see him again.

So absorbed was she, she did not hear Doctor Lloyd's footstep, nor was conscious of his presence, until he sat down beside her. She started as he drew the contested roll of patchwork from his pocket.

"What did you bring those here for?" she demanded.

He was spreading out the bits of calico on his knee, and there were teasing lights in his blue eyes. He answered her with a question:

"Do you remember Archie's dream?"

She looked quickly away.

"Do you believe in dreams?"

She neither looked at him nor answered. Suddenly he grew grave.

"Ruthie, let me interpret the dream: I love you. You had lavender in your hand, and Shakespeare has said, 'Owning her love, she sent him lavender.'"

An hour later, when Archie found them, the doctor was talking very earnestly, and Ruthie was listening, with a glad, bright blush on her cheeks. The roll of calico, quite unheeded, had fallen into the brook. The urchin waded in after it, and presented it drolly. The doctor laughed.

"Never mind, Archie, Ruthie can dispense with a set-out. Why, do you know, I am going to take you both home with me in October?"

Words fail in the portrayal of Zuby Ann's disappointment. Suffice it to say, she survived; for the next Summer, when Doctor Lloyd brought his wife and Archie home for a visit, they found her side-curls still in a flutter, and Martha informed Mrs. Lloyd, privately, that "bedad, she'd been setting her cap afresh for the new minister down in the village;" adding, "shure the crathur always lived in blissid hopes."

CAVE IN ROCHEFORT, BELGIUM.

Not far from Namur, in Belgium, is the very curious cave of Rochefort, which well repays the tourist for a visit.

It has three openings—one, a natural one, toward Beauregard, and two others, where Art seems to have aided Nature. One of these is called the Garden; but, if it attracts you by its title, it leads you soon to an almost unfathomable abyss, the Höllenthal, or Mouth of Hell.

On one side is one of those cave formations that seems the statue of a giant, and on the other, a beautiful cascade seems bursting from the rocky wall. Steps then lead down to the Arcade, below which is a subterranean lake, in which an English traveler resolved to try his luck as an angler, and soon drew up a fine pond-trout. A path around this leads to the Sabbat Saal, a beautiful hall, three hundred and fifty yards long by one hundred and fifty wide, filled with the most curious and beautiful stalactites and stalagmites, which flash in the torchlight like crystal, as the travelers move among them. Returning hence, you come upon the

fire lighted by the lake, and watch the smoke, seeking, like yourselves, the outlet, and, by its tall column, giving you an idea how low below earth's surface you have got.

FAITHFULNESS AND SAGACITY OF A DOG.

None of my Australian pets, of which I had quite a menagerie, was more highly prized than Lion, a Scotch shepherd's dog, or collie.

He was given me when quite young, and my husband had taken no little pains to train him in all useful canine lore, as well as to perform many amusing tricks. He invariably attended us wherever Mr. Shepard and I went together, even to the kirk, though at first the vergers demurred at letting him into the sacred building. His good behavior, however, soon won for him the respect of all. Indeed, I often wondered, as I observed his serious demeanor as he quietly sat during the whole service, and contrasted it with the sleepiness of some of the audience and the inattention of others, if he was not "*as good a Christian dog as any of them.*"

When we went to sojourn on the gold fields, Lion was greatly depended on as a watch and guard for me when my husband was away. It was a quite a trial to the poor fellow to remain at home when his master, of whom he was very fond, went off on his prospecting tramps; and sometimes he would steal off and follow before he could be forbidden.

It was one of my pleasures, when my work was finished, to call Lion, and with his aid seek my husband out in the bush, and accompany him home.

One day, shortly after Mr. Shepard had left home with a gang of wood-cutters, I missed my dog. "Ho, ho!" thought I, "no pleasant ramble in the woods for me to-day." A little later, as I sat within the tent sewing, I heard a rustling through the shrub, and looking out, saw Lion coursing "like mad" down the hill in front of the house, his coat covered with foam and his tongue hanging out. Into the room he bounded, and running up to me, with short, panting barks, endeavored to make me understand. I patted him on his head, and said: "What is it, Lion?"

He looked wistfully at me for an instant, and as I made no motion to stir from my seat, raised his head, and gave a low, painful whine, as a dog will when he is hurt, then ran out of the tent and toward the hill and back to the doorway, where, pausing, he broke out into the most dismal howl. Then, coming up to me, he pulled my skirt, and then, giving me that strange, unutterable look that dumb creatures *only can* give, he ran into my bedroom and came out bringing my gauntlets and sun-hat, which were on a chair, and laid them at my feet. The whole performance did not take two minutes. "Does master want me, Lion?" I asked. The short, sharp, glad cries he gave, the frantic wagging of his bushy tail, told he understood me, and was glad that I had understood him.

Grasping the little satchel I always kept ready for emergencies, containing arnica, camphor, lint, bandages, and a flask of brandy, I took a canteen of fresh water, and followed my faithful friend. Hurry as I might, I could not keep pace with his desire. Constantly he would rush forward, and then coming back, would pull at my gown as if to hurry me.

At length, about a mile and a half from home, I found my husband fallen on the ground insensible. Using the restoratives I had brought, I soon had the delight of seeing him return to consciousness, and found that, feeling very ill, he had left his men, intending to return home, but weakness overpowering him, he had fallen by the way. Lion's instinct (is it only instinct?) led him to me. Leaving the faithful fellow to watch by his master, I followed the course pointed out by my husband, and soon heard the cheerful sound of the woodmen's axes ringing through the forest, and coming to the place where they were felling timber, took four of the men back with me. Contriving a rude litter of wattled branches, we took my husband home, smitten down by that fearful scourge, the colonial fever.

"THE MARSEILLAISE," AND ITS AUTHOR.

The national song of France, which is, perhaps, more vitally connected with the hearts of her people than that of any other nation, grew out of the stormy scenes of the Revolution. Its inspiration was drawn from those thrilling events which for several years convulsed France, and made all Europe tremble. It was composed in the Winter of 1792, by a young soldier named Rouget de Lisle, who was then stationed at the garrison of Strasbourg. This young man was born and reared in Sans le Saunier, the capital of Jura, a mountainous province in the east of France. He was by nature both poet and musician, and the wild surroundings of his childhood had lent their powerful aid to his imagination.

When at Strasbourg, his popular talents made him the delight of the garrison, and many an otherwise slow and weary hour did he beguile with his attractive improvisations. He became intimately acquainted with a certain family in the city, and spent much time at the house. This family, although poor, were patriotic, and admired the martial talents of De Lisle. They were lovers of music also, and encouraged the songs of the young dreamer.

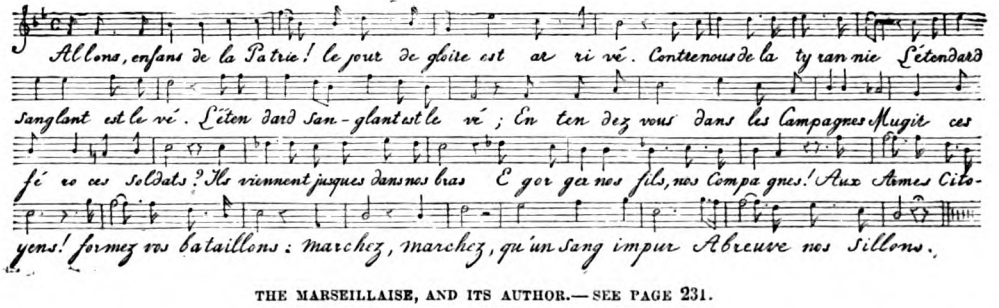
One day he was seated at the dinner-table of his friends, when the fare was humble and scant. The Revolution was already taking the bread from the people; and here, as elsewhere, there was a scarcity of food. But there was one bottle of wine left in the cellar, which the host ordered to be brought, that he and De Lisle might drink to the liberty of France.

Late at night, the soldier, taking his musical instrument with him, retired to his room. There, heated by the wine, and inspired by the stirring events of the Revolution, he composed the hymn which has ever since been the key-song of France.

Our authority tells us that De Lisle, carried away by his inspiration, composed, now the air, and then the words, passing from one to the other unconsciously, and combining the two so inseparably in his mind that he never knew which he created first. Sleep overcame him at last, and his head fell upon the instrument. In the morning, when he awoke from his slumbers, he only dimly remembered the experience of the last night. Recalling his production with difficulty, he transferred it from his brain to paper, and then rendered it with voice and harpsichord to his astonished friends. It was the voice of France, and in a short time the stirring song was upon every lip.

It was first sung, however, by the Marseillaise, a band of savage men, sent by Barbaroux to aid the Revolution at the capital. This body, as it advanced toward Paris, spreading consternation and terror everywhere, was heard to sing the martial and inspiring notes of a new and strange song. It was De Lisle's midnight dream. The men who first proclaimed it to the nation, amid the tears and blood they caused to flow, gave to it the name by which it has since been universally known. Afterward, when its composer, who, although a Republican, was proscribed as a Royalist, was making his escape from the terrors of his country, he heard the echo of his own song among the hills of the Alps. Asking the guide what the hymn was called, he was told that it was "The Marseillaise."

The hymn was soon sung all over France, and became the inspiration of great and terrible deeds. It was destined to be the death-song of thousands of Frenchmen—Republicans, like the Republican author—whose heads fell under the ax of the guillotine. It was only a chance which saved De Lisle himself from being borne to the scaffold to the resounding strains of his own wonderful composition.

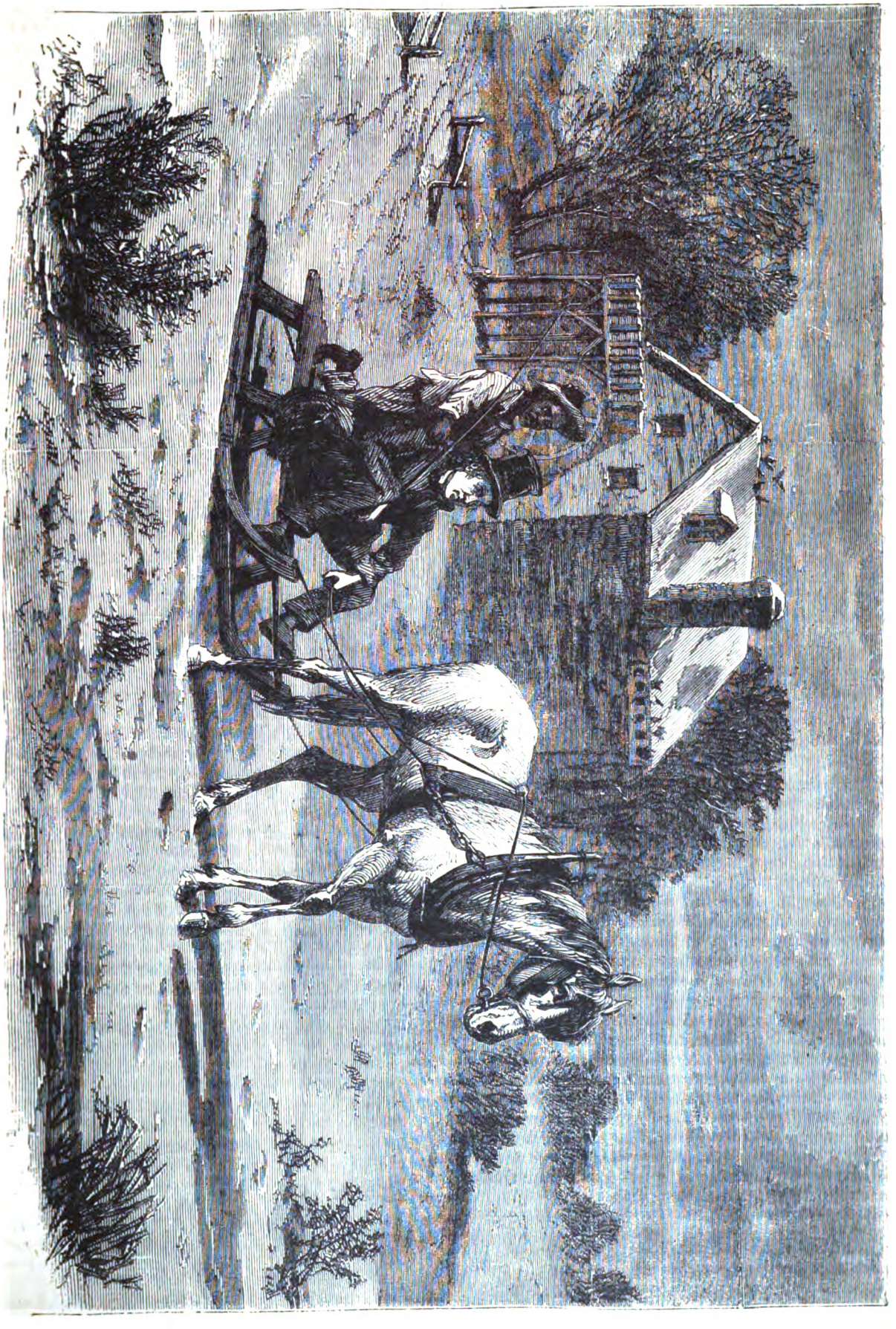


THE MARSEILLAISE, AND ITS AUTHOR.—SEE PAGE 231.

SOUTHERN SCENES.

An Old Virginia Farmer Coming from the Mill.

Our picture illustrates a phase of life in the "Old Dominion," as it existed in many parts of the State previous to the late war. Nowhere had agriculture declined so rapidly as in Virginia. Her once rich soil had become exhausted by repeated crops of tobacco, under a ruinous system of culture, which provided no means of recuperation, and no longer proved remunerative to the farmer. Scanty crops, untilled acres, mortgaged homesteads, were to be seen on every hand, while the embarrassed planters in vain endeavored to prop their falling fortunes by the constant sale of slaves. Then came the war, with its terrible devastation, and completed the ruin previously begun. When peace came at last, the wasted fields and shattered dwellings, the towns half destroyed by the grim necessities of war, impressed the beholder with the belief that a generation at least must pass away before Virginia could regain her former prosperity. But the progress of restoration has been rapid. With indomitable energy, the Virginians summoned the great



SOUTHERN SCENES.—A VIRGINIA FARMER COMING FROM THE MILL.—BY EDWIN FORBES.

magician, WORK, to repair the wastes of war. Wise counsels have prevailed with her legislators, indefatigable industry has characterized the people; a tide of emigration has poured into her fertile valleys, and, by developing her great natural advantages, increased the wealth of Virginia, until the State is now among the most prosperous in the Union.

The scene depicted by our artist, so characteristic of the make-shift husbandry of *ante bellum* times, is now a thing of the past; for Virginia farming now-a-days is carried on "with all the modern improvements," and produces corresponding results.

ONE-SIDED DEVELOPMENT.

THE habit of using the right hand in preference to the left among those peoples whose monuments date from the remotest antiquity appears to be a universal fact, and this is accounted for by the anatomical mechanism of the human body. It is known that the right lung, liver-lobe, and limbs, exceed in size those of the left side, involving, of course, a greater amount of tissue structure and a larger supply of nerves and blood-vessels for their nutrition. A person walking in a dense fog figures with his feet the segment of a circle, and, if he is right-handed, he takes a direction to the left, because the right leg naturally takes a longer stride.

The left side of the brain is larger than the right; and as it appears that the power of verbal articulation in the right-handed is confined to a certain convolution on the left side, the conclusion is arrived at that, in speaking and thinking, the left side of the brain is used, this being the result of dextral education. The opinion has also been expressed by some medical writers that amnesia and aphasia in right-handed men indicate disease of the left brain, and that hammer palsy and writer's cramp show the results of excessive working of the left brain.

ENGLISH LAVENDER FIELDS.

THE rose gardens of France have long been justly celebrated. Acres and acres of roses bloom in them for the perfumer. Heliotrope, mignonette, and other floral plants are also found in dense masses side by side with roses. The air is heavy with almost sickening fragrance, and for miles around the breezes bear the sweet tidings that they "have flown o'er the gardens of Gul in their bloom." But who has heard of an English lavender field? Few, certainly, in this country. Within thirty miles of London, these lavender fields have become an extensive and recognized industry. There is annually produced in England alone sufficient oil from the plant to manufacture 30,000 gallons of spirits of lavender, besides a large quantity, the total of which is unknown, to be used in the production of other perfumes with more pretentious names. This plant is at the best when between three and seven years of age. The harvest time is the first week in August. The flowers are then cut and taken to the distillery, followed by an innumerable number of bees, which insects are especially fond of them. Here the essential oil is pressed out and is ready to be mixed with the proper ingredients to make lavender water.

THE talent of turning men into ridicule, and exposing to laughter those one converses with, is the gratification of little minds and ungenerous tempers. A young man with this cast of mind cuts himself off from all manner of improvement.

THE LADIES OF ANCIENT ROME,

AS FIGURED UPON CONTEMPORARY COINS.

BY ROBERT MORRIS, LL.D.

THE "moneyers" of the Roman mints paid marked deference to the *female* attributions intrusted to their skill. They often exhibit rude and unsightly workmanship upon the coins of *princes*, the attributions of mythology, the portraits, the lettering, and, most noteworthy, the irregular shapes and unequal dimensions of the *flan* upon which their work was impressed prove either gross carelessness and undue haste, or the poverty of their resources. That much of the Imperial money was made upon military campaigns, we know. The moneyer and his machinery often accompanied the emperor upon his excursions through the extended lines of his realm, even as they did the English king in his little marches in later times.

But when the moneyer was commanded to incase a *woman* upon the Imperial coinage, his highest skill and best resources were put into requisition. The favorite artist engraved, the most skillful artificer shaped the *planchet* or flan, the sturdiest Nubian struck with heaviest hammer the piece that commemorated the mother, sister, wife or daughter of an emperor.

Clear down to the last of the Constantines, A.D., 363, the female faces upon coins are usually superior in execution to those of the other sex, and "*place aux dames*" was the motto in the best mints of the period. Some of the work seen in medallion cabinets upon coins of this class is exquisite. The portraits, especially, are fine, and undoubtedly genuine, while the headdress, and the drapery of the bust, are worthy the study of modern hairdressers and milliners. The ingenuity of the devices by which the peculiar characteristics of each lady are set off could not be paralleled to-day in the best-furnished mints in the world.

In examining these coins, as we will now proceed to do, our only regret is, that only the head and shoulders of the lady are displayed on coins; that the figure, with its costume, which would add such attractions to our subject, is not given.

We will at first present some of the coins of Plotina, wife of the Emperor Trajan, who reigned from A.D. 98 to 117. Of her parentage and country we know nothing; her death occurred A.D. 129, twelve years after that of her husband. She was a lady of such eminent fame, that Pliny, in his panegyric, styles her a "most holy woman" (*sanctissima fœmina*). True, this may mean no more than "most gracious," "most serene," "most Christian," applied to modern queens. But something is said in praise of Plotina which cannot be mere court phrase.

Upon her coronation, as she ascended from the stairway to the palace, she turned to the people and declared publicly, "Of such condition as I *enter* this place, in the same condition I wish that I may *pass out*;" and there is reason to believe that in all womanly graces she retained her first character, unaffected by the vices and ambitions of the court.

The purpose of this article being only to give pleasure to lady readers, not to inculcate numismatic science or

advance moral reflections, we will show the esteem in which the sex was held in the long ago of the world's rulers, by presenting the coins that contain their (abbreviated) history, and the first face offered is that "most sacred woman," the Empress Plotina, whose husband, Trajan, has come down to us so great as ruler, soldier, and gentleman, that the title of *Optimus* ("most excellent," "best"), conferred upon him by the Senate, was fully confirmed by the voice of succeeding times; so that for two centuries succeeding his reign, when pouring forth prayers for the happiness of a new emperor, they wished that "he might surpass Augustus in prosperity, and Trajan in goodness of character!"

The coin whose two faces look out upon us in the reading is of bronze. The money of Plotinus in silver is rare; in gold, not so much so; in bronze (copper), not uncommon. The size of the engraving corresponds nearly with the original; but the engraver has taken liberties in inserting punctuation points, not found upon ancient coins. The face looking to the right is the best type of a Roman matron, dignified, benignant, modest, reserved. This lady was eminent in her day for modesty, which the Romans deified under name of *Pudicitia.*

The headdress, that part to which the sex in those early times gave extraordinary attention, will strike the reader's eye, especially if it be the eye of a lady competent to read it. Plotina wears a frontal coronet, the hair dressed in plaits, and hung in a long, plaited loop behind; her shoulders slightly draped. Far be it from the writer to undertake an analysis of these toilet graces. But the modest disposition of the dress, and the graceful bend of the neck, not to speak of the undisguised beauty of the thyroid cartilage, *pomum Adami,* are within the range of the dullest apprehension!

Can you read the inscription? 'Tis easy enough, upon slight explanation: "PLOTINA AVG. IMP. TRAJANI." Supply the apocopated syllables, and it reads, "PLOTINA AUGUSTA IMPERATORIS TRAJANI"—"Plotina, the Augusta of the Emperor Trajanus." But the word AUGUSTA is better read "Empress," and we will anglicize TRAJANUS into "Trajan." So much, then, for the front of our copper coin, or what coin-students style the obverse.

The rear side (or reverse) exhibits a Roman altar, and below it the words "ARA PUDIC," that is, "ARA PUDICITIÆ"—"the Altar (dedicated) to Chastity (or Modesty)." This noblest attribute of woman was so far revered by Romans that, as remarked before, they deified the thought and worshiped the goddess Pudicitia.

The altar, seen in our coin, is the one erected by Virginia, wife of a distinguished plebeian, who, being refused admission into one of the aristocratic temples to this goddess, built one under the name of *Pudicitia Plebeia.* The altar stood in *Vicus Longus* (the "Long Street") of Rome, and no person save a matron of unquestioned chastity, being the wife of *one husband,* was allowed to make sacrifices thereon. It denotes here the approved modesty of Plotina. The writing around the altar (epigraph) is "CÆS. AVG. GERMA. DAC. COS. VI. P. P.," or "CÆSAR AUGUSTUS GERMANIUS DACICUS, CONSUL 6, PATER PATRIÆ." The interpretation is obvious.

Too much cannot be said of this excellent lady, Plotina, who, in an eminent station, set this example to the haughty and licentious dames around her. Disapproving the heavy exactions of the tax-gatherer, she styled the public treasury "the spleen," because, as *that* increased and became full, all the remaining members of the body went to ruin. An old numismatist thus speaks of her:

"This one lady, out of all rulers, bore herself so holily and modestly in the highest power, that no one could justly make complaint against her."

The people of Perinthus, a city of Thrace, recognizing her rare merits, struck the bronze coin, of which we next give the two faces:

The inscription is in Greek characters, of which the interpretation on the obverse is, "Of the Perinthians, Plotina, the Empress"; the reverse, "Trajan Cæsar," etc. The headdress upon this coin gives a delightful variation from the last, reflecting the greatest credit upon the hairdressers of the period. The neck is undraped. The portrait of the husband is fearfully like the physiognomy of an American gentleman, still passing through the earthly vale, whose name was much in people's mouths a few years since. We add, that the Emperor Trajan resembled Julius Cæsar, dead 150 years before, and that the artist has adorned his brow with laurel-leaves, in the same style worn by that hero "of the sword and pen."

Here is another style, in which the hairdresser has almost eclipsed his rivals. This bronze coin was struck by the people of Byzantium, the city long afterward styled Constantinople. The epigraph is in Greek letters, "Plotina, the Empress." The reader will analyze the headgear for herself. Upon the reverse of this coin we read, "Of the Byzantines, to Trajan"; and the people of this old Bethsaida, or "City of Fishes," offered their admirable lady specimens of the same.

Roman writers, who leave so little unsaid, tell us the names of the fishes here depicted, viz., *pelamis,* a sort of tunny, very much desiderated by Roman gourmands; and this suggests that the Byzantines had an eye to the *main chance* when they put representations of their "stock in trade" upon such millions of brass money and sent it coursing through the world. Strabo, the historian, who wrote about B. C. 25, describes the sinuosity of the harbor of Byzantium, in which this tunny-fish entering, is easily caught, even by hand. The Byzantines, it is said, attempted to render themselves pleasing to the best emperor by complimenting the best empress.

This coin, giving the headdress much like the first, is either the work of a poor artist, or our copyist has deceived

VARIOUS STYLES OF WEARING THE HAIR AMONG THE LADIES OF ANCIENT ROME.

us. While the features of Plotina are the same, the face looks old, and, to use a plain word, *flabby*. It is rare that the artists of the Roman mints give us so poor a portrait. The epigraph is, in Greek, "Plotina, the Empress." It was struck by the people of Amastris, a town on the coast of Paphlagonia.

Like the Byzantines, and indeed peoples of all parent cities, the Paphlagonians strove to win favor with Trajan by compliments to his excellent wife. The figure on the reverse is well-conceived. Observe the graceful attitude of the woman turned to the left. The crown of laurel in her right hand, the headless spear in her left; the pictorial fall of her drapery — can anything be finer? The epigraph claims for Amastris the title of "Metropolis," or chief city of that region, then so full of rich and famous cities.

Not to weary the reader, we throw together the descriptions of two more coins of Plotina, struck in the great mint at Rome. One shows on the reverse a seated figure of Vesta; in her right hand an image of Pallas (Palladium), in her left a spear, held transversely across her feet. The figure of Vesta indicates Chastity (Pudicitia). For the vestal virgins were selected at a most tender age, that there might be a certainty that they were altogether pure. "Therefore, the pure and incorruptible element of fire was intrusted to their inviolate and unpolluted bodies." She holds the palladium, because that was the object of peculiar vigilance in the temple of the vestals, and she is vailed because engaged in the performance of sacred rites.

The last coin of Plotina to be cited here is of the class styled *Consecration* coins. It excites more interest than the others because struck *after her death*. It implies "yearnings for the departed and memorial honors." No method so practical to perpetuate these as to engraft them upon the money of the realm, and thus place them, through exchange for merchandise, payment of troops, dedication of legionary camps, preparing the dead for their journey over the Styx, dispensation of money to ruined provinces, and other processes that demanded countless millions of coins throughout the empire.

GREEK LADIES AT THEIR TOILET.

A ROMAN TOILET EWER.

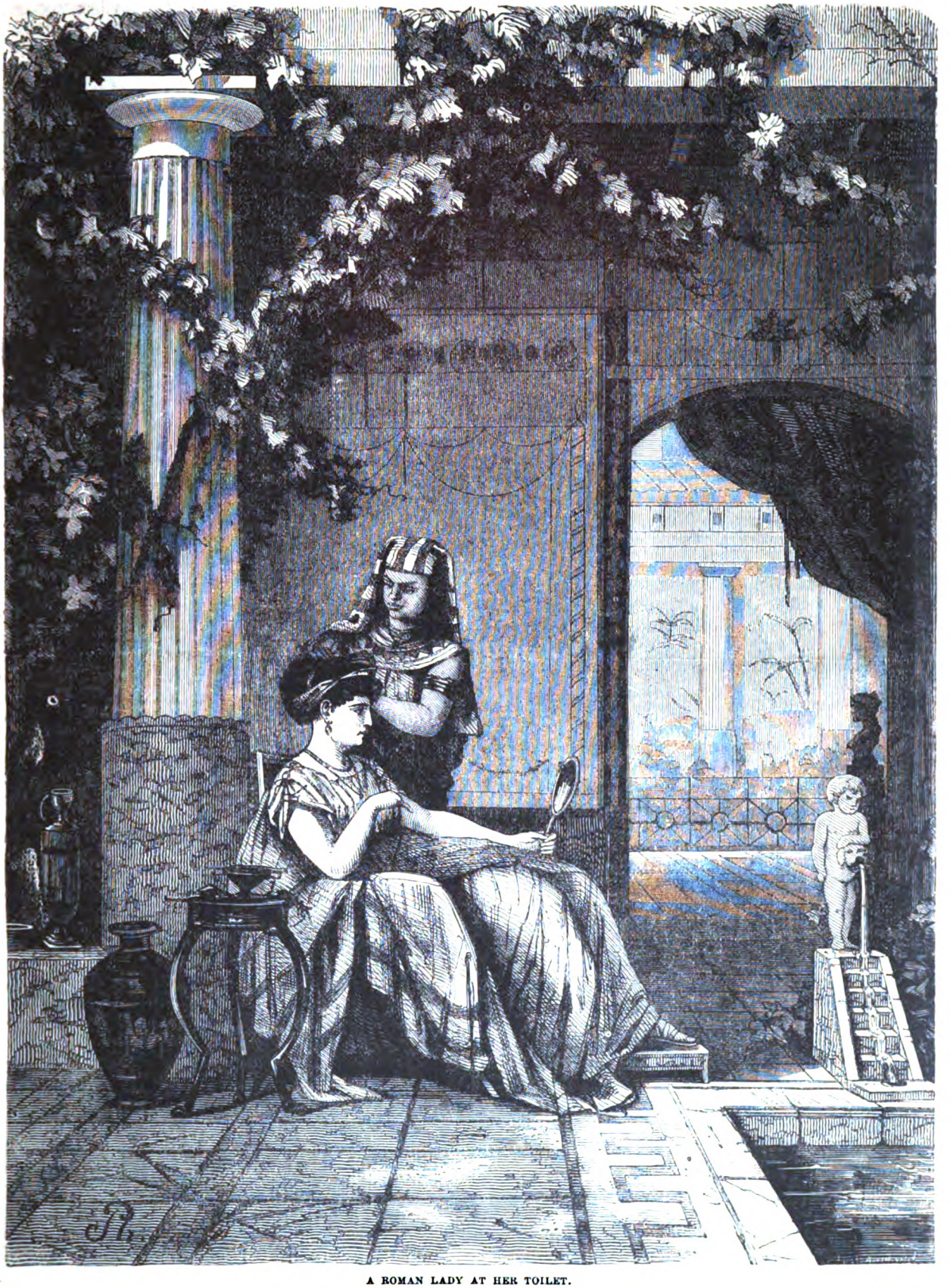
At the death of the good and virtuous Empress Plotina, A. D. 129, her husband having preceded her by twelve years, his successor, Hadrian, who had married Sabina, a grand-niece of Trajan—to show his respect for the memory of his aunt, and his indebtedness for the important part she took in advancing him to the kingdom, recommended her to the Senate for deification, and struck this coin.

Upon the reverse is an eagle, with expanded wings, the emblem of apotheosis. Usually, as seen upon coins, the eagle denotes the deification of an emperor, and the peacock of an empress; the former bird being sacred to Jupiter, the latter to Juno, queen of heaven. The eagle was made the emblem of Eternity, on account of the popular belief that this bird "renews its strength," an idea clearly expressed in the Jewish Scriptures.

Upon leaving the medallic references to the beautiful and virtuous Plotina, it may be remarked that historians seem to think it worthy of note that she lived in perfect harmony with the sister of her husband, Marciana, also with Matidia, the daughter of Marciana, whose own daughter, Sabina, became the wife of Hadrian, the succeeding emperor. Can it be that ladies are rivals and envious of each other, even in the most exalted stations?

We offer the numismatic history of the Empress Sabina, wife of Hadrian. Married A. D., 100, she died the same year as her husband, viz., 138. Her life was unhappy; her end was accelerated by her own hand, or, as was darkly intimated, by *poison*, administered by order of her husband. But of these terrible secrets the coin itself gives no auguries.

The specimen, figured above, of bronze coinage, has a peculiar interest as showing the ravages made by time upon coins of this metal. From the reverse, or rear side of the money, every letter of the epigraph is effaced by "the gnawing tooth" of oxidation; from the front side, about one-half is gone. We see enough, however, to know that in Greek characters, it reads, "Of the Emperor Cæsar Trajan Hadrian Augustus." The countenances of Hadrian and Sabina, facing each other, imply, in numismatic symbolism, *connubial concord*. They are undoubtedly exact portraits; Hadrian wears a coronet of laurel leaves. He has a nose of great proportions, his mouth rather inexpressive, what the irreverent would call *fishy*. The countenance of Sabina, on the contrary, has an air of firmness and gravity. Her mantle is fastened at the right shoulder by a button similar to that worn upon a Roman general's cloak or *paludam cutum*



A ROMAN LADY AT HER TOILET.

It was called *spinther*, and was usually a clasp, buckle, or bracelet on the left shoulder. But the coronet, into which the hairdresser has entwined the natural and artificial tresses of the lady, is a miracle of skill. In great families, there were slaves for shaving and dressing the hair, also for cutting the nails; and it is easy to believe that the best artists were those of the palace.

An English writer, in considering one of the coins of

Sabina, has described the headdress in a manner so far excelling the ability of the present writer that it is quoted here. "The coronet is of three parts; the first band is narrow, and joined to the second, which is broad, and both are ornamented with indentations, joining into each other. Added to these is a third band, narrow at the side and progressively rising to a sort of pointed crown or coronet, which seems in the original crown or coronet worn by Sabina, to have been ornamented with jewels. The narrow band is flattened out at the end, as if to fix it by its elasticity on the side of the head by the temples, reminding one of the flat gold bands worn over the forehead and sides of the head by the women in Friesland, Holland, at the present day."

The figure upon the reverse of this coin is the goddess Pallas, trampling upon a triton.

This coin presents the countenances of the emperor and wife, the former slightly improved in expression. The headdress is much like one of the English styles of the last century, and suggests the use of the ostrich-plume. It is plain that such a decoration cost the *coiffeur* many anxious hours.

The image on the other side is that of Victory advancing on the dance-step, to the left. She holds in her right hand a crown, in her left a palm-branch, as if in congratulation of the happy couple.

It will be observed that upon none of these coins are there earrings of pearls (*inaures*), although Roman ladies wore such ornaments, three or four pearls to each ear, sometimes of immense value. Often the earrings contained precious stones. Neither do we observe necklaces or ornaments for the neck made of gold and set with gems, which were found on every toilet-table in the wealthier mansions, as we see every day in the excavations at Pompei. Had we a full-length picture of these Roman queens, we should, perhaps, mark the *segmentum*, a sort of necklace, or, as some think, embroidered ribbon, worn only by matrons; also the *strophium*, or broad ribbon around the breast, which served as a bodice or stays, having the *spinther*, or buckle, to fasten it at the left shoulder. The ring of the empress would be seen on her left hand, and on the finger nearest the least; this was styled *digitus annularis*, or ring-finger, as in modern times.

Here again we recognize the concord of the married pair; and the arrangement of the hair affords another variation. Upon the reverse is a beautiful thought, viz.: the figure of Ceres, a tall, majestic lady, often represented as wearing a turban composed of corn-ears. Here "the goddess of the bending grain" supports her left hand upon a headless spear (*hasta pura*), and extends in her right two wheat-heads, drooping with weight of grain. At her feet grow two more. The *pose* of the body is graceful, the costume modest and decent, the face not unworthy the deified spirit of the corn-fields. Upon some coins of Sabina this figure appears seated, in pleasant attitude, upon a basket, while in the headdress of the empress wheat-ears are wreathed. Upon the most of these coins Ceres has a lighted torch in her left hand instead of the headless spear. Hobler, a celebrated numismatist, avers that he has never detected a wreath of wheat-ears upon the coin of any empress except Sabina.

Here are the reverse sides of three coins of Sabina, each offering a different arrangement in hair-dressing. The inscriptions need no interpretation. An old writer (Patin) speaks of them in these terms: "You have here the triple ornamentation which is perceived in the coins of Sabina. Wavy locks and curled like a diadem, or having the form of a crown, or lifted back, exhibit the fickleness of the fashions of that age in the frequent changes of ornaments. This token of ancient rusticity was rendered obsolete in the softness of a later and more fashionable era. In the older times such a delicate and tasty cultivation of the hair, so twisted and curled, did not occur even amongst the most elegant ladies."

These four coins, or rather the rear side of four different ones, have not the likenesses of Sabina, but as forming part of the numismatic history of this lady, will prove interesting. The first one, struck by the Phocæens, displays the stars and caps of the two brothers Castor and Pollux. Reference to any classical dictionary will enlighten the

AN ORNATRIX OR ROMAN TIRE-WOMAN.

reader as to the legend. The caps are in the form of a half of an egg-shell, the reason of which is seen in mythology. The second coin was minted at Smyrna, and gives the name and type of the river Melas, a local stream, famous in history. The god of the river exhibits his aqueous characteristics in a highly symbolical manner. The third coin emanated at Perinthus, and demands an explanation as to the singular object that surmounts the head. It is a wicker-basket, and refers to the goddess Isis. She was both sister and wife of Osiris, and one of the chief deities of the Egyptians. She is said to have taught mankind the art of cultivating corn, and was reckoned the goddess of fecundity. Upon one of her statues was this memorable inscription: "I am all that *has* been or *shall* be; no mortal has hitherto taken off my vail." As an emblem upon this coin, it has the same reference, probably, as that of Ceres upon one that precedes it. In the fourth coin is a representation of the same deity, but with the attribution of the cornucopia in her left hand, and the sacred dish (*patera*) in the right. The figures in these two are inartistic, and prove, without other evidence, that the moneyers of those cities had but little skill in their work.

One of the rarer coins of Sabina presents the goddess Venus draped, standing full front, looking to the right, her left hand raised, holding an apple; her right hand, lifted to her head, supports a vail. The epigraph is, *Veneri Genetrici*, "To Venus, the Producer" (as of offspring). At the battle of Pharsalia, Julius Cæsar, who claimed his descent from that goddess, gave, as the watchword for the day, *Venus Victrix*, "The conquering Venus"; and having gained the battle, erected a temple in her honor, and dedicated the spoils of the enemy to her. The festival of Venus Genetrix was held at Rome on the Kalends of October.

Another coin of Sabina represents a female seated upon a throne to the left. Her left foot rests upon a stool. Her right hand, raised to her head, appears slightly to lift a vail from her face. The word is *Pudicitia*, "Modesty." This womanly characteristic was idealized, and a goddess by that name worshiped at Rome. Temples were built in her honor—a part to *Pudicitia Patricia*, into which none could enter save the aristocracy; a part to *Pudicitia Plebeia*, for those of more humble birth. One of the Roman poets describes the appearance of the Goddess of Chastity in her temples:

> "She sits, her visage vailed, her eyes concealed;
> By marks like these was chastity revealed."

There is a coin of Sabina, but we have no copy, in which a female is seated on a throne to the left. Her right hand is extended, holding the sacred dish. At the side of the throne, within the bars of the lower part, is a full cornucopia. Her left elbow rests upon the head of a small statue at the side of the throne. The cornucopia probably symbolized the concord existing between the married pair; the same thought that is expressed in preceding coins by the two persons arranged face to face. There were five different temples in Rome dedicated to the goddess Concord (*Concordia*).

Another coin of Sabina would be of still greater interest to lady readers, could we present the engraving. The word is *Pietas*, translated, not "piety," but "parental duty." A female is seen standing full front, looking to the right. Upon each side of her stands a child, and her hands rest in a motherly manner upon their heads. As Sabina left no children, and, so far as history goes, had none, the propriety of this attribution is not quite understood; but the old coin-student, Vaillant, suggests, with a good show of reason, that it refers to a sort of Children's Refuge, established in accordance with her request, after her death. In this, as in a similar effort, many years later, boys and girls were fed and cared for.

This last coin of our series is of silver. The epigraph, DIVA AVG(usta) SABINA, reads, "The deified Empress Sabina," and proves this to be a "Consecration Coin," or one struck *in memoriam*. The altar, upon the reverse, is a type of the same, and the epigraph, PIETATI AVG(ustæ), "to the dutifulness of the Empress," extends the thought.

It is truly a cause of astonishment that the imperial lady, driven to suicide by the unhappy affairs of home, or possibly hurried to her death by command of her husband, should have been deified by order of the Senate. Yet, as her husband died the same year, the respect his successor, Antoninus Pius, had for the wretched woman who had just passed away, may have induced him to recommend the act to the Senate, and such counsel had all the force of an edict.

ADVENTURE OF A LUMBERMAN, IN MAINE, WITH WOLVES.

THE affair, from which our sketch was taken, occurred a short time since, near Machias, Maine.

That region of the country, as is well-known, is a great lumbering place. In the getting of this timber thousands of stalwart men are engaged, and subject not only to the perils of their employment by floods and falling trees, by freezing, and sometimes absolute starvation, but a more terrible danger still, that of an attack by wild beasts.

William Morrill, a lumberman, working on the Machias during the late intense cold weather, had just finished his day's labor, and loaded his sled, after which he commenced sauntering quietly toward the village, and when within two miles of it, he first heard the terrible baying of wolves, apparently not more than a quarter of a mile distant.

There was no time for thought, therefore away started our wood-cutter. He had not run far when he became aware that the enemy was upon him, and almost with the thought they rushed out from the low timber on every side and in front. He was without a weapon of any kind, and for an instant stood appalled. There was no time, however, for thought; it was a case of life and death, and instantly the sturdy lumberman caught up the only available article of defense, which was a stick of stout hackmatack timber. The instant he grappled it the wolves were upon him, upward of twenty, he thinks, as near as he could count in the excitement of the moment.

Stoutly he laid about him with his stick, and one after another of the fiends received his death-blow, or what answered as well, by sending them howling back into the brush. In a few minutes he had cleared the space in front

of him, and commenced his retreat backward, always facing the wolves, toward the village. One after the other of the animals fell or received their quietus from the stick, until only five were left, and these, learning by experience, kept well out of the reach of the swing of the lumberman's weapon. Only once in a while would one jump in upon him, with a snap that would take away with it a piece of his flesh, and then dash away before the tortured man could get a blow at him.

This running fight was kept up for over a mile, until the lumberman, emerging from the wood, came in sight of the village, when the hungry beasts fled back into the recesses they came from, while the wood-cutter, fainting and bleeding from a score of wounds, crawled into the village.

In relating this circumstance we are only telling one of the many wolf adventures that have happened in this wild region.

OUR SERENADE.

"WELL, you see," said Joe, thrusting his brown fingers rather desperately into his curly, chestnut hair, "everything is so fearfully hackneyed. Bouquets are as common as cabbages, and as for *billet-doux*, I dare say she gets them by the score; and then, they might fall into the old fellow's claws instead of Thyra's blessed little hands, and there'd be a jolly row, and we can't risk that yet. Can't you help a fellow, Jack, instead of star-gazing in that aggravating manner?"

"Well," I responded, "if you won't write, and won't invest in a bouquet, why don't you speak—you've got a tongue, haven't you?"

Joe blushed desperately, as was apparent even through the softening medium of moonlight and tobacco-smoke, and turned an alarmed eye on my face as I sat opposite to him in the window of his bedroom at Mrs. Dofurim's select boarding-house.

"I couldn't do it, Jack," he said, with a gasp at the very idea. "I wonder such an idea could enter your head. You ought to know me better than that. Speak to her, indeed!"

"Well, well," I said, "don't hurry a fellow, and perhaps something'll strike me. Just get down your flute, and play away, and don't mind me—but, hullo! I've hit on an idea!" And so I had. "With long, black cloaks," I said, leaning back in my chair, and gazing reflectively at Joe, "and slouched hats, we could do it, and defy detection. The grounds are easy of access, and, if we want another, Bob Rubbles is up to anything, and *he* has a waterproof cloak, and a guitar, and with your flute and my flageolet we can manage splendidly."

"Cloaks! guitars! flutes!" ejaculated Joe. "What *is* the fellow thinking of?"

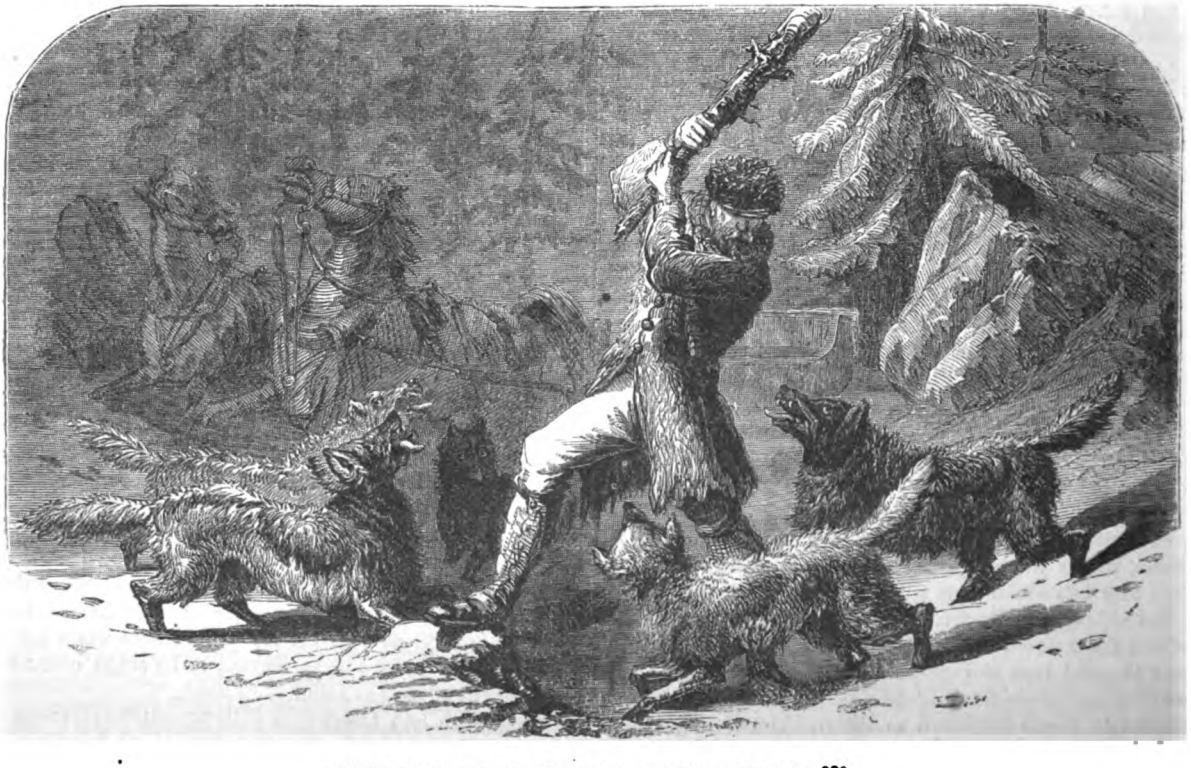
"Your good, young man," I responded, with dignity. "and if you don't see any connection between that and guitars, am I to blame?"

"Of course not," assented Joe, promptly; and, soothed by this admission, I continued:

"I shall omit any mention of your having just now stigmatized me as a fellow, and consigning the fact to the oblivion it deserves, will return to the subject under discussion. My idea is to unvail your sentiments toward Miss Comfitts through the medium of harmony, to which woman's ear is seldom closed—in fact, serenade her."

Joe sprang from his seat, and shook my hand warmly, and as Bob Bubbles opportunely made his appearance at this moment, after spending a portion of the evening in the society of the "Game Chicken," who, for a weekly stipend, instructed aspiring youths in the use of the gloves, we unfolded our design, and claimed his aid and sympathy.

As I had foreseen, he entered into our plans with readiness, and, after making a raid on the larder of Mrs. Dofurim for a morsel of raw beef with which to assuage the smart of one of his optics, slightly damaged by the science of the "Game Chicken," and providing ourselves with "cobblers"



ADVENTURE OF A LUMBERMAN WITH WOLVES.—SEE PAGE 239.

OUR SERENADE.—"'IS THAT YOU, YOU DEGRADED CREATURE?' SHE INQUIRED, LOOKING DOWN AT BOB, WHO WAS VAINLY ENDEAVORING TO TOUCH BOXER BY BLANDISHMENTS ADMINISTERED FROM A SAFE DISTANCE."

all round, we resolved ourselves into a committee of ways and means.

From that evening, during the space of a fortnight, every instant we could spare was devoted to steady practice on the before-mentioned flute, guitar, and flageolet, and although Mrs. Dofurim had so little soul as to say we disturbed the other boarders—and even went so far as to descend at midnight on one occasion, with her bonnet on over the head-dress sacred to repose, and the late Mr. Dofurim's greatcoat shielding her form from the evening zephyrs, and give us warning to leave, over the banisters—I will say we came on beautifully, and our rendering of "Di tanti palpiti" was really very fine; although I could not help regretting that Joe quite failed to overcome the last two bars, and Bob met with a similar difficulty about the middle of the piece; but if one dropped behind, the others continued, and though, as none of us could shake, we were obliged to leave them out altogether, "Di tanti," as performed by us at our last practice, was really something to listen to.

This was our *pièce de résistance;* but we had also in our *répertoire* "The Last Rose of Summer," and "Champagne Charlie." To this last, Joe somewhat objected; but on Bob Bubbles representing that if we played it very slow she wouldn't know what it was, and as I quite coincided with him, Joe consented to its retention.

We intended to allow a longer period for perfecting ourselves in our parts; but as we ascertained that Mr. and Mrs. Comfitts had left Rose Villa for a few days on a visit to some friends in the country, we thought it better to seize the opportunity afforded by their absence to serenade the pretty Thyra, who had been left to keep house; and, accordingly, one sultry night found us, about the hour of twelve, in the neighborhood of the Villa.

It was a quiet, suburban spot, with trim lawn, neat shrubberies, bow-windows, and fantastic gables, all looking particularly charming in the bright moonlight, and not a light twinkled in the house, which seemed wrapped in the most profound repose.

Bob Bubbles, gracefully draped in the waterproof cloak, was in high spirits, and I, in one hired from a theatrical friend, felt that I was equal to the occasion. Joe had utterly refused to disguise himself in a like manner, and rather spoiled the effect by appearing in a light linen suit, a Panama hat, and very high and stiff shirt-collar, his flute in a brown paper parcel in one hand, and his cane in the other an array which would utterly ruin the effect of our grouping on the lawn in the moonlight; but Joe had little soul for the beautiful, except as much of it as was contained in the lovely person of Thyra Comfitts.

Secure in the absence of *père et mère* Comfitts, I gayly vaulted over the slight iron palings separating the grounds from the highway, and was followed more slowly by Bob Bubbles, who, in addition to being rather stout, was a little stiff in the joints, owing to a slight difference, of recent occurrence, between himself and the "Game Chicken," which had resulted in that which was not victory to Bob.

Joe swung himself easily over, and we approached the house over the dewy lawn, and then an unforeseen difficulty arose. Which was Thyra's room?

"Take it on chance," whispered Bob, at length, and in silence was produced the guitar, the flute, and the flageolet.

A string of the guitar was broken, which Bob declared to be of little consequence, and selecting a window draped with virgin white, we dashed into "Di tanti," at the same time carefully watching the white curtain.

I had finished, Bob was nearly done, and Joe was making wild dashes at the last bar, when a corner of the curtain was raised, and a dimly-seen face peered out for a second.

"It's Thyra," whispered Joe, turning purple with excitement; "let's begin again."

We did, substituting "The Last Rose of Summer" for "Di tanti," and, made bold by knowing we had an appreciating listener, we poured our very souls into the strains, and were just quavering out the concluding notes, when a dismal yell broke from Bob, and we turned in time to see the guitar flying into fragments over the head of a brindled bulldog, which had silently approached in our rear, and had quietly and unostentatiously pinned Bob Bubbles by the calf of the leg.

At the same moment the window was thrown up, and a voice—a female voice—cried:

"Oh, you insulting wretches, what do you mean by playing "The Last Rose of Summer" under my window? You want to carry away the plate! you want to murder us! Oh, Thyra, child, they want to set the house on fire! Murder! thieves! fire! Oh, that my brother Peter were here!"

"Call off your dog!" roared Bob. "Can't you see, Aunt Livy, that it's me!" and while Joe and I stared in astonishment, a little figure in white came running to the window, and Thyra's curly, golden head leaned out into the moonlight.

"Oh, Aunt Livy, it's brother Bob and—and Mr. Loyd, and that fearful Boxer is at them! Oh, Mr. Loyd, take care!" for Joe was belaboring the amiable Boxer with his cane, and the intelligent animal was preparing to fly at him instead of Bob. "Oh, Boxer, Boxer!" cried his mistress, in a tone of appeal that would have melted any heart but that of a bulldog, and she wrung her little, white hands in dire dismay.

In the meantime, Boxer, withdrawing his fangs from Bob's quivering flesh, made at Joe, who retreated rapidly and gracefully toward the palings, while I secreted myself adroitly in the stone porch, through the pillars of which I gazed at the ensuing scene.

As Joe neared the palings, a fresh shriek burst from Thyra.

"Oh, Mr. Loyd, for pity's sake take care! Bob, stop him. The trap, the trap!"

Too late! There was the click of a spring, a sharp exclamation from Joe, a growl of ecstasy from Boxer, and my unfortunate friend came to the ground, Boxer taking a comfortable and immediate seat upon his broad chest, but, fortunately, refraining from more active hostilities.

Bob was in despair.

"I say, Thyra!" he shouted, "come down, and call off Boxer, like a good little girl, and bring some one who knows the trick of the trap, to let Loyd out."

"Yes, I'll come." cried Thyra, disappearing quickly from the window, and Miss Livy, who had retreated into the room in consideration of the light nature of her toilet, reappeared wrapped in a hooded cloak, like a banshee suffering from the toothache.

"Is that you, you degraded creature?" she inquired, looking down at Bob, who was vainly endeavoring to touch Boxer by blandishments administered from a safe distance.

"Yes, it's me. Pretty Boxer, good dog; here, Box, Box!"

"My brother shall hear of this," continued Miss Livy, wrathfully; "bringing your disreputable companions to insult two young women, and rob the house, I have no doubt. If Thyra took my advice, she'd not interfere. 'The Last Rose of Summer,' indeed!"

"I'm sure I never called you a rose of any kind, Aunt Livy," expostulated Bob. "Confound you, you savage! I wish I had a pistol here!"

Miss Livy uttered a dismal shriek.

"A pistol! Oh, I knew you were thirsting for our blood, you low vampire; and all because your stepfather forbade you the house, until you gave up that abominable Game Chicken!"

"I say, aunt," roared Bob, out of all patience, "if you don't get away from that window, you'll catch your death of cold without your front. Ah, Thyra! here you are; you're a regular trump, if you *are* a girl!"

Finding that Boxer obeyed his mistress, and vacated his couch on Joe's chest, with only a low growl of remonstrance, I emerged from the porch, to find that our united aid could do nothing for Joe.

"It's quite a hobby of papa's," explained Thyra, gazing pityingly at Joe; "and it's fastened with a key, which he always carries with him; but he and mamma are coming home on the early train, and then you will be released. Oh, Bob, you silly fellow, how did you manage to bring Mr. Loyd into such a position?"

"It wasn't Bob's fault, Miss Comfitts," said Joe, raising himself to a sitting posture; but what else he said, I didn't hear, for Bob, seized with a sudden desire to inveigle Boxer into his kennel, requested my aid, which I gave with extreme reluctance.

What a curious effect moonlight has! When we returned from Boxer's domicile, about a quarter of an hour afterward, I could have sworn that I saw Joe and Thyra kissing each other; but, here, ladies, don't blush, for *of course* I must have been mistaken.

When Mr. Comfitts returned by the early train, he was so delighted with the working of his pet trap—never before practically tested—that he received Bob into favor again, released Joe from durance vile, and, with much emotion, named that day two months for a certain ceremony in which he and Thyra were to bear very important parts.

How Bob never came to mention to us his relationship to the Comfitts, I can't imagine, except that, as he said, indeed, it was too jolly a bit of fun to spoil.

He has never resumed his acquaintance with the "Game Chicken."

WOMEN VOTING IN NEW JERSEY TOWARD THE CLOSE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

We publish a curious sketch, representing a custom, now happily obsolete, with the existence of which we fancy that few persons, except members of the Historical Society, are acquainted. That custom was the exercise of the privilege of elective franchise by women in New Jersey. It existed there within the memory of individuals now living. To this day women in England who, in their own names, hold property, and are unmarried, are entitled to vote for parochial officers, such as churchwardens, overseers, and sextons; but they have never, in that country, meddled with politics.

Not so with us. In a very singular pamphlet, published in Trenton, 1799, called "Eumenes: a Collection of Papers on the Errors and Omissions of the Constitution of New Jersey," the writer is very severe upon the fact that women were allowed to exercise the same right as the sterner sex—observing, that "Nothing can be a greater mockery of this invaluable and sacred right, than to suffer it to be exercised by persons who do not pretend to any judgment on the subject." On another page he says: "To my mind (without going into an historical or philosophical deduction of particulars on the subject), it is evident that women, generally, are neither by habit, nor education, nor by their necessary condition in society, fitted to perform this duty with either credit to themselves or advantage to the public. The great *practical* mischief, however, resulting from their admission, under our present form of government, is, that the [illegible]

and populous villages gain an unfair advantage over the *country*, by the greater facility they enjoy over the latter in drawing out their women to the election.

"Many important election contests have been terminated at last *by these auxiliaries* in favor of candidates supported by town interest."

In these days of progress, when women make stump speeches, and are applauded therefor, there are not wanting advocates of the expediency of allowing women to vote—such philosophers being unsatisfied with the incalculable influence already exerted over public affairs by the unseen but not less powerful influence of her intellect and her feminine charms.

OSTRICH FARMING AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

THE following description of an ostrich-breeding establishment at Grahamstown will give a general idea of the manner in which the industry of ostrich farming is carried on at the Cape of Good Hope:

About 170 birds are kept here, of which two males and four females are set apart for breeding purposes, while the rest, of different ages—from young chickens to birds of two years old—are destined to produce the feathers which it is the object of the ostrich-breeders to secure.

One of the most striking circumstances in connection with these farms is, that the old birds are seldom allowed to incubate their own eggs, but "artificial incubators" are used with great success. By this means a larger number of eggs are hatched than is the case if they are left to the natural functions of the parents. Birds hatched by this means are quite as healthy as those reared by the parent birds.

I have previously described the manner in which the nest is formed, and in which the process of incubation is carried on by the birds themselves. This takes place about June, though the time varies in different parts of Africa. In Algeria it is generally about February. From fifteen to twenty-three eggs are laid at a time, and as they are found in the nest, they are placed in incubators specially constructed, where it is found by experience that they are hatched quite as successfully as in the ordinary way of nature. In fact, generally speaking, a larger number of chicks is reared; as the eggs which I have described as being rejected by the parent birds from the nest are not lost, but brought to maturity.

The period of incubation is about forty-three days, and the chick, on its entry into the world, is about the size of a pullet. In the farm which we are taking as our model the old birds are seldom allowed to sit, and the healthy condition of the "chicks" hatched by artificial heat shows that they suffer nothing from this mode of treatment. The first day of their life they are seldom fed, but on the second, sometimes not till the third day, some very tender grass is given to them. Even at this early age they swallow pebbles and other hard substances, which serve to digest the food in the gizzard.

The young birds are kept at night in a warm place, the weakest ones being placed in an "artificial mother," a contrivance specially prepared for keeping them warm and out of danger. The others are covered over with coops, or placed in other positions of shelter. When the birds are a few months old, they are placed in an inclosure, where they are fed at regular times. The food is generally fine grass and lucerne, in fields of which they are occasionally "pastured." At other times the food is distributed for them in the yards allotted to them.

It is a curious sight to watch the birds gambol and dance around the black boy who is placed in charge of them. As he calls them they run up to him, thus proving they are capable of hearing sounds, and exhibit the greatest agility. In an adjoining inclosure are the still larger birds, from one to two years old, and the old breeding ostriches, again, are kept in a piece of ground to themselves. They are very fierce at times, and though generally tame, they are no despicable opponents when they became excited and angry. Their speed is immense, and the blow from the wing or leg of a large ostrich is dangerous.

All the younger birds are driven into an inclosed house at night, where they are kept warm; as they grow older this precaution is not adopted, but in every inclosure there is an outdoor tent or shed under which they can take refuge from a storm in the daytime, and in which they are left to rest at night. In their early days they are taken indoors into complete shelter.

At the Cape their food consists chiefly of grass and lucerne, and care is always taken that there is a good supply of stones and sand for them to swallow.

By means of this artificial system of cultivating ostriches, the feathers are obtained of a much finer quality than can be secured from the birds in a wild state. The feathers are not damaged or soiled, and their growth is encouraged by a wholesome diet, not too little and not too much to eat. They are, moreover, collected without injury to the birds, and before they have the chance of being spoiled in the sand when they are naturally dropped (molted) by the birds.

MINET BLUE AND LOUVETTE.

A FAIRY STORY.

LOUVETTE was a princess whom an enchanter, whose love she scorned, had punished most curiously. Five days of the week she was fearfully ugly, and a mere dwarf; on two days, however, she was of ravishing beauty and elegant figure; but with her ugliness she was tender, good, sweet, and amiable, losing all those qualities with the return of her beauty, and becoming silly, disdainful, and insupportable.

In vain she endeavored, during her amiable days, to win the solid esteem and love of some one; it was all in vain; her ugliness repelled more in five days than her evil qualities of mind did in two.

The lovers who adored her beauty during its brief reign shrunk from her during the rest of the week, while those who enjoyed her society with a feeling of some repugnance during her better days, could not be won by her beauty to pardon the absurdity that attended her fleeting charms.

In the same land was a prince who, for rejecting the love of an amorous fairy, had met with a similar chastisement. For two days each week—and these were Louvette's days of beauty—he was a perfect fright to look upon, while during the rest of the week, though retaining the beauty and grace of form and manner that had always been his, his mind was apparently paralyzed, and his conversation, ideas, and thoughts, seemed almost idiotic.

During his two ugly days, he was desperately in love with Louvette, who treated him with all the scorn of which she was capable, while, when she recovered her senses and her ugliness, she would have given her very life to have had Minet Blue at her feet, silly as he was; but he was utterly indifferent to her.

Yet Louvette fared better than he did. She had lovers plenty, while he was almost deserted by all, till at last Confidente, a young and noble lady, took a sudden interest in him. This excited the jealousy of the other ladies of the court, and all means were resorted to in order to keep them asunder and effect a breach of the rising friendship or love.

WOMEN VOTING IN NEW JERSEY TOWARD THE CLOSE OF THE LAST CENTURY.—FROM AN OLD ILLUSTRATION.—SEE PAGE 242.

Yet their plans signally failed, driving them to despair. As a last resource, they drew Louvette into the plot, and got her to play the part of a jealous rival. She played it well. She sought Minet Blue's company ou all occasions; she eclipsed Confidente entirely, and at last—such is often fate—became deeply in love with him in reality. His ugliness began to decrease in the electric light of love, and in the same ratio her repulsive looks became more tolerable to his eyes.

One day he was attacked in the forest by robbers; he defended himself bravely, and drove them off, but received a wound in his left hand from a poisoned arrow. On reaching a hermit's hut, he showed the wound to the solitary, who told him it would be fatal, if some one would not, at the risk of life, suck the venom from the wound.

Hearing of Minet Blue's peril in the forest, Louvette had hastened to the spot, with an old forester and his wife as guides, and finding him wounded, soon learned his danger. She at once clasped the hand, and drew forth the poisoned blood.

The prince, more moved and troubled at her noble conduct than by his own danger, regarded her, unable to speak or withhold his tears. Her ugliness had vanished. She had become an angel in his eyes. So does gratitude beautify the generous. Esteem, pity, gratitude, entered the prince's soul, never to depart.

Her love for him stood confessed in deeper proof than words, and it was now returned. They asked the holy hermit to unite them in marriage, each expecting death; but no sooner had the hermit begun the ceremony than both recovered beauty and talents, health, and happiness. True love had cured all.

MINET BLUE AND LOUVETTE.—"NO SOONER HAD THE HERMIT BEGUN THE CEREMONY, THAN BOTH RECOVERED BEAUTY AND TALENTS, HEALTH AND HAPPINESS. TRUE LOVE HAD CURED ALL."

MAXIMS.—Without danger, danger cannot be surmounted. With the humble there is perpetual peace. Wit once bought is worth twice taught. Words may pass, but blows fall heavily. Yielding tempers pacify resentments. Youth is the season for improvement. Zeno, of all virtues, made his choice of silence.

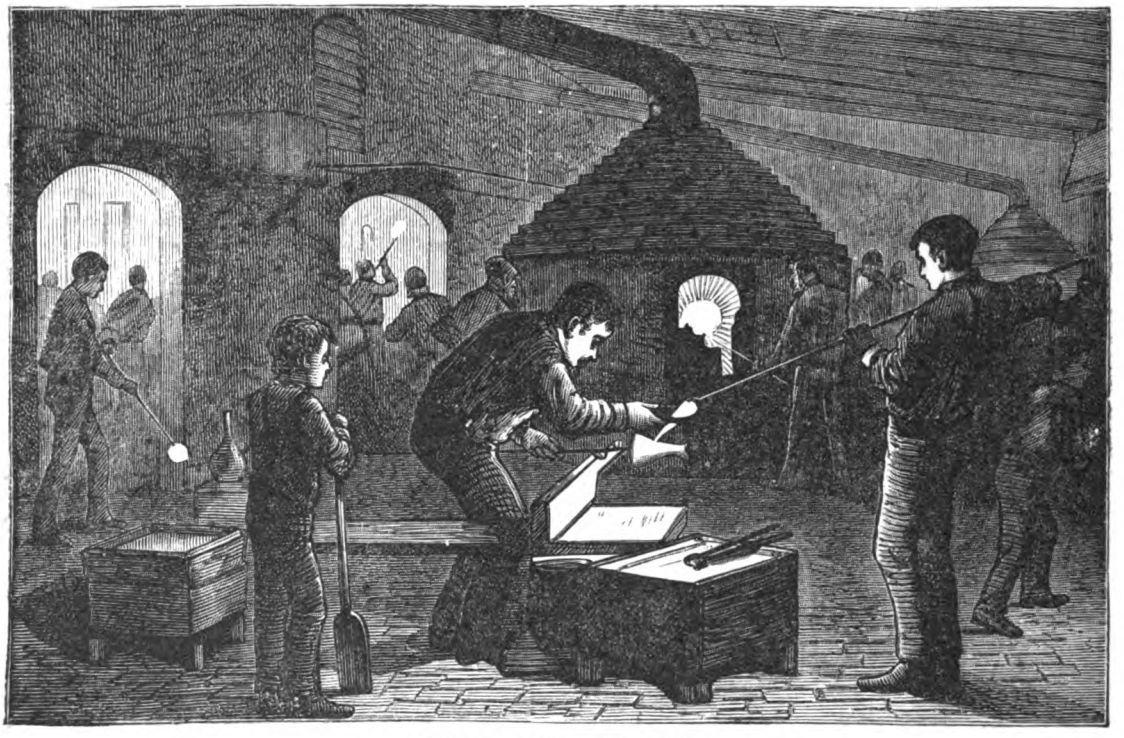


FIG. 1.—INTERIOR OF GLASS-HOUSE.

THE MANUFACTURE OF GLASS.

By Professor Charles A. Joy.

The Latin author, Pliny, relates that some Phœnician sailors, becalmed off the estuary of the river Belus, in Syria, landed upon the beach for the purpose of cooking their evening meal on the sand. They used earthen-ware pots for cooking utensils, and there being no stones upon the shore on which to rest the kettles, they brought blocks of soda, with which the vessel was loaded, from the ship for that purpose. The next morning, under the supper-kettles of the previous evening, they found numerous shining fragments, and the bottoms of the earthenware half melted away, in combination with the sand and soda. They gathered up the shining fragments, and also carried with them specimens of the white beach sand. Subsequent experiments proved that out of sand and soda, with calc or lime, placed in a suitable pot and exposed to a high heat, a transparent, fusible solid could be manufactured, capable of being blown into bottles, beads, goblets, and ornamental objects of a great variety of forms.

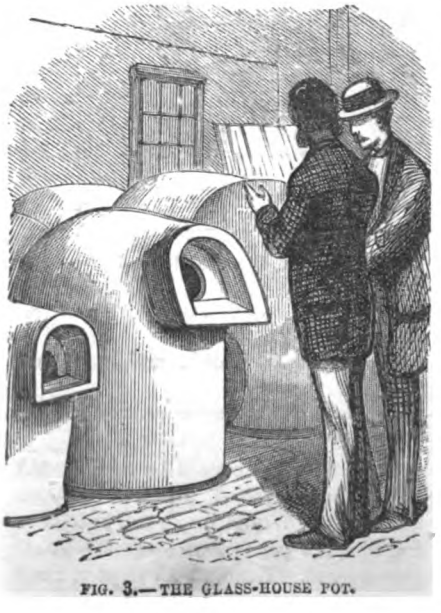


FIG. 3.—THE GLASS-HOUSE POT.

Pliny would fain have us believe that out of this accident grew one of the most important of the arts handed down to us from ancient times. That his narrative partakes of the romantic, and is largely a figment of his imagination, there is now no longer any doubt. The probability is that the art was the direct result of investigations made by the men who produced the specimens which are, even at this late date, obtained from the excavations in Egypt, Greece, and the Roman empire.

The fact that soda was brought from Egypt, and sand from the very spot where Pliny locates the discovery, is highly suspicious of an intentional landing of the sailors on the coast, for the very purpose of obtaining a cargo of sand for the manufacturers of soap and glass already established at Pompeii, Puteoli, and other ports.

It is a matter of Scripture history, that St. Paul took advantage of the commerce of his time to secure a passage in a vessel trading between Eastern ports and Roman towns, one of which was wrecked, and the other landed him at Puteoli, where, in the excavations of the present day, we find the necessary clue to the probable articles imported at that early period.

FIG. 2.—ANCIENT GLASS FROM POMPEII.

The soda of Egypt and the sand of Syria have for centuries been brought together to be used in the manufacture of glass and soap, and Pliny's narrative may be set down as more romantic than authentic.

That the Greeks and Romans were able to make glass of exquisite patterns and rare purity, is abundantly shown in the unequaled collection made by General di Cesnola, and now in the possession of the Metropolitan Museum of Art of New York City. There are some choice gems in this collection which the modern glass-blower would be glad to be able to imitate. Various forms of glass bottles are to be seen in this Museum. There is a hollow, colored glass ball, which contained the paint, also a twisted glass wand, flattened at each end, which was used by the ladies of that period to spread the color on the face. The other figures are

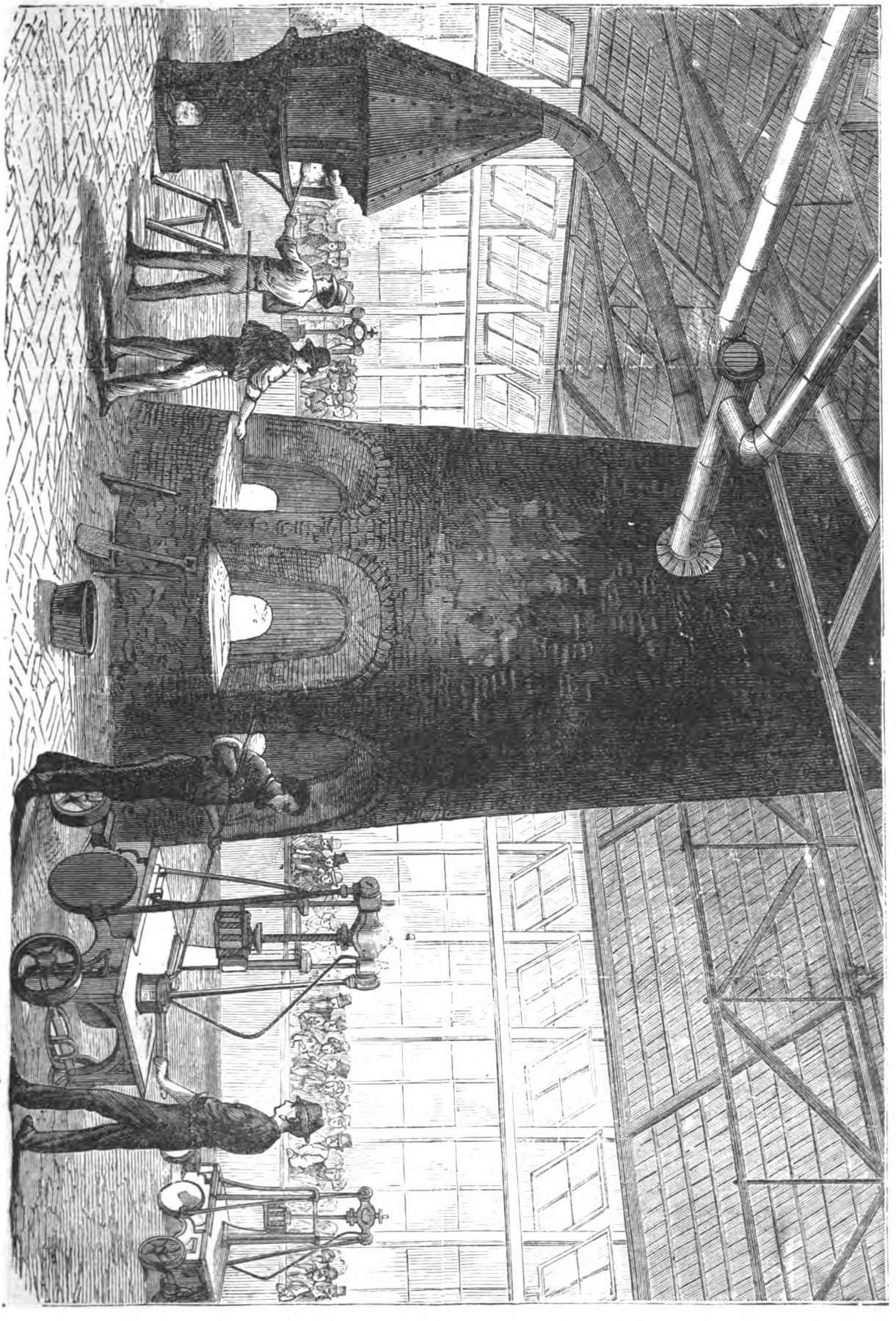


FIG. 4.—THE FOG ARCH AND MELTING-FURNACE.

"ORISINS SWORN BY THE GOLD BEN GLORY HOLE."

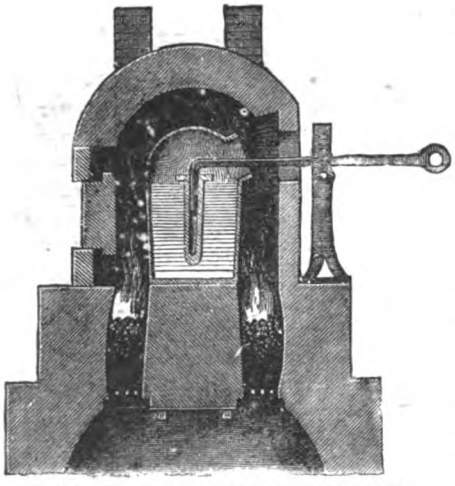


FIG. 5.—FURNACE FOR OPTICAL GLASSES.

amphoras, and possibly vessels used at the funeral pile, and during the cremation of the dead. As it is proposed to revive in modern times the ancient custom of cremation, the vessels found in Roman tombs may become models for the manufacturer of the present day.

According to a description of the customs and ceremonies of the Romans, written many years ago, cremation was performed as follows:

In order to burn the body, a funeral pile was erected in the shape of an altar, and composed of very combustible wood. Around this was piled up some cypress-wood. The body, sprinkled with the most precious perfumes, was then placed on a pile, and the nearest relations of the deceased, turning their faces away, set fire to it. The most costly garments of the dead, and his weapons, were also thrown upon it; the relations cut their hair and threw it on the funeral pile. While the body was burning, human blood was spilled before the pile from a glass cup, which act they believed would appease the manes of the deceased. When the body was consumed, the flames were extinguished with wine, and the relations inclosed the ashes in an urn, in which were mingled flowers and odoriferous liquid perfumes.

This description will enable us to judge how far it may be wise to introduce the ancient custom of cremation, in all its details, as a substitute for modern sepulture.

Fig. 2 represents some ancient glass vessels from Pompeii.

The art of glass-making, after having been developed in the East, was finally brought, by the returning Crusaders, to Europe, and for a long time Venice had the monopoly of this important manufacture.

In the year 1291, in consequence of danger from fire, the Venetian glass-houses were removed from the city to an island four miles distant. There, as many as 8,000 workmen were at one time employed, and, down to the middle of the seventeenth century, Venice supplied the world with glass. By degrees, skilled workmen were enticed to Bohemia, France, and England, and the art was extended to those countries.

Bohemia has long held the first place in the manufacture of a pure crown glass, and at one time there were 112 glass-houses in Bohemia, employing 6,000 workmen.

In France, it is related that the art of making so pure and beautiful an article as glass, gave to the workmen the rank of nobility. The "*gentilhommes verriers*," or gentlemen glass-blowers, played a prominent part in France for many years.

At present, glass ornaments are made in Venice, chemical glass in Bohemia, optical glass in France, Germany, and England, and the art has been brought to great perfection in the United States. Although the manufacture of glass has been known for so many ages, it is scarcely more than fifty years since the Swedish chemist, Berzelius, disclosed the scientific principles upon which it is based. It was he who first made known the acid character of sand or silica, and showed that glass is a true chemical compound, consisting of an acid and a base, united according to the laws of atomic weight. When the fact that glass is a chemical salt was made known, its manufacture was put upon the same footing as that of any scientific process, and it is now conducted according to fixed laws, and not in the empirical way practiced for centuries.

There are at least eight varieties of glass, which may be enumerated as follows:

1. Soluble, a simple silicate of potash or soda.
2. Crown (Bohemian), a double silicate of lime and potash.
3. Window, silicate of lime, potash, and soda.
4. Bottle, silicate of lime, alumina, iron, potash, and soda.
5. Plate, silicate of potash or soda, and lead.
6. Flint, silicate of potash or soda, and lead—richer in lead than the preceding.
7. Paste (strass), silicate of potash and lead—richer in lead than any of the preceding.
8. Enamel, silicate, stannate, or antimonate of potash, soda, and lead.

This classification is not absolutely correct, but may serve to facilitate the study of the subject if any one desires to give it a thorough examination. Separate books have been written upon nearly every variety, and few subjects have been more exhaustively studied.

SOLUBLE GLASS.

Soluble glass, called also water-glass, liquid quartz, silicate of potash or soda, was accidentally discovered by the late Professor Fuchs, of Munich, in the year 1818, in the course of some investigations he was making for the preparation of pure silica. He became more familiar with its properties in 1820, and learned how to prepare it by the solution of silica in caustic potash. Afterward he studied the subject thoroughly, and became acquainted with all its properties and uses. In the year 1823, as the theatre in Munich, which had been destroyed by fire, entailing a great loss of life and property, was rebuilding, the Bavarian Government requested a scientific commission to search for an agent that would render the woodwork and stage appointments incombustible. Professor Fuchs, in association with Dr. Pettenkofer, at once instituted numerous experiments upon soluble glass as the

FIG. 6.—FILLING A CRUCIBLE WITH GLASS MATERIAL.

best agent for this purpose; and the conclusions at which they arrived have been fully confirmed by subsequent studies of other scientists. It is one of the best agents known to render textile fabrics, wood, and other materials, incombustible. According to Professor Fuchs, there are four kinds of soluble glass. 1. Potash glass; 2. Soda glass; 3. Potash and soda glass (combined); 4. Glazing glass.

Potash soluble glass is prepared by fusing together 45 pounds of quartz, 30 pounds of potash, 3 pounds of charcoal in powder. Soda soluble glass is composed of 45 pounds of quartz, 33 pounds of calcined soda, 3 pounds of charcoal. The third variety can be made by fusing seignette salt with quartz. The fourth variety, called glazing, or fixing glass, is made by mixing perfectly saturated potash glass with soda glass. There is also a wet way for the manufacture of soluble glass, which consists in dissolving silica in concentrated soda lye in iron boilers, under 7 or 8 atmospheres of pressure; and for this purpose infusorial silica or tripoli is the most economical. The tripoli is first calcined, to destroy all organic matter, and then introduced into boiling soda lye or potash lye, and afterward clarified by a little water-lime, and evaporated to the required consistency. As soluble glass readily absorbs carbonic acid, it must be kept in closely stopped packages. In applying soluble glass to wood, roofs, fabrics, porous stones, etc., it is necessary to begin with a weak solution, and to wait until it is thoroughly dry before putting on a second coat. It will not adhere to freshly painted surfaces, but when the oil is thoroughly dry, and changed in the sunlight, the water glass can be used with impunity. Wood, paper, linen, and straw, when covered with several coats of soluble glass, are no longer inflammable, but simple char when exposed to fire. Mortar and porous limestones react upon soluble glass, producing carbonate of lime, hydrate of lime, and, ultimately, silicate of lime, which thus presents an impervious vitreous surface, capable of resisting the action of moisture and the atmosphere, and is then in a proper condition for fresco painting in mineral colors. The fresco painting in the Capitol at Washington by Leutze, and in the Museum of Berlin by Kaulbach, were done in water-glass and mineral colors, and are very fine. There are many other uses to which soluble glass could be applied, but the limits of this article do not admit of any further reference to them.

FIG. 7.—GLASS-BLOWING.

THE MANUFACTURE OF THE GLASS-HOUSE POT.

One of the most important preliminaries in the manufacture of glass is the preparation of suitable refractory crucibles or pots, in which to melt the materials. (See fig. 3.) These pots are made of a superior quality of clay, usually imported, possessing a fine texture, adhesive properties, and infusibility. The clay is ground in a curious mill, consisting of a solitary wheel, which is revolved by means of a vertical shaft, worked by either horse or steam power. An immense iron tire is formed, two inches thick, one foot wide, and over twenty feet in circumference. Rolling in an unvarying circle, this heavy wheel speedily crushes and reduces to powder every substance over which it rolls in its endless course. After being thoroughly ground and sifted, the clay is placed in a kneading tank usually two feet deep, five feet wide, and ten feet long. Here the clay is gradually moistened, kneaded, and tempered, so as always to be ready for use. Sometimes small pots of it are taken out and exposed to the air under open sheds for months, during which it undergoes a species of fermentation or ripening process, analogous to porcelain clay, by which it is much improved in quality. The kneading is performed in a very primitive manner. No machinery appears to be adapted to the purpose, and man-power is resorted to. A strong man, rolling up the legs of his pantaloons to his knees, and with naked and thoroughly washed feet, steps into the tank, and by treading systematically up and down, thoroughly kneads the mass as a baker does the dough with his fists. The workman is provided with a small wooden shovel, made flat and thin, like the paddle of a canoe, which he uses for cutting down and spreading in layers the embanked clay at each end of the tank, so as to cause a thorough kneading or commingling of its contents. This process is carried on in a part of the factory remote from dirt and dust, and the utmost care is observed to prevent the falling in of a single hair or

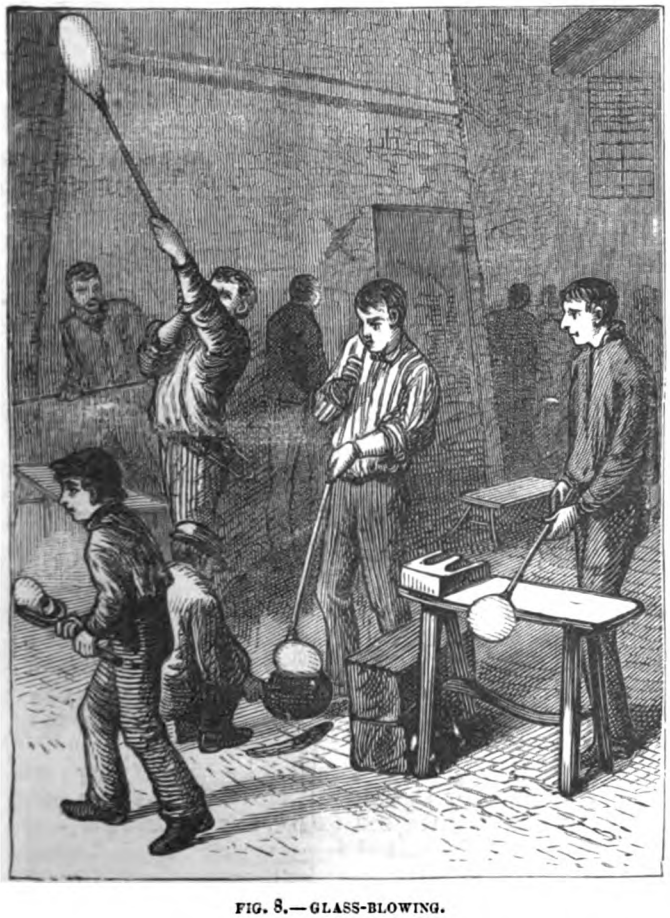


FIG. 8.—GLASS-BLOWING.

thread. So simple a thing as a thread, by charring during the baking, has been known to utterly destroy a crucible; thus entailing serious loss and great delay at the works. After the clay has reached the proper consistency or temper, the building of the pot is undertaken. A framework of heavy plank is constructed and made smooth on the upper surface, so as to form an even table, upon which may rest the pot during the building. The prepared clay having been rolled out into strips, one foot long and one inch in diameter, is used in the construction of the base by placing the rolls in layers about three deep, crowded together and kept at a proper degree of moisture by means of fine, damp cloths. The size of the base, which is the diameter of the pot, varies from thirty-four to forty-four inches; a slight oval being maintained, but which does not vary the cross diameter more than two or three inches. Similar rolls of clay are employed for building the sides of the pot, well stamped together until the wall is two or three inches in height all around.

There are frequent pauses in the work in order to allow the rolls to mingle and settle one upon another until they become equally moist and compacted. The work is then resumed until, day by day, the sides are carried upward to about three and a half feet. At about two-thirds of the entire elevation an opening is left, turned out on one side and arched over. This is for filling the batch and removing the molten glass as required for manufacture. The top of the pot is now arched over with the rolls, from the upper part of the mouth, and all closed but the mouth. Before this is done a ring is made of the same clay rolls, and placed loosely upon the bottom, inside of the pot. This ring is eighteen to twenty-four inches in diameter and three or four inches thick. Its object is to exclude all dirt or grit that may be in the molten glass, and its action is of great service to the glass-blower. The drying of the crucible is watched with as much care as was observed in its original construction. It is placed in a room having a free circulation of air and where it is constantly moistened with damp cloths to secure uniformity in drying and to prevent cracking. Should a mere check occur, the pot is rendered useless, and is broken up to be ground and kneaded as at first.

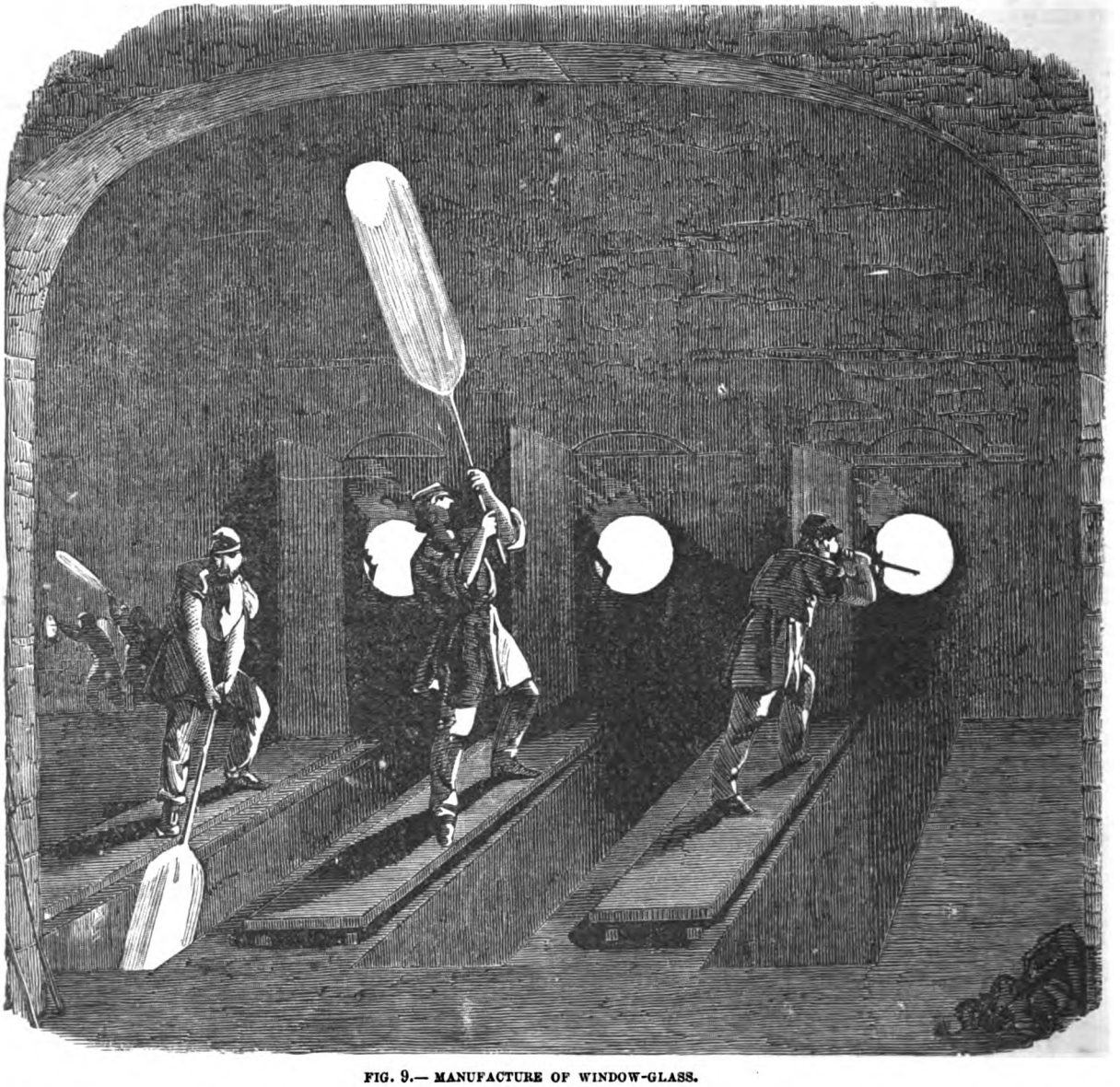


FIG. 9.— MANUFACTURE OF WINDOW-GLASS.

By degrees the pot is allowed to become fully dry; it is then removed by slow degrees to warmer situations, until finally, when it is required for use, it is put into a separate furnace where, by gradual firing, the heat is raised to the extreme limit, to test its fitness for transportation to the main furnace. When all is ready, the sides of the testing furnace

FIG. 10.— HORIZONTAL BUFFING-MILL FOR POLISHING GLASS.

are hastily torn down, a hole is made in the main oven, and without allowing the pot to cool more than can possibly be helped, it is transferred on an iron carriage and by a derrick from the furnace to the oven, and rapidly secured in its place; the blazing fire being kept up all the time. This performance is one which exposes the men to extreme heat, and requires great skill and celerity.

THE POT ARCH.

The pot arch is where the greatest heat is maintained, and where the glass is melted (see fig. 4) ready for the blower. It is built on a solid foundation, upon which a heavy arch is raised. On this rest the grate-bars, above which is the fire surface, and in this the pots are placed. The pot arch is the great furnace of the glass works. From six to twelve of the clay pots previously described are built into the furnace, and so arranged that they are completely encircled with an intense fire, which is fed with coal or the hot gas of the Siemens furnace. The intense heat rages day and night for months, and it may be for years, if no accident happens; and upon its uniformity, intensity, and freedom from smoke and dirt, much depends.

Near the pot arch there is another glowing oven, known as the heating furnace. It is merely another intense fire, encircled by openings, generally six in a stack, which are called glory holes. The use of this furnace is for the reheating of articles in the advanced stages of the manipulation.

FIG. 11.— ENGRAVING GLASS.

COMPOSITION OF GLASS.

As we previously stated, the chemical nature of glass was not known until the important researches of Berzelius disclosed the secret. Previous to his day the art was carried on in a purely empirical fashion, and the details of manipulation were in the possession of a few privileged persons, who had been taught by their forefathers. At the present time the business is conducted in a much more intelligent manner, and if every workman now employed were to be destroyed at once, the art would still survive, as it is a part of the scientific literature of the age.

FIG. 12.— ENGRAVING GLASS.

It is a matter of tradition in many glass-houses to surround the mixing-room with a profound mystery, as if there were certain trade secrets concealed there which must not, on any account, be disclosed to the world. Such secrecy was formerly really necessary, when all knowledge was confined to a few experts, but at the present time every schoolboy has access to all of the information that any one can desire.

In the United States, the material employed in making glass is sand, soda, and lime, with arsenic or manganese, to neutralize the color, and lead oxide to increase the fusibility. A room in the factory is appropriated expressly for the purpose of mixing the material. It is provided with the necessary bins and closets for storing the material. The sand for the purpose is pure white, and is obtained from Berkshire County, Mass. Formerly soda ash was chiefly employed, but at the present time sulphate of soda is found to work equally well, while its price is considerably less. A good quicklime is requisite, a quantity of white arsenic, some black oxide of manganese, and red lead, with a little saltpetre, complete the requirements. Potash is frequently added, as it facilitates the melt. The materials are weighed out and apportioned according to a strict formula, and, although the same articles are used by all, the proportions depend upon the kind of glass to be manufactured and other local conditions.

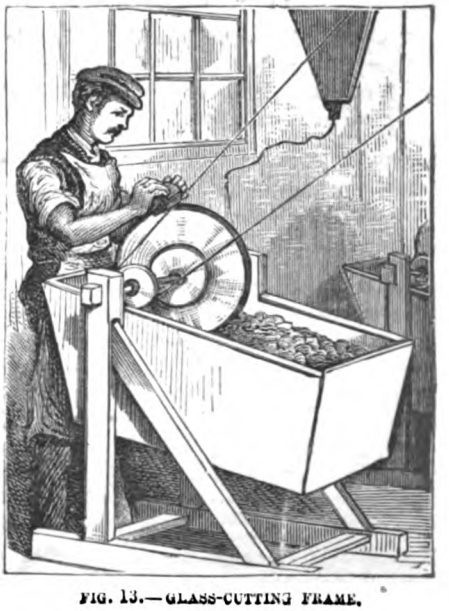


FIG. 13.— GLASS-CUTTING FRAME.

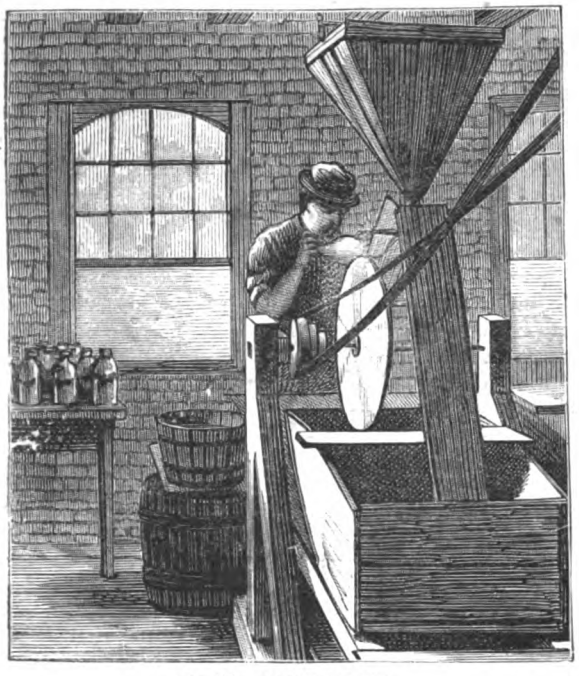


FIG. 14.—GLASS-CUTTING.

At Lenox, Mass., in the manufacture of a crown glass, the following mixture was employed:

Sand	54.5
Soda ash	30.0
Lime	15.0
Arsenic	0.5
	100.0

An actual mixture taken from the books was composed of

Sand	5,000 lbs
Soda ash	1,775 "
Lime	1,100 "
Cullet	2,800 "
Arsenic	30 "

This was employed in making the finest variety of window glass. In Bohemia, white glass of the best quality is made, of

110 parts pulverized quartz,
64 " refined carbonate of potash,
24 " caustic lime.

The potash is now replaced by carbonate of soda, which is just as good, and is much cheaper. For bottle glass, less care is necessary in the choice of materials, and the following may serve as an example:

Sand	100	parts
Soda	40 to 60	"
Fresh ashes	30 to 40	"
Spent ashes	150 to 180	"

Two kinds of glass are used in the construction of optical instruments, and great care is observed in the preparation of the raw material. The convex portion of a lens is made of flint glass, constituted as follows:

Pure quartz	100	parts
Oxide of lead	100	"
Carbonate of soda	30	"

The concave portion of crown glass is prepared of

Quartz	120	parts
Carbonate of potash	35	"
Carbonate of Soda	20	"
Carbonate of lime	15	"
Arsenic	1	"

Optical glass is usually melted in furnaces constructed especially for the purpose, and is disconnected from ordinary glass manufacture (see fig. 5.) It will thus be seen that silica is the chief component of glass. Potash, or soda and lime, are mixed with it to obtain window and plate, or crown glass; if we add oxide of iron, we have bottle glass; substitute oxide of lead, and we obtain flint or crystal glass; replace the lead by tin, and we produce enamel; abolish the lime, and confine ourselves to soda and silica, and our glass becomes soluble.

The list of materials is short and their existence very abundant. Silica exists everywhere, as rock crystal, sandstone, sand, flint, and infusorial earth; it is also found in the ashes of plants, in volcanic lava, and in the waters of geysers. Lime is nearly as abundant as a chief constituent of the crust of the earth, and in the solid part of the bones of animals. Soda is met with in sea-plants, in sea-water, in rock salt, in minerals, and is made and used in vast quantities. Potash was formerly chiefly derived from the ashes of plants, but of late years the salt mines of Germany have yielded one-half of all that is required, and will probably eventually fully supply the market. The oxide of lead, which imparts a ready fusibility to the glass, is expensive, but our mines can furnish all that can possibly be required. Arsenic is a waste product, and manganese is found in mines; and thus we can see that there is abundance of material everywhere to keep alive this important industry.

When we are warming ourselves before the open wood fire, and happen to cast a glance into the mirror over the mantel, it may be well to reflect that in the ashes under the embers, in the lime of the hearthstone, in the silex of the fire-back, and in the fire itself, we have all of the material and the mysterious agency requisite to give us the glass from which the mirror is made.

How Glass is Made.

As soon as sufficient heat is attained in the large furnace, the material called the batch, conveyed in long wagons (see fig. 6), is shoveled into the mouth of the pot, which is at once closed by an outer and inner door, or movable heads. The outer head is luted with good fire-clay, and only a small hole is left in the centre of each head to afford a slight vent, and to enable the workmen to insert a long iron bar

FIG. 15.—COOLING.

with which to remove the doors when it becomes necessary to renew the charge. After a charge has been placed in the pot, it requires from sixteen to twenty-four hours before it is sufficiently melted and incorporated to be available for blowing or casting. As the batch melts, the clay ring previously mentioned as being inserted at the making of the pot, rises through the molten mass, being lighter, where it retains its position in the centre, leaving a sufficient space around the outside for the impurities to collect; while the clear, clean glass can be reached in the centre. After the material is thoroughly melted it is left to cool for two, and sometimes four, hours before it can be worked. Everything being now in readiness, the further steps depend upon the articles it is designed to manufacture. In some establishments they make exclusively lamp-chimneys, in others window-glass, in others plate-glass, in others bottles, and so on; but unless the glass is regularly cast like molten iron, the manipulation up to near the finish is identically the same in each case. The assistant, called a boy, although he may be a man, takes on the end of an iron tube a small quantity of glass from the pot (see fig. 7), which he hastily carries to the blower or gaffer, who is seated on a chair provided with iron arms, upon which he rolls the plastic mass. He occasionally blows into the mass to raise it to a proper size, and then rolls it upon a slab of flat, smooth iron to give it a required shape. (See fig. 8.) It frequently happens that the unfinished lump of glass cools too rapidly, in which case it is held for a few minutes in one of the glory-holes of the supplementary furnace, where it again becomes plastic. The gaffer is thus enabled to continue rolling, blowing, heating, and manipulating the glass with his tongs of steel until it attains the required shape and thickness. Sometimes the required shape is imparted by blowing and pressing the mass into a mold. This is particularly the case with bottles on the sides of which appear the names of the venders of wine, beer, patent medicines, and of mineral waters. Any firm can have a mold made, thus securing a trademark or the monopoly of any peculiar pattern of glass.

FIG. 16.—THE LEAR, OR ANNEALING FURNACE.

The manufacture of window-glass is attended with more fatigue and requires greater skill than the ordinary process of glass-blowing. A pane of glass is not a complicated structure, but, considering the brittle nature of the material, it would puzzle an inventor to devise a way for making it if he had no previous acquaintance with the subject. To say that it is blown, conveys a very imperfect idea of how the result is attained, and even with the aid of diagrams and descriptions, the dexterity and skill required must be seen to be fully appreciated.

Window-glass is made by two systems, called respectively, "crown glass" and "cylinder glass"; terms derived from peculiarities in the methods of producing them. The latter method is the one more generally pursued in this country, and is the one we shall describe. (See fig. 9.)

The workman secures on the end of his pipe a large mass of glass, by successive operations exactly as previously described, excepting that he takes up a much larger weight. He also rolls it upon the marver (iron table) in the same manner as he would for making bottles. Having formed the ball upon the marver until it assumes the shape of a pear, it is reheated and rolled a second time, and the bulb is further extended by blowing into it and resting the pipe on a horizontal bar. The blowing during the entire process is accompanied by manipulations of a peculiar character; blowing alone would not produce the desired result. The furnace holes are somewhat elevated, and platforms extend out from the base of the furnace, one for each hole, or pot. These platforms have pits of considerable depth dug between them to permit the workmen to swing the bulb during the process of

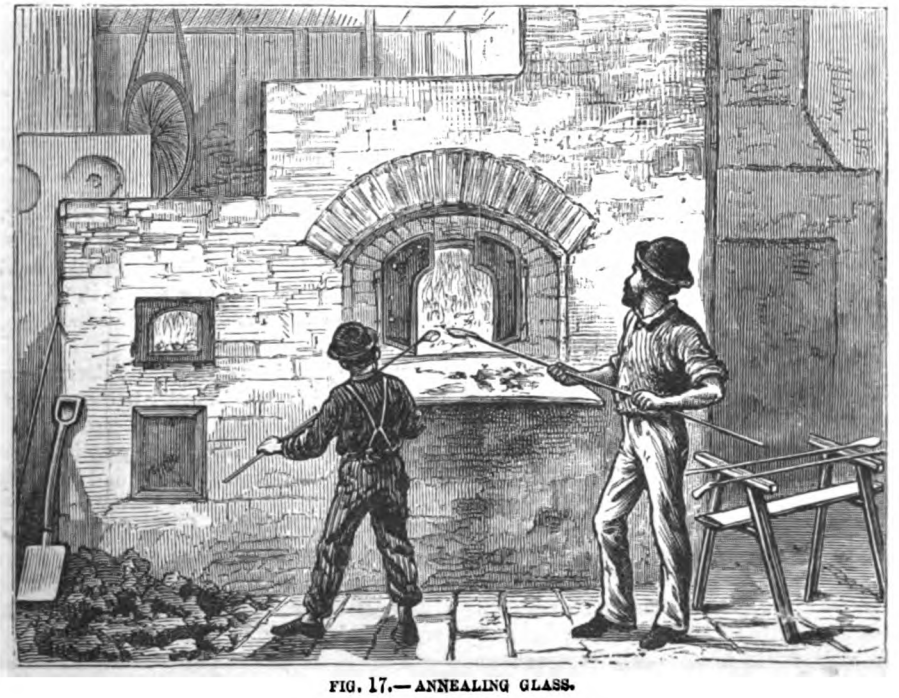
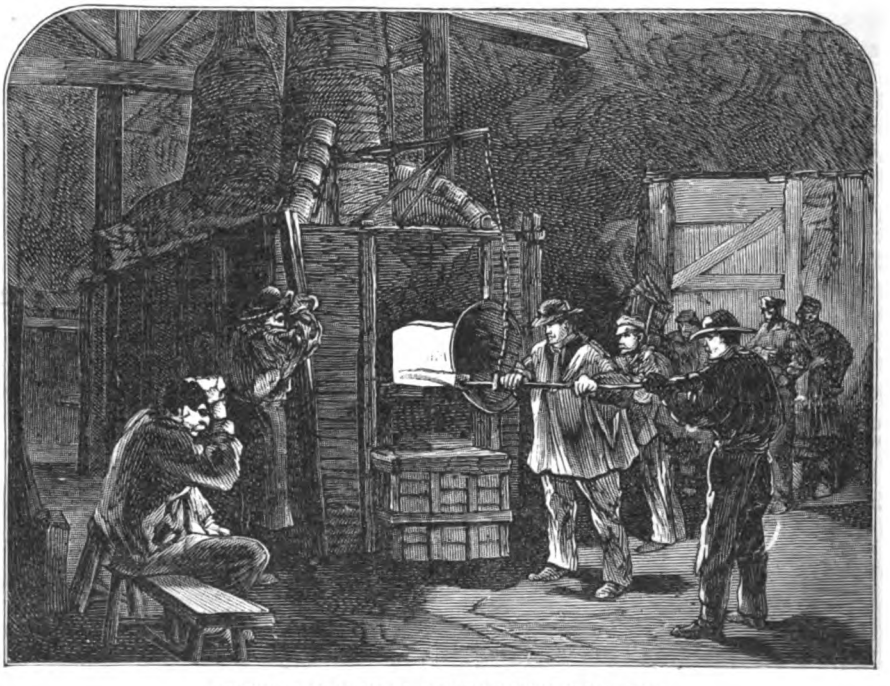


FIG. 17.—ANNEALING GLASS.

elongation. When the blast is forced into the plastic glass, the expansion takes place in that portion of the pear-shaped mass called the neck. The workman now holds the ball over his head, and the weight of the thick portion of the mass presses down the expanded portion, until it assumes the shape of the top of a bottle. The expanded portion being now permitted to cool, which it does readily, on account of its thinness, becomes rigid. The workman then blows through the pipe, at the same time that he rotates it to keep up the cylindrical form of the expanding portion, and also swings the ball in one of the pits previously described, thus elongating the cylinder. When the walls of the cylinder have become everywhere of uniform thickness, and the proper length has been attained, the end furthest from the pipe being closed, has a hemispherical form. This end is now subjected to a quick heat at the mouth of the furnace, and burst open by a strong blast through the pipe; the pipe being now rotated, the part thus burst open is expanded by centrifugal force to the size of the cooler parts of the cylinder. The cylinder is now laid in a frame, and the pipe detached. The ends of the cylinder are now cut off by winding a wad of plastic glass around them and suddenly cooling the ring thus formed. The cylinder has now to be opened. This is accomplished by placing a bar of hot iron longitudinally along the side of the cylinder, when sudden cooling cracks it from end to end. It is now passed to the annealing furnace and flattening kiln. A cylinder of glass is laid in at the first opening of a peculiarly constructed furnace, the cracked side upward, and allowed to heat until it becomes plastic. As soon as this takes place the workman, by means of a winch, revolves the platform and opens a second cylinder, and so on until all in the furnace are ready to sink to a level. Thus we obtain flat sheets of glass out of cylinders, from which window-panes can be cut of a size to suit the demand. The labor is severe, and commands very high wages.



CASTING A LENS FOR A GREAT TELESCOPE AT PARIS.

At the Lenox Works some of the most experienced workmen were able to make 68 or 70 cylinders in a day, thus earning nearly as much as the superintendent. Plate-glass required for show-windows of great size and for large mirrors cannot be blown, and has to be cast the same as iron. The melt is made in pots built into small furnaces, from which they can be removed by derricks and the contents poured out upon horizontal iron plates. Heavy rollers pass over the plastic mass, spreading it out like pie-crust, and while it is still soft and plastic it is hastily removed to annealing furnaces to be gradually cooled. As this glass is rough on both sides, it requires careful polish to become perfectly transparent. The polishing is accomplished by buffers carrying jewelers' rouge, and moving with great uniformity and velocity. (Fig. 10.) If the plate is to be used for roofing, the smoothing can be dispensed with. The polishing and engraving of ordinary glass bottles, goblets, etc., is accomplished by rapidly revolving lead wheels, moistened by water and covered with sand. (Fig. 11.) The workman has a pattern placed before him, which he copies as nearly as possible. Letters, inscriptions, figures of all kinds are rapidly engraved upon the glass. (Fig. 12.) Etching upon glass is accomplished by means of hydrofluoric acid, but this is largely confined to engravings for illustrations. The cutting of glass for ordinary purposes is done on a wheel rapidly revolved. (Figs. 13, 14.) A novel method for engraving and cutting glass has been invented in this country, and is known as the Tilghman sand blast. The pattern to be engraved is cut out of a stencil and placed upon the glass object, and a rapid current of sand is blown upon it. In this way not only rude patterns can be etched, but beautiful photographs and exquisite engravings can be transferred upon glass. The process is rapid and neat, and only needs to be known to be extensively used.

The latest novelty in this industry is the invention of toughened glass by De la Bastie, of France. The glass, after being manufactured in the usual way, is plunged into a paraffine or oil bath, by which it acquires great toughness and elasticity. Objects made of this glass can be thrown upon the floor without breaking, and even nails have been driven with it, but it has a serious defect of bursting into innumerable pieces like a Rupert's drop, if attempts be made to cut or pierce it. Until this defect can be overcome the use of the toughened glass must remain quite limited.

Optical glass is made, with extreme care, of pure and refined materials, and in order to thoroughly incorporate the constituents the melted mass is stirred with a clay rod while still in the pot, and when it is cast it is cooled by blowing upon it with a bellows (fig. 15), and carefully annealing it.

THE LEAR, OR ANNEALING OVEN.

All objects made of glass must be properly annealed, or they are liable to break in the same manner as the Bastie glass. The annealing is accomplished in an oven built not very high, but made quite broad, and from fifty to seventy feet long, having doors or openings at each end (figs. 16, 17). The still hot articles are placed in one end of the lear, on an

endless chain, and drawn slowly through, cooling as they approach the further end.

The time required for annealing depends upon the care the manufacturer is willing to bestow upon the articles. Some articles, such as lamp-chimneys, are very much slighted in this respect, as imperfect annealing insures rapid breaking, and this, in turn, makes trade lively. When the work is properly and conscientiously performed, the glass must stay in the annealing oven at least ten hours, but a longer time and slower cooling improves the character of the goods. At the back end of the lear is an apparatus of chain-work, by means of which the stock is removed, ready for the engraver or for packing. Porters carefully separate all imperfect ware, and place merchantable articles so that they are handy to the packer. Glass is packed in boxes, barrels, crates, and hogsheads, and is secured in position by hay or straw.

The workmen in this country are chiefly Germans. A few are Frenchmen, and occasionally an Irishman makes his appearance. The industry in the United States, from slow beginnings, has risen to be one of great importance, and certain varieties of lead or flint glass are made here equal to any in the world.

It is not possible, in a few pages, to convey a complete idea of the manufacture of glass; but from the illustrations and text of this article, the reader can learn enough to awake an interest to read more extended works on the subject, and perhaps to excite a desire to witness a process which is certainly one of the most interesting in the whole range of mechanical operations.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

METALLIC FILM FOR THE ELECTRO-PLATING OF NON-CONDUCTING ORGANIC SUBSTANCES.—M. P. Cazeneuve proposes the following method of treating objects intended to receive a deposit of nickel, in order to render them conductors of electricity. The object is first immersed in a 10 per cent. solution of silver nitrate in methyl alcohol, to which 3 per cent. of nitric acid is added, and allowed to remain for a longer or shorter time, according to the nature of the object. It is then drained, partially dried by rapid motion, and, while still moist, placed for a few seconds in a saturated solution of ammonia, after which it is dried at a low temperature. Lastly, it is suspended above the surface of mercury, heated by means of boiling water. A few minutes' exposure to the mercurial vapor suffices to reduce the double nitrate of silver and ammonia formed by the previous treatment, the object becoming completely covered with a metallic film. Leaves, flowers, insects, and other organic objects thus treated, take a regular deposit of copper. The method is said to be safer and more rapid than those in which the hydrogen compounds of arsenic, phosphorus, and sulphur, or solutions of phosphorus, in carbon di-sulphide, are employed as reducing agents.

THE TALLEST LIGHTHOUSE IN THE WORLD.—The firm of Cail & Co. have begun the construction of the great lighthouse, which is to stand on the brow of the Trocadero, in Paris, during the Great Exhibition of 1878. The lighthouse in the 1867 exhibition was only 180 feet high, whereas the present one will reach 413 feet in height. The lighthouse has been ordered for Plymouth, and its white and red lights will be seen seven leagues on the main. It will contain ten rooms for attendants, two provision bunkers, an infirmary, and a bedroom, with ten beds, for the shipwrecked. About 162 feet above the level of the sea, a movable annular plate is provided, carrying a big cannon for shooting the salvage line within a range of five to six miles. Near the base of this gigantic structure there is a complete and improved lifeboat arrangement, which allows of a lifeboat being lowered by one man.

UTILIZATION OF BLAST-FURNACE SLAG.—According to the invention of Mr. Joseph Woodward, the molten slag runs from the furnaces into molds, which are fixed upon a rotary frame, and as fast as one mold is filled another presents itself to the stream. The molds are opened while the blocks are red-hot, and placed in a kiln at a certain heat, and there they stay for twenty-four hours. When cold, and ready for use, the blocks are very clean and hard, and impervious to wet. They are admirably adapted for road and footpath pavement.

THE NEW METAL, GALLIUM.—M. Lecoq de Boisbaudran has succeeded in preparing seven grains of the metal, gallium, which he recently discovered, and with this small quantity has been studying the properties of the new metal. After mercury, it is the most fusible of all metals, melting at 85 deg. Fah. Its specific gravity is 5.9, being heavier than aluminium and lighter than tin.

TEMPERED GLASS.—There is still much difficulty experienced with the De la Bastie glass. A writer in the London *Times* gives his experience with some glass globes over gas burners. Two of these globes were fitted on burners in a bedroom, and in the night, after the gas had been extinguished for an hour, one of the globes burst with a report, and fell to pieces on the floor. The fallen pieces continued for an hour or more, splitting up and subdividing themselves into still smaller fragments, each fracture being accompanied by a slight report. The floor was strewn with fragments of about the size of a pea. It is evident that the manufacturers have not yet learned how to temper or anneal the glass so as to make it durable.

A NEW INDUSTRY.—It is stated on the authority of an English journal that an active trade has of late sprung up in New York in house-breaking and lock-picking implements. The manufacturers are described as often of a class so far reputable or prudent that they would never contemplate any direct deed of crime; the practice of these law-abiding manufacturers is never to turn out a complete implement, for fear of discovery and consequent trouble; so that the tools are made partly in one place and partly in another. The trade is said to be a profitable one; a complete set of tools, numbering forty pieces, costing $250 to $400 the set.

PROFESSOR NORDENSKJOLD, of Sweden, has successfully made the voyage through the Arctic Ocean to Siberia to the mouth of the Jenisei. The trip out and back was performed in about five weeks only, during sixteen days of which the expedition staid at the Jenisei. He found the sea perfectly navigable and free from ice; Thus the practicability of a trade route from Europe through the Arctic Ocean to Siberia seems to have again been demonstrated. The expenses of the expedition were borne by a public-spirited merchant, who wished to aid in geographical discovery.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

DID you ever know a good cook who hadn't "a temper"?

DID you ever know a family doctor who did not wear creaking boots?

DID you ever know a hackman who was contented with his right and proper fare?

DID you ever know a young lady who was so timid she was afraid to get married?

DID you ever know a "spirit" medium who could do without "material" assistance?

DID you ever know a young lady who was more than twenty-nine (by her own account)?

DID you ever know anybody to be better for that "just one glass more" he took to do him good?

THE Black Hills may be mentioned as some of the hills that all flesh seems to think it is heir to.

DID you ever know a young lady who would admit the bosomest of her bosom friends to be very pretty?

NO, I NEVER! (And I mean it, too!)—Did you ever know a waiter who came when he said he was "coming"?

THE gentleman who kissed a lady's "snowy brow," caught a severe cold, and has been laid up ever since.

MR. JONES was advised to get his life insured. "Won't do it," said he; "it would be my luck to live for ever, if I should."

THEY are eating strawberries in Southern California. This news makes a man curse Arctic rubbers and molasses taffy parties.

IT is a bad sign to see a man with his hat off at midnight, explaining the theory and principles of true politeness to his shoes.

ONLY those who have tried know the indescribable agony of editing a paper next door to a tin-shop, separated only by a thin partition.

A HAUNTED house is a tenement of any number of ordinary stories, to which is added an extraordinary one, in the form of a ghost story.

A POLITICIAN in Ohio hearing that a political opponent had just bought a donkey, declared that it was "a very remarkable case of self-possession."

AN impertinent fellow wishes to know if you ever sat down to tea, where skimmed milk was on the table, without being asked, "Do you take cream?"

DID you ever know a lodging-house landlady who did not declare that the bugs you found in your bed must have been brought there by your own laundress?

THE latest American invention is a "pecto-plume," or machine for plucking birds. The machinery consists of a wheel a foot in diameter, of which the edge is provided with fingers, or pickers, of india-rubber, so arranged that as they come above the surface of the picker-table they clasp and pinch whatever comes in their way, and as they pass below on the opposite side, open again, releasing the feathers. The man who first tried this invention accidentally turned the wheel the wrong way, and, to his immense astonishment, the machine put all the feathers back again in their proper places, and the fowl walked away as good-looking as ever.

AN EMBARRASSED HORSEMAN.

EVERY ONE FOR HIMSELF.

"In for It."

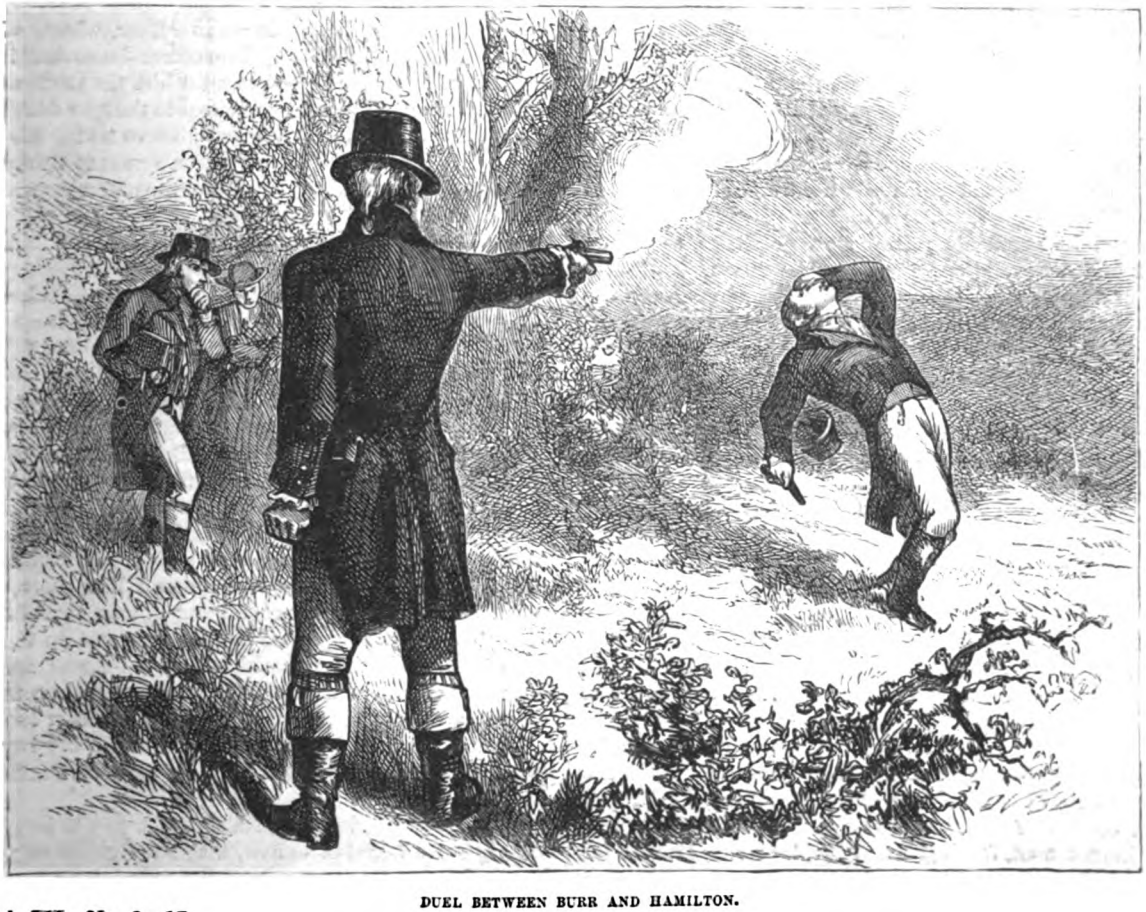
FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

VOL. III.—No. 3 MARCH, 1877 $2.50 PER ANNUM.

MEMORABLE AMERICAN DUELS.

THE history of dueling dates back as far as that of the Romans, when single combat prevailed; and one instance in particular is related as having taken place about 361 B.C., when Torquatus fought in single combat with a Gaul.

Asiatic history shows that the custom prevailed in that country, and the Arabs of the time of Mohammed were familiar with it. It is said that the modern character of dueling was given to it by the barbarians who overran the Roman Empire, and who instituted the "ordeal by battle" or "judicial combat," the purpose of which ostensibly was



DUEL BETWEEN BURR AND HAMILTON.

to vindicate the innocent. This mode of trial was legalized as early as A.D. 501, and for centuries after the practice continued; while even in England it was recognized as legal to so late a date as 1818—being only abolished by Parliament in the following year. In France the judicial character of this custom was never formally admitted after 1547.

What is now understood by the term duel, dates from the first half of the sixteenth century; and within an hundred years later, we find the first instance on record in the history of the western continent. In 1621, on June 18th, a duel took place at Plymouth, Mass., between two servants, one of whom challenged the other to single combat with sword and dagger. In the struggle which followed, both were wounded; and both were thereafter punished by the Plymouth Company for what was esteemed an outrage on the colony, by the ignominous treatment of having their heads and feet tied together, and lying thus without meat or drink. The punishment was at first assigned to last twenty-four hours; but after suffering in the painful posture described for one hour, at their master's intercession and their own humble request, combined with the promise of amendment, they were released by the governor. The names of these two Puritan duelists were Edward Doty and Edward Lester. It is believed that the ridiculous situation which was imposed upon them as a punishment for their misdemeanor, together with the fact that the first combat of this character occurred between menials, combined to bring the custom into disfavor, and may not improbably be the reason for the difference of opinion in this regard between the North and the South. Sabine says:

"A personal combat between the renowned Miles Standish and John Alden to adjust their difference about that arch maiden, Priscilla Mullens, would have been respectable, and might have afforded a precedent; but no persons of standing, for a generation at least, were likely to imitate two serving-men, who had been doomed to a punishment so entirely ridiculous."

However this may be, it is certain that we hear nothing of duels at the North for a long period afterward; though a tradition did grow up to the effect that Castle Island, now Fort Independence, in Boston Harbor, was once celebrated as the dueling-ground for the "hot-headed sons of Old England."

The public documents, private correspondence, and newspapers of the Revolutionary era, cite few instances of challenge or actual contest in the Whig service, while, according to the best authorities, there was very little of it on the Loyalist side. Altogether, it may be readily believed that the practice of dueling was not common during the War of the Revolution on either side. It was not until the year 1799 that the practice had reached such a position in the American Army as to require the intervention of its superior officers.

To go back a little, we find that in the year 1728, a young man named Benjamin Woodbridge was killed in a duel on Boston Common by one Henry Phillips, the duel being fought without seconds in the night-time, and with swords. Phillips succeeded in escaping, through the assistance of friends, got on board a man-of-war, and fled to France, where, however, he died a year later. This affair created much excitement, and was the cause of the enactment of very stringent laws against dueling.

In 1771, on the 16th of August, an altercation arose in the City of Charleston, between Dr. John Haley and a Mr. Delancey, of New York, an "elegant and accomplished royalist," a brother of Mrs. Ralph Izzard. Delancey being irritated in argument, insulted Dr. Haley, by giving him the lie. Haley challenged Delancey to fight with pistols where they then were, and the duel took place in an upper room, alone and without seconds. Delancey took one of the pistols offered him by Haley; they fought across a table, fired at the same moment, and Delancey was killed. Dr. Haley was an Irishman by birth, and an eminent practitioner of medicine in Charleston. Delancey being a prominent man among the royalists, much irritation was exhibited among them about his death, and the circumstances attending it. The Whigs, on the other hand, defended Dr. Haley, and concealed him until his trial came on. He was defended by Thomas Hayward, the Pinckneys, and the Rutledges, who proved that Delancey was the aggressor, and also that he had fired with an intent to kill Haley with his own pistol, the two bullets with which it was loaded being taken out of the wall on each side of where he stood. Haley was acquitted—a result considered as a great triumph by the Whigs, the popular party, and by the Royalists a proportionate source of chagrin.

In 1777, Button Gwinnett and Lackland McIntosh, the former a member of Congress, and a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and the latter an officer in the army in the Revolution, fought a duel with pistols at a distance apart of twelve feet. Both were wounded, Gwinnett mortally. The cause of this duel was personal enmity and rivalry. The two were competitors for the office of brigadier-general, in which competition McIntosh was successful. Subsequently, Gwinnett failed in his expectation of being elected Governor of Georgia, and McIntosh having indulged in some exulting expressions in reference to this, the duel ensued. The duel was fought near Savannah. At its conclusion, the combatants shook hands.

General Israel Putnam, the "Old Put" of the American Revolutionary army, had two "affairs" during the war. His biographer records them in detail, although neither adds to Putnam's fame, since he was bound to fight "according to usage," or decline the calls.

The first was with an American officer, whom, without design, he offended at table. The officer demanded instant satisfaction. Putnam agreed to meet him the next morning without seconds. The officer repaired to the spot designated, armed with sword and pistols, and, before taking his place, was greeted with a shot from Putnam's gun, at thirty rods. As Putnam was reloading his piece, the officer approached, and asked:

"What are you about to do? Is this the conduct of an American officer, and a man of honor?"

"What am I about to do?" replied the general, coolly. "A pretty question to put to a man whom you intended to murder! I'm about to kill you; and if you don't beat a retreat in less time than it takes old Heath to hang a Tory, you are a gone dog." The officer turned and fled.

Putnam's second affair was with a British officer, who was, at the time, a prisoner on parole. Offended at some remarks of the general, he sent Putnam a challenge, which was promptly accepted. As the challenged party, Putnam agreed to select the weapon, and appear at a place which he named, with arms for both. The officer found him there, seated near a barrel—apparently containing powder—smoking his pipe. The general requested him to take a seat on the other side of the cask, and remarking that there was an equal chance for them, set fire to a slow-match which communicated with the contents of the barrel. The officer looked at the match a moment, as the fire approached the supposed powder, and then departed. As he retired, Putnam exclaimed:

"You are just as brave a man as I took you to be; this is nothing but a barrel of onions, with a few grains of powder on the head, to try you by. But you don't like the smell."

1778 was a momentous year for duels. At that time, Georgia was the seat of the war. Prevost's invasion had been defeated, and the country rescued from depredation by the Carolina troops under General Robert Howe. But in this expedition the Carolinians suffered greatly, were badly fed and provided, and being stationed during the most sickly season of the year in the most unhealthy part of Georgia, were reduced to half their number by deaths, discharges, and desertions, and were finally driven out of Georgia by Colonel Campbell's 2,000 regular troops. For this result the conduct of Howe was censured, although, as is believed, without just cause. Among others who raised their voices against him, was Christopher Gadsden, of Charleston, who wrote a letter severely characterizing the conduct of General Howe. The latter required a retraction, which Gadsen refused to give, and a duel ensued. They met at Cannonsburgh; but all the damage sustained by either was a scratch upon the ear, received by Gadsden from Howe's bullet. In this affair, Bernard Elliott was the second of Gadsden, and General Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, of Howe. The duel occurred on the 13th of August, and after its conclusion Howe and Gadsden became warm friends.

An interesting incident in connection with this combat was the writing by Major Andre of a humorous poetical account of the affair, ending in this wise:

"Such honor did they both display,
They highly were commended;
And thus in short this gallant fray
Without mischance was ended.

"No fresh dispute, we may suppose,
Will e'er by them be started;
And now the chiefs, no longer foes,
Shook hands, and so they parted."

In the same year a duel was fought between Major-General Charles Lee and Colonel John Laurens, an aid of the Commander-in-Chief. Lee had come to America in 1773, the chief cause of his emigration from England having been, as is believed, his fighting with an Italian officer, whom he killed. He had the reputation of having been concerned in several "affairs of honor" prior to the period under consideration. After his trial, occasioned by his conduct at the Battle of Monmouth, Lee published a defense in which he reflected upon General Washington. Colonel Laurens felt impelled to notice this conduct, and accordingly sent Lee a challenge, which was accepted. The two met in a wood, near Philadelphia, General Lee being attended by a Major Edwards, and Colonel Laurens by Colonel Hamilton. Pistols were the weapons chosen, and the two combatants were provided with a brace each, when General Lee proposed to advance one upon the other, and each fire whenever he chose. To his proposition Colonel Laurens agreed, and the two approached each other until within about five or six paces distance, when they exchanged shots almost at the same moment. General Lee was slightly wounded at the first fire, and the combat was about to be renewed, when the seconds interfered, and the affair ceased.

GENERAL CHARLES LEE.

Shortly after this duel, General Lee became embroiled in a quarrel with William Henry Drayton, Chief Justice of South Carolina. He challenged the judge, who, however, declined to go out; alleging that he was not bound "to sacrifice his public reputation and outrage public character merely to gratify General Lee in the line of his profession."

The next important duel in the history of this country, still in the same year, was that of Thomas Conway, a Knight of the Order of St. Louis, and General John Cadwalader, of Pennsylvania. General Thomas Conway was born in Ireland, and received his military education in France. He came to this country with strong recommendations; and in 1777 was appointed brigadier-general by Congress. He was chiefly distinguished by his hostility to Washington and by his ridiculous endeavors to place General Gates in chief command of the army. In consequence of having calumniated Washington, he was challenged by General Cadwalader, and a duel was fought between them near Philadelphia on February 22d, 1778. Conway was dangerously wounded, his adversary's bullet having entered his mouth, when he fell directly on his face. Thinking his injury mortal, he wrote Washington a note, in which he expressed his grief for having said, done, or written anything disagreeable to him. He, however, though painfully injured, recovered from the

wound. It is said that immediately after being shot, and as soon as he was able to speak, General Conway, turning to his opponent, said, good-humoredly, "You fire, general, with much deliberation, and certainly with a great deal of effect."

Still another duel occurred in 1778, of interest in connection with the history of dueling in the United States, although the combat actually took place in Holland. The antagonists in this affair were Pierre Landais and a Captain Cottinneau, both officers in the navy of the United States. It appears that Landais behaved infamously in the celebrated battle between the *Bon Homme Richard* and the *Serapis*. He was in command of the frigate *Lyons*; and, disobeying the signal of John Paul Jones, he placed his ship in a position where he could be a spectator of the fight, until the *Richard* and *Serapis* had grappled, when he bore down under easy sail and deliberately fired into the *Richard*. This was no doubt his intention, for he would not desist, though he was hailed from the *Richard*. Landais was accordingly, on charges preferred by officers of the American ships, summoned to Paris by Franklin to answer for his conduct. Cottinneau was a witness against him; and this circumstance, combined with the fact that other differences had occurred between the two during the cruise, gave rise to the duel. It was the opinion at the time that Landais intended to kill Jones, disable the *Bon Homme Richard*, and obtain for himself the glory of conquering the *Serapis*. As it was, he claimed the merit of the victory on the ground that he gave a raking fire which caused the *Serapis* to surrender. In the duel with Cottinneau, which was fought with small swords, Landais, who was a master of that weapon, gave his opponent a severe wound. Afterward, elated by his success in this affair, he sent a challenge to Commodore John Paul Jones. The commodore, however, dispatched officers to arrest him, when he made his escape.

JOHN PAUL JONES.

The next historical incident in the way of dueling is the case of Captain Gunn, of Georgia, who, in 1785, challenged General Nathaniel Greene. It appears that during Greene's service at the South, Gunn had exchanged a horse with a brother officer, and, by the general's order, had been tried for the offense, and compelled to make restitution. On this circumstance, on Greene's removal to Georgia, Gunn based his demand for satisfaction, and offered a formal challenge. This, on being refused, was followed by a second. The latter meeting with the same treatment, Gunn threatened a personal assault, to which Greene's reply was that he always carried pistols. The two never met. The general, under apprehension that his conduct might be misinterpreted, gave Washington a full history of the affair, and asked his opinion, to which Washington replied:

"I give it as my decided opinion that your honor and reputation will stand not only perfectly acquitted with the non-acceptance of his, Gunn's, challenge, but that your prudence and judgment would have been condemned by accepting it; because, if an officer is amenable to the private difficulties which the discharge of his duty may occasion, he can never move to the right or left, as there are few military decisions which are not offensive to one party or another."

In the early days of the history of the United States there was a small patch of low, unreclaimed land, lying a half mile or so beyond the boundary of the District of Columbia, and within a mile of Bladensburg, which gained a reputation and name as the scene of personal combats, whose memory still hangs about it. This was the old "Bladensburg Dueling Ground." It was a gloomy-looking place, occupying, perhaps, about ten or fifteen acres, shadowed by sycamores and cedars, heavy masses of brambles and shrubbery, all of which served to conceal the spot from the surrounding country. There could scarcely have been a more suitable place for a duel than this. It was just outside the jurisdiction of the District of Columbia, was easy of approach from the City of Washington, and convenient of escape from the authorities of Maryland. Hemmed in on three sides by hills, on the

fourth, by which the road ran, it was effectually screened from observation by the foliage of trees and overhanging vines.

As early as 1814 it is recorded that Edward Hopkins, of Maryland, an ensign of infantry, was slain in a duel on or about this spot. Many other meetings occurred here. Indeed, the number is said to have been as many as fifty, in some of which the difficulties were amicably arranged after the parties came on the field, while others were settled after an exchange of shots. In some the conflict was continued until one or both parties were wounded, and in a few death resulted from the first fire.

One of the most desperate of the numerous encounters which have made this locality famous occurred on the 6th of February, 1819, between General Armstead T. Mason, formerly a Senator in Congress from Virginia, and Colonel John M. M'Carty. The parties to this affair were second cousins, and quarreled about politics, which ran high in Virginia. Several months previous to the meeting they had an altercation at the polls at Leesburg, occasioned by Mason having challenged M'Carty's vote. The result of this action was a challenge on the part of M'Carty to a duel, for which, however, he prescribed the terms and conditions and method of arrangement, to which Mason refused to submit, and on account of which, by the advice of his friends, he declined the challenge; notifying M'Carty, however, that he would accept a challenge in proper form. To this notification M'Carty paid no attention, but published Mason as a coward. Mason then challenged M'Carty, when M'Carty declined on the ground of alleged cowardice on the part of the challenger.

Here, for a time, the affair ended. Some months afterward, by the interposition of other parties—and some say General Jackson was one of them—Mason again challenged M'Carty, after having resigned his commission, as he alleged in a published card, for the special purpose of fighting him. M'Carty again declined, and a great deal of acrimonious discussion resulted between all those who saw fit to concern themselves in the matter, resulting in a number of reckless propositions on the part of M'Carty. One of these was that he and Mason should leap together from the dome of the Capitol; another, that they should fight together on a barrel of powder; a third, to fight with dirks in a hand-to-hand encounter. Finally, a proposition on his part to fight with muskets, charged with buckshot, at ten paces distance, was accepted —though this was afterward modified by the substitution of a single ball for the buckshot, and twelve feet instead of ten as the allotted distance—and on Friday evening, the 5th of February, the parties, attended by their friends, drove to Bladensburg, where, on the following morning at eight o'clock, the meeting took place. The muzzles of their muskets, when the duelists were placed in position, were almost in contact; and when at the word both fired, Mason fell dead, while his antagonist was severely wounded in the arm and shoulder. M'Carty recovered from his wound, but is related to have suffered horribly during the remainder of his life from the effect upon his mind of this unnatural encounter.

VIEW OF BLOODY ISLAND, A FAMOUS DUELING GROUND OPPOSITE ST. LOUIS.

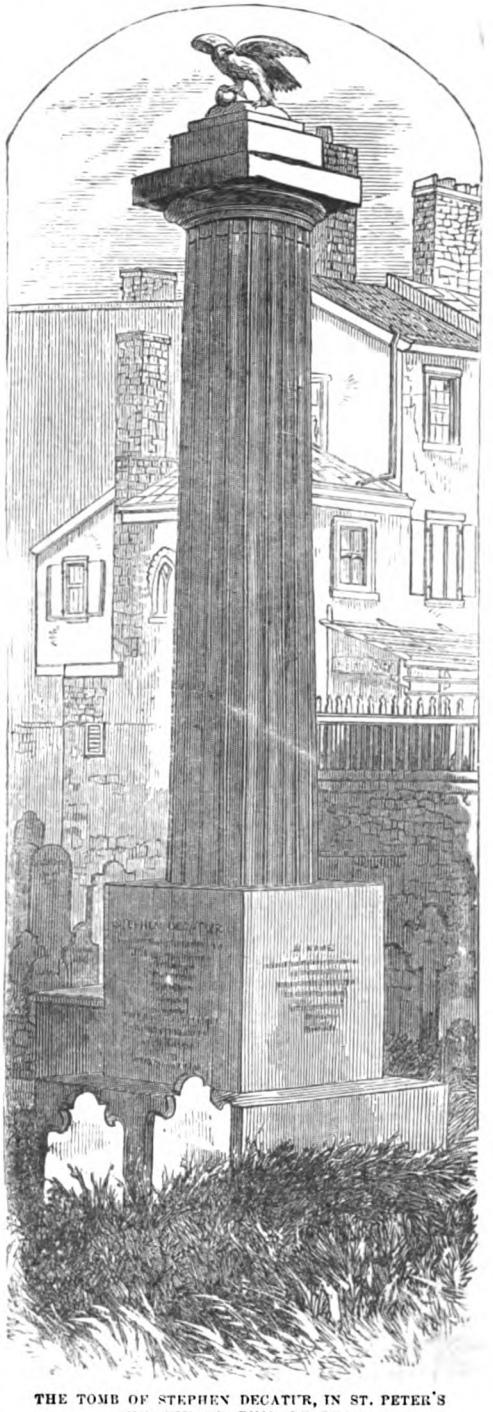
The next fatal duel on the Bladensburg ground took place on March 22d, 1820, between James Barron and Stephen Decatur, both post captains in the American Navy. Decatur is said to have always recognized the authority of the duello in adjusting private difficulties, and even went so far in this respect as to favor the adoption of its principles in war, by antagonizing ship against ship. His first affair occurred in 1799, when a young lieutenant, attached to a frigate of the United States. Some of his enlisted men had afterward entered on board an India ship, from whose first officer Decatur demanded the deserters. The officer, in the course of the interview, insulted him, and by the advice of his father, Decatur demanded an apology, which, being refused, a challenge followed. The parties met on the banks of the Delaware, near Newcastle, when Decatur wounded his antagonist in the hip, escaping himself without harm. In 1801,

while serving on board the frigate *Essex*, in the Mediterranean, Decatur challenged a Spanish officer who had treated him discourteously. The Spanish Captain-General interfering, however, a personal conflict was prevented. During the war of 1812, Decatur offered Sir Thomas Hardy, in a written communication, to meet the British frigates *Endymion* and *Statyra* with the *United States*, his own ship, and the *Macedonian*. Sir Thomas Hardy, however, declined the challenge, and the matter came to an end.

In the duel with Barron, Captain William Bainbridge was the second of Decatur, Captain Jesse O. Elliot that of Barron. Before he fired, Barron observed to his antagonist that he hoped, on meeting him in another world, they would be better friends than in this. Decatur replied, "I have never been your enemy, sir." At the first shot both fell. They fired so near together that but one report was heard. Decatur was apparently shot dead; but reviving after a while, he and Barron had a short conversation while they lay on the ground. The physician who attended the parties is said to have made the remark that the situation reminded him of the closing scene of the tragedy of "Hamlet," and the interview between *Laertes* and the *Dane*. Decatur was conveyed to Washington, where he expired just before eleven o'clock on the same night, at his residence near Lafayette Square. The house in which he died was afterward occupied by Mr. Livingston, while Secretary of State during the administration of President Jackson, and subsequently by Mr. Van Buren, while Vice-President of the United States. Barron was also borne to Washington, where he was confined by his wound until the 10th of April, when he left for his home at Hampton, Va.

The death of Decatur produced a profound sensation throughout the country. The cause of this duel was the fact that Commodore Decatur was a member of both the Court of Inquiry and the Court-martial in the trial of Commodore Barron for neglecting his duty while in command of the frigate *Chesapeake*, by whose decision the latter was suspended from the service. Afterward Commodore Barron applied for restoration to his rank, and this being opposed by Decatur, the feeling between the two assumed the character of a personal enmity, which resulted as we have stated.

A painful occurrence, which may be related as prefatory to the celebrated duel between Hamilton and Burr, cost the famous Alexander Hamilton the life of his son. This young Philip Hamilton was only eighteen years of age, a lad of singular promise, and particularly endeared to his father by his brilliant talents and noble temper. He had recently graduated from Columbia College with honor, delivering, on the occasion, an oration which had attracted considerable praise. In 1801, a Fourth of July orator leveled some exceedingly severe and unjust censure at the elder Hamilton. Philip, happening one evening in company with a friend to enter a box at the theatre, discovered the obnoxious orator near him; when, taking advantage of the occasion, the two young men began to ridicule the oration in question in loud tones. Enraged at this, the party who had offended them arose, and summoning the two young men into the lobby, seized young Hamilton by the coat-collar, applied an insulting epithet to both, and then left, with the remark that he expected to hear from them, and if he did not, he should treat them both as disgraced persons. No way appearing out of the unfortunate affair save by a challenge, a meeting took place between Hamilton's friend and their opponent, when four shots were exchanged without injury to either combatant. This was followed by a challenge from Philip Hamilton, and at this meeting the unfortunate young man fell, mortally wounded, at the first fire of his antagonist. He lingered in excessive anguish for nearly twenty hours, when death came to his relief. It is related of his father, that, hearing of the meeting, before he heard of the result he hastened to summon his physician, but fainted by the way. This is said to have been the severest bereavement of Hamilton's life.



THE TOMB OF STEPHEN DECATUR, IN ST. PETER'S CHURCHYARD, PHILADELPHIA.

The duel between Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr, took place on July 11th, 1804, at Weehawken, on the Jersey shore, opposite the City of New York, at seven o'clock in the morning. In this affair Burr was the challenger, his grounds being the alleged assertion on the part of Hamilton that Burr was a "dangerous man, and one who ought not to be trusted with the reins of government." Several letters passed between them in reference to the charge, Hamilton taking exception to the tone of Burr's demand for retraction; and the matter became so complicated in the course of the correspondence, that it became impossible for any amicable solution of the difficulty to be effected. Colonel Trumbull mentions that, on July 4th, he dined with the "Cincinnati" of New York, and met, among others, General Hamilton and Colonel Burr; that the

singularity of their manner was observed by all, though few had any conception of the cause; that while Burr was silent, gloomy, and sour, Hamilton entered with glee into all the gayety of the convivial party, and even sang an old military song. It is to be remembered as to this incident, that Hamilton had been chosen to hold the distinguished position of President-General of the Society, and was obliged to preside; and also that, in this position, it was necessary that he should exert himself to appear even more than usually cheerful.

Hamilton himself, in a public explanation of his "conduct, motives, and views," alleges that the impossibility of his avoiding the meeting arose from intrinsic difficulties and artificial embarrassments from the manner of proceeding on the part of Colonel Burr. On the 9th of July, Hamilton executed his will, leaving his entire property, after the payment of all debts, to his wife.

The particulars of the duel have gone into history on the strength of the statements made by the seconds of the parties—Mr. William P. Van Ness on the part of Burr, and Colonel Pendleton on that of Hamilton. The place selected for the scene of the duel was a little secluded ledge beneath the heights of Weehawken, and not far above the level of the Hudson. It was the very spot where Philip Hamilton had fallen about three years before. The parties came up the stream by boat from New York, Burr and his friends arriving first, by special arrangement. The parties being placed, the word was given, when Hamilton, raising himself convulsively, fell forward on his face, his pistol being discharged as he sank to the ground, sending the ball whizzing through the foliage of the surrounding trees. Van Ness and Burr immediately hurried to their boat. Colonel Pendleton and Dr. Hosack, who were in attendance, raised Hamilton into a sitting posture, when it was discovered that he had been struck in the right side. He was just able to articulate "this is a mortal wound," when he fell into a swoon. As he was carried gently to the river-bank, he opened his eyes for a moment, and said, "My vision is indistinct." Later, General Hamilton declared that he met Colonel Burr with a fixed resolution to do him no harm, and that he forgave all that had happened. He lingered during the remainder of that day, and the night following, but died at two o'clock on the afternoon of the next day.

Excepting the assassination of Lincoln, it is probable that no event since the death of Washington has created the general sorrow which was felt and expressed at the melancholy termination of this most unhappy affair. Mr. Morse, in his "Life of Hamilton," says:

"The city was not a safe place for Burr. He fled for his life, and his terrified myrmidons hastened to avail themselves of the protection of obscurity. Never again could that blood-stained man redeem his reputation before mankind, so infinitely more fatal was that duel to the survivor than the victim."

Burr was disfranchised by the laws of New York, for having fought a duel, and was indicted for murder in New Jersey. The affair had the effect of arousing the public mind of people in the Free States to a positive horror of dueling. The Society of the Cincinnati took the question under consideration, and General C. C. Pinckney, vice-president of that body, proposed that it should resolutely set its face against the practice. Yet, in the Far West, and in some portions of the South, Burr gained a positive increase of popularity by this affair. On the day of Hamilton's funeral, the bells of New York tolled continually, minute-guns were fired from the forts, and the whole city was in mourning.

In 1802, De Witt Clinton and John Swartwout disputed on political affairs, in which Alexander Hamilton was involved, and which resulted two years later in the duel between Hamilton and Burr. In the present instance, the seconds were Richard Riker and W. S. Smith. The duel took place near the City of New York, and five shots were actually exchanged; the first and second without effect, the third similarly inoffensive, but the fourth resulting in Mr. Swartwout's being wounded. At the fifth shot, Mr. Swartwout was again wounded, when Mr. Clinton declined to fight longer. In the following year, De Witt Clinton was again challenged, this time by Jonathan Dayton, both Senators in Congress, the occasion being words spoken in debate. In this affair, Mr. Clinton made an explanation, which was deemed satisfactory, and no meeting took place.

Henry Clay fought two duels, and was the challenger in both. The first was in 1808, with Humphrey Marshall, a fellow-member of the Legislature in Kentucky. Mr. Marshall was a gentleman of talents, of high position, and a Federalist of great influence. He was the constant opponent of Mr. Clay in debate, and finally indulged in personal remarks, which were so denunciatory and severe as to draw a message from the latter. They met, exchanged two or three shots, and retired from the field, each slightly wounded. In 1826 Clay challenged John Randolph, of Roanoke, and the two met on the Virginia shore of the Potomac. This duel was also occasioned by political difference, the two gentlemen having been warm friends before their meeting, and continuing to be so thereafter. The night before the occasion, Randolph told General Hamilton, of South Carolina, that he had determined to receive without returning Clay's fire. The meeting took place at four o'clock in the evening. Randolph was one of the best shots in Virginia, but from being unaccustomed to fire with a hair-trigger, his pistol exploded before the word was given, the muzzle being down. On the word being given for the second time, Mr. Clay fired without effect, Mr. Randolph discharging his pistol in the air. As soon as Mr. Clay saw that Randolph had thrown away his fire, he approached the latter, and said with emotion: "I trust in God, my dear sir, you are untouched. After what has occurred, I would not have harmed you for a thousand worlds."

The duel between General Andrew Jackson and Charles Dickinson took place on May 30th, 1806, at a spot about a day's ride from Nashville, Tennessee. Dickinson was said to have been a crack shot, and on his way to the rendezvous amused his associates by displaying his wonderful skill with a pistol. Once, at a distance of twenty-four feet, he fired four balls each at the word of command, into a space which could be covered by a silver dollar. Several times he cut a string with his bullet from the same distance. It is related that he left a severed string hanging near a tavern, and said to the landlord, as he rode off: "If General Jackson comes along this road, show him that." The meeting took place in the morning, and both parties appeared to be perfectly collected. The arrangement agreed upon was, that the pistols were to be held downward until the word was given to fire, then each man was to fire as soon as he pleased. As soon as the word was given, Dickinson raised his pistol and fired. A puff of dust flew from the breast of Jackson's coat, and his second saw him raise his left arm, and saw him place it tightly across his chest. He, however, stood firm, while Dickinson recoiled, crying out, "Great God, have I missed him!" A moment after, General Jackson took deliberate aim and pulled the trigger. The pistol stopped at half-cock. He drew it back to its place, took aim a second time, and fired. Dickinson reeled, his face turned white, and as his friends hurried toward him, he sunk upon the ground. The ball passed through the body below the ribs. It was only after this that it was discovered that one of Jackson's shoes was full of blood. On examination, it was found that

Dickinson's aim had been perfect. He had sent a ball precisely where Jackson's heart ought to have been, but the thinness of his body, and the fact of his wearing a loose coat, combined to deceive the marksman, and the ball had only broken a rib or two, making a painful and bad-looking wound, but neither severe nor dangerous. Dickinson bled to death, dying at about nine o'clock in the evening. Jackson's wound, to which at first little attention had been paid, proved in the end to be more severe than had been anticipated. It was nearly a month before he could move about without inconvenience, and when the wound healed it healed falsely. Twenty years after, this forgotten wound forced itself upon his remembrance, and kept itself there for many a year. It was, in fact, Dickinson's bullet that killed Andrew Jackson.

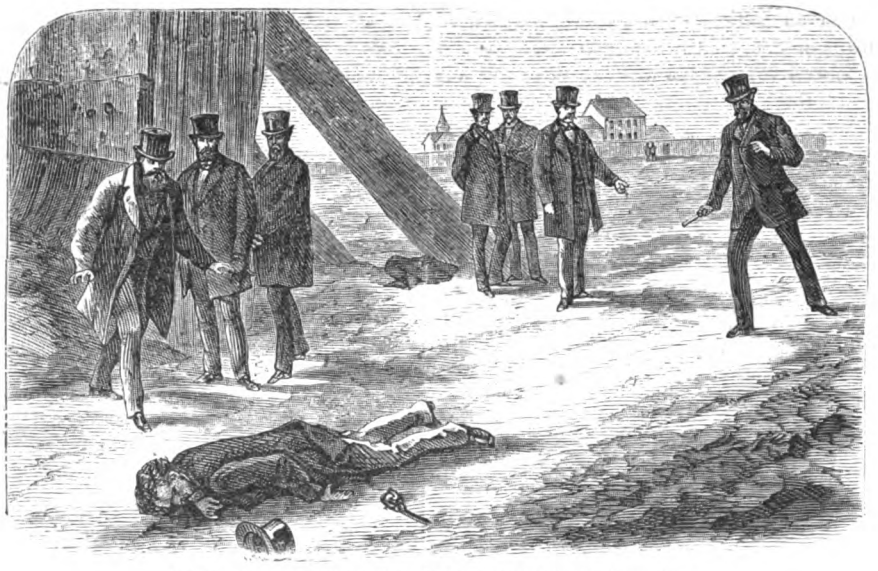
HON. THOMAS H. BENTON.

In 1827, a duel took place at Hoboken, New Jersey, between W. G. Graham, associate editor of the New York *Courier and Enquirer*, and a Mr. Barton. In this affair,

Graham was killed. It is stated that he admitted himself to have been in the wrong, the offense given having been a blow. Although he was conscious of being in fault, Graham would not confess it, from a foolish fear of anticipated disgrace, but preferred rather to follow a custom against which he had protested and which he despised.

HON. D. BRODERICK, OF CALIFORNIA.

In 1820, a duel was fought in Belleville, St. Clair County, Illinois, which, it has been contended, was the first and last duel fought in that State. The circumstances about this meeting made it peculiar. The seconds had made it up to have a sham duel; the parties being Alphonso Stewart and William Bennett. Stewart, one of the parties, was supposed to be in the secret, but Bennett, his adversary, believed it to be a reality. It is supposed that the latter suspected the trick, and after receiving his gun from his second, rolled a ball into it. However this may have been, Stewart, at the word "fire," fell mortally wounded. Bennett was indicted, tried, and convicted of murder. Great efforts were made to



DUEL BETWEEN PIERRE SOULÉ AND THE MARQUIS DE TURGOT.

procure his pardon, but the Governor would yield to no entreaties, and he suffered the extreme penalty of the law, being hanged in the presence of a great multitude of people. The result of this affair made dueling discreditable and unpopular in Illinois.

In 1804, James Cheetham, editor of the *American Citizen*, a Democrat, challenged William Coleman, editor of the New York *Evening Post*, then a Federal paper of great influence. These gentlemen were, in fact, both prominent citizens of New York, and ranked as the leading editors of the day. The difficulty between them was occasioned by an acrimonious controversy in their two newspapers, but it never reached a meeting; certain gentlemen on both political sides interfering to prevent this. There resulted from the affair, however, an actual duel between Coleman and Captain Thompson, Harbor-master of New York, and which occurred in the same year, near University Place, in the City of New York. The parties met at night, in the Winter, and fought in the snow. It was so dark that, before the combat was closed, they were compelled to draw nearer to each other in order to see where to fire. Several shots were exchanged, and at length Thompson cried out, "I have got it!" and fell mortally wounded. The secret of this affair was kept, not being even divulged by the dying man, and years had elapsed before the particulars were generally known.

Tom Benton is reported to have fought a number of duels. In one of these, which is said to have been forced upon him, he killed his opponent, Mr. Lucas; an event deeply regretted, and all the papers relating to which he destroyed.

Senator Foote was engaged in three affairs of honor. His first duel was with a Mr. Winston, of Tuscumbia, Ala., in which he was slightly wounded in the left shoulder. In the political excitement of the times of 1853, Foote became involved in a quarrel with S. S. Prentiss, a brilliant Western editor. The dispute culminated in a duel. The fight took place on the Arkansas shore, opposite Vicksburg, and Foote was badly wounded. Prentiss treated this affair from the beginning as a joke, and from the time the meeting was agreed upon, amused himself and the public with a continued volley of witticisms at his antagonist's expense. Governor Foote was a most courageous man, but it was proverbial that, while he would stand up and be fired at without the slightest hesitation, he was said to be such a poor shot that "he could not hit a barn-door at ten paces." When the affair came off, the ferryboat which crossed the river from Vicksburg had a busy time carrying the crowds that crossed the river to see the sport. Prentiss continued to treat the matter, even when on the ground, in the same spirit of levity which had hitherto characterized his consideration of it. After he was placed to his stand it is said that he heard a twig of a tree break over his head, and, looking up, observed a rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed boy belonging to one of his neighbors. "Get down, my little man," said he, "for Governor Foote is a poor shot, and you may get wounded with his pistol."

Foote fought still another duel at a later period, with J. F. H. Claiborne, but in this affair neither party was hurt.

The duel between Jonathan Cilley, of Maine, and William J. Graves, of Kentucky, took place on February 24th, 1838, in Maryland, near Washington, and created as much of a sensation as did that between Hamilton and Burr. Both the gentlemen were members of the House of Representatives, and among those present at the meeting were six other members of Congress—viz., Messrs. Crittenden and Menefee of Kentucky, Wise of Virginia, Duncan of Ohio, Bynum of North Carolina, and Jones of Tennessee. This affair originated in certain words spoken by Mr. Cilley in the House of Representatives, and which reflected upon General James Watson Webb, editor of the New York *Courier and Enquirer*. Mr. Graves was the bearer of a note from General Webb to Mr. Cilley, which Mr. Cilley declined to receive; whereupon a correspondence took place between Graves and Cilley, resulting in a challenge from Mr. Graves. The scene of the duel was on the road to Marlborough, in Maryland. Mr. Graves was attended by Mr. Wise, as his second, and Mr. Cilley by Mr. George W. Jones. Shortly after three o'clock in the afternoon, the parties being placed, they exchanged shots. Mr. Cilley fired first, and Mr. Graves one or two seconds afterward; both missed. After the first fire some argument occurred between the seconds of the parties and their several principals, with a view to closing the meeting at this point. No satisfactory arrangement was reached, however, and the second exchange of shots took place, with the same result. Mr. Graves persisting and demanding another shot, the rifles were again loaded, the parties resumed their stations, and the third fire took place. Mr. Cilley was shot through the body. He dropped his rifle, beckoned to one near him, and said to him, "I am shot"; and putting both his hands to his wound, fell, and in two or three minutes expired. This affair came before a committee of the House, but after being fully considered, no action was taken.

In 1850, Fabius Stanley, an officer in the United States Navy, had a difficulty with Commander Zechariah F. Johnston, of the same arm of the public service. A misunderstanding between the two gentlemen arose during the Mexican war, while they were in the Pacific, attached to the same vessel. In this case, Stanley challenged Johnston for having, in a communication to the Navy Department, reflected upon his character as an officer and a gentleman, and on the latter failing to accept the challenge, posted him in the public hall of the National Hotel at Washington, in a

ard, in which he characterized Commander Johnston as a coward. In consequence of these proceedings, Stanley was tried by a naval court-martial for disobedience of orders, conduct unbecoming an officer, and for quarreling and using provoking and reproachful language to another and superior officer in the navy. The Court found the accused guilty on the three charges, and he was dismissed from the navy. The President, however, mitigated the sentence to a suspension from service and pay for the term of twelve months.

This is, perhaps, the only instance of this character on record in the history of the United States Navy.

A duel took place in 1853, in Madrid, between Pierre Soulé, United States Minister to Spain, and the Marquis de Turgot, Ambassador of France to the same Court. This affair arose out of a previous difficulty between Mr. Soulé's son and the Duke d'Alba. The actual occasion of both duels is said to have been an insulting expression used by both the noblemen in reference to Mrs. Soulé. The ambassadors met with pistols, Mr. Soulé's friends being General Valdes and Monsieur Pican, and those of the Marquis, Lord Howden, British Minister at Madrid, and General Caillier, a French diplomatic official. Two shots were exchanged, and at the second the marquis fell, severely wounded in the leg below the knee. It is alleged that the latter afterward declared upon his honor, by his seconds, that he had not used the expression imputed to him.

A duel between Senator William M. Gwin and Representative J. W. McCorkle took place in 1853 near the line of the Counties of San Francisco and Santa Clara, in California. The weapon employed was the rifle, at thirty paces, the combatants to wheel at the word and fire. A number of spectators were present. After an exchange of three ineffectual shots, the friends of the parties discovered that their principals were fighting under a misapprehension of facts. This being explained, one of the two opponents withdrew certain offensive language previously employed by him, when the affair ended.

Another California duel occurred in 1854, between Colonel Devereaux J. Woodlief and Achilles Kewen. This was a political quarrel, in which Woodlief was the challenger. The two fought in the County of Alvarado, in the presence of about one hundred and fifty spectators. The distance was forty paces, and the weapons rifles. At the word "Fire!" both wheeled and discharged their weapons. Woodlief received his antagonist's ball directly in his heart, and expired in less than one minute.

A remarkable duel took place in Missouri, in 1831, between Thomas Biddle and Spencer Pettis, in which both were killed. Biddle was the challenged party, and, being near-sighted, stipulated for a distance of five feet, with pistols. It is said that their weapons, when in position, actually overlapped each other. Both conducted themselves with remarkable coolness. Pettis died the day after, and Biddle the third day after the duel. The former was a member-of-Congress-elect from Missouri; the latter, a major in the United States Army, and a brother to Nicholas Biddle, the celebrated banker. Their quarrel commenced in the newspapers of St. Louis during an election canvass. It is stated that they exchanged forgiveness on the ground.

Another editorial duel occurred in Louisiana in 1853, the parties being the editors respectively of the *Staats Zeitung* and the *Deutsche Zeitung*. The combat took place on Sunday, the conditions being that one of the parties should first fire at fifteen paces, and having advanced ten, should receive his adversary's fire at five paces. By the trial shot, the first fire was allotted to the *Staats Zeitung* editor, who fired accordingly. He missed, but advanced ten paces. The other raised his pistol, fired, and struck his opponent on the right side below the ribs, inflicting a mortal wound.

In 1854 a meeting was partially arranged between Hon. Francis B. Cutting, a member of Congress from New York, and Hon. John C. Breckinridge, a member from Kentucky, occasioned by a difficulty arising in debate. Very personal remarks had been indulged in by both parties, and a correspondence followed, which threatened a hostile meeting; but the affair was afterward settled in a manner satisfactory to all parties.

A rather remarkable meeting took place in California, in 1854, between two men named Dubert and Ellesler, who had had a dispute in reference to a lady. On the day following the difficulty, they met, in the presence of friends and spectators, and fought with broad-swords, both being skilled in the use of that weapon. The combat continued for several minutes without effect, when Ellesler received a severe cut on the sword-arm. This, however, did not close the engagement, which was presently renewed with extraordinary ferocity on both sides. After the lapse of some twenty minutes, Dubert was stabbed in the side, receiving a wound from which he expired the next morning.

A savage duel took place in New Orleans in 1851, being fought with double-barrel guns, at forty paces. In this affair the parties were John William Frost, at that time one of the editors of the New Orleans *Crescent*, and Thomas Hunt, a physician of that city. Frost had given offense in some article which he had written in his paper. Both parties fired in the first instance without effect. At the second fire Mr. Frost was shot through the lungs, and fell mortally wounded, expiring in about ten minutes.

In 1852 a difficulty occurred between Hon. Edward Gilbert, ex-member of Congress, and General J. W. Denver. General Denver was a member of the California State Senate, and a personal friend of Governor Bigler, who had been attacked by Mr. Gilbert in published articles. A newspaper discussion resulted in a challenge being sent to General Denver, who accepted it, rifles being the weapons selected. Mr. Gilbert fell at the second shot, and expired in less than five minutes. He was only thirty-three years of age, and was the pioner of the daily press in California.

A duel was fought in 1855, in Canada, between F. Leavenworth and J. B. Breckinridge, two New York gentlemen, members of the "Shakespeare Club," originating in no more important matter than a dispute on the expediency of certain rules of the club, terminating in personal and offensive remarks on both sides. The two gentlemen, accompanied by their friends and a surgeon, repaired to Niagara Falls, and thence to Canada, where they fought with pistols at eight paces. Both fired at the word, and both were wounded.

DUEL BETWEEN BARON KUSSEROW AND GENERAL LAWRENCE IN 1865.

One of the most bloody duels that ever took place in America was fought in Louisiana, in 1852, with knives, between Pedro

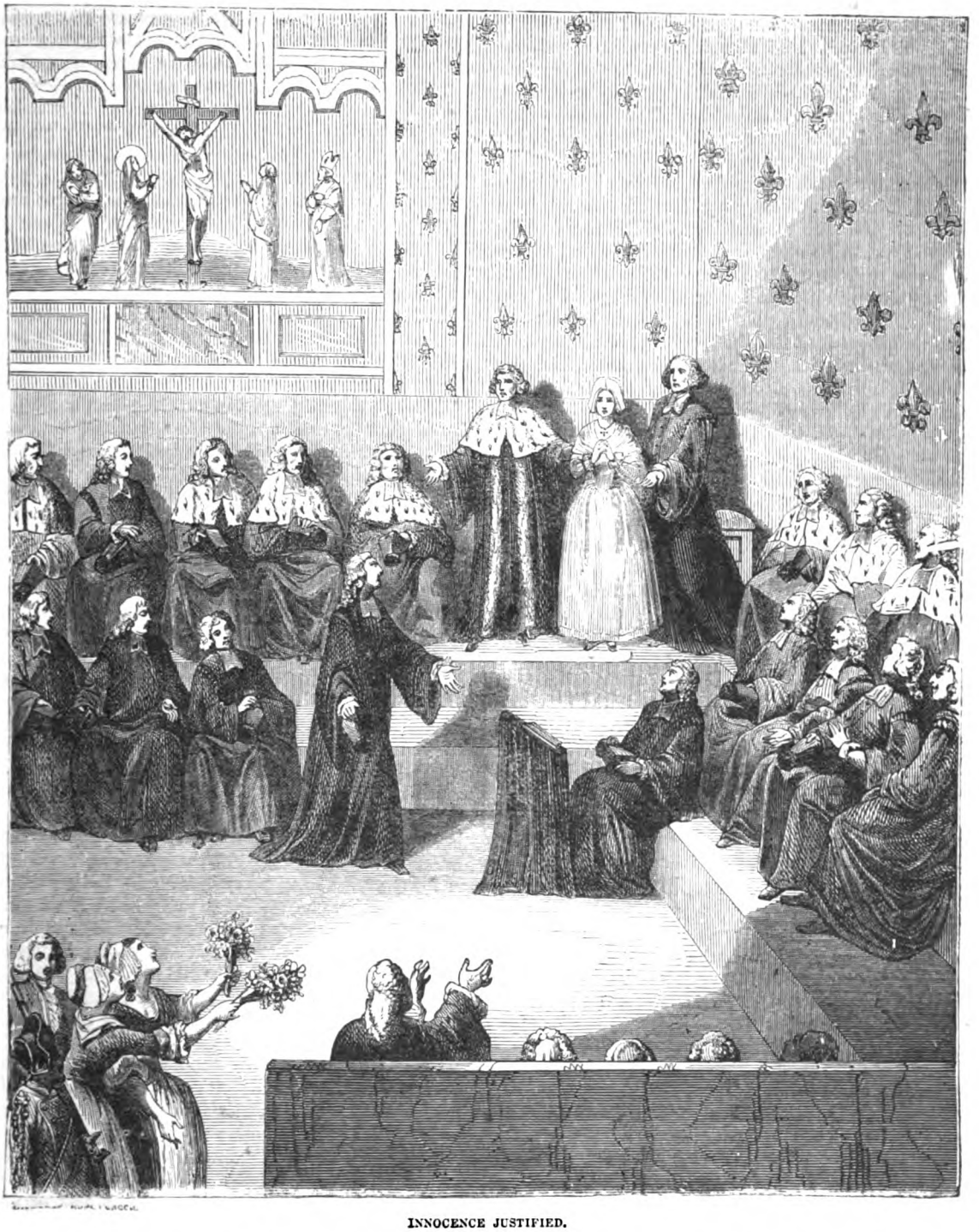
Tastra and Pages. The parties were engaged in supplying some of the fish markets in New Orleans, and quarreled relative to some matter of business, when a challenge passed between them, and they repaired to the shore of Lake Pontchartrain to settle the difficulty. The weapons used were a long-bladed clasp-knife and a heavy bowie. Pedro Tastra was actually cut to pieces. His opponent was arrested, and shortly after was tried at New Orleans and convicted of manslaughter. He was, however, recommended to the mercy of the Executive, and pardoned.

General James Watson Webb, of the New York *Courier and Enquirer*, fought a duel with Thomas F. Marshall, of Kentucky, in June, 1842, in Delaware, and was wounded. He was indicted in November of the same year by the Grand Jury "for leaving the State with the intention of giving or receiving a challenge, pleaded guilty, was sentenced to two years' imprisonment at Sing Sing, and was almost immediately pardoned by Governor Seward.

A duel which created a great sensation in New York, as well as in the locality where it occurred, was that between David C. Broderick and Judge David S. Terry, which took place in California, September 21st, 1859, where both the parties were then living.

Broderick was born in Washington, D. C., but had lived in New York, where he had been prominent in politics, had been foreman of a hose company, and was extraordinarily popular with "the boys." He went to California in 1849, and the following year was elected to the State Senate. In

AN ADVENTURE WITH A SUCURUYUBA, OR AQUATIC BOA.—SEE PAGE 270



INNOCENCE JUSTIFIED.

1856 he was elected to the United States Senate, where he made himself prominent in the Kansas-Nebraska excitement by his opposition to the Lecompton Constitution. Great political feeling was created against him in California by his course, and it was asserted that it was determined to put him out of the way, and that the duel was planned with this intention. However this may have been, the result of the duel was the death of Broderick.

Of late years dueling has been out of fashion in this country, one of the latest being a bloodless duel in Maryland, in 1868, between Baron Kusserow, of the Prussian embassy, and General Lawrence, United States Minister to Costa Rica. A flurry in same direction has from time to time served to entertain the New York society, but without serious results—the entire history of dueling in America culminating in the Bennett-May affair on January 8th, 1876.

INNOCENCE JUSTIFIED.

In the year 1770, a young country girl of nineteen, named Marie Salmon, went to Caen with good letters of recommendation in search of a servant's place. She found a situation in a family of seven persons. Five days after her arrival the head of the family, aged eighty-six, died in such agony as to cause a suspicion of poisoning. The result of the coroner's

investigation was the decision that arsenic must have been mixed with the dead man's wine. Several other members of the family also experienced alarming symptoms, and suspicion rested on Marie Salmon of having attempted to poison the entire household. She was tried, and finally condemned by the court to death at the stake. This sentence was subsequently confirmed by Parliament, which was sitting in Rouen.

Marie was to suffer in Caen, and as she was being led to the stake, in order to prolong her life, she claimed that another existence would be sacrificed with her own. This gave her two additional months in prison, at the expiration of which time she was again led forth to the stake. Just, however, as she was about to be bound to it, an order from the king arrived suspending the execution of her sentence. An attorney at Rouen, named Le Caucliois, having carefully studied the case, believed in her innocence, and fortunately had sufficient influence at court to have her respited, and an order for a new trial granted; which resulted in establishing her innocence of the crime with which she was charged.

Our artist has faithfully reproduced a fine engraving made at the time, representing the poor girl who had undergone such terrible suffering, and had been twice on the eve of a fearful death, just as her innocence was fully recognized, surrounded by her judges and received with acclamation by the people.

Her story was in every mouth, and was dramatized with great success; we are told that all Paris flocked to see it, and that even Marie herself witnessed its representation.

The young girl found herself for the moment the popular idol, and offers of marriage without number were made to her. One of these she accepted, three months after her liberation, and it is to be hoped that her married life was so happy as to wean her mind from the terrible memories of the past.

AN ADVENTURE WITH A SUCURUYUBA OR AQUATIC BOA.

"You seem to have seen something of the world, my friend?"

"I rather think I have; I have lived in about every quarter of the globe and speak so many odd lingoes that my tongue gets bothered sometimes."

"I suppose you have had fair and foul, not all smooth, sailing?"

"Not by a long shot. But my worst life was in Brazil. I was a sort of white slave there for some years under their infernal system. I carry a belt that will ever remind me of the time," said he, as he displayed a belt made of some serpent's skin.

It was a lazy day in the steamer that was puffing its way toward New York, and I asked him to tell the story.

"I was *araqueiro*, with a small chance of escape from the interior of Pernambuco, when I one day missed one of my cattle. If it were not stolen, I knew that it must turn up near a pool where the cattle used to go for water. Here I waited for a time, and, sure enough, up came the creature to drink. I watched it for a moment, and saw it suddenly start in terror, but though quivering in every limb, apparently unable to move. Then, for the first time, I perceived a fearful sucuruyuba or water-boa, which, with its tail coiled around a tree in the pool, had planted its grip on the back. As the animal attempted to escape, the snake drew out till it was but the thickness of a cable; giving it play, but then swelling up, it drew the creature in toward the tree. This it repeated till the bullock was exhausted; then suddenly it loosed its tail from the tree and began to wind around the body of its victim. When it had got to a considerable tension I sprang out from my lurking-place and drove my *faca* or knife between two of the vertebræ. The keen blade pierced through and through, and it was helpless to injure either of us. I made short work of it then, and drove my bullock back loaded with my booty."

A HULLABID TEMPLE—A MAGNIFICENT SPECIMEN OF HINDOO ARCHITECTURE.

In Mr. James Ferguson's "History of India and Eastern Architecture" is the following description of one of the most remarkable temples in India:

If it were possible to illustrate the Hullabid temple to such an extent as to render its peculiarities familiar, there would be few things more interesting or more instructive than to institute a comparison between it and the Parthenon at Athens. Not that the two buildings are at all like one another; on the contrary, they form the two opposite poles—the alpha and omega of architectural design; but they are the best examples of their class, and between these two extremes lies the whole range of the art. The Parthenon is the best example we know of pure, refined, intellectual power, applied to the production of an architectural design. Every part and every effect is calculated with mathematical exactness, and executed with a mechanical precision that never was equaled. All curves are hyperbolas, parabolas, or other developments of the highest mechanical forms—every optical defect is foreseen and provided for, and every part has a relation to every other part in so recondite a proportion that we feel inclined to call it fanciful, because we can scarcely rise to its appreciation. The sculpture is exquisitely designed to aid the perfection of the masonry—severe and godlike, but with no condescension to the lower feelings of humanity.

The Hullabid temple is the opposite of all this. It is regular, but with a studied variety of outline in plan, and even greater variety in detail. All the pillars of the Parthenon are identical, while no two facets of the Indian temple are the same; every convolution of every scroll is different. No two canopies in the whole building are alike, and every part exhibits a joyous exuberance of fancy, scorning every mechanical restraint. All that is wild in human faith or warm in human feeling is found portrayed on these walls; but of pure human intellect there is little—less than there is of human feeling in the Parthenon.

It would be possible to arrange all the buildings in the world between these two extremes, as they tended toward the severe intellectual purity of the one, or to the playful, exuberant fancy of the other; but the perfection, if it existed, would be somewhere near the mean. My own impression is that, if the so-called Gothic architects had been able to maintain for 200 or 300 years more the rate of progress they achieved between the eleventh and fourteenth century, they might have hit upon that happy mean between severe constructive propriety and playful decorative imaginings which would have combined into something more perfect than the world has yet seen. The system, however, as I have endeavored to point out elsewhere, broke down before it had acquired the requisite degree of refinement, and that hope was blighted never to be revived. If architecture ever again assumes an onward path, it will not be by leaning too strongly toward either of the extremes just named, but by grasping somewhere the happy mean between the two.

For our present purpose, the great value of the study of these Indian examples is that it widens so immensely our basis for architectural criticism. It is only by becoming familiar with forms so utterly dissimilar from those we have

hitherto been conversant with that we perceive how narrow is the purview that is content with one form or one passing fashion. By rising to this wider range we shall perceive that architecture is as many-sided as human nature itself, and learn how few feelings and how few aspirations of the human heart and brain there are that cannot be expressed by its means. On the other hand, it is only by taking this wide survey that we appreciate how worthless any product of architectural art becomes which does not honestly represent the thoughts and feelings of those who built it, or the height of their loftiest aspirations.

THE RULING RACE.

With the exception of Spain, Sweden, Italy, Brazil, Servia, and Montenegro, all the Christian nations submitted to a monarchial *régime* are governed by sovereigns of Germanic race. The House of Brunswick-Hanover reigns in Great Britain, and that of Saxe-Coburg will succeed it, after the death of Queen Victoria, in the person of the Prince of of Wales. In Belgium and Portugal we again find the Saxe-Coburg family, allied with the House of Braganza, at Lisbon. The Emperor of Russia is a descendant of the family of Holstein-Gottorp, and, through Catherine the Great, of that of Anhalt. Another branch of the House of Holstein, that of Sonderburg-Glucksburg, reigns in Denmark and Greece; the Prince of Roumania is a Hohenzollern, and the King of Holland belongs to the Nassau family. The Emperor of Austria, chief of the Lorraine-Hapsburg House, is of a race purely German. The illustrious family of Lorraine descends from Charlemagne, and this house and that of Hapsburg were merged by the marriage of the late Duke of Lorraine, Francis, with Maria Therese, the last inheritor of the blood and name of Hapsburg. We need scarcely remind our readers that the Emperor William I. is of pure Germanic race without any intermixture; and the same remark will apply to all the other German sovereigns without exception. The chief among them, viz., the Kings of Bavaria, Saxony, and Wurtemburg; the Grand Dukes of Baden, Hesse, Mecklenburg-Schwerin, Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Oldenburg, and Saxe-Weimar; the Dukes of Saxe-Coburg, Gotha, Saxe-Meiningen, and Saxe-Altenburg are all of pure German origin. France has furnished a Bourbon to Spain and a Bernadotte to Sweden; the last male descendant of the House of Braganza reigns in Brazil; and the royal family of Italy is of Savoy origin, not without some probability of German blood. Finally, the small principalities of Servia and Montenegro have local dynasties.

"TEETH SET ON EDGE."

All acid foods, drinks, medicines, tooth-washes, and powders, are very injurious to the teeth. If a tooth is put in cider, vinegar, lemon-juice, or tartaric acid, in a few hours the enamel will be completely destroyed, so that it can be removed by the finger-nail, as if it were chalk. Most have experienced what is commonly called teeth set on edge. The explanation of it is that the acid of the fruit that has been eaten has so softened the enamel of the tooth that the least pressure is felt by the exceedingly small nerves which pervade the thin membrane which connects the enamel and the bony part of the tooth. Such an effect cannot be produced without injuring the enamel. True, it will become hard again, when the acid has been removed by the fluids of the mouth, just as an egg-shell that has been softened in this way becomes hard again by being put in water. When the effect of sour fruit on the teeth subsides, they feel as well as ever, but they are not as well; and the oftener it is repeated the sooner the disastrous consequences are manifested.

MAGIC.

Some months ago an Englishman named Atkinson bought a country place near Pithiviers, in France. For many weeks thereafter carpenters and masons were busily employed in repairing and altering the château; and, after their work had been completed, Mr. Atkinson issued invitations for a large dinner-party to all the most prominent families in the neighborhood. The guests arrived at six o'clock, and, on taking their seats at the dinner-table, noticed with surprise that there was not even one servant to be seen. The soup was consumed in silent astonishment. When all had partaken of it the host sounded a whistle, and, as if by magic, the soup-plates disappeared, and three magnificent silver platters, each containing a roast goose, appeared.

Mr. Atkinson took no note of his guests' surprise, but remarking that it was a very warm evening, whistled again; the whole ceiling disappeared, the host's black coat vanished at the same moment, and leaving him clothed in a white suit. The guests, alarmed, were about to rise from their chairs, when they found themselves, their chairs, and the table suddenly rise five feet from the floor. They, however, were soon lowered again to the floor, and took refuge in hasty flight from the abode. A judicial investigation was instituted, and it was found that Mr. Atkinson had been for ten years the chief machinist at Covent Garden Theatre in London, where he had amassed a nice little fortune. The dinner was a little freak to indulge his fondness for his old pursuit.

WIVES OF LITERARY MEN.

We read much of the domestic infelicities of men of genius. Socrates, Dante, Milton, Montaigne, Molière, Rousseau, Byron, Bulwer, and Dickens are among the most striking instances cited of unhappy unions; and a feeling has gone abroad that matrimony is a state for which mind-workers are constitutionally unfitted. With literary men, as with any other class, an uncongenial alliance cannot be conducive of happiness. Harmony of taste is indispensable to insure a happy union. A life of celibacy, it is claimed, is the condition for which men of ambition are best suited; but we have failed to find in such great examples as Newton, Bayle, Locke, Leibnitz, Hobbes, Voltaire, Hume, Gibbon, and Adam Smith, that a barren life of bachelorhood brought to them any true comfort or happiness. The lives of men of letters teem with examples of harmonious and well-assorted unions, and it shall be our province in this paper to cite a few of the most striking and beautiful.

Happy is the man of letters blessed with a congenial wife. Happy, indeed, a union of the mind as well as of the heart. Blessed, indeed, the man of taste who finds a soul-mate as well as a helpmate. Buffon once acknowledged that his wife had considerable influence over his compositions. "Often," said he, "when I cannot please myself, and am impatient at disappointment, Madame de Buffon reanimates my exertion, or withdraws me to repose for a short interval; I return to my pen refreshed and aided by her advice." Pliny, the younger, has given us a delightful family picture in his letters. Of Calphurnia, his wife, he says: "Her affection to me has given her a turn to books; and my compositions, which she takes pleasure in reading, and even getting by heart, are continually in her hands."

The wife of Klopstock, the great German poet—author of "the Messiah"—writing to Richardson, the novelist, in her German-English, says: "I am always present at the birth of the young verses, which begin by fragments, here and there, of a subject with which his soul is just then filled. persons who live as we do have no need of two chambers; we are always in the same."

How happy the domestic life of Thomas Day, author of "Sandford and Merton," must have been may be seen by the impression which even his beloved books made on his wife. "My ideas of my husband," she said, "are so much associated with his *books*, that to part with them would be, as it were, breaking some of the last ties which still connect me with so beloved an object."

Burke said of his home:—"Every care vanishes the moment I enter under my roof." Luther, speaking of his wife, said: "I would not exchange my poverty with her for all the riches of Crœsus without her." De Tocqueville wrote of his domestic life: "Many external circumstances of happiness have been granted to me. But more than all, I have to thank heaven for having bestowed on me true domestic happiness, the first of human blessings." Mr. Disraeli's married life was a model one. In his dedication to "Sybil" he says: "I would inscribe this work to one whose noble spirit and gentle nature ever prompt her to sympathize with the suffering; to one whose sweet voice has often encouraged, and whose taste and judgment have ever guided its pages; the most severe of critics, but—a perfect wife!" John Stuart Mill also found in his wife a co-worker, a mind that could appreciate and sympathize with his, and a noble and devoted companion. In his autobiography he pays a lofty tribute to her memory. He says: "To her outer circle she was a beauty and a wit, with an air of natural distinction, felt by all who approached her; to the inner, a woman of deep and strong feeling, of penetrating and intuitive intelligence, and of an eminently meditative and poetic nature."

Guizot found in his wife a noble companion, whose sympathy and encouragement sustained him in many vicissitudes. He tells us in his *Memoires:* "Even in the midst of great undertakings, domestic affections form the basis of life; and the most brilliant career has only superficial and incomplete enjoyments, if a stranger to the happy ties of family and friendship." When Guizot became first Minister of France his wife wrote to a friend: "I now see my husband much less than I desire, but still I see him. If God spares us to each other I shall always be in the midst of every trial and apprehension the happiest of beings."

What would poor Tom Hood have been without his Jane? poor, struggling invalid, as he was! She was a bright spirit—an angel of light—who hovered over him; nursing, caring for him, consoling him. Is there a lovelier picture in the history of genius than this devoted wife sitting by the couch of her invalid husband? She cheered him with her encouraging smile, wrote for him, and helped him with her ready memory. He published nothing without submitting it to her judgment. In one of his letters to her, he writes: "I never was anything, dearest, till I knew you; and I have been a better, happier, and more prosperous man ever since. Lay by that truth in lavender, sweetest, and remind me of it when I fail. I am writing warmly and fondly, but not without good cause. First, your own affectionate letter, lately received; next, the remembrance of our own dear children, pledges—what darling ones!—of our old, familiar love; then a delicious impulse to pour out the overflowings of my heart into yours; and last, not least, the knowledge that your dear eyes will read what my hand is now writing. Perhaps there is an after-thought that, whatever may befall me, the wife of my bosom will have the acknowledgment of her tenderness, worth, and excellence—all that is wifely or womanly—from my pen."

A parallel case to that of Hood's was that of Heinrich Heine. He was another of the sweet singers and brilliant humorists whose groans came forth in flashes of merriment. He, too, knew much poverty, and much sickness; and yet, like Hood, his spirit never for an instant lost its calm and unclouded serenity. When his wife died, he said, "Alas! among my griefs must I reckon ever her love—the strongest, truest that ever inspired the heart of woman—which made me the happiest of mortals, and yet was to me a fountain of a thousand distresses, inquietudes, and cares. To entire cheerfulness, perhaps, she never attained; but for what unspeakable sweetness, what exalted, enrapturing joys, is not love indebted to sorrow! Amid growing anxieties, with the torture of anguish in my heart, I have been made, even by the loss which occasioned me this anguish, and those anxieties, inexpressibly happy! When the tears flowed over our cheeks, did not a nameless, seldom-felt delight stream through my breast, oppressed equally by joy and sorrow."

WALLACHIAN GYPSIES WITH A TRAINED BEAR.

WALLACHIAN GYPSIES WITH A TRAINED BEAR.

Gypsy-life is the same in all lands; but the lower and simpler the civilization around them, the more they are at home, and the greater the familiarity they enjoy. Wallachia is one of their favorite localities; and in the Valley of the Danube they are the chief musicians. They seem to take to animals, and are great trainers of bears for exhibition in the villages and towns.

The traveler will often meet a picturesque group like that shown in our illustration, engraved from the sketch-book of a recent traveler, who jotted it down as he saw it near Tirgu-Giulu.

MY MARGUERITE.—"AND I TOOK HER IN MY ARMS THEN AND THERE WITH SUCH A PANG THAT I FORGOT THE SWEETNESS OF HOLDING HER."

MY MARGUERITE.

I HAD not been home for two years—I had been studying during that time in Berlin; but all the fascinations of that city did not quench my longing for my beautiful mountain home, and I hailed with delight the day—a lovely morning in June—that set me free. It seems ages ago—and it was only last June—it is ages, when I remember all I have seen and suffered since.

When I saw the dear Bavarian mountains, the smiling valley, with its velvet-smooth meadows, and the maidens beginning to cut the first grass, my heart sprang up with boyish joy. There stood the grand old Watzmann, with its horned head, and the snow lying between, the belts of sombre pines below, the gray cliffs of the Untersberg, the cleft rocks of brown, the white senner-huts in the fresh Alpine pastures, the lovely wooded slopes, the golden fields of grain, with poppies bowing their scarlet heads at every breeze; and there stood the pleasant house, with the projecting eaves, where the swallows loved to build their nests, and the pretty carved balcony, where I had watched so often storm or rainbow, cloud or sunshine, making their own pictures of mountain and valley.

I heard gay voices in the garden, and I could not help stealing softly up to the green hedge, to see some of the dear home faces, unseen.

But the face I saw was a strange one. A slender, *petite* figure, a delicate robe of blue fluttering in the breeze, a mass of soft, yellow hair floating about the head, half-vailing the blush-rose tint of the neck, and, strange to say, jet black eyes, formed the striking "piquance" of the charming countenance that met my glance. Framed in the drooping tendrils of the dark-leaved vines, she looked like a rare picture, or a precious bit of Dresden china in the form of a shepherdess. For her lambs I recognized the children gamboling about her—my brother Max and little Coral.

I made my way to the house by another path, and was soon half smothered in my fond mother's arms. My father, a general in the army, was not at home. I did not regret this, as a dutiful son should have done; for the memory of a sort of martinet discipline made me prefer my mother's fond words and easy ways. The dear woman looked at me in a sort of transport.

"But I did not know you had company, mother."

"Company! No."

"But I saw a lady in the garden. The children——"

"Oh, the children's governess. She is a French girl. Wasn't I fortunate in getting her in this out-of-the-way

place? But she's delighted; and you know the French seldom care for beauties of nature. Her name's Marguerite Barri. Such a pure accent! though she does not come from Paris."

At dinner I saw my little Dresden china shepherdess, her hair put up in decorous puffs and braids. A quaint dignity was about her, and a shy glance from her black eyes and a bow were all I received when introduced. The children looked at me doubtfully; then Max rushed forward:

"I know you. You're my brother Rudolph. Of course, Coral don't recollect; she's little, and, besides, she's a girl. Have you brought me anything?"

"Yes, a big French dictionary."

Max looked somewhat stunned at this announcement, but was too polite to object, and consoled himself with some large red cherries; while Coral timidly stole her hand in mine, and asked, "Did you ever climb up Alp? Max did last week."

"And I met a hunter, and I found a dead Auerhahn that a falcon had just killed, and I've got every one of the feathers; and I'm going on the Rossfeld next week with mademoiselle. You may come along, now you're here, *naturlich*."

"Thank you. I can be your guide. Many a time I've gone that way, and tasted a *schmarn* at the senner-hut there; but I should think it would be too much for mademoiselle."

I was anxious to hear her voice, and it was worth hearing, sweet and low, as she answered, in German:

"Oh, I have learned to climb since I came here, and I like it; the views from these beautiful mountains repay for the trouble and fatigue."

"Well, now," answered my mother, "I never had any fancy for these excursions. I know these mountains are grand and sublime, and all that; but it's much more comfortable looking at them from below. Oh, Rudolph, I nearly killed myself laughing at a Miss Jones who made the last excursion with mademoiselle and some others, she was so disgusted. She imagined the senner-huts were delightful little Swiss cottages, and the senner-inns all beautiful peasant girls in picturesque costumes; and there she found a smoky hut, an old woman, hideous as a hag, she said, and a dirty little cowboy; and she was too tired to look at the view."

"When I grow up I will be a *wild-schutz*," cried Max. "I love it up there on the mountains. I wish mamma would let me stay, and be a cowboy; I could make lots of money, and then I'd buy a gun, and powder and shot."

Through the open window came the fragrance of the roses, as I smoked my meerschaum, after dinner. A long alley of trees opened into a sunny vista beyond of field and sparkling stream, and the ultramarine blue hue of distant mountains between the branches. The peace of the scene stole into my heart. Here was the valley of happiness; here, far from the toils and ambitions of men, it seemed sweeter to dream than to work; a soft inertia seemed to fetter heart and mind. Here was Paradise! And as I lazily watched the wreathing blue smoke steal up and dissolve into air I saw my Marguerite—I already dared to call her mine in my heart of hearts—with the dearest little white straw hat, wreathed with daisies, and a scarlet shawl wrapped about her, equipped for a walk.

She lingered, and looked back. I soon heard the shout of Max, and the tripping feet of Coral. I started up also, and felt very much like a big schoolboy, as I cried out:

"Take me, too, please, mademoiselle."

"Oh, you can come, if you'll be good," said Coral.

"And what do you call good?" I asked.

"You must mind mademoiselle, and not run away from her," cried Max.

"I shall never wish to run away from her," I answered, gayly, with an inquiring glance; for I had not received the permission I coveted.

"The Herr von Rodenstein will give us a pleasure if he accompanies us," said my Marguerite.

I felt somewhat abashed, but would not turn back then, for all that. I thanked Max for breaking the disagreeable silence by crying out:

"That makes me remember. Oh, Rudolph, I've found such a funny ballad, about our family, I am sure:

> 'Wer reited mit zwanzig knappen ein
> Zum Heidelberg am kirchen,
> Es ist der Herr von Rodenstein,
> An Rhein-wein will er pirschen.'

Oh, it's awful funny in the chorus, but sad, too. You see, he had three villages, and he drank them all up."

"Dissolved them first, I hope, my boy," I said.

"You know, he—well, he staid every time till he drank the whole value of a village, and he was jolly enough till all was gone. I liked the picture, with the ballad, so much. First he is in such state, with the knights following; the next time he has fewer, and the last he goes alone, and asks for a glass of thin beer instead of Rhein-wein. He is so poor, Rudolph, he hasn't one servant."

"Ah, I hope all the Rodensteins will take example by his fearful fate," I said, as we came out into the open path which ran along the base of a pine-clad slope. "Which way are we going?"

"We thought of visiting the church in the Gern," said my Marguerite; "but if Monsieur——"

"Ah, you must not change your course for me," I answered. "It's a lovely walk, the mill and waterfall, and the dark wood-paths full of Alpine violets."

"Do you know I have never found one yet," she said, looking slyly up at me with her soft, velvety-black eyes. "Are they so different from other violets?"

"They hold their leaves back like a spiked crown, their tint is a reddish lilac, and their perfume strange and sweet," I said. "I think it is too early for them yet. Ah! there is old Nannie coming to welcome me."

An old, wrinkled, toothless woman came forward from a small house near, holding a beautiful bouquet of Alpen rose and Edelweiss in her hand.

"Ah," she croaked, "the young herr is come to his own people again, and to the beautiful mountains. *Willkommen, gnadiger herr!*"

"What pretty customs you have here!" exclaimed my Marguerite. "I like your welcomes and farewells with flowers."

"Yes," I answered, laughing, "it looks well; but I think old Nannie had an eye to the gulden she always expects from me. Never mind; it wouldn't do to look into people's hearts. It's a good thing we can all put up the shutters to the windows of the soul, isn't it?"

"I—don't know," she began, in a perfectly serious tone; "I think I have never wished 'to put up the shutters,' as you say. If all people were true——"

"Ah, if all people were angels," I answered, "then we, who are angels, need not fear. And yet, if we were all angels, don't you think society would be slightly monotonous?"

The children came rushing boisterously up at this moment with a single Alpen violet, so saving my Marguerite the trouble of a reply; but I had seen the slight reproof in her eyes, and felt that to her even the names of holy things were sacred.

"Here is the point where artists come," I said.

"Yes, there was one here the other day," cried Max.

We saw before us a time-stained wooden mill, the great wheel lazily turning, the foaming water; around the house spread out green fields, and here and there great rocks, with climbing vines and pine-trees clinging here and there. Down one of these rocks tumbled a bright little waterfall, and in the distance shone the mountains in the evening glow. The skies were flushed and rosy, and some of the soft radiance seemed to bathe the earth, for every tint on field, or water, or mountain, grew warm beneath. Well, I looked at my companion more than at earth or sky, yet I felt the influences of the scene.

"Here she is—here's 'Mary in the Gern,'" cried Max, pointing to a time-stained square board which was mounted on a pole at the side of the road, and he began chanting the verse which was printed beneath a rude picture of the Virgin and Child.

'Hear me, Mary in the Gern,
Now, and on the day I die;
Keep me safe through all my life,
And in all eternity.'

Isn't she a horrid figure, Rudolph? and these people actually believe she's got more power than any of the other Marys, and they made a pilgrimage out here one day to pray for better weather—such fun!—and I dare say they believe in her yet, though it rained six days and nights after their prayers."

"This pupil of yours is a sharp observer," I said to my Marguerite. "We are all Protestants, so I suppose we may all laugh at the superstitions of our neighbors."

"And cast the idols out of our own hearts," she said, solemnly.

I began to wonder if the pretty little shepherdess was a devotee or fanatic. I did not know (no shadow of the future darkened that hour) how God prepares his martyrs, and lets the world and its pomps appear but vain shows to them, and dowers them with a heavenly pity for others, too deep for smiles, and leads them in ways they know not, till they "Summer high in bliss upon the fields of God."

We began to climb into the green gloom of woodland paths. The pines gave out their pungent perfume, flowers were scattered everywhere, in swinging bells of blue, in orange bulbs, in golden stars, in pure white wreaths fit for a bridal-chaplet. We met an old peasant woman culling all sorts of herbs, probably considering them blessed by growing in the Gern. She paused devoutly before a shrine where Christ was represented hanging between the thieves. The painting was in the most hideous style of caricature, and the two thieves represented as murderous-looking villains, with their tongues thrust out in disdain. Yet the poor woman looked at the weeping Mary at the foot of the cross, and prayed with a seeming devotion.

"Do you know, I cannot laugh at these people," said my Marguerite, with a sweet earnestness in her fair face; "they are so simple-hearted, so full of faith—if it is a blind faith."

"I know that woman," cried Max, who always seemed to break in at solemn moments; "she's a dog doctor. Once Wachtel was sick, and mamma sent him to her to be cured. I expect she gave him lots of bad doses, for he barks like mad whenever he sees her now."

The church in the Gern was now in sight, but the sky began to look cloudy, and we only cast a hasty glance at its glittering candlesticks, and flower-pots of paper-flowers, and its image of Mary in the Gern, surrounded by silver hearts, and red-and-white wax arms and legs, votive offerings from the cured. These last delighted the children, of course, and Max would cry out:

"Some fellow with the liver complaint. Say, mademoiselle, isn't this a liver, or is it lungs?"

"I like that little ballad of Heine's so much," said my Marguerite, looking without scorn at the little wax hearts, "of the sick boy and his pilgrimage to heaven. You remember how Mary cured his pain?"

"Stilling the beating of the sick heart for ever," I answered.

"Ah, many a heart would pray for that; there is a simple pathos in that ballad, and Heine is not often pathetic. I think there is often a wild sorrow underlying some of the strains which appear almost comic," said Marguerite, repeating softly, with eyes that looked away from mine:

'My darling, lay your hand on my heart!
Ah, hear how it beats in that little room!
There works a carpenter, furious and fast—
He is building for me a house of doom.
He hammers and knocks by day and night,
But he brings a rest that is long and deep.
Ah, haste thee, good master carpenter,
That the weary one may sleep.'

I like your German poets so much," she said, rousing herself and looking at me; "we have nothing like them in our language. At first the lines seemed harsh to me, but now they sound strong and grand, and have a sonorous music of their own."

"I am glad you like anything German," I said, noting that she had the second time expressed admiration. "I think your countrymen generally look upon us as a sort of unlicked cubs."

"They need to live among you to correct that opinion," she said.

And so we talked on of French poetry, and German national peculiarities, and—heaven knows what, till the gates of home suddenly appeared before us, and I saw my mother's white cap bobbing out of the window, looking for her lost lambs. I could have walked on that way for ever, I thought. and then I wondered at my own folly.

I sat up that night smoking till the small hours, and debating whether I should fly in the morning to parts unknown, or stay and dare the worst. I had been intended for the army—my father's cherished dream—so, as an officer must have at least ten thousand guldens a year, it was plainly my duty to fall in love with an heiress who possessed that amount, and here I was, almost in love with a girl who had not a cent. Suppose I chose law instead, and crushed the family hopes, still I saw no way out. So I dreamed and resolved, and thought about a girl who, for aught I knew, had pledged heart and hand in her own land.

I did not fly in the morning; I had not the heart to disappoint my mother, I said; but the truth was, I had not the heart to disappoint myself. The vision of those soft eyes raised to mine, the fair, fresh face, with its delicate tints; the *petite* figure, so rounded and lithe; the voice, with its pretty, foreign accent, all chained me in the sweetest slavery. I forgot the necessary ten thousand guldens; thought, probably, that I could roam through the meadows of life with my fair shepherdess, and crop daisies as the lambs did, perhaps, if I thought at all. But my present impression is that I did not think, I only felt.

"I drank the cup of a costly death,
Brimmed with delicious draughts of warmest life."

I lingered in the schoolroom, I shared the walks, till Max really imagined I was as much a pupil as himself. So I was, but I was learning the sweetest lesson—love!

So one night, when the moonlight was trembling over the vines, and making silvery rifts in the clouds, as we stood a moment on the balcony, looking at the mountains in that light, I suddenly turned my eyes from the beauty of nature to the beauty of her face. I see it now—raised, uplifted, and

turned half away, the luminous eyes full of enthusiasm, the full lips just parted a little, the fresh tints deepened, a long, light curl floating back over the white cloud that was folded around her head; all the rest was sombre brown drapery, setting off that bright, fair head the better.

"Marguerite," I said, "don't look at the mountains any more, with their hearts of stone—look at me. I love you; I want you for my own all my life."

Into such simple words did all the passionate rhetoric of love dissolve itself. She did turn a somewhat startled glance upon me, but did not speak at first. Then, in a quiet way, she said:

"I love you, too, Rudolph, but——"

"If you love me, there shall be no 'buts,'" I cried, drawing her toward me. "In our bright vocabulary there is no such word as 'fail.'"

Yes, I dared to say that, knowing all—my poverty and hers—my father's dislike of her nation, and all the changes and chances of this mortal life. I did not sleep that night, for my heart seemed too light, and my thoughts held my eyes waking; but toward morning the day-dreams slowly melted into sleeping ones, and I did not wake until the sunshine streamed in my windows. Then I hurried down-stairs. I would not see Marguerite again till I had told my mother all. They should not dare to cast any reflections on my pure little dove. I felt safe enough about my mother—she was too kind-hearted to withstand me long.

I found her bustling about in the kitchen, with innumerable pots of currant jelly before her, all hot.

"See, Rudolph," she cried, "you're just in the right time; here's a letter from your father, and my hands are so sticky—my jelly is unexampled this year; I went at it early, before the heat of the day—just read this, there's a dear."

My father never writes long letters, and this was in his usual broad, sprawling hand.

"My Dear—Since I wrote before, there have been new developments. I understand that France has declared war with Prussia. If so, I must go into active service at once, and Rudolph also, as he is twenty-one. I hope he will prove himself worthy of his name. Bavaria must support Prussia. You will find it hard; but you are a soldier's wife, my dear. By-the-way, send the little French girl home. It would be bad for her to be so far in war times, and almost impossible to make her way home. Besides, it would not do to have her with you. She may act as spy, you know. Never trust a French girl. Adieu, my dear. I'll be home in a couple of weeks at the furthest. Paul von Rodenstein."

The letters seemed to swim before my eyes; the lines appeared long, blurred marks; yet what a horrible vista opened before me through those blurred lines! Like the handwriting on the wall, they had appeared at my banquet of love and happiness. War! active service! parting from Marguerite! In my dream of the past few weeks, I had forgotten the outer world; I had read no papers; the peradventure of war had never reached my ears, and now, like a thunderbolt from a smiling, sunshiny heaven, it had come with its desolating force.

"*Mein Gott!*" said my mother, sitting down suddenly, as if the blow had stunned her also. "The jellies may spoil, for all I care. Who's to eat them, I should like to know? You and your father, far away, marching over miles of mud, without even a sausage and glass of beer to comfort you. My *lieber Paul*, he wrote me in that last fuss with Prussia—when we were with Austria; my dear, how he longed to taste a bit of *Leberwurst Kes*, so fond of it is your father; and, you know, I sent him a box. I'll see about some this time too, Rudolph. I don't know if you care for it as much."

Oh, my mother! How it maddened me to hear of meats and drinks when I was smitten to the soul. Leaning out of the window, and looking at the dewy lawn, and the wet roses nodding in the wind, and the flecks of sunshine goldening the green, and the blue sky above so serene, and the steadfast mountains beyond, it seemed as if nature maddened me, too. All was so unchanged since I last looked—yet all so changed for me. And there came slowly up one of the paths a *petite* figure, robed in blue—the straw hat swung by its ribbons in her hand, her face fresh in its tint as the dewy roses, her eyes looking half expectantly toward the house, the children frisking about her.

"To think of her being a spy!" I said, unconsciously, aloud. "What devilish nonsense!"

"Why, Rudolph!" cried my mother, "what are you talking about?"

"About mademoiselle," I answered. "She looks like a spy, don't she?"

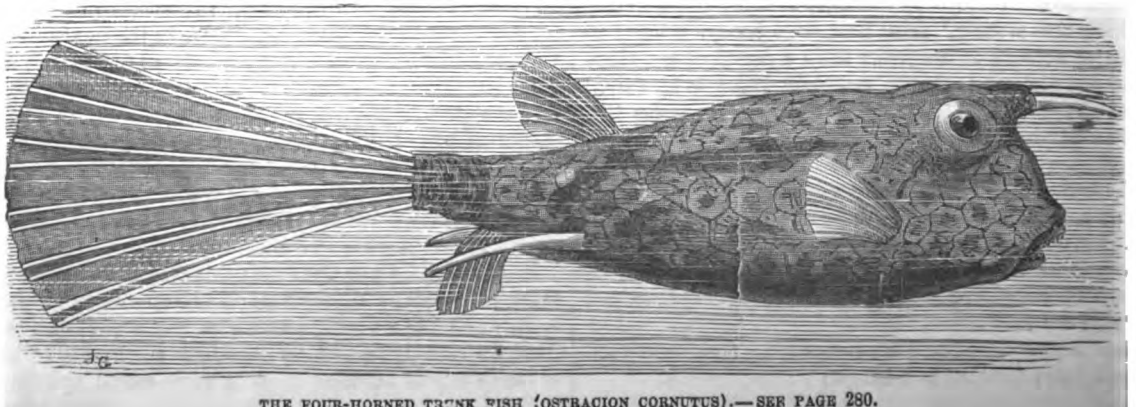
Very young and innocent she looked then, and all unconscious of the cloud that had risen to darken our heaven—the cloud that was to break into a desolating storm over so many peaceful homes, and deluge the land with blood.

"Oh, mademoiselle!" answered my mother; "poor thing, she will feel this, too; she has a brother. And as to being a spy—of course that's sheer nonsense. But your father has a prejudice against her nation. Do go out and break it to her, Rudolph; I haven't the nerve."

I went out without a word. The children had not breakfasted yet, so they were disposed of easily. I think my face told some evil tidings before my lips fashioned the words. My Marguerite's face grew suddenly solemn as she looked at me.

"Do not be afraid to speak," she said, seeing me hesitate. "I can hear bad news;" and in her anxiety she laid her hand on mine—such a cold little hand!

I determined not to afflict her with the horrors that had



THE FOUR-HORNED TRUNK FISH (OSTRACION CORNUTUS).—SEE PAGE 280.

thronged my mind—the grim phantoms called up by the very word "war." I made as light of it as possible.

"Have you heard no political news lately?" I said. "Here we have been reading our own idyl instead of the newspapers, and never knew that two nations were getting into a broil till to-day my father writes there will be war."

I saw the great black eyes grow more earnest, as she said, slowly:

"The nations must be France and Germany. Oh, my God!"

"Yes, my darling; or, rather, France and Prussia; but we're in for it all the same."

"And my poor brother Louis, he must go!"

"And I must go, too, my Marguerite," I said, somewhat piqued that she had thought of any other first.

"You!" she said, looking at me in a puzzled way; "but you are not a soldier."

"We are all soldiers in Germany," I said, trying to smile. "Yes, my darling, this is a terrible waking from our dream; but God is in heaven yet, though the nations rage. Time and absence cannot change us, I hope; else our love is not worth anything."

"No, no; but—oh! it is hard that we should be on different sides in this war. You will rejoice when I shall weep—oh, it is hard!"

"But, you see, your people have chosen it; it is not our fault," I said, somewhat stiffly.

"I do not understand. I am ashamed of my ignorance—only one thing I know, that it is all miserable——"

"But it shall not part us," I cried, taking the cold little hand in mine; "it cannot last long, and then I shall come for you. Be ready, Marguerite; as soon as the peace proposals are made I shall come with my proposals;" and I attempted to smile.

"Of course. I did not think of that at first; but I must go home, I suppose;" and a pallor came into her face.

"I'm afraid so. There might be trouble afterward; but it's only for a couple of months. Our people must finish up the war in time for the harvest."

Alas! I saw the fields golden with grain, standing ripe for the harvest then; the peaceful fields—the sweet home-scenes! What a thrill of anguish went through my heart! I spoke with a cheer that I did not feel, and Marguerite took no comfort from my words.

"We can count on nothing," she said, sadly, "when war begins. You or I may never see the end."

"But I wish, after all, that you could stay here," I said, smitten with a sudden fear; "you might be safer."

"If the Germans are victors, as you seem to expect," she said, with a proud little smile, "no—no, I will share the perils of my countrymen. And my poor old father will be alone when Louis goes."

"Do not grow bitter against us, Marguerite. I fear—I fear to let you go."

And I took her in my arms then and there, with such a pang that I forgot the sweetness of holding her there; but, looking up at the window, I saw my mother watching me.

How the whole scene has burnt itself into my brain! The glittering, dew-wet lawn, the dripping roses, whose sweet scent sickens me now with the memory, the branches swaying softly over us, my Marguerite standing by one of the old brown trunks of trees, her little straw hat fallen from her hand, her bright hair loosened a little, and some flossy little curls blown back from her forehead, the eyes just dimmed with tears held back, her cheeks flushed, her lips trembling with some unspoken emotion; then the slow horror dawning on my mother's fond face—how it all swims before me now!

THE CONVENT OF CLOSTERNEUBURG.—SEE PAGE 279.

"Rudolph," she said, as I went in, "that was very improper. Was she fainting, or anything?"

"No, mother; but I was asking her to be true."

"To be true!" echoed my mother, vaguely.

"Yes, true to her promise to be my wife!"

"In heaven's name, has it gone so far as that?"

"Yes; you like her well enough, don't you?"

"Oh, never mind whether I like her or not; it's your father, Rudolph," began the mother, nervously walking about. "He has other views for you, and he will never consent."

"Pardon me, if I prefer my own views, mother," I said, as I went out of the room.

In a day or two the war excitement reached our quiet little nook in full force. Even Max caught it, and began to rebel against his well-beloved French teacher. I heard him singing old Blucher's song:

> "Allein der alte Blucher sprach,
> General karte hier,
> Nach Frankreich gehn ist nicht so schwer,
> Ist nicht so schwer."

And I gave him a box on the ear that rather spoiled the chorus.

"Never mind," said my Marguerite, putting her arms about him; "he will forgive me for being French when I am gone. This is my last day, Max; we must be happy today."

But both children broke out afresh at this news, which they had not heard before. Love overcame patriotism, and they clung to her with many fond, penitent words and kisses, till I saw she looked pale and worn, and I released her.

I took her down to the little station myself in the gray light of the next morning. I was soon to obey orders and leave the quiet valley myself, but it was none the less bitter to see the white face of my Marguerite as she gave me one last look, and read the grief written there.

I watched the stellwagen till the road wound round the mountain side, and then looked at the little note she had left in my hands; it held one little lock of silken hair, and the address, "Marguerite Barri, Bazeilles."

Bazeilles, then, was the name of the little town where the old father lived, and I had nearly forgotten to ask.

Afterward, in the long marches, I kept that curl near my heart—that and a little vignette of a fair, girlish head, covered with short, waving hair, with dark eyes, soft, yet full of a hidden fire, were all that I had of my Marguerite; but my heart held in its inmost sanctuary a truer picture.

Let me not linger weakly here; let me go on to the end—the end that day and night swims before me, that blots out everything else. Lying here in hospital I have time to think, and I think only of that. Sometimes they call it delirium, but I am only delirious when I forget.

What weeks they were, those first weeks of the war, in which I had so little heart! Triumph after triumph followed our arms. It read well in the papers, they sang pæans of victory, and national songs were written, and towns were illuminated, and the red, yellow, and black flag of the German Confederation floated everywhere.

But we soldiers saw the reverse of the picture—the heaps of dying, groaning for water, praying for death to bring oblivion to their anguish, the ghastly ranks of corpses, the green sod blooming, not with flowers, but human blood, the rain of bullets, the ruined towns, and weeping, praying women.

I did not forget my Marguerite in the midst of it all. I wrote more than once, but heard nothing, and concluded that she had gone to some sheltered country house with her aged father, or to Belgium, perhaps, where so many took refuge; then a stray cannon-ball put an end for a time to all thought and care.

I remember my convalescence so well! I rather enjoyed it, I own. I was in no hurry to go back to the scenes of horror and bloodshed, although Bavaria had covered herself with glory. I had scarcely asked after my corps; I had been living in the dreamland of forgetfulness.

But the army surgeon roused me from my dreaming. Suddenly, one morning, after the usual feeling of the pulse, he exclaimed, with satisfaction:

"Full and steady, Herr von Rodenstein. I have the honor to inform you that you can join your corps when you will."

That meant at once!

"And what are they doing now?" I asked, with somewhat languid interest.

"Oh, they are not far—at—confound these French names. There is a rumor that something is going on at present at Bazeilles."

How the name struck me, like a shot! Bazeilles!—Marguerite's home! But she was not there, thank God! Still I felt a feverish impatience to know what our troops were doing at Bazeilles.

How did I travel, I wonder? I remember none of the arrangements; I had the necessary order, I suppose, but I can recall nothing, save some trampled cornfields, looking, oh! so desolate in that smiling sunshine; and a little bluebird that sat on a twig near where I leaned, at last, faint and weary, and sang so loud and cheerily, with one sharp black eye fixed knowingly on my face, that I mounted again with a foolish thought that it was a good omen.

Ah, well, at last! A lurid light that made the sunshine pallid. I knew that light too well. I had not passed through the hellish rain of fire and blood for naught; but I stopped a boy, a mere child, who was running fearfully by.

"What is that?" I said, in French. "What is that light?"

"That!" cried the child, looking at me in wonder; "that is the town of Bazeilles."

I did not wait to hear more. Was it not all written in letters of fire before my burning eyes? I put spurs to my horse and drew nearer. I saw the spire of the village church standing still, but fire leaped from every window, every house. Like the smoke from a great altar, it streamed up to heaven—the smoke of this great sacrifice. In the streets lay dead bodies, their pale, pathetic faces upturned to the terrible light; arms strewn everywhere, the owners dead or gone; and here and there lay a dead horse who had borne his own part in the terrible fray, and lost. Well, I had seen it all before, why did I sicken at it now?

One of "ours" met me, an old comrade. "*Donner wetter!*" he cried, "out again! Welcome."

"What's this?" I cried, pointing to the tongues of flame which were licking up the poor homes and household goods of the people. "What hellish cruelty!"

"Ah, you think so," he cried, carelessly; "well, you haven't been here, that's all; why, these people fought like devils."

"And they fought with devils," I said.

"I hope so," he answered, smiling, as if I had paid him a compliment; "but this is how it was: they fought, as I said, like fiends incarnate—that is to say, like brave soldiers, but we won. Then we took possession and fired the town, believing the devils were gone; when all at once a hell-fire opened on us from that great house yonder. Our men dropped fast. We piled straw against the shutters and fired it again and again, but the wind blew the other way and it wouldn't burn. Not till the commander fell, mortally wounded, did they surrender; then only forty remained out of two hundred. Others fired on us—not soldiers—they have been taken, and they will be hung to-morrow. They say some of the people have been smothered in the burning houses. They hid in the cellars; that is not our fault, you know; we thought they were gone. It is the fortune of war."

I turned away silently, and walked about the deserted streets. Our soldiers were still examining the houses from which they had been fired on. As I passed one they brought out an old man, very faint and pale; he had to be supported,

or he could not have taken a step. I looked in that venerable face, and felt an indescribable pity.

"What has he done?" I asked.

"Fired on us; you see he is in citizen's dress," answered one, laconically.

"Yes, I fired twice," answered the old man, quietly. "That is enough, I hope. I am worthy of death. Two shots—one for each of my beautiful ones. Do you see, monsieur? My splendid, gallant Louis has fallen. I saw the life dashed out of his bright young face myself, and my daughter—I was sick, monsieur, and could not travel, so she would not leave me—well, she lies yonder, dead, smothered—my Marguerite. So, monsieur, I dragged myself from my sick-bed and took the old gun, and—and I think I have earned death; I trust I have."

I questioned no longer. I tore my way into the burning house. I heard the crash of some part of it as I entered. My instincts had not betrayed me. There, tenderly laid on a sofa in one of the rooms, was a slender, girlish figure. The golden hair, unloosed, swept to the floor, the hands had been lovingly folded as if in prayer, the gentle eyes were closed, the full, red lips were livid, and purple spots were on the delicate skin; but I knew her again, my bright-haired little love, my Marguerite!

So we had met again! Some one found me there, I suppose. They tell me I had a relapse, but I never knew. Only that last moment of consciousness, that last vision, is ever present.

Oh, my Marguerite! my angel! Gone before me in a chariot of fire to heaven, are you waiting for me there? Do you sometimes think, in the pauses of that heavenly song, of one voice which once sounded sweet, or, "dizzy with heaven," have you forgotten earthly sounds and loves? I believe not, my Marguerite; risen again, we shall meet once more.

"'And that which made this earth so sweet,
Shall render heaven's joy complete.'"

IN A YEAR.

By Robert Browning.

Never any more
While I live
Need I hope to see his face
As before.
Once his love grown chill,
Mine may strive—
Bitterly we re-embrace,
Single still.

Was it something said,
Something done,
Vexed him? Was it touch of hand,
Turn of head?
Strange! that very way
Love begun.
I as little understand
Love's decay.

When I sewed or drew,
I recall
How he looked as if I sung—
Sweetly too.
If I spoke a word,
First of all,
Up his cheek the color sprang,
Then he heard.

Sitting by my side,
At my feet,
So he breathed the air I breathed,
Satisfied!

I, too, at love's brim
Touched the sweet;
I would die if death bequeathed
Sweet to him.

"Speak—I love thee best!"
He exclaimed—
"Let thy love my own foretell."
I confessed:
"Clasp my heart on thine,
Now unblamed;
Since upon thy soul as well,
Hangeth mine!"

Was it wrong to own,
Being truth?
Why should all the giving prove
His alone?
I had wealth and ease,
Beauty, youth—
Since my lover gave me love,
I gave these.

That was all I meant—
To be just,
And the passion I had raised
To content.
Since he chose to change
Gold for dust,
If I gave him what he praised,
Was it strange?

Would he loved me yet,
On and on,
While I found some way undreamed:
Paid my debt!
Gave more life and more,
Till, all gone,
He should smile "She never seemed
Mine before.

"What she felt the while,
Must I think?
Love's so different with us men,"
He should smile.
"Dying for my sake—
White and pink!
Can't we touch these bubbles, then,
But they break?"

Dear, the pang is brief.
Do thy part;
Have thy pleasure. How perplext
Grows belief!
Well, this cold, clay clod
Was man's heart.
Crumble it—and what comes next?
Is it God?

THE CONVENT OF CLOSTERNEUBURG, NEAR VIENNA.

The old convents and monasteries seem almost always to have been erected on picturesque and attractive sites. An eye for the beautiful seems to have guided the selection of the spot and the rearing of the edifice. The choice seems almost prescient, as though the vail of centuries had been lifted, and they built for coming ages rather than their own. As Emerson puts it:

"They builded better than they knew,
The conscious stone to beauty grew."

The strikingly picturesque convent of Closterneuburg, shown in our illustration, dates back to the time of St. Leopold, a warrior saint of Austrian annals. Carrying on the conquests of Albert the Victorious, he transferred his residence from Moelk to the Kahlenberg, where he built a castle often captured and recaptured in the wars with Magyar, Bohemian, and Turk.

Lower down, at the foot of the Leopoldsberg, at the very spot, saith the legend, where his young wife found a vail which she had lost eight years before while hunting, he founded a convent, around which grew, in time, the little town of Closterneuburg. The convent has been remodeled from time to time. The most important alterations were made in 1730, and the latest, a century subsequently, in 1834. It is one of the richest monastic edifices remaining in the world, a large part of the environs of Vienna belonging to it. It contains the relics of the warrior saint, incased in gold, silver, and pearls.

Four-horned Trunk Fish.

This remarkable fish seems, as a French navy officer states, to furnish a natural model for a steam-ram. Its tail is the screw propelling it; its sides are armor-plated with a series of five-sided scales, that fit together in one compact shield like a tortoise's shell; and it carries, both fore and aft, two stout spear heads. The eyes, mouth and tail, are uncovered, but sufficiently protected by the horns.

The color of this curious fish is brown, inclining to red or chocolate; but it has spots of another shade of brown scattered over the body. The tail and fins are yellow, the former marked with black spots. The eyeball is deep blue, set in a yellow iris. Specimens vary in length from nine to fifteen inches. It has fourteen teeth in the upper jaw, and twelve in the lower. There are other varieties, with only two horns behind; but specimens are rare.

IN A YEAR.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 279.

BIG HORNS, OR ROCKY MOUNTAIN SHEEP, SURPRISED.

We present our readers with an exceedingly accurate sketch of Rocky Mountain sheep, as they jump, when suddenly startled. These interesting animals, the *Ovis montana* of naturalists, dwell in the most remote and inaccessible mountain regions, seeming to delight in the tender grass and stunted shrubbery which struggle for existence along at the foot of the perpetual snow-line.

The great size of the horns which the male carries has given rise to many conjectures as to their special use or service, and from these suppositions has sprung a general belief that the animal, when making his extraordinary leaps from heights to lower places, alights on them to break the violence of the shock. The idea, although so novel and improbable, is seriously entertained by many who live in the immediate vicinity of the "high Rockies"; and, indeed, an old hunter told the writer that though he had spent over twenty years in the mountains, and in this time had shot many hundreds of the sheep, still he never had a fair view of them while jumping down from high places, since, in approaching them, the trapper always comes from a point below, and the scared animals bound up and disappear in an instant on becoming aware of his presence.

In the case which we illustrate, a party of geologists

ROCKY MOUNTAIN SHEEP SURPRISED BY A SURVEYING PARTY.

and topographers, under the able guidance and direction of Mr. King, in charge of the United States Geological Survey of the fortieth parallel, were descending from one of the highest points of the Twin Peaks, when they suddenly came upon a band of ten mountain sheep, which were leisurely feeding at the brink of a precipice. The startled animals, with a short, quick snort, bounded off, without the slightest hesitation, and disappeared, in a succession of long leaps of from thirty to sixty feet, down the almost perpendicular face of a rocky wall over 800 feet high. So close were the party upon them that, one of their number asserts, had he only a twenty-foot pole, he could have easily touched the old sachem of the flock.

The astonished *savans* and engineers strained their eyes to the utmost, and had a glorious opportunity of observing the manner in which the sheep came down upon all-fours, the feet drawn up under the body, with the head thrown back; they seemed to suffer no shock, but came down as lightly as birds, pausing a moment before bounding off again.

Careful measurements were made, and the distances were found to vary between thirty and sixty feet, with one jump that measured *eighty* feet. This is, we believe, the only recorded observation of the kind that has been made. In this flock were two lambs, which seemed to suffer no embarrassment in following their parents.

The flesh of the big-horn is much prized. A full-grown specimen measures about three feet six in height at the shoulders, and the horns, which give it the common name, are nearly that length.

HARD speech between those who have loved is hideous in the memory, like the sight of greatness and beauty sunk into vice and rags.

THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

HIS FUNCTIONS AND DIGNITIES.

THE Lord Mayor is, so to speak, king of the city, a king who sorely puzzles foreigners. They see him and his queen or lady driving about in equipages far more sumptuous than those of royal Victoria; they hear him called "My Lord"; they know that the greatest potentates of the earth dine at his table; and yet they find that, after a brief reign of twelve months, he quietly and cheerfully resumes his occupation of cattle salesman, grease manufacturer, type-founder, or drysalter.

THE LORD MAYOR IN HIS OFFICIAL ROBES.

The chief magistrate of the City of London was at one time called the *portgrave*, *portgreve* or *portreeve*; afterward *justiciar*. Then he became *mayor*, appointed by the crown, and removable at pleasure; then mayor elected annually by the citizens; and, at last, *Lord Mayor*. Some notable men figure in the list of mayors during six or seven centuries—Sir William Walworth, who so resolutely grappled with the rebel Wat Tyler; Sir Richard Whittington, every schoolboy's Dick Whittington; William Beckford, better known as father of *the* Beckford who wrote "Vathek" and built Fonthill Abbey; John Wilkes, the famous Radical who troubled the government of George III. so sorely; Francis Child and Richard Hoare, the great Fleet Street bankers; and many others. Most of them have been commercial men; but the first, Henry FitzElwyne, was possibly a courtier, for he held the office twenty-four years. According to the system afterward introduced and still maintained, an annual election must take place; but the same person may be re-elected. A few, like Whittington, have thrice filled the mayoralty; and a very few (more than five centuries ago) have filled it four, five, or even six times. Some

provincial corporations have much exceeded these limits, having re-elected one mayor as many as eleven times; while one particular Irish corporation has gone so far as twenty-three re-elections. Noblemen have not, so far as the list shows, been Mayors or Lord Mayors of London; whereas two Cecils have been Mayors of Stamford, a Stanley Mayor of "proud Preston," a son of one peer Lord Mayor of Dublin, and a son of another peer Mayor of Drogheda. Londonderry in bygone times thought fit to make one particular clergyman its Mayor five years in succession.

A knotty point it has been to determine whether these civil dignitaries are "Worshipful," "Most Worshipful," "Honorable," or "Right Honorable"; and we are not certain that the problem is solved, even yet. The Lord Mayor of London is summoned to the royal palace to sign his name to the proclamation of the accession of a new sovereign; and this has been deemed a justification for awarding to him the Privy Councilor's title of "Right Honorable." Mr. Mayor is jealous of his dignity in all provincial corporations; he claims precedence over the sheriff of the town, and over the high sheriff of the county in all matters relating to the town. But the Lord Mayor of *London* is a very big man indeed; not only does he take precedence of all the subjects of the crown within the city, but even of the princes of the blood-royal. A notable instance of this took

THE LORD MAYOR IN HIS STATE COACH ON HIS WAY TO GUILDHALL, LONDON, NOV. 9, 1750.—BY HOGARTH.

THE SEAL OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

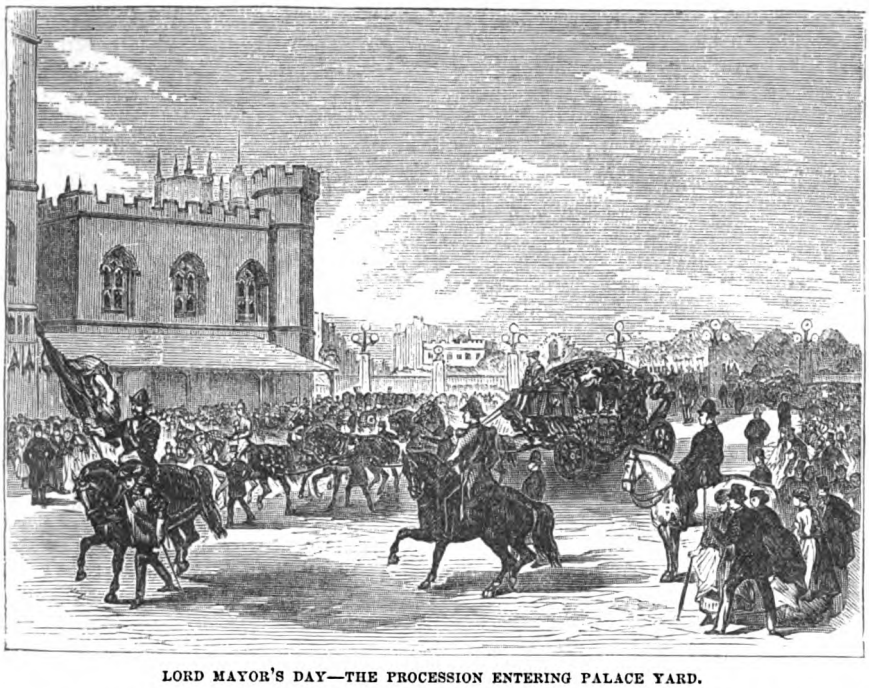
place in 1806, when, at the funeral of Lord Nelson, three of the king's sons—Prince of Wales, Duke of York, and Duke of Clarence—went in the procession; the Lord Mayor claimed and established his right to take precedence of them as soon as they had entered the city through Temple Bar. Two other cities share with London the honor of having a "Lord" Mayor, namely, York and Dublin. In one particular York is more distinguished than the other two cities: for its Lady Mayoress is entitled, if she likes to claim it, to call herself "Lady" So-and-so for the rest of her life, whether her husband has been knighted or not. Many, it is said, have exercised this right, which York has embodied in an old rhyme.

> "The Mayor is a Lord for a year and a day;
> But his wife is a Lady for ever and aye."

The Mayoress in some towns has a silver cradle presented to her if she adds a new arrow to the family quiver during her husband's year of office. This ceremony has taken place at York, Liverpool, Accrington, and possibly some other provincial towns. The lady of Mr. Alderman Copeland had one of these delicate testimonials presented to her in 1855, when her husband was Lord Mayor of London.

Of course the chief magistrate of the great City is a well-known city-man before he becomes Lord Mayor; and this leads us to say a little concerning his selection and election. The basis of the population of the City of London, so far as concerns corporate influence, is the *freemen*. This body consisted formerly only of the members of the great Companies or guilds; but other modes of obtaining the freedom are now available. The *livery* or *liverymen*, a select body of the freemen, are the principal members of the several Companies. Starting from the medieval times, when court officials wore the livery or uniform of their sovereign, the baron's retainers the livery of their chief, the cavalier the livery of his lady-love, the confessors and penitents the livery of the Church—starting from this origin, a livery, badge, or distinctive garment of outer clothing, was adopted by the City Companies, at one time nearly a hundred in number; and in the early days of the Lord Mayor's show the livery of these Companies made a very gay appearance. As at present arranged, the City is divided into twenty-six wards, each of which is subdivided into precincts. The liverymen collectively form the *Common Hall*. The *Common Council* consists of somewhat over two hundred members, elected by freemen-householders out of their own body, so many for each ward. It constitutes virtually the House of Commons of the City, and has a very influential voice in all

CARRIAGE OF JUSTICE, LORD MAYOR'S SHOW, LONDON, 1698.



LORD MAYOR'S DAY—THE PROCESSION ENTERING PALACE YARD.

corporation affairs. The *Aldermen* are elected for life, in all except a single instance one for each ward, and exercise both corporate and judicial functions. The Lord Mayor and the two sheriffs are elected for one year only. The Lord Mayor must necessarily have been, and be, at the time of election, an alderman. We need not go into any detail here concerning the duties of aldermen and sheriffs; suffice it to say that they are mostly of a magisterial character, dealing with offenses and offenders against the law.

Let us state a little more precisely the mode in which the Lord Mayor is selected for honor. On the 29th of September every year, Michaelmas or St. Michael's Day, the liverymen of the several Companies meet in Common Hall. The crier reads out a list of aldermen, omitting those who have not been sheriffs, and those who in some former year filled the office of Lord Mayor or have "passed the chair." Generally speaking, there are about eight or ten aldermen eligible. Usually the first two in seniority of aldermanship are selected; for it is seldom that a really contested election takes place. In case the decision is not unanimous by show of hands, a poll is demanded, and the result of the polling is announced seven days afterward. The two approved names are then officially announced by the Common Sergeant to the Court of Aldermen; and this court decides which of the two to select. Here again seniority is so much the rule that the citizens know pretty well beforehand who will be Lord Mayor for the ensuing year. For example, on Michaelmas Day last year, the liverymen in Common Hall selected the two senior aldermen who had not "passed the chair," and then the Court of Aldermen decided on the senior of these two, Alderman Sir Thomas White. On subsequent dates, ending with the eventful 9th of November, the new Lord Mayor takes certain oaths in presence of the outgoing Mayor and the aldermen, attends the Lord Chancellor to obtain the gracious approval of the Crown for the choice which the citizens have made, and attends in the Court of Exchequer to be sworn in by the barons of that court. To go to Westminster for this swearing-in is the real purport of what is known to all Londoners as the Lord Mayor's Show, a ceremonious formality still kept up, although its real meaning has departed. After the Norman Conquest, the chief municipal officers were persons appointed by the king to collect from the citizens whatever taxes he chose to impose; and even when the citizens obtained the right of electing those officers, the latter were still bound to render account to the king of moneys due to or claimed by him from the corporation. The Lord Mayor has still, centuries afterward, to satisfy the King's (or Queen's) Barons of the Exchequer that he is "a fit and proper man" to undertake this financial responsibility.

The Lord Mayor, though never before so hard-worked as he is now (a point we shall notice presently), was, in the turbulent days of the Plantagenets and the Roses, a much more daring public character. Again and again he confronted the sovereign for the time being, demanding and generally obtaining a restitution of civic privileges which had been imperiled. At one time he joined the feudal barons against the king, at another the king against the barons; according to the varying exigencies of troubled politics. Often the City Companies and he had a struggle as to which should exercise control over disobedient members of the several crafts. As the Lord Mayor's City of London was topographically situated between the king's Tower of London and the king's palace at Westminster, the civic dignitary had sometimes to be consulted before a state criminal could be conveyed to the Tower; and once now and then the citizens saw the Mayor himself escorted by armed men to that stronghold. All things considered, it may be stated that the Lord Mayor of London has for five centuries been an upholder of civil and religious liberty.

Is there any living man in the City of London who works harder than the Lord Mayor? We may almost venture to answer the question in the negative, after learning something of the daily routine. Not, of course, muscular labor, nor the plodding brain-work of the counting-house; but an almost unceasing train of duties in which his official good name is concerned.

First come the strictly corporate functions, distinct from those connected with the administration of justice. The Lord Mayor presides at the sittings of the Court of Aldermen, both in that court and in the Lord Mayor's court. He presides similarly over the Court of Common Council and the Common Hall, though with an occasional deputy or substitute. He is chief conservator of the Thames. He attends the Commission of Sewers, and various committees for municipal purposes. He is in repeated communication with the government on matters relating to the special rights and privileges of the City, which are greater than those of any other municipality in the kingdom. He has to sign affidavits to certain notarial documents, and to attend to a number of minor duties gradually learned after the showy pageant which inaugurates his year of office.

Next we have a list of his duties in a judicial and magisterial capacity—much more exacting of time and attention than the municipal functions just mentioned. He is a judge of the Central Criminal Court; a judge of the London Sessions held in Guildhall; a justice of the peace for Southwark; a judge of the Court of Hustings. He is escheater in

London and Southwark (an occasionally exercised function bearing relation to the fee-simple of estates). And he is a police magistrate at the Mansion-house; an office that occupies more of his time, perhaps, than any other one of his duties.

Even all this is far from exhausting the list. The Lord Mayor is expected to lead off the establishment of subscriptions for the relief of all kinds of extensive sufferings in all parts of the world—floods, earthquakes, shipwrecks, conflagrations, colliery disasters, famines, war-miseries, etc., and to be the custodian of "Mansion-house Funds" for such purposes. He is expected to preside at public meetings of the citizens in Guildhall. He is one among a select body of dignitaries who attend (as we have already mentioned) the first meeting of the Privy Council after the accession of a new sovereign. He is Chief Butler at the coronation (not a very arduous office, however, and amply remunerated in the form of a golden cup as a fee). He is a governor of Christ's Hospital, a governor of King's College, a trustee of St. Paul's School, and governor or trustee of a larger number of other public institutions than we can count. If an emperor, a czar a shah, or a sultan visits England, the Lord Mayor is expected to enact the part of host when the illustrious foreigner condescends (if it *is* a condescension) to enter within the City precincts.

It has been said that the excessive feastings going on in the City, as if eating were the chief employment of corporations and guilds, "have turned aside public attention, not only from the business capacities of the chief officers, but also from the real nature of the institutions themselves." And in relation to the almost continuous labors of the Lord Mayor, "we are not aware how the mere enumeration of such an overwhelming amount of business may affect the fancy of the sportive wits who amuse themselves at the expense of the office and the officer; but we do know that the latter need desire no better revenge than to be allowed to catch one of these said gentlemen, and place him in the civic chair for a single week."

The Lord Mayor's working day begins earlier than that of most merchants or city men. He has to read a vast number of letters on a great variety of subjects—soliciting office, asking for advice, appealing for his patronage of charities, begging him to open bazars and exhibitions, soliciting his services in laying the first stones of public buildings or unvailing public statues, etc. His secretary sifts all the letters first, to separate the chaff from the wheat; but still the replies to be sent are very numerous. Then, in the regular business of the day, he signs receipts for City dues, hears applications, grants warrants, etc. About noon he enters the justice-room, robed and headed by his mace-bearers; and there he is generally engaged three or four hours. At various hours on various days his Lordship attends to other duties which we have enumerated above; and altogether he is said to sign his name about a thousand times every week.

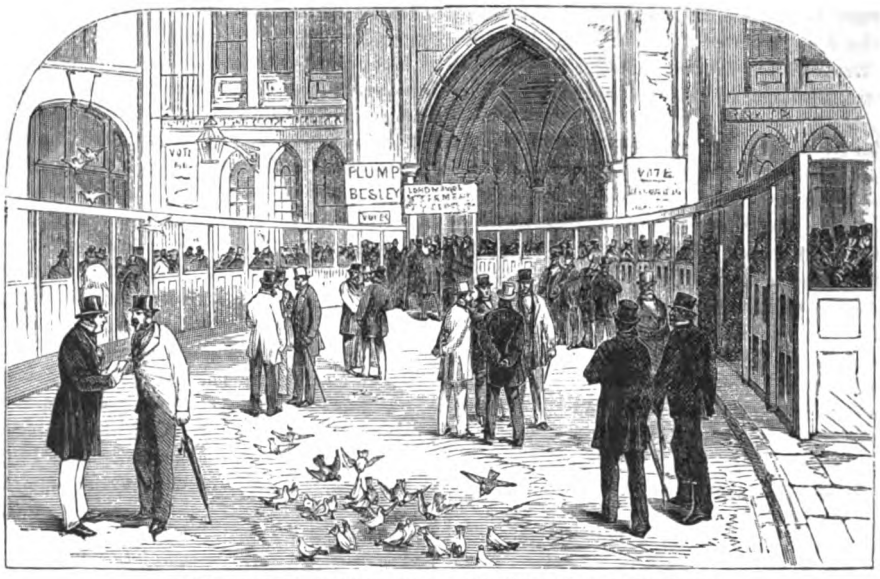
The Lord Mayor, in reward for these labors, has—if not

The divinity that doth hedge a king—

at least a certain leaven of regal dignity. He has his sword-bearer, his sergeant-at-arms, his sergeant-carver, his sergeants of the chamber, his esquires, his crier—altogether about twenty members of the household (shall we say "courtiers"?), who are entitled to be called "Esquire." He has a splendid retinue of domestics, and "maintains three tables daily" at the Mansion-house. The kitchen of that structure has the accessories for cooking the banquets given in the superb Egyptian Hall. The plate chamber, guarded day and night, contains gold and silver plate of great value; this belongs to the corporation, and is only lent to the Lord Mayor, who signs a bond recognizing his responsibility for its due preservation. The more rare and expensive banquets at Guildhall are given by the corporation collectively; but the more frequent hospitalities at the Mansion-house are at the option of the Lord Mayor. Option, however, is scarcely the word to employ; he is expected to keep almost "open house"; and if he does not, he leaves behind him a reputation for shabbiness. Wards, companies, cabinet ministers, judges, bishops, members of the liberal professions, all are invited in turn; and a Mansion-house dinner *is* a dinner, even in the estimation of gastronomic *dilletanti*. The Lady Mayoress, too, gives many balls and assemblies in the course of the year, at which the wives and daughters of wealthy citizens blaze in their jewels like court ladies at the west end. The Lord Mayor has robes for different occasions—black silk, violet silk, scarlet cloth, and crimson velvet. He has also swords for different ceremonials—the common sword, the Sunday sword, the black sword, and the pearl sword. His gorgeous mace, more than five feet high, was a present from royalty.

Of course, all this costs a great deal of money; and occasionally an alderman is said to shun the mayoralty on this ground. Although the regular salary is £10,000 a year, with something more in fees, the total outlay generally reaches £20,000 or £25,000—the surplus coming out of his Lordship's private purse. The expenses of Lord Mayor's Day (generally over £3,000) are borne half by his Lordship and half by the sheriffs; but the banquetings at the Mansion-house are paid for out of his purse. He provides the horses for the state coach, the sumptuous liveries, and the state carriage and horses for the Lady Mayoress.

THE LORD MAYOR'S PROCESSION, 1876—THE ELEPHANTS PASSING UNDER TEMPLE BAR.



ELECTION OF THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON ON MICHAELMAS DAY.

Of the pageants through the City of London, other than that which takes place when the great dignitary enters formally on his year of office, we do not propose to treat.

In accordance with the early royal stipulation, the new Mayor must be presented for approval to the king or his chief judge; and as the successive sovereigns have held their court and the judges sat at Westminster, a journey thither had to be annually made from the City of London. These journeys were called *ridings*, as most of the personages went on horseback; and splendid affairs they usually were, quite eclipsing the "show" with which we are now familiar. Sometimes a water procession was substituted for, or added to, a riding by land. The great City Companies hired barges for the occasion, and continued to do so until 1636, when the Grocers ordered "a fair and large barge for the use of this Company" to be built, with "a house and place for the safe keeping of said barge." The other chief Companies were not slow in following the example; and thus was gradually formed a splendid array of state barges, headed by one of extra magnificence for the great man himself.

Hall's *Chronicle* tells us that, on one Lord Mayor's Day in the early Tudor times, the water procession on the Thames was led off by a barge containing "a great dragon continually moving and casting wild-fire, and round about stood terrible monsters and wild men, casting fire and making hideous noises." Then came the Mayor's barge, garnished with many goodly banners and streamers, and richly covered; in which barge "were shalmes, shagbushes (shawms and sackbuts?), and divers other instruments, which continually made goodly harmony." Next came the gayly adorned barges of the Haberdashers, Mercers, Grocers, and other Companies, "some garnished with silk, and some with arras and rich carpets."

THE LORD MAYOR PRESENTING THE CITY SWORD TO THE QUEEN AT TEMPLE BAR.

The land pageant often introduced practical punning allusions to the surname of the Mayor, such as Wells, Webb, and Lemon. A special example of this was displayed in the year when Alderman Wells was Mayor; three wells running with wine were exhibited at the Conduit in Cheapside, tended by three maidens representing Mercy, Grace, and Pity, who gave wine to all comers; the wells were surrounded by trees laden with oranges, almonds, lemons, dates, etc., in allusion to the Mayor's trade as a grocer. (In the days when tea and coffee were unknown in England, the Grocers were merchants who dealt principally in foreign fruits and spices.)

In 1566, Sir William Draper's show, or pageant, was such as would strike a modern Londoner with wonderment. The procession was headed by six boys, "singing and pronouncing speeches"; forty-six bachelors in gowns trimmed with marten fur, and having crimson satin hoods; twenty-eight "whifflers," to clear the way; forty-eight men bearing wax torches an ell in length; an equal number armed with javelins; and two fancifully dressed semi-savage "woodmen," carrying clubs and letting off squibs to clear the way—after which came the main personages of the procession, on richly caparisoned horses. Men "appareled like devils, and wilde men with squibs," took part in one show in the time of Elizabeth. Standard-bearers, drummers, fifers, bedesmen, pikemen, trumpeters, waits, bachelors, whifflers—all are named among the gay processionists in that century. (Bachelors and Whifflers were two grades among the freemen of the several Companies.)

The city giants were set up in Guildhall at least as far back as the Tudor times; for in 1558 we read of "the two ymages of Gotmagog the Albione and Corineus, the Britaine, two

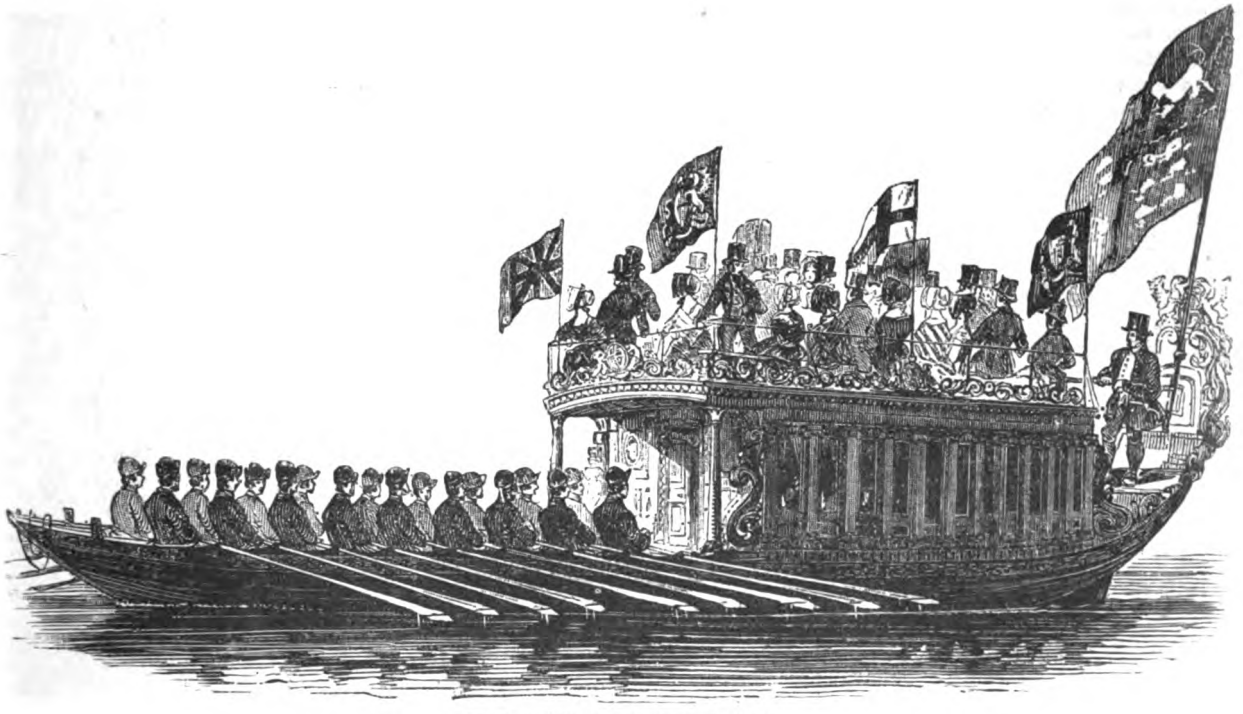
gyantes bigge in stature." The old Gog and Magog were destroyed by the Great Fire of 1666; and a new pair carved by Richard Saunders a few years afterward. On some occasions the grim monsters have been carried in the procession.

The citizens relished these shows too heartily to permit them to die out. At one time we hear of groups of children representing London, Magnanimity, Loyalty, the Soldier, the Sailor; at another, of four Nymphs, each of whom addressed the Mayor in a short speech; at another, of Astræa (supposed to represent Queen Elizabeth) attending with her flock at the Fountain of Truth, defying Superstition and Ignorance.

There were, in one year or another, sea-chariots on the Thames, with Neptune to address his Worshipful on his way to Westminster; islands drawn on wheels through the streets, with trees bearing fruit; Jason and Medea bearing the golden fleece in the ship *Argo;* the Chariot of Man's Life, with allegories of the successive periods of man's career; London and her twelve Daughters, representing the twelve great Companies; the Mayor, Neptune, and Thamesis, attended by eight "royal virtues"; a fishing-boat, with fishers drawing up their nets with real fish, and distributing them to the people; Mermen and Mermaids drawing an Angel of Victory; Bacchus rowed in a galleon by Bacchanals; Satyrs carousing in an Arbor of Delight; a King of the Moors attended by six tributary kings—in short, there was an amount of figurative, emblematical, symbolic imagery which our prosaic age can barely comprehend.

The usual arrangement adopted was for each Company to provide the pageant on the mayoralty of one of its members, and to adopt allegorical tableaux associated with its trade. The Grocers were greatly distinguished in this matter; on one occasion they had an Island of Spices, with two mounted orientals distributing sugar, dates, nutmegs, and ginger to the populace.

Royal personages not unfrequently witnessed the civic displays. In six consecutive years Charles II. was provided with a cushioned and curtained balcony in Cheapside, and afterward dined with the Lord Mayor in Guildhall. Hogarth's picture of the Lord Mayor's Show, painted about the middle of the last century, depicts the Prince and Princess of Wales seated beneath a canopy at the end of Paternoster Row. The picture in other respects conveys an excellent idea of the show and its incidents—the genteel spectators accommodated on raised and inclosed seats; the general public in the roadway; the raised stands of the Companies along Cheapside; the windows and house-tops filled with gazers; the bedizened coach with its footmen; the liverymen clustered in their several guilds; the City militia, the men in armor, and the flaunting flags and banners. The allegorical pageantry had pretty well worn itself out by the time of Queen Anne; but it was revived for a special occasion in 1761, when George III. and Queen Charlotte dined with the corporation on the first Lord Mayor's Day after the royal marriage and coronation. The Armorers, Braziers, Skinners, and Fishmongers came out in great force on this auspicious day with symbolical archers, men in armor, fur-dressed Indians, dolphins, mermaids, and sea-horses.



STATE BARGE OF THE LORD MAYOR.

The Lord Mayor always rode on horseback in the procession until 1712, Sir Gilbert Heathcoat's year of mayoralty. The equestrianism has since been occasionally exhibited, but not on Lord Mayor's Day. Alderman Sir Claudius Hunter was rather proud of his horsemanship, and liked to ride about the City on a white steed. Hence arose an epigram:

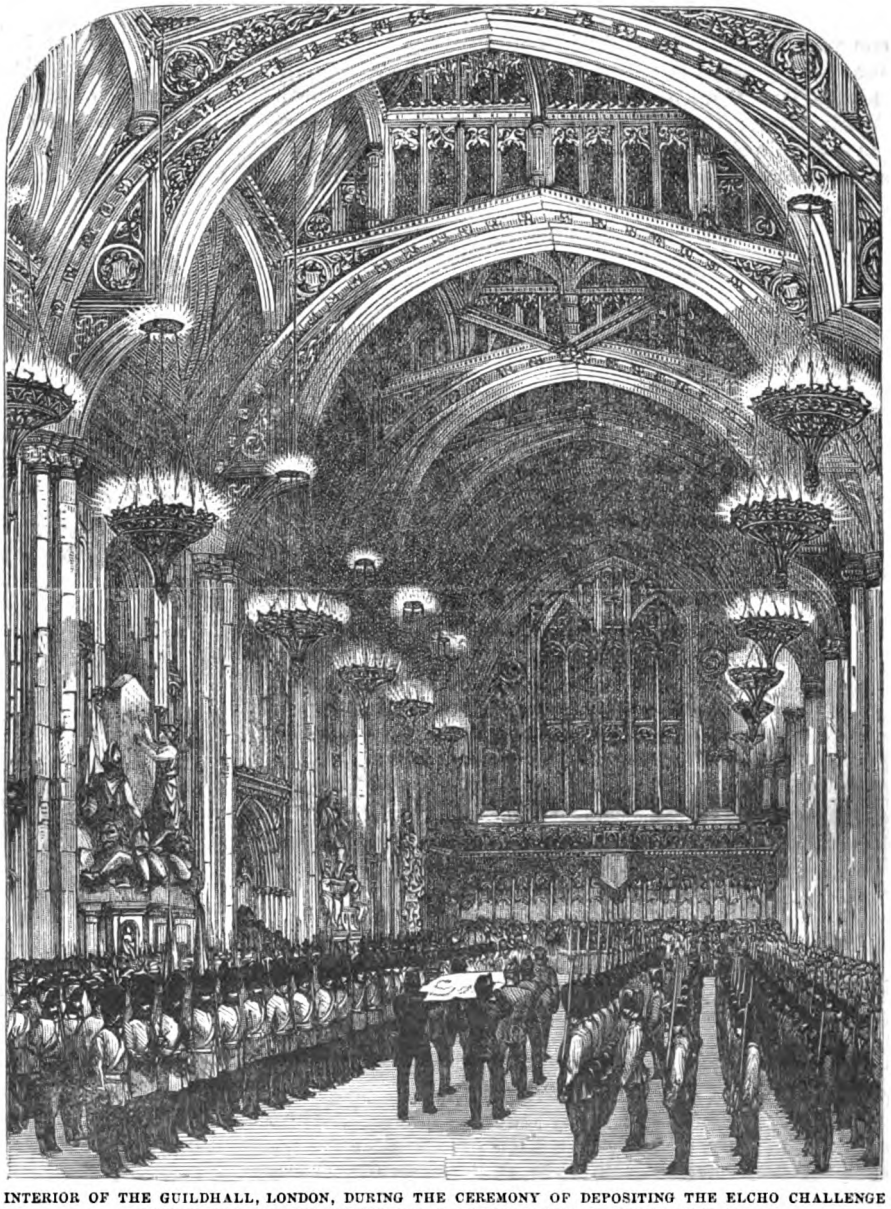
"An emperor of Rome, who was famous of whim,
A Consul his horse did declare;
The City of London, to imitate him,
Of a Hunter has made a Lord Mayor."

On Thanksgiving Day, 1872, the Lord Mayor and nineteen other civic dignitaries appeared in equestrian array to receive the royal party at Temple Bar—not, it is said, without some indications of "unstable equilibrium."

The Lord Mayor's first official coach was a modest affair. The present enormous, heavy, gorgeous vehicle has done

duty for nearly a hundred and twenty years, and is certainly the most unique object in the show; its panels were painted by Cipriani, and its total cost exceeded a thousand guineas. With very few exceptions, indeed, the state coach on this eventful day has been honored with the presence of the Lord Mayor, decked with his insignia of office, his two chaplains, his sword-bearer, carrying the pearl sword presented to the City by Queen Elizabeth, and his mace-bearer, carrying the gold mace presented by Charles II.

Modern attempts to revive the old allegorical pageants have not had much success. In 1811, Alderman Sir Claudius Hunter, as Lord Mayor, borrowed two beautiful suits of armor, one brass and the other steel, for which Mr. Elliston had paid five hundred pounds, and which were to be used in a grand spectacle at the Surrey Theatre; and John Kemble undertook to provide nodding plumes for the neighing steeds. The steeds were probably borrowed from the theatre, or were trumpeters' chargers from the Horse guards. In 1822 there were three knights in armor, attended by three esquires in half-armor, heralds, and banner-bearers. The year 1825 presented the diversity of one knight in copper armor, one in brass chain-mail, one in brass scale-armor, and two in steel and brass armor. In 1837, when Alderman Cowan was Lord Mayor, two colossal figures walked as Gog and Magog; they were fourteen feet high, and a man walked inside each. In 1841, Alderman Pirie's year of mayoralty, a ship fully rigged, and manned with boys from the Royal Naval School, formed a conspicuous object in the procession. In 1853, Alderman Sidney's year, Astley's Amphitheatre was appealed to for the furnishing of a Chariot of Justice, drawn by six horses; mounted standard-bearers of all nations · gold-diggers figuratively engaged in washing quartz (the Australian gold-fever had just set in); implements of industry in emblematical array; and a car with a throne, a terrestrial globe, and two fair women (from Astley's) personating Peace and Prosperity. In 1865, Alderman Phillips's year, armor was used in the procession; and a singular mixture of the modern with the mediæval was presented in one item of the day's expenses: "Messrs. Pickford, for cartage of armor, forty pounds." Six men in glittering armor, with lances and pennons, figured in the pageant of 1875; but somehow the modern uniforms of a dozen or so of military bands, and other modern elements in the procession, clashed with this bit of chivalric revivalism. It may even be surmised that those young wags, the boys of London, irreverently quizzed the gallant knights, and hinted at the possibility of some of them tumbling off their chargers.



INTERIOR OF THE GUILDHALL, LONDON, DURING THE CEREMONY OF DEPOSITING THE ELCHO CHALLENGE SHIELD, THE EMBLEM OF THE RIFLE CHAMPIONSHIP OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Lord Mayor's day is a severe one for his Lordship. If he eats whenever viands are set before him, his digestion must be somewhat severely taxed; but he bears in mind that he will have to propose many toasts in the evening, in the presence of a great many distinguished guests. Whatever quiet family breakfast he partakes of, he joins many of the corporate officers in another breakfast in one of the council-rooms. Some little time afterward a substantial luncheon is served, at which the new Lord Mayor makes his first appearance in his official robes with his array of officers around him. Meanwhile, the procession is being organized out of doors; workmen as thick as bees are finishing the carpentry, upholstery, and decorations within and without Guildhall, and always belie the predictions of lookers-on that the work cannot possibly be finished by the evening. A Guildhall banquet to a specially great personage—Queen Victoria in

TWO WOMEN.—"INTENT ON OTHER THINGS, KITTY HAD NOT SEEN, WAS NOT AWARE OF, ONE OF THOSE INCOMPREHENSIBLE STAIRWAYS WHEREIN OLD CASTLES REJOICE. THE POOR GIRL LAY INSENSIBLE AT THE BOTTOM."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

1837, the Emperor and Empress of the French in 1855, the Sultan of Turkey in 1867, the Shah of Persia in 1873, the Czar of Russia in 1874, for example—is additionally gorgeous; but the annual display on the 9th of November is admitted on all hands to be a splendid affair.

Of the procession as now usually conducted, we need say little; the newspapers tell their readers all about it on the following morning. The Lord Mayor generally manages that the procession shall traverse some parts of the ward of which he is alderman, or pass in front of the hall of the Company to which he belongs, or in front of his own shop or warehouse: one or the other of these feats is usually accomplished; but the achievement is not an easy one, owing to the narrowness of all except a few streets in the City of London. The most lumbering thing in the procession is the big, over-adorned coach, which is said to cost a considerable sum for repairs every time of using. Some years ago a Lord Mayor set aside this vehicle and rode in another; but this disregard of tradition was too much; the citizen sight-seers were dissatisfied, and the gilded coach made its reappearance next year. By far the most elegant part of the whole affair is the *cortége* of the two sheriffs; nothing in Europe can excel the carriages, horses, trappings, and liveries in real excellence. The corporate officers mostly ride in their own carriages, as do the chief members of the great Companies. The military bands, the flag and banner bearers, the brave knights in armor (if any) are paid for their services; and bell-ringers are paid for ringing out joyous peals from about a dozen church-steeples.

It is not every day that an elephant can be seen in the streets of London, and it is therefore little to be wondered at that the announcement that no fewer than thirteen of these interesting pachyderms would take part in the Lord Mayor's procession of 1876 should have tended to increase the crowd of sight-seers. Some harbingers of evil had prophesied that the innovation would lead to some dreadful catastrophe (perhaps a few hundred people trampled to death), but the animals behaved themselves in the most exemplary manner; seeming indifferent alike to the "blare of bannered trumpets" and to the shouts of the people, and kept up a constant waving of their trunks from side to side, as if in salutation (or possibly in search of refreshments). They were all gorgeously caparisoned, and the larger carried howdahs, the occupants of which were "got up" with blackened faces and white linen garments, in imitation of "Indian Princes." The elephants were guided by "mahouts" disguised in a similar manner. It was a bitterly cold day, when the very sight of such a costume was enough to make one's teeth chatter, and we doubt not that the illustrious strangers were glad enough when the "show" was over, and they were once more free to depart to the South (of London) from whence they came. The route taken by the procession was longer than usual, comprising the full circuit of the city, owing to the inclusion within the course of Portsoken Ward, of which the new Lord Mayor is alderman.

Where all the component elements of the procession stow themselves, during the introductions and ceremonial in Westminster Hall, is a mystery which only the metropolitan police can solve; but all being ready for the return to Guildhall, the procession is re-marshalled. And now it is that the Queen of the City first makes her public appearance. The Lady Mayoress joins the procession on its return; her elegant dress-carriage, her maids of honor, and her flashing diamonds give a grace to the display which it before wanted. The drums beat and the trumpets blare; the banners again display their gold and silver on colored silk, and some of her Majesty's cavalry help to make up the scene. It is generally dusk, in murky November, when the procession reaches Guildhall; and everybody is pretty well tired.

But the evening is an important one; and the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress must be ready to receive their distinguished guests. The Cabinet Ministers are invited and attend in court dresses; as do ambassadors in the state dress of their own court; military and naval officers are in full uniform; judges in their scarlet gowns, flowing wigs, and square black caps; prelates in more sober garb; and certain gentlemen in dress-suits of black velvet. Grace being said, all sit down; and we may reasonably suppose that nearly a thousand persons cause the disappearance of a formidable quantity of savory viands.

The bill of fare does not differ much from year to year. Let us look at one of them: 250 tureens of real turtle, 6 dishes of fish, 80 roast turkeys, 60 roast pullets, 60 dishes of fowls, 40 of capons, 80 pheasants, 24 geese, 40 dishes of partridges, 15 dishes of wild-fowl, 2 barons of beef, 3 rounds of beef, 2 stewed rumps of beef, 12 sirloins and ribs of beef, 2 quarters of lamb, 30 *entrées*, 50 French pies, 60 pigeon pies, 53 ornamented hams, 43 tongues, 60 dishes of potatoes, 6 of asparagus, 50 dishes of shell-fish, 60 dishes of mince-pies, 50 blancmanges, 40 dishes of creamed tarts, 400 jellies and ice-creams, 100 pine-apples, 120 dishes of cakes, 200 dishes of hothouse grapes, 350 dishes of other fruits—besides wines in liberal variety.

An inequality in some of these items is due to the fact that, on the dais, where the great personages are seated, the dinner is hot, served with great completeness; whereas the tables in the body of the hall, for the less distinguished guests, are mostly laden with cold viands—except the all-important turtle, which is hot.

It is during dessert that the healths are drunk and the speeches delivered. This is not the least remarkable feature of the proceedings; for the Lord Mayor, whatever may be the political party (if any) to which he himself belongs, invariably invites Her Majesty's Ministers, and pays them handsome compliments on proposing their healths. The Prime Minister for the time being is nearly always present; and sometimes he avails himself of this opportunity (just midway between the past and the forthcoming sessions of Parliament) to give an exposition of government policy. If the several speakers have the gift of humor, so much the better; their speeches accord with the wine and dessert. Never does a distinguished guest (sometimes a royal prince) neglect to propose the health of the Lady Mayoress.

Does the Lord Mayor get up with a headache on the 10th of November, after the luxuries and excitements of the preceding day? He had better not; for the duties of his office press upon him from the outset—commencing, it may be, with the hearing of police cases arising out of the street sight-seeing of the previous day. How the Lord Mayor attends to his own business as a manufacturer, merchant, or shopkeeper, during his year of office, the public are not told; in all probability, other partners in the firm take the burden off his shoulders. Few of them wish for a second year of office, even if the citizens were willing to confer it; for the honor is costly as well as laborious. Should, however, any special royal reception take place during the year, the Lord Mayor has a fair chance of knighthood; and then he is "Sir" for the rest of his life. Should the occasion be *very* special, he is made a baronet, with succession to his descendants—much to the gratification of "My Lady," of course. When the Lord Mayor is made a baronet, the sheriffs are generally knighted. Thus it has arisen that among the present aldermen of the City of London who have "passed the chair," four are baronets and seven knights.

As London in its widest acceptation is the largest and wealthiest metropolis in the world, so is London in its city limits of about one square mile, the most remarkable of all for its corporate privileges, trade guilds, and civic splendor.

TWO WOMEN.

HERE she sat in the soft Summer dusk of Mrs. Hartley's east veranda, a city belle, surrounded by all those pink-cheeked Yarrow girls.

"Perfectly splendid! Magnificent!"

This gushing little chirp of enthusiasm came from Kitty Vance. Kitty meant to be generous. "Women never admire each other," she had heard men remark often enough. She would be magnanimous, therefore. The tall young man beside her should bear witness to feminine appreciativeness in its spontaneity.

The tall young man at Kitty's side was, of course, Eugene Talmadge. He was commonly at her side of late, and he answered:

"Certainly. Very charming indeed!"

But this response, though a sufficiently fervid one, was made by Eugene standing with his back to the stranger, his eyes fixed steadily upon a soft, brown curl, which was fluttering over a certain pair of plump shoulders close beside him.

"Stupid!" pouted Kitty. How red her lower lip was, just then. "I mean Reg Napier."

"Reg Napier! Oh, my prophetic soul, I'm madly jealous! And, pray, who is he?"

"*He!* He is Mrs. Hartley's niece, fresh from New York by way of Long Branch. Just look there, will you!"

"I detest city importations," quoth Eugene.

But he, nothing loath, allowed himself to be turned about like a gigantic man-of-war by the helm of Kitty's dimpled forefinger, until he stood with his back to the house and his eyes toward the shrubbery and the picture which was projected upon the background of Norway spruce.

A slender woman in black, sweeping draperies, reclining indolently in a great chair, and her white fingers shredding the scarlet petals of a vivid salvia.

"I suppose she has flung that thin thing over her head for the effect of it."

"'That thin thing,' you benighted pagan! It is the finest of thread-lace. It's like was never in Yarrow before."

"Sorry for Yarrow," sighed the blonde giant.

"And it's cool," went on Kitty, oblivious of the interruption. "Miss Napier has thrown it over her shoulders for warmth, no doubt."

Eugene looked incredulous, and muttered something about a "blanket shawl." Then Kitty pointed out to him the perfections of the elegant stranger, the shining bands of hair, over which the black-lace overskirt had been flung with so careless a grace, the oval of the lustrous face, and the poise of the shapely shoulders.

"She has the style of an empress," said the young girl, at last.

"Very likely," answered her companion, with a raising of his eyebrows which meant antagonism. "I dare say you're right. But, somehow, the style of a pretty little woman is more to my taste."

"How silly you are!" said Kitty, blushing.

Then Eugene turned away. Another breathing-space, and his back would have been toward Miss Napier. But, just then—had she heard his last remark, I wonder?—just then she lifted a pair of large, dark eyes, and fixed them upon the young man two yards away.

"By Jove, what eyes!"

It was not Eugene Talmadge who had spoken, but some one near him. Kitty looked up at her handsome lover, and saw him standing as still as if he had been struck; but the red blood had flashed up to cheek and brow in a way Kitty had never seen in that well-studied face before. She did not wonder. She would, at that instant, have wondered at no effect conceivable from the steady glance of those dark, bright eyes.

"Mr. Talmadge."

"It was the voice of Mrs. Hartley, their hostess, which, near at hand, startled both Eugene and Kitty to the consciousness of their sudden silence.

"You know you are my main reliance," she added.

"Your servant, madam."

"Here, then, is a solitary stranger to be entertained. My niece, Miss Napier, requests an introduction to you."

Mrs. Hartley emphasized the word "requests." She had come that moment from a whispered confidence with her niece. Kitty comprehended all. So did Eugene, and was flattered by it. He would have been more or less than man, else.

"Miss Napier, Mr. Talmadge."

The words were spoken. The twain were, according to the Yarrow vernacular, "made acquainted." The gentleman bowed, a little stiffly, if I must tell the truth. The lady bent with flexile grace, till the top of her head was presented to him, and her garments trailed far away upon the floor.

"I suppose that's the way they bow in New York."

Kitty addressed herself thus in confidence, as she stood behind stout Mrs. Wilkes, and viewed the presentation. It was not jealousy or vulgar curiosity in her, you know. It was merely studying the manners and style of a representative of a sphere concerning which Kitty knew absolutely nothing.

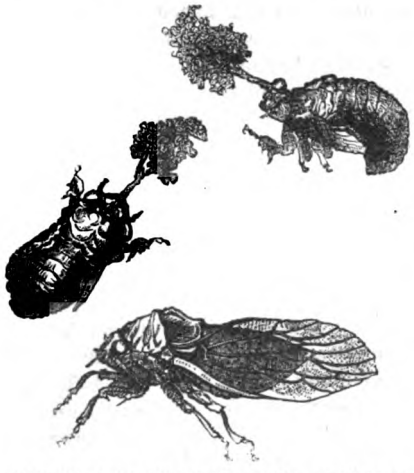
"What keeps her lace handkerchief from falling," the little country girl marveled further. "Oh, I see! She has a ring, and a chain fastened to her own diamond ring."

Thereupon Kitty set down a handkerchief-ring as a thing greatly to be desired. And I fear me much that she did look with eyes of covetousness upon Miss Napier's three-buttoned gloves, through a slit in which the diamond shone. For the other details of the city toilet, also, our little friend had a glance, and, although neither you nor I care for a synopsis of them here, I do assure you those wide blue eyes lost none of them. Why not? If a lady from Saturn were to step over the rings of that planet, and call on you to-morrow, would you not be prepared with the list of her adornments directly on her departure?

Eugene Talmadge having been brought to entertain Miss Napier, did his duty right valiantly. He was a stalwart youth, straight-limbed, broad-shouldered, with hair and beard like sun-hued silk floss.

Miss Napier talked very little. It was not her way to talk much. But she had a very attractive smile. And in spite of her languor and silent grace, there was that in her eyes, that appreciation in her whole manner, which sent a man away feeling that he had been very agreeable indeed.

Our friend Eugene was a modest enough man, as men go; but I have private reasons for thinking that, as he stood there in the deepening dusk, chatting with this lustrous stranger, he felt himself a very well-looking and a very fascinating youth. And when it became his duty to lead Miss Napier away to the piano, I grieve to say he had become so far absorbed in the missionary work of ministering to her, that he trod on Kitty Vance's white dress, and tore it from the belt without so much as seeing her. Kitty ran away to the dressing-room to mend her torn plumage. When she came down again, the parlors were lighted. She stood in the shadow of the hall, and watched them a while. Miss Napier was singing a duet with Eugene. Kitty sang herself, but not like that. To be sure, the people who sat Sundays



THE CHICARRA, OR ANIMAL PLANT, OF MEXICO. SEE PAGE 295.

in the Yarrow church called hers fine singing; but they were not wont to hang about her in the rapt way which caused old Judge Peters to pause now, with his snuff-box midway betwixt his pocket and his poised thumb and forefinger. And the judge was such a musical critic.

Kitty entered the parlors for a short five minutes after the singing was over. She thought the minutes were hours, and, according to her computation, it being quite time to go home, she went.

"Dear, dear, I'm so angry with myself!" This Kitty confided to her softest sympathizer, the pillow of her white bed. The moon was shining full into the room. Across orchard and lawn came the sound of music, and, by lifting her head, she could see the dancers' forms flitting to and fro in Mrs. Hartley's parlors. "Just to think I should have been such a little goose. I was frightened to death when they introduced me to her. I'm afraid I actually said 'Yes'm' to her. Now I think of it, I know I did. Such a fool as I am! She was so cool and easy and elegant. And I'm just as good as she is. Every inch as good," repeated the poor child, with a sob of assurance.

Yes, Kitty, dear, indeed you are! Neither in mental, physical, nor any womanly gifts, is this haughty stranger one whit above you. But—and with us women that is a dreadful *but*—she has seen the world, and you have not. She is possessed of the habit of society, which you are not. And therefore is it that she has the power to set your little pulse in a flutter, and your honest little tongue in a stammer of agonized confusion.

Regina Napier was of that type of womankind not uncommon in life, to whom men bring the most passionate adulation; women, intense dislike, or indifference. The indifference of the latter she returned; the worship of the former she accepted. Wealth, beauty, and grace insured her a train of adorers wherever she moved; and, although too politic to proclaim her victories, she still exulted in secret over them, and went on conquering and to conquer.

Thus it was that the atmosphere of flirtation had become a kind of necessity to her, and, failing the millionaire of New York, the lion of Long Branch, the queen was fain to amuse herself with the handsome young lawyer of Yarrow.

It was broad daylight when Kitty awoke. She had sobbed herself to sleep, and the night had gone. It was a peculiarity of hers, that joy and pleasure had power to excite and keep her awake a whole night; while trouble induced, first of all, a dull drowsiness, which sent her into a heavy slumber.

"I wonder if Eugene looked for me? I wonder if he came for me here?" But even as the wonder left her lips the sound of gay voices came floating across the sweet morning air.

Kitty stepped to the window, and stood there as white as her wrapper.

Down the green lane, under the old elm, passed Eugene and Miss Napier. The former was laden with cushions and wraps, while the lady, in bewitching morning toilet, followed him to the boat-house.

Kitty watched every motion. She saw the cushions arranged, the lunch-basket put in. Miss Napier's gay laugh came up over the dewy orchard, as she was handed to her seat. And then the two went floating away down the river. It was a hard thing for a young girl to see. True, Eugene was not her betrothed, in the most rigid sense. Yarrow society demanded no formal "announcement" of engagement. But none the less it had been an understood thing for months that Kitty Vance should be the bride of the young lawyer, so soon as his business allowed him to take a wife.

Can you imagine the shadow that seemed to have fallen across the sun, as Kitty turned back to her little white room? Young girls' hearts can hold a world of trouble sometimes. God pity them!

"Good-morning, child," said her mother, down-stairs. "I'm glad you are up. Here's the house full of work. A letter from your Aunt Harrison—she's coming on the afternoon stage, and here's the silver to be cleaned, and the raisins to be stoned."

Devoutly thankful was Kitty for the preoccupation which prevented her mother's queries in regard to last night's party. She polished the two dozen spoons and the twelve forks, and thought the day would never come to an end.

The afternoon stage from X—— brought Mrs. Harrison. There was an early tea, and Kitty soon pleaded headache, and went to her room. Sitting at her open window, in the moonlight, she saw the boat come back up the river, heard its keel grate on the soft sand, and heard, too, the low voices, as Eugene Talmadge stood beside Miss Napier for half an hour on the river-bank. Then the two walked slowly up the lane, and the silence of the Summer night fell on the village.

"Now, Anna," said Mrs. Harrison, as the two sisters sat together in the moonlit parlor, "do you know what I've come for?"

"To see me, I s'pose," answered Mrs. Vance, with her brusque, country manner.

"Not at all, my dear! I've come to carry away Kitty! Don't speak just yet. I know just what you would say. But I wish to tell you you've no right to keep her mured up here in this little place."

"Katherine does very well as she is. We'd better let well enough alone."

"Tut, tut. I tell you the girl is a well-educated girl, a good girl, and a pretty girl. But she needs what she'll never get here, and what, thank fortune, I'm able to give her. Let me have her for two years. Then you may do what you please with her."

GRAND MEDICINE AMONG THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.—SEE PAGE 295.

Before the clock struck nine, it had all been settled. Mrs. Vance was to shut up her cottage in Yarrow, and take charge of her sister's house in Philadelphia, while the latter, in company with Kitty, traveled in this country as well as in Europe.

And so it was that, when Eugene returned a week later from attending court at X——, he found the cottage closed and the inmates gone. Two weeks earlier the young man's feeling at so unexpected an event would have been one of overwhelming surprise and trouble. But now, such had been the intoxicating effect of Regina, I think it was with a sensation chiefly of relief that Eugene turned away from the fastened door of the deserted house.

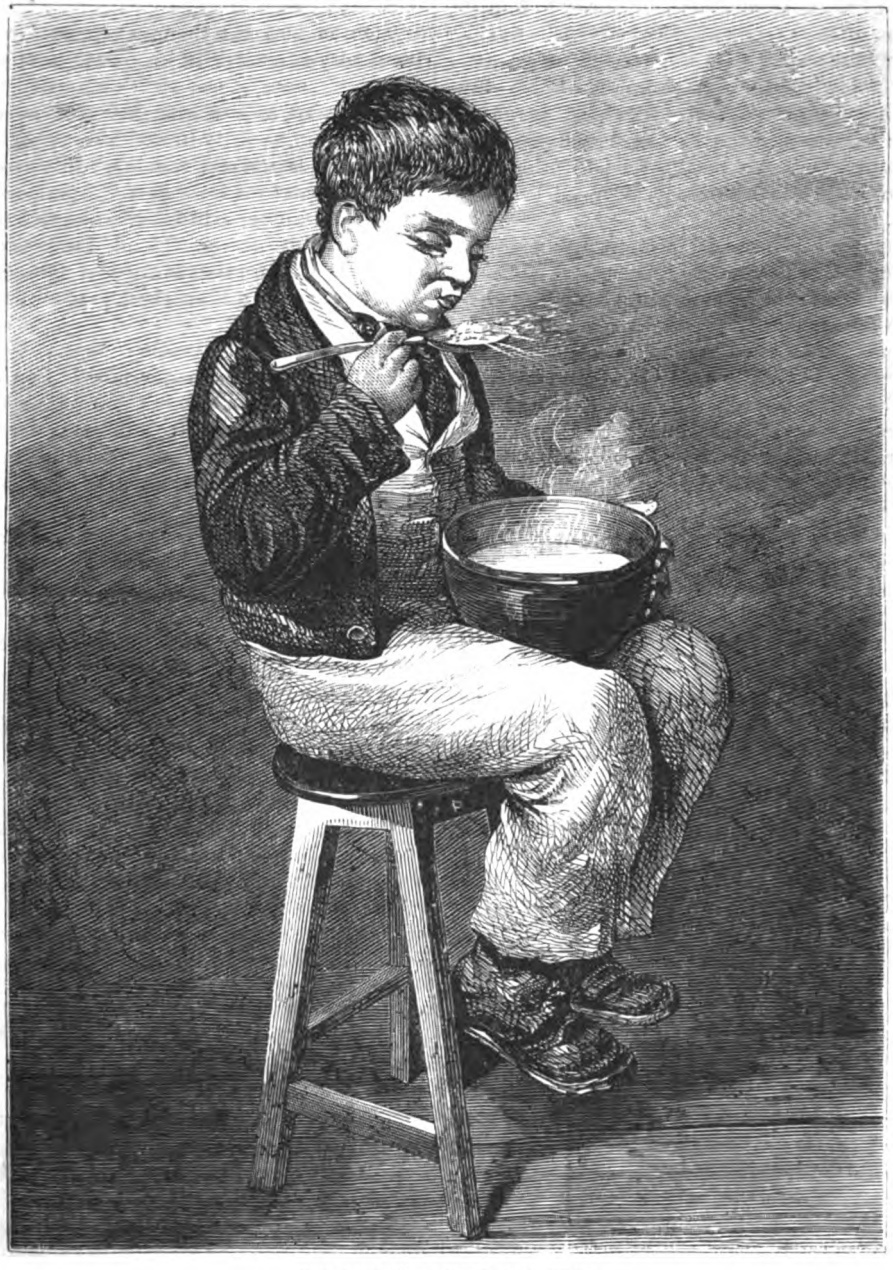
It was a month later, and the end of a warm September day, that Miss Napier stood, in a sable riding-habit, upon Mrs. Hartley's east verandah. Her delicate whip was in her hand, and a vivid scarlet cardinal-flower in her hair. Below her, one step, stood Eugene. His face wore an excited look—flush and pallor rapidly chasing one another over his features as he tried to put in words what, for the last week, had been burning into his heart. It came at last—a torrent of swift, passionate utterances. But first, last, and all, it was the same story, old as the world, as deep as the soul of man. It was: "Dear heart, I love you!"

Ah! but to see that rapt face upturned in eager waiting—every movement of eye, of lip, of breath suspended through the night's silence, waiting on that woman's speech. And it came. Ah, but to see that, also—the feigned surprise, the haughty scorn of that proud, white face, the well-bred quiet of the brief reply.

"Indeed, Mr. Talmadge must have forgotten himself. He could not have supposed such a thing possible. In fact, he must allow her to say she had believed him more discerning than to mistake a little amusement for a serious thing."

A little amusement! And thus she had made a plaything of his heart. And thus she flung it back to him, and swept across the veranda, and vanished, in her soft grace, up the dark stairs.

Eugene turned upon his heel and went down the walk.



"TOO HOT!"—BY WILLIAM HUNT.

An early laborer the next morning met in the wood a bare-headed man striding up and down, with garments rent, and disheveled hair. All night long, under the serene moon and the pitiless stars, he had paced to and fro. Even his worst foe could have wished him no sorer trouble than the breaking up of that brief dream of beauty and passion. I think Kitty Vance, despite her own wound, could have found it in her heart to pity him. I think she would have asked, What, after all, had it been? The syren's strain had power to unman even the sage Ulysses himself; and such beauty as Regina Napier's can rob Truth itself of her truth.

Lovely, indeed, had been that dream on mountain and river, through those long Summer days. For the young man, during that brief period, all life had shone transfigured in love's purple light—"the light which never was on land or sea."

But there came a time—and that all too soon—when he stood apart, and looked back upon this dream almost as upon a period of delirium. The fateful glamour had been torn away—how rudely, how cruelly, the reader knows—torn away for ever; while a sadder and a wiser man walked

alone in the old, familiar ways. They were ways haunted by a gentle and womanly presence, but it was not the haunting presence of the haughty Regina Napier.

"Does it satisfy you, dear? Is it as lovely as you anticipated?"

"It is wonderful. It is like gazing away into another world."

But the speaker, a young girl, sighed as she answered.

It was a delicious Autumn afternoon, and the two were seated upon one of those stone seats well-known to tourists, fronting a window of the ancient Castle of Chillon. At their feet rippled the blue waters of Lake Geneva, while away upon the horizon towered the mountain-wall of the snow-covered Alps. There they stood, their white heads in heaven, their feet in the sea, wrapped about and transfigured by a vail of hazy beauty, while above them floated the fleecy clouds, and below them the little boats dropped anchor in the shadowy sea.

Looking out upon all this, and taking it in with wide blue eyes—eyes as deep and as blue as the European sky bending over her—sat the young girl. There was a soft grace about her, a refinement of manner and expression about figure and face, which it would be useless for me to try to describe. It was that undefinable, but quite tangible, charm which we call "a well-bred look"—that charm which is potent even when separate from beauty. United with comeliness, as in this case, it is irresistible.

"*La belle Americaine*," whispered one of a group of young men at a distance.

They were carelessly dressed, wore long hair, broad-brimmed hats, and their portfolios proclaimed them artists.

The last speaker had hastily gotten out his sketch-book, and with a few bold strokes had drawn the young girl as she sat. His success was perfect. His comrades were congratulating him as they looked over his shoulder. There was the look of pensive thought in the sweet face; there were the eyes gazing away beyond the blue mountain wall, as if, indeed, seeing into another world; there was the attitude, a trifle weary, but so inexpressibly graceful. All this the appreciative youths were noting, when the young lady suddenly rose, turned to the elder, and said, between a sigh and a smile:

"Just to think, auntie, that it is the same Lake Lemanus which I read about in my 'Cæsar' in the old academy at Yarrow."

The smile failed entirely here. It *was* a sigh, after all.

"Ah, well, Kitty!"

It was Kitty, to be sure. You recognized her, did you not, in spite of the thousands of miles—in spite of the two years gone by, and the increased beauty which these two years have brought in their train?

It was Kitty Vance, certainly, and the little old lady with the silver curls, and the merry twinkle in her eyes, was aunt Harrison. This vivacious person continued:

"I know precious little about 'Cæsar,' but I know we must betake ourselves to this Lake Lemanus very soon, if we're to be in time for tea."

Aunt Harrison was busy strapping her shawl-parcel, and looked up presently to see her niece taking two steps backward, as she gazed out on the mountains.

"Be careful, my dear child. Oh!"

It was too late. Intent on other things, Kitty had not seen—was not aware till she fell backward down them—of one of those incomprehensible stairways wherein old castles rejoice. It was not far, but it was a violent fall, and the poor girl lay insensible at the bottom.

"Oh, messieurs! Seel-vous—play. If you would be so kind. I am an American," etc., *ad libitum*.

Aunt Harrison flung herself wildly into a torrent of broken French and ejaculatory English.

The artists understood the need, though not the language, and in a moment Kitty lay, limp and white, upon the stone seat, her head on her aunt's shoulder. Two ran for water, six took off their hats and fanned incessantly, and all jabbered like ten towers of Babel—when up the stairs, three steps at once, sprang a blonde giant, and strode straight to Mrs. Harrison.

"Perhaps I can assist you, ma'am?" he said, in Massachusetts English.

"Oh, thank you a thousand times!" cried the lady. And it was with difficulty that she restrained herself from embracing the stranger on the spot, such a delight was it to meet a fellow-patriot, and to hear her mother-tongue thus in her extremity.

The artists noticed, the lady did not, how this yellow-bearded Samaritan bent over the pale girl—with what tenderness he unfastened the little hat, and put back the brown hair. All noted the quick look of recognition in the languid eyes on their first opening, and a soft-hearted German was observed to turn aside and wipe a tear as the recovered girl whispered:

"Eugene!—why, Eugene!"

"Darling, are you better now? Can I carry you to the carriage?"

There was no alternative. The sprained ankle was powerless. Therefore Mrs. Harrison followed in speechless amazement, while the tall fellow, with Kitty's hands about his neck, walked away.

And thus they met, three thousand miles away from the New England home, under the shadow of the glorious Swiss Alps. And thus they went away together along the shore of that sequestered lake.

"And so she forgave him?" I hear the question.

And—woe is me—the answer:

"Of course she did. Women are such fools."

"But, pray, would you not have had her do it, sir? And, pray, would you not have forgiven him yourself, my dear?"

"Had I not been searching for you over land and sea for three months?" he asked.

"You did well to come, sir," quoth Mrs. Harrison. "Indeed, you little know how near you came to losing her. There was that old Crœsus, who persecuted the poor child from London to Paris, and from Paris to Rome; and it was only after the eighth rejection that Kitty found how narrowly she'd escaped being stepmother to Regina Napier."

Eugene's brow darkened a little here. Kitty is not present; but in their long talk last evening, she had shrived the penitent, and put forever from memory the name that had once been so cruel a sound in her ear.

"I did not advise that," the old lady went on; "especially after I knew that the daughter was unmarried, and at home. But there was the little English banker, who nearly went wild over Kitty; and there, again, was the poor Spanish young man—I actually pitied him. I did plead for him, too; but, dear me, I might as well have talked to Plymouth Rock."

With this patriotic simile, Mrs. Harrison runs away to join her niece.

They were married at the American Embassy, at Paris.

It was two years since all this happened. Mr. Talmadge is in Congress now, sent from our district. I notice the name of the "lovely Mrs. T—lm—dge" frequently upon the records, which Jenkins vouchsafes to the earth, of Washinging belles.

"Kitty," asked her husband, one morning at breakfast, "who was that sallow, thin-faced person who was talking with you at Mrs. L——'s, last evening?"

"That! Why, Eugene, that was Regina Napier."

"Good heavens! Is it possible?"

"Yes. She is in wretched health, and looks so unhappy. I pitied her from the bottom of my heart."

And thus they vanish from our sight, these two. The gentle wife, her soft eyes raised to her husband's face, and the thin, sad woman walking solitarily the way of life—to both we bid adieu; and they and we are lost among the myriad souls that crowd our world. To you, also, kind reader, good-night.

GRAND MEDICINE AMONG THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

Among the Dacotahs and several other tribes of North American Indians, before a man can be recognized as Medicine he must publicly undergo a terrible ordeal, in order to convince his tribe that the Great Spirit has taken him under its special protection.

The ceremony is thus described by a modern traveler:

The patient is placed in the midst of the village, opposite a pole eight or ten yards in height, planted in the ground, and accompanied by the doctors, who sing, and accompany themselves on the drum.

At a third of the height of the pole, the arms of the neophyte are attached; a little higher a buffalo head, and a little higher a cord to hang the victim.

Two large incisions are then made in the upper part of his breast, and two wooden skewers are passed through them; then, by pulling the cord, which is attached to the skewers, the pole is bent down in such a manner that, when it springs up again, the body of the sufferer is raised to such a height that the points of his toes merely touch the ground.

The ambitious aspirant to the title of doctor must remain in this position from sunrise to sunset, holding his medicine-bag in his hand, and gazing perpetually at the blazing sun.

During the time the crowd forms a circle round the actors in the ceremony, and throws down at the feet of him who endures the ordeal of the sun without a murmur all sorts of presents, such as axes, guns, pipes, moccasins, etc., which are given to him when he is taken down at the end of the day.

His claim to be considered a medicine-man being established, he immediately ceases to behave like his fellow-man. He lives alone and apart from his neighbors, and devotes himself exclusively to his new occupation—divination, and the banishing of evil spirits from the bodies of such as are sick. A being of such importance cannot, of course, attire himself like an ordinary creature, so he contrives to make himself as hideous as possible. Here is his portrait:

"His tunic was made of the skin of a yellow bear. Whether the color was genuine or fictitious we know not, but the effect was most strange. The beast had been flayed with great care, so as not to spoil the fur of the head or limbs, which were sewn up again, and in which the doctor ensconced himself altogether, so that he had nothing human left in his gait or appearance. Probably with a view to make himself more frightful still, he wore about his neck, waist, and arms a collection of stuffed animals, especially rattlesnakes, toads, bats, owls, ducks, and dried tarantulas; he had birds' wings spread out on his chest, and a necklace composed of quadrupeds' tails, mixed with teeth, claws, and talons. To believe in the presence of a man under this uncouth assemblage, it was necessary to look at the feet and hands, which last remained free, in order to hold the medicine-drum. The first idea on beholding such an apparition for the first time is naturally to fly from it; but this soon gives place to a feeling of pity or disgust."

THE CHICARRA, OR ANIMAL PLANT, OF MEXICO.

One of the most curious entomological objects which has attracted the attention of naturalists traveling in Mexico, is the curious insect which the Indians, in the neighborhood of Santiago and Cantla, call *chicarra*, and which is sometimes called the animal plant. It is so called from a peculiar excrescence starting from the head of the insect, the nature of which has given rise to much discussion. Some maintain that it is purely an animal product, supplied from the insect itself; others that it is a true plant, or vegetable substance, starting from the brain of the insect. The hypotheses are both wrong. The insect is a kind of grasshopper (*Cicada plebeia*) in its larva state, and the excrescence which it bears, resembling a miniature branch of coral, is a vegetable parasite, a kind of fungus, or mushroom. This is certainly a curious and interesting parasite, but by no means singular in the history of the cryptogamia.

Nearly all the mushrooms are parasites—that is to say, such as are developed on other organized bodies. Some attack or start from plants, others from animals. Numerous examples might be quoted in illustration of this point.

It is probable that, after being hatched from the egg, the larva of the grasshopper quits its cradle in the earth and seeks escape to the surface; the parasite in question, in the condition of a germ, becomes attached to its head and takes root there, as any ordinary vegetable in the soil. After transformation, this excrescence falls off, and the fully-developed insect appears, as in the third figure in our engraving on page 292.

A PAIR OF NEIGHBORS.

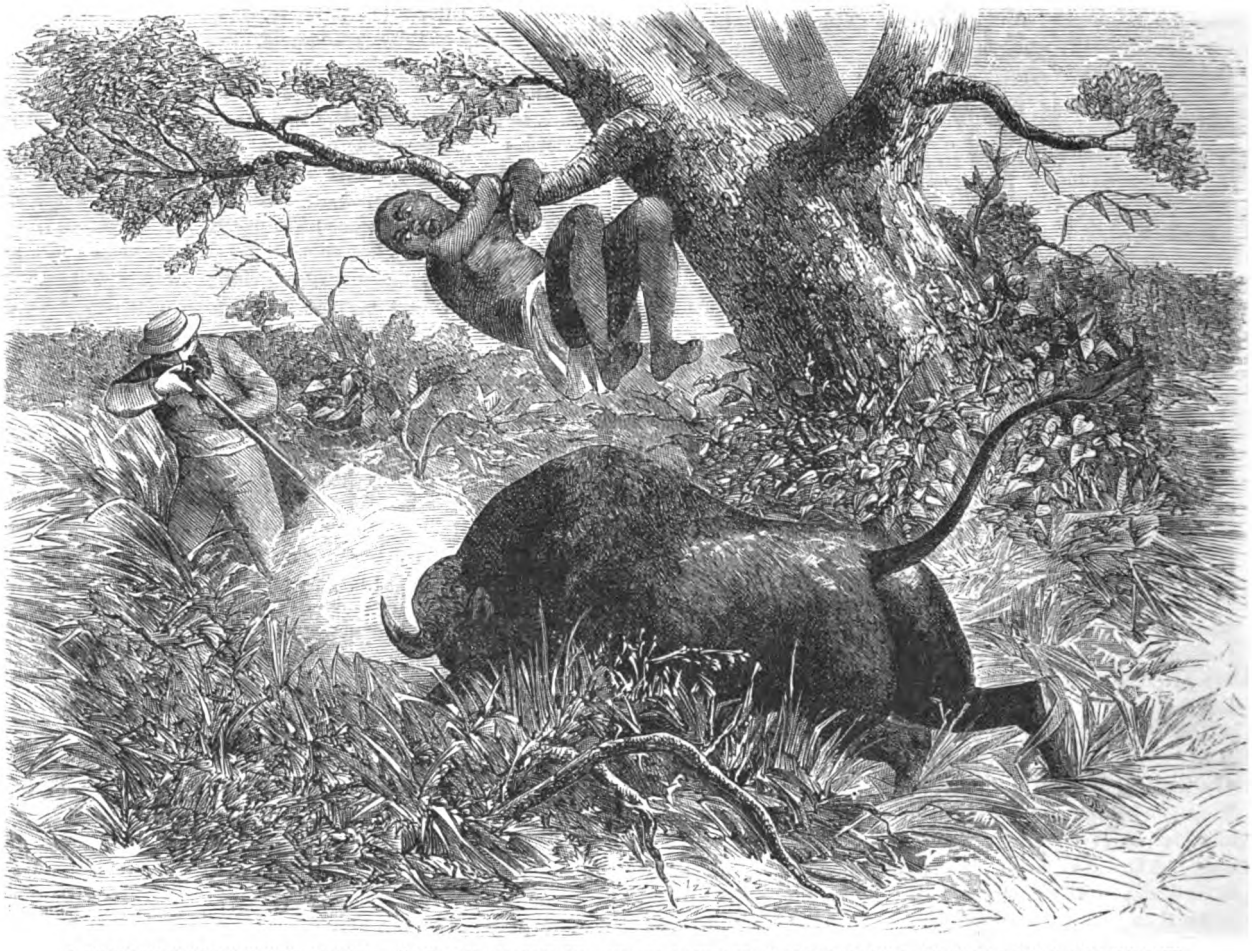
The law sometimes has strange freaks. A case lately tried in a Dublin court brought out one of the strangest of them. The plaintiff sued for damages for injuries sustained by falling into a cellar, the grating of which had been left open by the defendant. The plaintiff, in his fall, broke the grating, and for this damage to his property the defendant claimed five pounds. Plaintiff's counsel said that the audacity of this demand had never been paralleled in his experience, except in one instance; and this exceptional case he proceeded to relate for the benefit of the jury. There lived, he said, at one time in the fashionable quarter of that city an eminent lawyer, who afterward came to occupy a position on the judicial bench. He was a man of high professional attainments, but of testy and irritable temper. His next-door neighbor was a retired major, noted for the eccentricity of his habits. Between the two there was anything but friendly feeling, and they did all in their power to annoy and harass each other. One night, memorable in Ireland as "the night of the great storm," the major's chimneys were blown down. Crash they went through the roof of the lawyer's house, and thence down through floor after floor, carrying havoc in their course. The man of law was in no good humor as he contemplated the destruction; and what made matters worse was that it was the major's chimneys that had occasioned the wreck. His mind was actively engaged in devising some process by which he could get satisfaction from his arch-enemy, when a missive arrived from the latter, couched as follows: "Send me back my bricks immediately, or I'll put the matter in the hands of an attorney."

There is this difference between happiness and wisdom: he that thinks himself the happiest man, really is good; but he who thinks himself the wisest man, is generally the greatest fool.

A BUFFALO HUNT IN SOUTH AFRICA.

THE buffalo of Africa is not our bison. He is an unwieldy, fierce animal, with somewhat of a hump, but none of the mane and little of the shaggy appearance of our bison. He is not found in as large numbers together, and is so fierce, that hunting him is no trifling business. The English colonists generally hunt him mounted, but an adventurous sportsman will sometimes attempt it on foot. The spoor or trail on the ground, and the presence of weaver birds, those bosom friends of the brute, soon lead to the spot.

After a long search (says a recently arrived hunter from that land), my band of negroes descried two buffaloes. Two rapid shots told, but the animals were merely wounded, and galloped off out of range of my gun.



A BUFFALO HUNT IN SOUTH AFRICA.—"HE CAME MADLY ON, AND MY LAST ATTENDANT, DROPPING MY SPARE RIFLE, MONKEY-LIKE, SWUNG HIMSELF INTO A TREE."

After a time I overtook the now bloody spoor, and at last came in sight of the animal; a second ball prostrated it, and, cutting its throat, I pushed on. Guided by the blood, we soon perceived our second animal standing in some bushes. I fired, but my ball, striking a waving branch, glanced off, and the buffalo started away. I pushed on to follow the spoor, and ten minutes after, as, rifle in hand, I came to a little clearing, the enormous beast rushed out of a clump before me, charging down on me wildly. A little mound was between us. While he was tearing around it, I sprang up, and as he passed almost at my feet, I fired, and wounded him in the side.

This did not stop him. He came on madly, and my last attendant, dropping my spare rifle, monkey-like swung himself into a tree. As he came on, butting wildly in the smoke, now my only protection, for I felt through it the labored breathing of his mighty chest, I fired my last shot. It was true, and, piercing his skull, he was stunned by the blow, and intoxicated by the smoke, plunged past me, so near that I could have felled him with an ax. Had he fallen on me, as he fell a few feet from me, I had not been here to tell.

DULL BOYS.—Don't be discouraged. Slow growth is often sure growth. Some minds are like Norwegian pines. They are slow to grow, but they are striking their roots deep. Some of the greatest men have been dull boys. Dryden and Swift were dull as boys. So was Goldsmith. So was Gibbon. So was Sir Walter Scott. Napoleon at school had so much difficulty in learning his Latin that the master said it would need a gimlet to get a word into his head. Douglas Jerrold was so backward in his boyhood that at nine he was scarcely able to read. Isaac Barrow, one of the greatest divines the Church of England has ever produced, was so impenetrably stupid, in his early years, that his father more than once said that, if God took away any of his children, he hoped it would be Isaac, as he feared he would never be fit for anything in this world. Yet that boy was the genius of the family.

THE important truth cannot be too early learned nor the journey that leads heavenward too soon begun. The enemy is awake while we slumber, and if we neglect to cultivate the good seed, his tares will cover all the surface.

MADAME DE LA VALLIÈRE.

THE STORY OF VALLIERE.

AN IDYLL.

Few kings have experienced the felicity of being loved for themselves alone. Of the many exceptional blessings bestowed upon the *Grand Monarque*, that was one of the rarest; the love of courts being usually a compound of vanity, avarice, and ambition.

Amidst the pomp and bustle, the brilliancy and artificiality of the age of Louis XIV., the story of La Vallière comes upon us like some strain of soft pastoral music suddenly breathed among the drums and trumpets and clashing cymbals of a grand overture; as though, while wandering among the stately magnificence, the artistically planted groves, geometrically cut trees, and exotic flower-beds of Versailles, we came unexpectedly upon some forgotten nook, unspoiled by art, where the grass grew unshaven, and where the sweet field-flowers reveled in wild freedom, and the luxuriant trees, ignorant of the pruning-knife, threw forth their arms with all the fantastic grace of untaught Nature.

Of the three victims of kingly love over which romance

has cast its most roseate hues, Fair Rosamond, Jane Shore, and La Vallière, the latter is the purest, her story the most pathetic. Few, among even the most rigid moralists, have cast a stone at her. Her youth, her simplicity, her all-absorbing love, uncontaminated by ambition or greed of riches, her resistance, the almost impossibility of escape from the inevitable consequences of her passion, her agony of remorse, and, above all, the long, dreary years of austere penitence that closed her life, have gained for her the tears and sympathy of every gentle heart of all succeeding generations.

Louise-Françoise de la Baume le Blanc was the daughter of the Marquis de la Vallière, and was born at Tours, in the year 1644. Her father died while she was yet an infant, and after a while her mother re-married with M. de St. Rémy, comptroller of the household of Gaston, Duc d'Orléans; and at Blois, the dull, monotonous residence of that prince, Louise passed her girlhood.

It was in the year 1659 that she first beheld the king; he stopped at Blois for a few hours while on his way to claim the hand of the Infanta. Louis departed unconscious of her existence, but from that hour his image was graven upon her heart, never to be effaced until it was cold in death. But this love was unknown, unacknowledged to herself—it was dreamy, not passionate; she would sit for hours together recalling the tones of his voice, the lineaments of his face. Ah! if she could but live for ever in his presence, to gaze upon him, to hear him speak, although no word to her, she could be happy. Such was her dream at fifteen.

Not long after this the Duc d'Orléans died; the establishment at Blois was broken up, and M. de St. Rémy was deprived of his office. One day Louise went up to the old palace to take leave of her friend, Mademoiselle de Montalais, who had received an appointment in the household of the Princess Henrietta, the betrothed wife of the young Duc d'Orléans, and for whom she had a deep affection. The parting of the two young girls was witnessed by Madame de Choisy, who, observing Louise's great distress, asked her if she would like to go with her companion into the princess's household. The bare idea brought a smile into her face.

"In that case," said the kind lady, "dry your eyes; the arrangements are not yet complete, and I think there will be room for you."

A fortnight later she received the appointment; the marriage of the duke and the princess was performed, and she accompanied the court to Fontainebleau.

It was impossible that her youth and prepossessing appearance should long escape the attentions of the libertine gallants of the court. The Count de Guiche made advances to her, but, too preoccupied with one image to admit the shadow of another, she quickly repelled them, and thus converted his love into enmity. In the meantime her eyes were frequently blessed with the passing vision of the idol of her dreams; but the idol was still unconscious of the presence of a worshiper.

The secret was revealed to him by a romantic incident during the marriage festivities of madame. Among other magnificent entertainments given on the occasion was a splendid ballet, in which the king appeared as Ceres. He was then in his twenty-third year, with the face of Antinous and the figure of Apollo, the very *beau-idéal* of lusty manhood. The Greek dress displayed his noble form and handsome features to the finest advantage, and, gazing upon the glorious vision, Louise drank in new draughts of love. After the banquet she and two other ladies, one destined to be her rival, Athenais de Mortemar, the future Madame de Montespan, strolled into the forest through the soft, Summer twilight, and, sitting down beneath a large, old tree, began to converse on the events of the day. Their movements being observed by M. de Beringhen, he laughingly proposed to the king, who was standing near, to follow them and listen to their conversation, which would doubtless turn upon the merits of their favorite gallants. Entering fully into the spirit of the frolic, the king eagerly assented, and, after following the ladies at a safe distance until they were seated, the two gentlemen contrived to ensconce themselves behind the tree and hear the whole conversation that passed. M. de Beringhen was correct in his conjecture. Two of the ladies began an animated criticism upon the appearance of the different gentlemen who had prominently figured that day. The third, who was Louise, remained silent until she was appealed to. Her reply thrilled the heart of Louis with pleasure and gratified vanity. It was to the effect—that she wondered that any one should be noticed while the king was present. This reply was, of course, hailed with a shower of witticisms from her companions. Overwhelmed with confusion at having so openly expressed her thoughts, yet still unconscious that they deserved the meaning imputed to them, she added that a crown could add nothing to the gifts which nature had lavished upon him—it was rather a safeguard against the presumption of too ardent an admiration.

Eager to recognize the speaker, for it was now nearly dark, Louis made a movement forward, and thus betrayed the presence of listeners. Greatly terrified, the ladies sprang to their feet, and ran away so swiftly that they regained the company before their pursuers could overtake them.

The sarcasms and jests of her companions revealed to Louise the secret of her heart. In the solitude of her chamber she asked herself the questions: "Are their imputations true? Is it, then, *love?*" and her heart answered, "Yes." The revelation was terrible to her, for she was wholly pure. She prayed for strength to subdue her passion. She wept tears of shame lest her secret should be bruited abroad, and, for two days, fearful of encountering the ridicule of such a discovery, she never quitted her room. But, however long she might put off the evil hour, it must come at last; her duties must compel her reappearance in public.

It so happened that at the very time when, after her seclusion, she first entered the apartments of her royal mistress, the king was there. As he passed down the room he addressed a few words of compliment to each lady. Louise was the last he approached. As with downcast eyes and trembling voice she made some brief reply to his gallantries, he started and fixed his eyes upon her. He recognized the voice. This, then, was the lady of the forest whose words had so thrilled his heart.

Every evening, from that time, he joined the circle of Madame Henrietta, and never failed to hold some conversation, however brief, with Louise. This attention was quickly marked by the courtiers; but as he was suspected of a passion for the princess herself, it was thought to be only a mask worn the better to conceal other designs. And this interpretation Louis, for a time, preferred to humor. But as his love grew day by day he soon cast aside all disguise. One day there was a great hunt in the forest. While all were seated at a repast that had been hastily improvised beneath the trees, a violent thunder-storm came on, and the rain descended in such torrents that every one, regardless of rank or etiquette, fled to the nearest shelter. Blinded by the rain, Louise unwittingly took refuge beneath the same tree as the king, and for two long hours, with the pouring rain pattering upon the leaves above and often dropping upon his bare head, the king held converse with her. The words were unheard, but her blushing cheek and his earnest manner spoke a language perfectly intelligible to the beholders.

Although when in the apartments of Madame, the king avoided paying her any particular attention, yet when the ladies of the court took their evening drive, he would leave the princess's carriage and attach himself wholly to that which contained Louise. Not content with these continual meetings, they kept up a daily correspondence. There is a somewhat ludicrous anecdote told of this correspondence. The letters of the king were so beautifully written, that Louise, who possessed but little talent and no brilliancy of wit, despairing of being able to produce adequate replies, solicited the assistance of the Marquis de Dangeau, a gentleman remarkable for his accomplishments, to indite her letters. This brought about the discovery that he, the marquis, actually performed the same office for his royal master, and was the real author of the epistles she had so much admired! The king enjoyed a good laugh over the *exposé*.

A still more marked and open proof of the king's favor was the presentation to her of a pair of magnificent bracelets, which every one imagined would be for the Princess Henrietta, that he had won in one of those lotteries then so much in vogue at court. In the meantime the queen was entirely unsuspicious. "That confidence was a sad misfortune for us all," writes La Vallière. "One tear from her would have saved me!"

Versailles, which at this time was only a hunting-lodge, was a favorite rendezvous of the lovers, and thither, on the pretext of the chase, Louis frequently repaired to meet her. Here he could shun the curious glances of the court, the raillery of Madame, and, alas! the silent reproach of the presence of his young queen. Here under the shadows of glorious trees, amidst the perfume of flowers, the songs of birds, the whispering of leaves, the murmuring of streams, alone with her love, the unhappy girl drank in deep draughts of intoxicating happiness.

When the night came and she was alone with her thoughts, she trembled with fear as she looked back upon the events of each day and saw herself drawing nearer and nearer to a gulf of shame and infamy. With streaming eyes she prayed for deliverance from temptation, and vowed she would fly the danger ere it was too late. But the next day came bending over her that form and face which were to her as a god's, that entrancing voice, breathing soft words of passion into her ear, until her whole soul swooned with the ecstasy of her adoration. All resistance melted away; let death come—destruction—all, so that she might exist but that one hour to gaze and listen, her being absorbed in his. She had power to resist the fascination no more than the moth the flame that will devour it, the ship the whirlpool that will engulf it, the Indian the eye of the rattlesnake that will enfold him in its deadly coils. But no sin had stained her as yet.

Louise de la Vallière was now scarcely eighteen, fair complexion, tinged with the bloom of the carnation, flaxen hair, blue eyes full of sweetness, features slightly marked with the smallpox, figure under middle height, graceful, but somewhat marred by a slight lameness. The Abbé de Choisy says in his Memoirs, "In childhood we have played together a hundred times;" and he thus describes her: "She was not one of those perfect beauties that one often admires without loving; she was very lovable, and the words of La Fontaine, 'a grace more beautiful even than beauty's self,' seemed written for her. She had a beautiful complexion, fair hair, a sweet smile; her eyes were blue, with an expression so tender, and yet at the same time so modest, that it gained both our hearts and our esteem at the same moment. Her charm was inexpressible; her voice so melodious, that while reading the verses of Racine, they seemed purposely composed to suit its tones. Further, she had but little wit, but that she did not fail to cultivate continually by reading. No ambition, no interested views. More taken up with dreaming of him she loved, than artfully studying to please him; totally absorbed in her passion, the only one of her life."

Referring to a later period than that at which we have at present arrived, he writes again: "Preferring honor to all things, and exposing herself more than once to death rather than allow her frailty to be suspected. Sweet-tempered, liberal, retiring; never forgetting that she had erred, hoping always to return to the right path—a Christian feeling which has drawn upon her all the treasures of pity, and imparted a holy calm to a long life of austere penitence. From the time that she knew the king's love she had no wish to see her old friends, nor even hear of them; for her passion held the place of all."

Even the shield of the king's love did not protect her from the advances of one libertine—Fouquet, the celebrated Minister of Finance—who offered to place 200,000 livres at her disposal. "Were it 20,000,000 I would not stoop to such degradation," was her indignant reply. On hearing of this audacity Louis's rage knew no bounds.

Soon after this came the splendid *fête* at Vaux—that most gorgeous palace of the time—for Fontainebleau was but a poor abode compared to it, with its wilderness of garden and grounds, to make room for which three villages had been swept away. Beautiful fountains, then almost unknown even in the king's gardens, cast their waters, brought from a distance of some five leagues, into vast marble basins; rare trees, brilliant flowers, exquisite statuary, cascades, grottoes, grand terraces, shady groves, all that money could purchase or genius could devise, had been brought together to make of the place a fairyland. The *fête* in splendor, and the variety of its entertainments, surpassed all that France had ever seen before. This ostentatious display of a wealth to which even he himself could make no pretense, and that ambitious motto, *Quò non ascendet?*—("Whither will he not ascend?" The arms were a squirrel leaping up a tree pursued by a snake)—stamped upon every part of the building, filled Louis's mind with wrath and uneasiness. But the culmination of these feelings was arrived at when, upon entering a cabinet, he saw hanging upon the wall the portrait of La Vallière. So violent was his rage, that he would have ordered the arrest of the daring superintendent there and then in the midst of the *fête*, had not Louise conjured him, almost upon her knees, to spare the offender.

Fêtes of unexampled splendor were given in her honor. In all these the king took part. In one he led the procession, his dress and the housings of his horse blazing with jewels. After the pages, equerries, etc., came a gilded car eighteen feet high, fifteen wide, and twenty-four long, representing the chariot of the sun. This was followed by representations of the four ages of gold, silver, bronze and iron, the signs of the zodiac, the seasons, and the hours. When night came, the banqueting-table was lit up by 4,000 torches, and 200 attendants, attired as dryads and wood nymphs, waited on the guests. Two persons, representing Pan and Diana, approached the royal circle on the summit of a moving fountain. A vast orchestra was erected as if by magic. Arcades lighted by 500 chandeliers of green-and-silver surrounded the banqueting-hall and theatre, and a gilt balustrade inclosed the whole exterior. The *fête* lasted seven days. During this time, the first three acts of "Tartuffe" were produced; but the play was prohibited as bearing too hardly upon the religious bodies.

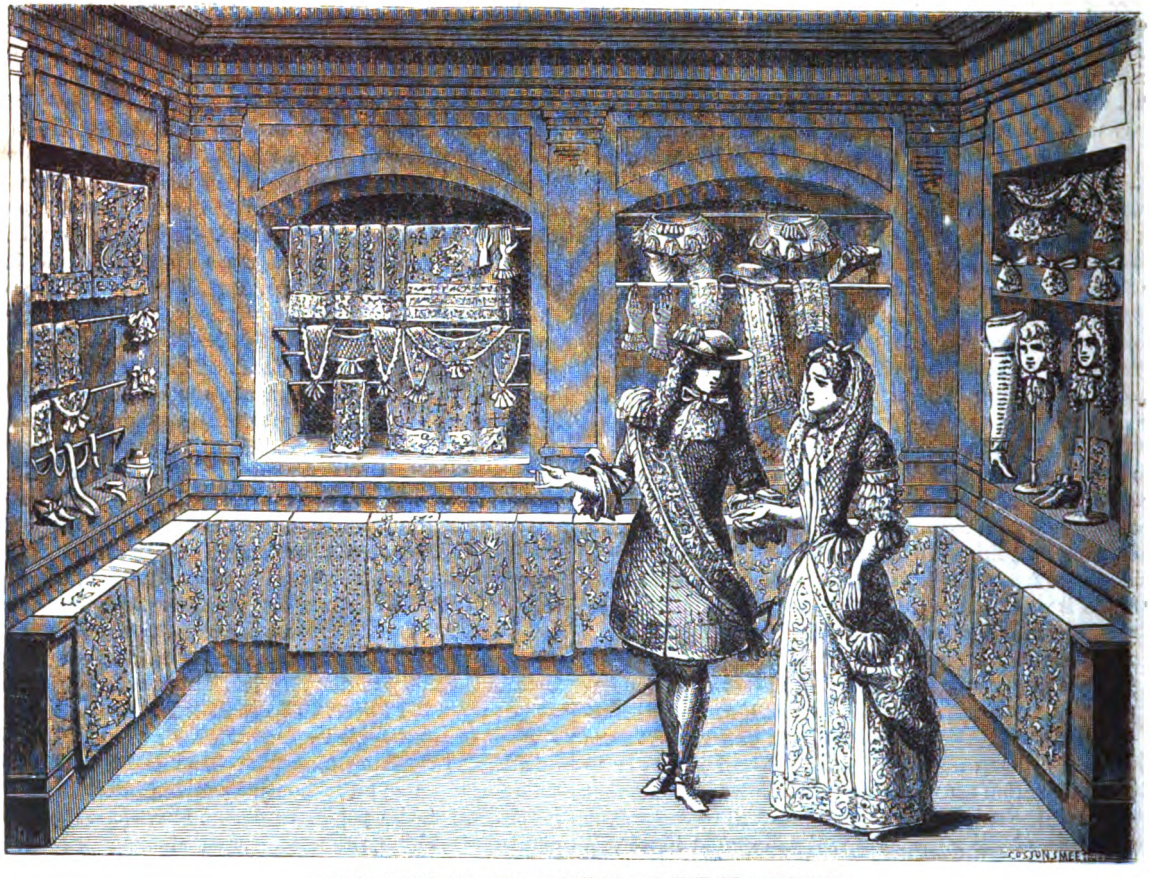
La Vallière was now at the height of her favor; she had become the mistress of the king; but from that moment remorse had never ceased to gnaw her soul. At length came a terrible blow. One day she was summoned to the presence of the queen-mother. With a foreboding heart she

obeyed the summons. She found Anne of Austria and Madame closeted together. Coldly and haughtily the former declared her dismission from the court. She attempted to ask the nature of her offense. Her answer was, that there "could not be two queens in France." Overwhelmed with shame, she took refuge in her chamber and abandoned herself to despair. The king, finding her thus, questioned her as to the cause; but, fearful of creating a scene which could but add to her confusion, she would not tell him. Provoked by her silence, he left her in high displeasure. Utterly prostrated by this double blow, feeling herself abandoned by all, and tormented by remorse, who can describe her sufferings? But all could not conquer the anxiety of her love. Hour after hour through her sobs and groans she listened eagerly for the returning footsteps of her lover; but he came not. Midnight sounded, and still he returned not; and then came the awful thought that he had left her for ever. She sprang from the floor, upon which she had been lying; she could no longer remain within those walls, and, delirious with despair, she fled from the palace into the darkness and silence of the night.

Early the next morning the king discovered her flight, and, half mad with grief, went forth himself in search of her. Certain information directed him to the convent of Chaillot, and there, lying insensible upon the cold stones of the courtyard, he found the fugitive. She had come to the gate while the nuns were at their devotions, and they had refused to admit her until they had finished. Prostrated by fatigue, she had swooned, and thus the king found her. Kneeling down beside her, he raised her in his arms, and his passionate kisses soon restored her to life. Clasped in that embrace, her head pillowed upon his breast, all was forgotten —remorse, shame, suffering—all, in the bliss of that reunion, in the joy of recovered love.

From that moment her empire over him was stronger than ever. Intrigues were set on foot to exasperate the queen against her, but he thwarted them ere they could be put in action, or openly crushed them in their birth. He excused her from further attendance upon the Princess Henrietta, and obliged his mother, Anne of Austria—who had retired to the convent of the Val de Grâce—to receive her. Fain would La Vallière have foregone such triumphs, which she felt were truly only humiliations; but her lover's voice was law, and, devoted as he was to her, she dared not gainsay him.

In 1666, Anna Maria of Bourbon, afterward Princess of Conti, was born. This was her second child; the first, a boy, had died at the age of ten months. Louis now created his mistress Duchess de la Vallière, and legitimatized the children she had borne or might bear. In 1667 she gave birth to Louis de Bourbon, created Count de Vermandois.



A SHOP IN THE PALACE GALLERY IN THE TIME OF LOUIS XIV.

These children were educated by the wife of Colbert. But even then a rival, whose sole purpose was to supplant her in the king's affections, was rising up in the court. This rival was Françoise Athenaïs de Mortemart, known at the Hôtels d'Albret and Richelieu as the beautiful Mademoiselle de Tonnay Charente, whom the reader will remember was one of the companions of Louise when she made her artless confession in the forest of Fontainebleau. She was now the wife of the Marquis de Montespan, and *dame du palais* to the queen; she eagerly sought the friendship of La Vallière, pretended to take a great interest in her and her child, and always contrived to be with her at the time of the king's visit.

Madame de Montespan was celebrated at the time, not only for her beauty and wit, but for her piety and virtue; so that poor, unsuspecting Louise, chilled by the frowns of Anne of Austria and of a court not yet accustomed to the

MADAME HENRIETTA.

open recognition of the king's mistresses, eagerly and gratefully embraced the proffered friendship. La Vallière was neither witty, nor well read, nor accomplished; Madame de Montespan was all these; wit with her was a family inheritance; the "*l'esprit de Mortemart*" was a by-word in Parisian society to distinguish all that was graceful and piquant in conversation. Louise, ever a prey to remorse, often met her lover pale and sad, with traces of recent tears upon her cheeks. Madame de Montespan was ever brilliant and sparkling with gayety. She carefully gathered all the court tales and anecdotes, and related them with a grace and piquancy all her own, interspersing them with satirical pictures of the principal actors, with lively sallies, *bon mots*, and repartees; and thus she contrived to amuse the king.

It was impossible for so great an admirer of wit and beauty as Louis to remain insensible to these fascinations; he would often pass the whole evening conversing with her, while Louise was only a silent listener.

By-and-by the marquis began to remark the attentions paid to his wife. It is said by St. Simon that the marquise had previously informed him of the king's advances, and entreated him to remove her from the court, but that he neglected the warning. This account, however, is by no means in consonance with the character of either, and is perfectly unworthy of credence. Be that as it may, he now became a very monster of jealousy; publicly accused his wife of adultery, and even treated her with brutality. A *lettre de cachet* consigned him to the Bastille, and he was afterward for ever banished from the court.

Having gained the king's love, her next object was to entirely supplant La Vallière in his favor. For this purpose she did all in her power to embitter the queen, who was as yet in ignorance of this new amour of her liege lord's, against her.

When the king went to the Spanish war the queen accompanied him, and both La Vallière and De Montespan were in attendance upon their royal mistress. Goaded by the designing beauty, the queen heaped such insults upon La Vallière—at one time causing every seat at the dinner-table to be filled so that there should be no place for her—that she, La Vallière, determined to return to her children at Compiègne, and was already on her way when she was overtaken by a peremptory order from the king, commanding her to return. Fearing, from the sternness of the mandate, that her enemies had been poisoning his mind with false tales, she was now more eager to return to him than ever she had been to leave. When she arrived at Guise the army had departed. Without a moment's delay she again started forward. The horses being urged at a furious pace over a plowed field, the carriage was overturned, and in the crash her arm was broken. But, heedless of pain, and possessed only with the thought of overtaking the king, she pushed on, and, driving up to the queen's carriage, she looked through the window. It was done without thought, in the excitement of the moment, but no sooner done than repented of. The king, whose love was chilling, received her with an angry reproof, and turned his horse's head in another direction. But soon repenting of his harshness, he returned to her, and, upon finding how severely she had been hurt, overwhelmed her with affectionate attentions. When they moved forward he insisted upon her bearing the queen company, and upon her being received in the queen's circle; once more the sycophants of the court, who had deserted her when her influence seemed upon the wane, fawned and flattered and crowded about her as before.

But day by day the king's infatuation for Madame de Montespan increased, and La Vallière had soon convincing proofs that another mistress had usurped her place in her lover's affections. The disagreements of the royal favorites agitated the court, and at last, unable to endure the torturing sight of her rival's triumph, Louise once more fled to the convent of Chaillot, and throwing herself at the feet of the abbess, poured forth her sad history. The abbess received her kindly, and willingly vouchsafed to her the shelter of her peaceful abode. But no peace came to the soul of the unhappy woman. Not the coldness and falsehood of her lover nor the anguish and remorse of her own heart could as yet crush her love. No anguish was so terrible as being absent from the presence of him whom she still adored as ardently as when on that stormy day they stood together beneath the tree in the forest of Fontainebleau. Would he come once more and take her back as he did in the time gone by? Would she again be aroused from some paroxysm of despair by the pressure of his arms, the warmth of his kisses? Such thoughts ever mingled with her tears, her remorse, and her prayers.

One day she heard the tramping of horses' feet in the court-yard. Her heart leaped—her pale face flushed crimson. 'Twas he—'twas the king come to take her back—he had not forgotten her! But she was deceived—it was only Colbert, who bore a letter from Louis, requesting her to return. He had not forgotten her, but—"*the last time he came himself!*" she murmured; and at that remembrance her heart sank and its joy fainted. Yet the letter was loving, and although she felt that the old, passionate love which had betrayed her to sin and remorse was a bliss she could never know again, still, even to live within its shadow was to her a happiness which naught else on earth could bestow. So she went with Colbert. But, with a prophetic boding of her coming fate, she said to the good abbess at parting, "Farewell for a time, but I shall soon return to end my days among you."

Her meeting with the king was an affecting one. The old love, although fast dying, blazed up for a moment with all its old fervor; and as he folded her in his arms he wept genuine tears of joy at their reunion. Madame de Montespan was warm in her gratulations, but she knew her own empire was secure, and that the king's ardor was but the evanescent excitement of the moment.

And so it proved. A little while, and ever-increasing coldness and neglect smote her heart with the conviction that the old love was dead, and that this world had to her died with it. She would have retired to her estate at Vaujours, but this Louis would not permit; neither would he allow her to enter the convent of Chaillot; he could not as yet reconcile himself to her perpetual absence from the court. But this clinging to the memories of the past daily grew weaker. The anguish of her mind brought on a dangerous illness, and for a time her recovery was despaired of. As she lay upon her sick-bed she formed the resolution, that should God spare her life, she would devote the remainder of it to His service, and pass it in prayer and penitence for her sins. To this course she had long been counseled by Bossuet, who had latterly become her spiritual director, as well as by the Marquise de St. Rémy, her mother, who had for some time been partly reconciled to her daughter, but who had ever regarded her connection with the king with profound horror. Louis came to her during her illness, and would fain have dissuaded her from her resolve; but, although she loved him as tenderly as ever, she had conquered the weakness of her heart with the knowledge that that love could never more bring aught but misery to her.

As soon as her strength would permit, she went to the queen, and on her knees implored her pardon for the wrongs she had done her. That much-injured woman freely forgave her, and shed tears over their parting. Nothing can testify more eloquently to the natural goodness of La Vallière's

disposition than the fact that the queen never manifested any lasting resentment against her, but, when unbiased by the malicious promptings of her enemies, treated her with uniform kindness and consideration. Her last meeting with the king was on the day that he departed for the Flemish campaign (1674). Mass was performed and prayers offered up for the success of his arms. All the court was present; and when the holy service was over, Louise advanced from an obscure part of the chapel, where she had been offering up her fervent prayers for his success and safety, to speak the last words of earthly farewell to him who had been to her the life of this world. Her face was deadly pale, her limbs trembled so violently that she staggered, and her voice died away in her throat as she tried to speak the last bitter words that ever those lips would pronounce to him. But those lips, which had been once to him the rarest treasure of all his regal wealth, and upon whose accents he had once hung so fondly, had lost their charm. His voice was hard; it trembled not with emotion; there was no tenderness in its accents. Had he at that moment spoken one word whose tones would have recalled the love of the old times, it might have melted all her cold resolves; she might have fallen upon his neck, and been his slave again. Happy for her, no such word was spoken. His farewell was cold and formal; perhaps he felt something of bitterness at the thought that she *could* leave him. For the last time she raised her swimming eyes to that adored face, and as he turned to leave her the gushing tears vailed him from her sight for ever.

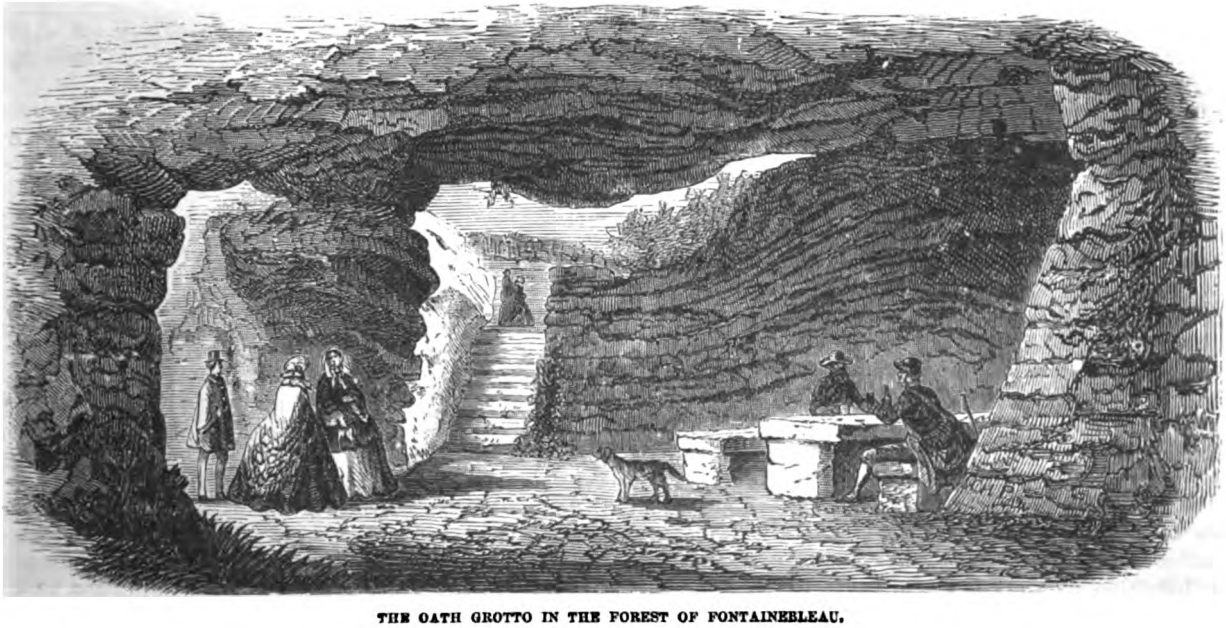
The convent she chose was a Carmelite, the most austere of all the religious Orders. Unceasing prayer and meditation, a diet of black bread, herbs, and water, sleep of only four hours, vestments of sack or hair-cloth worn next the skin—these were the things that were henceforth to make up the life of this delicately nurtured woman. Henceforth she was known as Sister Louise de la Miséricorde. Madame de Sévigné, who visited her in 1680, thus writes of her:

"She had in my eyes lost none of her youthful charms. She has the same eyes, with the same expression; neither hard diet nor lack of sleep has sunk or dimmed them. The uncouth dress cannot mar her grace or mien. Her modesty is not greater than when she gave to the world a Princess de Conti, and yet it is enough, even for a Carmelite. In truth, this dress and the retreat bestow dignity upon her."

In the after-time, when she also had experienced the fickleness of royal love—when, by a strangely appropriate retribution, she also had been thrust out of the royal favor by the machinations of a false friend, a remorse-haunted woman, still beautiful as Venus and haughty as Juno, was frequently in the bare, cold parlor of the Carmelites, humbly asking counsel of Sister Louise. That woman was Madame de Montespan. All was forgiven and forgotten, their rivalry was no more, and an intimacy was re-established, as sweet as in those innocent days when they were maids of honor to Madame.

Louise's children, of whom three attained to maturity, and to whom, from first to last, Louis was devotedly attached, became great and powerful. After a seclusion of thirty-six years, she died peacefully at the age of sixty-six, in the arms of her beloved daughter, thus atoning by nearly two-score years of penitence for those youthful sins which had resulted rather from the overweening sensibility of an ardent, poetic soul than from moral deformity of mind; sins which have bequeathed to posterity one of the saddest love-stories that fiction or history has recorded.

Digestion.—1. Food for the supply of the daily wants of the system is most rapidly and thoroughly digested when taken early in the day, ere the nervous and secretive forces are exhausted by toil. 2. Rapid digestion in the early part of the day contributes to the immediate demands of motion and innervation. 3. Food for the repair of continuous wear and tear of the tissues is in less immediate request; the completeness of its solution is of more importance than the rapidity, and it is best taken toward the evening, when an opportunity is afforded for its leisurely absorption during sleep. 4. The duration of digestion bears a proportion to the quantity of food eaten. 5. In youth the digestion is quicker and the stomach sooner emptied than in grown-up persons. 6. Rest before meals makes digestion more complete. Exertion immediately before meals retards digestion, and exertion immediately afterward deranges it. 7. Sleep retards digestion, but makes it more complete. 8. Alcohol retards digestion, and renders it also incomplete. 9. Earnest preoccupation of mind retards digestion, and may even quite annul it. 10. Water quickens digestion, and encourages the absorption of fatty and saccharine matters; but its effect on the complete solution of albumen is doubtful.



THE OATH GROTTO IN THE FOREST OF FONTAINEBLEAU.

MY HEROINE.—"'OPEN THE DOOR, MA'AM. THEY'VE COTCHED ALL OF THEM!' I OPENED THE DOOR AND FOUND THE BURGLARS BOUND AND GUARDED BY SOME TWO DOZEN MEN FROM THE VILLAGE."

MY HEROINE.

I DO not wish you to imagine my heroine as a lovely, dark-eyed damsel, stolen in infancy from her distracted parents, and restored to the paternal embrace by the discovery, under her rags, of a diamond-studded locket, containing a miniature portrait of a naval officer, and of a fabulously beautiful woman.

I doubt if she ever saw a diamond, unless in a jeweler's window; and her departed parents, a hod-carrier and a washerwoman, died without mystery, in their beds, leaving the child in care of a maternal aunt. No interesting cognomen distinguished the little orphan from the Sallies and Jennies of her native alley: it was neither Eloise, Helena, nor Josephine, but plain, unvarnished Eliza Ann Jenkins.

Her occupation was as homely as her name, that of selling matches, crying them through the streets with a voice that proclaimed the undoubted strength and health of her throat and lungs.

My memory does not recall a more terribly stormy day than one in January, several years ago, when, as I sat sewing in my cozy room, my servant came to tell me the little match-girl was at the door.

"And, indade, marm," said the kind-hearted Irish girl, "it's a'most froze the girl is, with the bits of rags on her stiff with sleet, and niver a shoe nor a stocking to her poor little feet, at all, at all."

"Barefooted!" I cried, in horror, glancing out at the street, with its bed of half-melted snow and slush; "barefooted, on this dreadful day!"

"It's that same she is, marm," answered the girl, whose name, I may as well mention, was Mollie, "and that pinched

and starved-looking, it would make your heart ache to see her, jest."

"Bring the child into the kitchen, Mollie," I said; "give her something to eat, and let her sit by the fire till I come down-stairs."

Mollie started off, delighted with her errand, and I busied myself at once in an endeavor to help the pitiable case she had described.

Fortunately, being an active member of the Dorcas Society, I had always a stock of ready-made clothing under my control for just such little sufferers, and I pulled out the basket at once, and made such selections as seemed fitting.

Waiting a little, till I thought the child had been warmed, fed, and comforted, I went down-stairs to verify Mollie's statements.

It was not the first time I had seen the child, for she had supplied me with matches for several months; but I had never given her more than a passing glance, or pleasant word. Now, as she sat curled up on the rug before the kitchen-fire, eating eagerly of the hot soup and bread Mollie had provided with a liberal hand, my heart reproached me for having failed to notice her forlorn appearance and pinched face before.

She was a very ugly child, rough-skinned and freckled, with coarse features and dust-colored hair that seemed entirely neglected, and face and figure were thin and ungainly-looking. Her eyes were good, large and bright, and she had white, even teeth, but certainly there was nothing pretty nor pleasing about her. Her hands and feet, which were entirely uncovered, were blood-red with cold.

MY HEROINE.—"WE MOVED THE DOG KENNEL, DUG A LARGE HOLE IN THE SOFT EARTH UNDER IT, AND BURIED THE BOXES, HEAVY ENOUGH TO SINK OF THEMSELVES, TO QUITE A DEPTH."

"My poor child," I said, "how came you to be out barefooted in such a terrible storm as this? Have you no shoes?"

"Had some," she said, shortly. "Aunt Sue pawned them last night for a spree. She was sleeping it off when I came out. I took ten cents out of her pockets for matches, to get a bit o' wittles. Hain't had nothing since yesterday. This soup's just about scrumptious, that's what it is!"

"But you must be nearly frozen."

"I took a sip out o' Aunt Sue's bottle afore I started," was the answer. "It's nasty stuff, but it keeps you up when you're cold and hungry."

"I have shoes and stockings here for you." I said, "and a warm hood and shawl."

She looked at me, and at the articles in my hand, and shook her head.

"'Tain't no use," she said, speaking very earnestly. "I wouldn't have 'em two hours. I've been fixed up nice, by one lady and another, four or five times, but Aunt Sue can't see me in good clothes. It's sure to make her thirsty!"

"Thirsty!" I said.

"Pawns the clothes for liquor?" said Mollie.

"Exactly!" said the match-girl, scraping the last spoonful of soup from the bowl. "I'm just as much obliged to you, ma'am," she continued, "but I've about made up my mind not to carry home any more clothes. Aunt Sue ain't none too good to me when she is sober, but when she's drunk she's too cantankerous to live. If you'll give me a bite, and a warm now and then, I'll be just as much obliged."

It is too long a story to tell all the conversation that followed, but I kept Eliza in the kitchen until my husband came home to dinner. By a series of feminine arguments I persuaded him that I needed a little servant-girl to help Mollie, and he undertook to secure the child. In three days Aunt Sue was bought over, and Eliza legally bound to me for three years.

Mollie was eager as myself to train the poor girl for a good servant, and welcomed her cordially, when I led her to the kitchen.

"The first thing to do," I said, "is to make her clean and comfortable. Give her a warm bath, Mollie, and put on the clothes you will find in the bathroom."

"Come with me," Mollie said. "It's beautiful and warm in the bathroom; the register's been open all the morning."

Some five minutes later, yells of anguish, and a profusion of oaths that would have put a Billingsgate fisherman to shame, called me to the bathroom. Howls, yells, and execrations greeted me as I opened the door, and Mollie's voice above them.

"Arrah, now, be aisy," she was saying. "Nobody is hurting you at all. Can't yer sit down in the wather while I scrub yer?"

"Oh! oh! Murder! Help! I'm freezing! You're drowning me! You're rubbing all the skin off me! The soap's in my eyes! You stupid bog-trotter, you're killing me! Stop pulling my hair!"

The profanity I omit, but such a profusion of shocking oaths as were scattered through these exclamations never greeted my ears before in my whole quiet life. In spite of my horror, it was difficult to maintain my gravity. Eliza, one mass of frothy soap-suds, was dancing a kind of frantic war-dance round good-natured Mollie, yelling and crying, dodging in every corner, slipping out of her grasp, turning somersaults to escape the sponge on her face, and performing wonderful leaps when the filth on her face was threatened. At the sound of my voice, she stood silent a moment, while I asked, as gravely as I could, what was the matter.

"Look at me!" she sobbed. "I'm soap from my head to my heels, and there's not a bit of skin on me."

"Arrah, you monkey," said Mollie, "it's the dirt you're missing! Come, duck in here, and I'll have you rinsed and dried in a jiffy."

A frantic yell greeted Mollie's sudden, expert ducking, and I beat a hasty retreat, satisfied that the child would suffer no harm. It was not very long before the two came to the sitting-room, Mollie flushed and panting, and Eliza perfectly transformed. A suit of neat clothing, closely-cropped hair, and a clean face, had made another child of her. In answer to my inquiry, if she did not feel more comfortable, Eliza emphatically assured me she was never so miserable in her life. She was cold, she was sore, she was "riled all over," and she had "rather have Aunt Sue wallop her with the poker ten times than have that Paddy wash her again."

This was not encouraging, but I sent the pair to the kitchen, telling Eliza she was to help Mollie get dinner.

"In the afternoon," I added, "you will come to this room to learn to read and sew."

She made a grimace, but followed Mollie quietly, and peace reigned once more. After dinner I gave my *protégée* a large alphabet-card to study, and went to the kitchen to question Mollie as to her culinary capabilities.

"Oh, the crather!" cried Mollie. "It's altogether heart-broken I am with the thricks of her. After she'd paled the praties, as soon as I turned my back, she took the quill pen I write home with, made a pop-gun of it, sliced up the praties, and was peppering me and the cat with the pieces. Didn't she pull all the pins out of my hair, and put them in the illigant gravy I'd jest made! Didn't she upset the turnips on the floor, and wipe up the mess with a table-napkin! It's on her head she's stood nine times, for once on her feet. Wherever she's larnt her tricks, it's plenty of them she's got intirely."

"Perhaps she'll do better to-morrow," I said.

"Well, she can't do worse, that's one comfort," Mollie answered; and with this I returned to the sitting-room.

This was the sight that greeted my astonished vision: Exactly in front of the grate Eliza was lying upon her back, barefooted, and upon one upraised foot was balanced a large, round basket, in which I kept my kindling-wood. She was singing a lively tune, and skillfully twirling the basket with the poker, keeping perfect time with the blows. Under Eliza's head was a superbly bound copy of Milton, a Christmas gift from my husband, and one of my most valued possessions. Words failed me, but as I stood looking at the child, she tossed the basket in the air, and, with one bound, stood before me.

"I know them letters," she said; "leastwise, some of them. I don't care about reading, nohow, 'less I kin have the newspapers, and see what tells about the pictures; murders and such must be jolly."

"What were you doing when I came in?" I asked.

"Circus. Carroty-headed Peggy and I learned it last Summer. She can keep up a bushel-basket ten minutes; got pennies for doing it in the public garden. I can keep up a big basket better than that little one, and I can dance a ball on my feet first-rate."

"But look at my kindlings all over the floor."

"I'll fix that in a wink;" and it was wonderfully quick work indeed. Almost while she spoke, the mischief was rectified.

"Now, put on your shoes and stockings."

"Oh, please!" she pleaded, "not in the house. They hurt my feet."

It will readily be seen from this first day's experience that my task was no light one when I undertook to civilize this poor little savage. But as time wore on, I found that I could bend her to my will solely by the power of affection. She loved me very dearly and fairly worshiped my husband. Her monkey-like agility soon became a valuable activity in household matters, and when Mollie left me to become a baker's wife, Eliza was quite able to take her place. She had been four years in my household when my husband's affairs called him to Europe for a few months, and I moved into a country house before his departure, in order to save expenses.

We were twenty miles from town, but only half a mile from a pretty village, and my brother had agreed to come out two or three times a week, to see to my safety and comfort. Our new home was a brick house, three stories high, situated in the centre of rather extensive grounds. It had been built for a boarding-school, but owing to a failure of the owner, was sold at what my husband considered a great bargain, and he secured it. Our furniture was removed, and I had time to get settled and feel home-like before I was left alone.

I liked our new residence very much, but the effect of country air upon Eliza was actually bewildering. Every morning at daybreak she was in the grounds, climbing trees like a boy of ten instead of a girl of fourteen, swinging from high boughs by her crossed feet or clasped hands, running, shouting, perfectly crazy with her new-found liberty and pleasure. She was very small, and, although in perfect health, had never grown plump. The painful attenuation of her figure was gone, but she was still slender.

My husband had been gone from home about two months when the first of a train of incidents occurred which nearly proved disastrous in result. A maiden aunt of mine died, leaving to me, her namesake, a large quantity of valuable plate, a casket of old-fashioned and costly jewels, and bonds for fifty thousand dollars. To my great consternation, the entire property was, by the terms of her will, handed over to me intact; being sent by her executors to my new residence without any directions from me.

It was early Saturday morning when the boxes were brought to me, and certainly never did a legacy find a colder welcome.

My brother was away for a week, and Eliza and I were alone in the house. As the carmen deposited their precious load, I noticed one of them looking around him with quick, inquiring glances, and said to Eliza:

"Go to the study, and tell your master the books he ordered have come."

Quick as a flash she understood me, and darted away. Returning in a moment, she said:

"Master says leave them here, and he will unpack them after dinner."

I paid the men, saw them depart, and then fastened every door and window in the house.

"Eliza," I said, "the stuff there will bring thieves upon us, as sure as we are alive. On Monday I can send it all to town again to the bank, but in the meantime——"

"Bury it," said Eliza, who had been through a course of sensation stories, and rather enjoyed the situation.

"Bury it! Where?"

"Under the dog-kennel. I was thinking yesterday what a fanous hiding-place it would make."

First examining my treasures, and giving my aunt anything but thanks for her eccentric will, which had sent the boxes untouched from her treasure-closet to me, I concluded to act upon Eliza's suggestion.

We moved the dog-kennel, dug a large hole in the soft earth under it, and buried the boxes, heavy enough to sink of themselves to quite a depth. Replacing some of the earth and the kennel, we removed the remainder of the dirt to a distant corner of the grounds, and satisfied ourselves that no traces of our task remained.

Saturday night passed undisturbed, and no alarming

incident occurred on Sunday, so we retired on Sunday evening, satisfied that no one knew of our possessions, and we could sleep in peace. Eliza went to her own room in the third story, and I to mine on the floor below.

It must have been after midnight when I was awakened by the certainty of some one being in my room, although I had heard no sound. I was wide awake instantly, and a moment later heard a low whisper that chilled the blood in my veins.

"That was all a blind about a master in the house," said the voice. "There's nobody with the lady but that little gal."

"You're sure there was silver in the boxes?" asked a second voice.

"Sure. There were cracks in one box, and I knew by the heft. I ain't been a carman ten years without knowing the feel of plate. Now, where is it stowed?"

The voices came from a small room adjoining mine, which the thieves must have entered by the window, reaching that by a porch. As quietly as I could, I stole from bed, put on my stockings and slippers, threw a dressing-gown around me, and opened my door, meaning to send Eliza, if possible, to the village for help.

But I was heard. A shout behind me sent my feet flying to Eliza's room. Fortunately, it roused her, also, and she opened the door just as I reached it. We were inside, and the door locked again, as my pursuers gained the landing.

"They are up here somewhere," said one. "You sit on the stairs and keep them up, while Jim and I find them boxes. If we can't find them, we'll come up and make the women tell where they are."

"All right," was the answer; and we heard the footsteps descending.

"Oh, Eliza, we are lost!" I whispered. "They will kill us!"

Imagine my astonishment when Eliza answered me, as coolly as if I was in some domestic difficulty, at the same lighting a candle:

"Don't worry, ma'am; I'll fix 'em."

"What do you mean?"

"I'm going to the village for help. You stay here, and keep the door fast—put the bedstead against it. The lock's good and strong—that's one comfort! If they break in, hold out as long as you can. I'll not be long."

"But you cannot get down-stairs. Did you not hear? There's a man in the entry."

"Let him stay there," was the cool answer. "I'm going up the chimney, across the roof, down the waterspout to the porch-roof; then it's easy climbing to the ground."

"You'll break your neck!" I cried.

"Not I!" she said, with a short laugh. "I've done more than that, just for fun."

Before I could remonstrate further, she had finished her hurried dressing, and was in the wide chimney-place. Up the yawning passage she scrambled like a cat, and was out on the roof, and looking over at me.

"All right, so far," she said, in a low voice. "Keep up your courage—I'll soon be back."

Keep up my courage! The wretch on the stairs was whistling "Shoo fly," and below I could hear the indistinct voices of the other villains. How soon would they abandon their search and come up-stairs? I glanced despairingly at the chimney, and wished I could reduce my stout figure to Eliza's dimensions, and follow her. This being impossible, I put all the furniture in the room against the door, and sat down to await the result of the search, and Eliza's daring errand.

It is easy now to write coolly about it; but my head was whirling, my heart beating to suffocation, and the seconds seemed hours long. Every sound below seemed to threaten the arrival of my tormentors, and every horror of murder or burglary I had ever heard or read of, seemed crowding upon my brain. To increase the horror, my candle suddenly sputtered, and went out.

The minutes passed slowly, till it seemed hours before I was disturbed. Then, curses deep and loud, also, were heard upon the stairway, and I knew the burglars were ascending.

"Where are the women? We can't find the boxes," said one.

"Perhaps they have sent them away," said another.

"No; I kept a lookout for that! They came in, but they never went out. Hilloo! Come out here! We won't hurt you, if you'll tell us what we want to know."

This last was for my benefit, but I respectfully declined to present myself. Only silence answered the summons.

"Come out here!" cried the same voice. "We know where you are, and I'll stick a knife in you, if you don't open the door."

Oaths of the most forcible description emphasized this summons, but I still kept silence.

"I'll have them out! Here, Jim, give me the lantern."

A hurried search of the other rooms on the floor followed, and then my door was tried.

"They are in here; it is locked! Come, open this, or we will break it in!"

Oh, the long agony of that moment, before crashing blows fell upon the wood, and I saw the pile of furniture slowly swaying forward, and the light gleaming from the yielding hinges and lock! One wild prayer rose in my heart; as if in answer to it came shouts from below, and Eliza's shrill voice, calling:

"They are up-stairs! Come, come! We are here, ma'am—we are here!"

Hurried feet upon the stairs, a scuffle in the entry, and then the voice of my little deliverer again.

"Open the door, ma'am. They've cotched all of them!"

I opened the door, and found the burglars bound and guarded by some two dozen men from the village, roused by Eliza's cries, as she rushed through the streets.

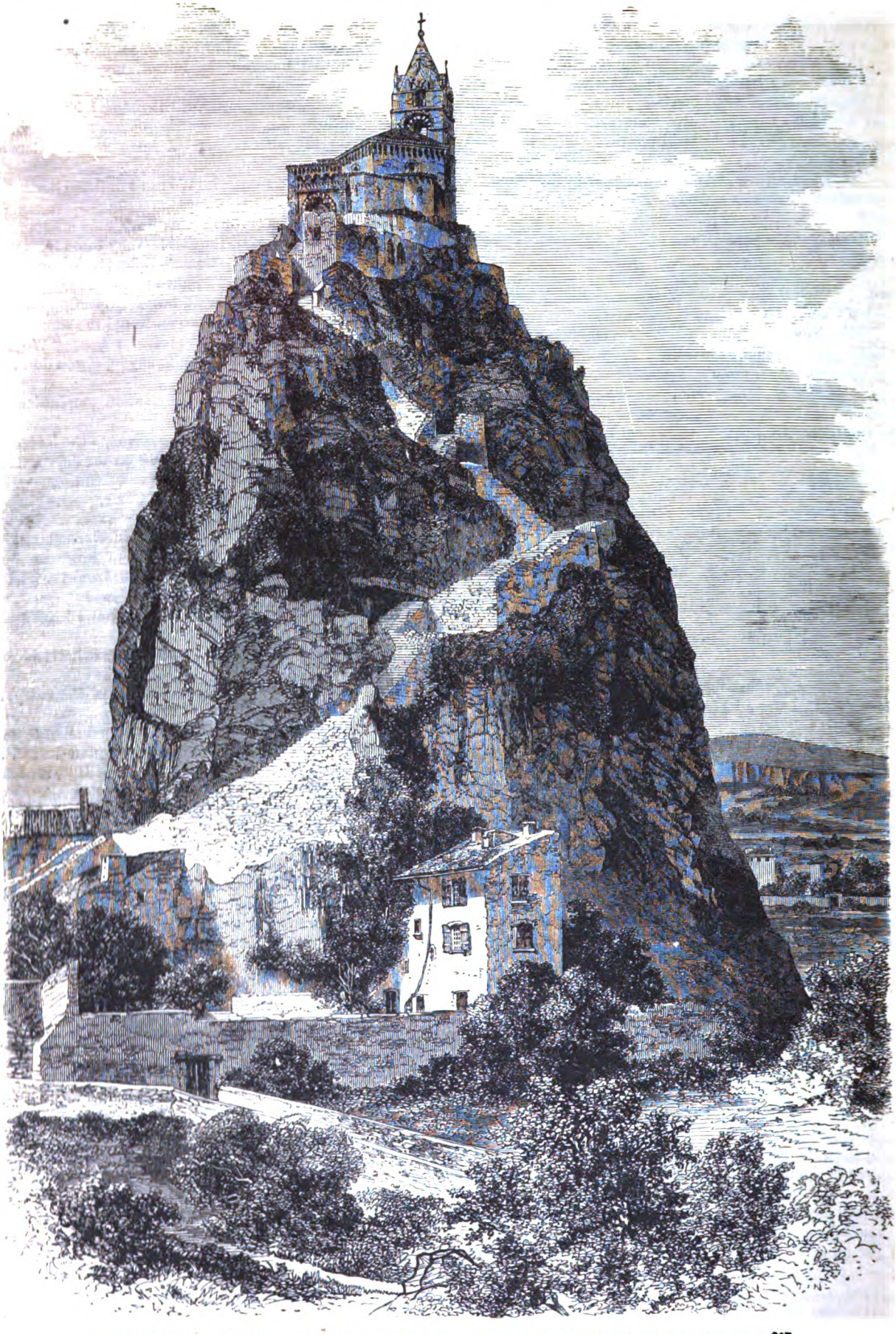
As I had already supposed, the leader of the trio was the carman already mentioned.

My brother returned on Monday, and, as my aunt's legacy allowed me more liberty with regard to expense, he insisted upon my immediate return to town, and placed my dangerous possessions in a place of safety.

I was the centre of a circle of sympathizing friends for several days; but the hero of the town for many long weeks was my little match-girl, Eliza Ann Jenkins.

THE DIKE DE L'AIGUILHE, OR ROCK ST. MICHAEL, AT PUY-EN-VELAY, FRANCE.

No one who visits Velay will fail to be struck with this volcanic mass, which towers like a monument; and he will wonder more that men ever dreamed of rearing on its summit a chapel, with a steeple higher than that of the Invalides, at Paris. This chapel is said to have been founded in 955, and was long a famous pilgrimage. It is a charming Byzantine structure, in which Mosaic, basso-relievos, and stonework of an early age have been introduced with great taste. A railing runs around the edge of the rock, and it is, indeed, necessary. Before the Revolution, two footprints were shown here—those of a young girl, who, slandered cruelly by her acquaintances, leaped off, but was miraculously preserved. This strange chapel, where service is said now only once a



THE DIKE DE L'AIGUILHE, OR CHAPEL AND ROCK OF ST. MICHAEL, AT PUY-EN-VELAY, FRANCE.— SEE PAGE 307.

year, is reached by a series of flights of steps and inclined planes, winding round the rock.

Below it, and yet on a volcanic height, is the Church of Our Lady of Puy, a still more famous pilgrimage, with its statue of the Madonna, brought back from the Crusades by St. Louis. It was in this church that Charles VII. was proclaimed king. On the mountain-height that looks down both on St. Michael and the cathedral, is the gigantic Madonna, cast from cannon taken in the Crimea, and erected here in 1860.

ESCAPE OF MRS. SMITH.

In 1806, the French force under General Lauriston, entered Venice, and established there a new government. Mrs. Spencer Smith, the sister-in-law of Sir Sidney Smith, was then resident there, for the benefit of her health, with two infant children.

She was declared to be under arrest as a French prisoner, and received an order to depart, within a week, for the City of Bassano, the place fixed upon by the Government for her residence. She demanded the reason why she was thus treated; and was answered, "*Your country and your name.*"

A few days after, it appeared that the order to repair to Bassano was a mere feint, and that the real instructions of the French police were to send her prisoner of war to the fortress of Valenciennes! At the moment when she was anxiously waiting to receive a passport, to enable her to quit Venice, she was arrested by a party of gens-d'armes, told of her destination to Valenciennes, and placed in a state of close confinement in her chamber, previously to being conducted to France.

The friends of Mrs. Smith were struck with consternation and grief at this change in her fate; but, herself endued with an admirable degree of fortitude, she roused the courage of those who wept around her; nor once appeared shaken till her lovely infants came running to her arms, to ask their mamma why she was so sad? She wished, by any sacrifice, to preserve them from the fate to which she was doomed. But how was this to be done? Who was able to help her by saving them? In evident anguish she looked round on each of the small circle of friends, who sympathized with her situation, and in mournful silence her eyes explained her supplication to them all.

Among the number of these friends, was a young Sicilian nobleman, the Marquis de Salvo. Overcome by his feelings, he rushed from the room; and when he had recovered composure sufficient to return, it was to intimate privately to Mrs. Smith that he had formed and resolved to execute, at all hazards, the generous design of effecting the escape both of herself and of her children.

The children not having been placed under the immediate vigilance of the police, the marquis succeeded, without any great difficulty, in getting them conveyed away to Grantz, where the Countess Strazzolda, a sister of Mrs. Smith, resided; but he did not think it prudent to make the attempt to effect Mrs. Smith's own escape, till after she had left Venice, and was on her way to the Alps.

It was necessary to the success of the project that De Salvo should accompany Mrs. Smith on the road; and nothing being more reasonable than her request that a friend might be permitted to travel with her, it was readily complied with, and he took his seat beside Mrs. Smith, in the gondola which conveyed her a prisoner from Venice.

It was at Brescia that he had determined to accomplish Mrs. Smith's deliverance, it being the nearest place to a neutral territory. The party was to stop here two days. The room of the inn in which Mrs. Smith was confined, was fifty feet from the ground, and gens-d'armes were posted in the room adjoining, with the door open.

The Marquis de Salvo occupied an apartment in another part of the house. Early on the morning after their arrival, he slipped out unseen

ESCAPE OF MRS. SMITH.—"SHE REACHED THE GROUND WITHOUT RECEIVING ANY ESSENTIAL INJURY."

by the gens-d'armes; and while the police of Brescia were yet in ignorance of his arrival with Mrs. Smith, went and got a passport signed for the Tyrol. From the police he hastened to survey the outlets of the city; but, to his sorrow, could see no other passage than through the gates, which were all strongly guarded.

He was not, however, dismayed, but immediately set about procuring all the means for their escape; a light carriage, which could travel anywhere; horses, to spare them the necessity of waiting at the post-houses; a man's dress, for the disguise of Mrs. Smith; and, finally, a bill of health, which would be requisite on entering another country. All this he accomplished before ten o'clock in the morning, when he returned to Mrs. Smith, and availed himself of an hour, while the soldiers were at the street-door, to settle with her all that was to be prepared and attempted.

It was agreed that he should go next day to reconnoitre the environs of Brescia, and collect all the information possible respecting the places through which it would be necessary to pass; and on the ensuing night, at eleven o'clock, Mrs. Smith was to let down a string from the window to the ground, to which the marquis was to be ready to tie a paper, communicating what further discoveries and arrangements he had made.

Returning down-stairs, the marquis told the guards that his affairs prevented him from continuing any longer in the company of this woman; that the slow manner in which she traveled greatly retarded his journey; that he had to go to Paris with all possible dispatch, and besides (flattering them by apparent confidence) he assured them that he did not like to be exposed to the stigma of being the friend of a woman whose arrest was demanded by the Emperor of the French. He added, that it was his intention to leave Brescia that very evening; and that, as he did not like to tell the lady that such was his intention, he begged as a favor that they would have the goodness to inform her of it themselves. The guards murmured their opinions to one another; and turning to the marquis, in a friendly tone commended his design, and promised to be the faithful bearers of his apology to the lady.

At four o'clock next morning the marquis passed the gates of Brescia, and directed his steps to Salo. On his arrival there, no officer appeared at the gate to demand his passport, nor did he perceive any crowd of idle gazers about his chaise, *to look at the stranger*, as is the custom in the small towns and villages of Italy; circumstances which made him at once fix on the place as one which it would be an easy matter to pass through without observation. He then hastened to the borders of the Lake di Garda, where he engaged a covered boat with twelve oars, to be ready next morning at six o'clock, for passing the lake with all expedition.

At eleven o'clock in the forenoon nothing further remained to be prepared at Salo; and as he could not well return to Brescia before the evening, he employed the interval in making a ladder of rope and pieces of wood, and succeeded in making one as long as he thought would be required. When this important implement was finished, he wrote a letter of instructions to Mrs. Smith; and, as the night closed in, returned to Brescia, which he entered just as the gates were shutting. He had left the horse and chaise at an inn, situated in a solitary square, telling the hostler that he would return by three o'clock in the morning.

It was near eleven o'clock when, dressed as a Brescian postillion, and with the rope ladder and letter under his cloak, he advanced through the most lonely streets, toward the inn called the Two Towers, where Mrs. Smith was. He stopped before he approached the window; he listened for some time to the noise of the soldiers; and after convincing himself that they were occupied in drinking, he drew near and felt for the string with his hand. Having found it, he tied the ladder and letter to it; and on pulling it gently, it was instantly drawn up. He then retired, overjoyed at seeing the first danger so well got over.

After waiting three hours, he returned under the window, at which, shortly after, a figure presented itself; it was Mrs. Smith; the marquis drew near; Mrs. Smith asked in a low voice, "If he was her friend?" De Salvo replied, "I am that friend, and wait for you." Mrs. Smith instantly proceeded to fasten the ladder. "Scarcely was this done," says the marquis, "when I saw Mrs. Smith take hold of the window and cling to the wall, pressing with uncertain foot the first step. I perceived she was reluctant in trusting herself upon it; the unhappy lady stood tottering upon the step, and seemed to tremble so much, that I was afraid of her falling. But I was greatly relieved when I beheld her grasping the knots of the ladder, and boldly determined to descend. What an interesting spectacle! A forlorn woman, anxious to escape from captivity, committing herself from a height to ropes, which, even while they tore her delicate fingers, she kissed in ecstasy, because they were instrumental to her release. And at the same time, armed sentinels in the adjoining apartment, who were ready to dart upon her if their sleep were interrupted by the least noise. Happily, the silence of the night, and its intense gloom, remained undisturbed; and she reached the ground without receiving any essential injury.

Mrs. Smith and her gallant liberator now hurried in breathless haste from street to street, till they reached the summit of the fortress of Brescia. Here the violence of Mrs. Smith's desire to save herself was such, that she actually offered to attempt scaling the walls; but, on the marquis acquainting her that a chaise was in waiting at the inn near the gates, her agitation was somewhat calmed. They found the chaise ready, but the hour for opening the gates had not yet arrived; at their earnest entreaties, however, the guard opened them, and they passed through on the 3d of May, at four o'clock in the morning.

They reached Salo at half an hour after six the same morning; hastened on board the boat which the marquis had engaged to convey them across the Lake di Garda, and in eight hours more reached the Tyrolean frontier in safety.

AN ADVENTURE WITH A WILD BOAR.

The Hindoos, who are naturally an inoffensive, timid race, have an almost fabulous reverence for the courage of Europeans, whom they often term fighting devils—an epithet applied in no disparaging way, but, on the contrary, as the highest of compliments. The assistant-surgeon (B——h) and a lieutenant (D——n) of a regiment to which I once belonged on the Indian establishment, were traveling up the country. On arriving early one morning at their breakfast-tent (which had been sent forward as usual the preceding evening), they were met by the Cutwal and principal men of the small village, bearing a trifling present of fruit.

After many salaams, the deputation said that the villagers were in the greatest distress—that an enormous wild boar and a sow had taken up their abode in the neighboring sugar plantation—that the crop was fully ripe, but that whenever the laborers ventured in to cut the cane they were driven out by a charge of the swine; that the whole body, women as well as men, had united more than once in an attempt to alarm the intruders with the noise of tom-toms, cholera-horns, firing of match-locks, etc., but that the unclean brutes would not leave, and that the inhabitants had nearly resigned all hopes of saving the crop, when they had the happiness of hearing that an English officer was

expected, who, as a matter of course, could have no objection to shoot the vicious animal.

D——n and B——h willingly consented to start directly after breakfast. The former was a keen sportsman, but the latter had never fired a gun; however, he said he would do his best; and being furnished with an old musket, he sallied forth "at fixed bayonets." Almost the instant they entered the cover a crashing noise warned them to be on their guard. The boar, without an instant's hesitation, rushed at the invaders, making a special selection of the individual least accustomed to arms. B——h, in no way daunted, dropped upon his right knee—brought his firelock to the charging position—and calmly waited to pull the trigger until the formidable beast was so close upon the bayonet, that he knocked the piece out of B——h's grasp, and sent him spinning heels over head. On regaining his feet, B——h found that his formidable adversary was already dead; the bayonet, much bent in the encounter, was buried deep in his huge chest; and subsequent examination showed that the ball had severed his heart into two nearly equal portions. The sow had apparently quickly become aware of the mischance that had befallen her mate, for she ignominiously fled from the field at her best pace.

In reply to the thanks, congratulations, and encomiums bestowed upon the worthy assistant-surgeon for his success and admirable coolness, he quietly observed that all was well that ended well; that it was an awful beast; and that he would take precious good care never voluntarily to encounter such another; that he had had his first shot, and fervently hoped it would be his last.

DAUGHTER OF A WHIG.

By Etta W. Pierce.

OUR house stood on the south side of Beacon Hill. The English troops had pulled down the flagstaff above, long used as a danger-signal to the surrounding towns, and were building a fort in its place. Below us, on the Common, their marquee tents were pitched, and their moving parade made a great clangor. The sound of drum and fife poured loudly into our breakfast-room.

"Put down the windows, Crispus!" roared my father to his black servant.

Crispus knew the signs of the times, and jerked them down in a twinkling.

"Another regiment arrived last night from Halifax," went on my father, bitterly; "they will pass up the street directly. Close every shutter, Miss Warring, and keep away from the windows—you and my little Anne here. By good rights, the house should be draped in mourning; every man, woman and child in Boston should put on mourning to-day."

It was just after the affair at Lexington. My father no longer drank the health of the king at our four o'clock dinner; his toast was now, "The Colonies," or "Our Liberties."

The crown officers whom I met at the Province House, and who stared at me so boldly as they walked Marlborough Street and the great mall of the Common, in scarlet coats and lace ruffles, called my father a rebel. I was never allowed to attend the parties at the royal governor's, nor even to dine with my mother's people, the Thornleys, unless accompanied by my governess, Miss Warring. She was thirty-five, and I fifteen. She was ugly, and I handsome. In both places those crown officers above-mentioned called us, very impertinently, a new version of Beauty and the Beast.

Breakfast over, up rose Miss Warring, and closed all the shutters along the front of the house. While she was doing this, I heard from the direction of King Street the beat of drums. I ran to the window opening on the balcony to the drawing-room, and peeped through.

"Ah, Miss Warring," I said, "would it be so dreadful to look?"

"Your father has forbidden it!"

"But I meet these red-coats every week at the Thornleys' table. Why may I not look at them this morning, and why must the house be made like a tomb because they are passing?"

"Fie! Anne Wyatt—the Thornleys are Tories to their finger-tips; but you are the daughter of a Whig, and this is the house of a Whig."

The drums grew louder; they had turned into Queen Street. I began to toy with the shutter.

"If you had fewer curls in your hair, Anne, it would be better for your soul, I think. You should be thinking of your grammar, child, not of gold-laced coats. Hark! those bands are playing 'God Save the King.' I shall stop my ears; so also should you."

The music came pouring up from the street below, such music as only the English bands could make. It charmed me; it lured me. While Miss Warring pressed both hands to her ears to shut it away, I flung the shutter wide open and sprang out upon the balcony.

"Papa will forgive me," I said.

Ah, there were the troops all in sight below me; their long line, glittering with scarlet and gold, turned from Centre Street and approached the house as I looked. Nearer they drew, and nearer. I leaned over the railing, and pressing the riotous curls back from my eyes, stared down on them.

Then it was that I saw his face.

He was marching on the right of the troops. The sunshine fell strong upon his blazing uniform and fair, bold English face, with eyes the color of his own sword-blade, and powdered blonde locks. Our eyes met. He stopped short there below the balcony. Breathlessly he looked up at me. I could not stir—I could not breathe; I had never met such a look before. It burned me, it scared me, it seemed to devour me; it filled me from head to foot with a tremor of joy and exquisite shame. Still gazing at me with that rapt, intense gaze, "That girl seals my fate!" he cried aloud.

I turned, and darted back through the window, burning and breathless. I fled to my own chamber, and, hiding there behind the long linen curtains of the bed, burst into a passion of ridiculous tears. Miss Warring found me, and dragged me forth; but as she could neither force nor coax me to explain, the matter was dropped between us.

Late that night I saw a man come down from the fort on Beacon Hill, cross the waste ground, covered with wild rose and barberry bushes, and leap the wall into my father's garden. The stalwart figure, the scarlet uniform, the fair, dashing face, how could I mistake them? Fully revealed by the moonlight, he stopped at an angle of the wall, and looked up at my chamber-window.

"Heavens!" screamed Miss Warring, "it is a red-coat! Come away instantly!" and she dropped the lace and muslin in a trice.

I fled to bed, but not to sleep. As midnight struck, I crept from her side. He stood there still, leaning against the wall, his eyes fixed on the window, the moonlight falling

upon him. A deep, passionate sigh was wafted toward me through the still night.

Dawn broke. For the second time I went to look. Starting then from his night-long watch, I saw him kiss his jeweled hand toward the curtained window, vault over the wall, and walk slowly off toward the fort. That very day Miss Warring and I went to dine with the Thornleys.

At five o'clock my grandmother sent for us her yellow chariot and two powdered footmen in livery. I wore a violet bodice, with an embroidered petticoat and white satin train, and sapphire buckles in my high-heeled, satin shoes. The Thornleys lived in Marlborough Street, next door to the Province House. We found their long drawing-room this day filled with the scarlet coats my father and Miss Warring hated.

"Lennox," said my grandmother, rising to receive us, and speaking to a crown officer who leaned over the back of her claw-footed chair, "here is my little rebel rose. I am striving to turn her from her heresies. You must help me." Then taking my hand, "Anne, how beautiful you are, and how you tremble, child! This is the son of an old friend of mine—Arthur Lennox, the heir of a viscount, and a captain in his majesty's service."

He advanced, and made me a profound bow. I did not look in his face, yet I knew it was pale with agitation. Under its deep lace ruffle, his hand closed on mine as if he would never let me go.

"Ah, do you know me?" he murmured, with a bold look.

"I remember your face among the troops yesterday," I answered, in great confusion.

"You remember! Heaven be thanked! You have even thought of me, perhaps. Nay, do not turn away—look at me once more. Not till yesterday did I dream how great a fire a look may kindle."

Miss Warring grasped my lace shawl.

"Anne Wyatt, you astonishing child! how long will you let that man hold your hand?"

I tried to snatch it away; but at this moment dinner was announced, and he drew it coolly through his arm.

"What, would you fly from me thus soon?" he murmured, and so led me out, and placed himself on my left hand.

General Gage, the royal governor, was my grandmother's guest that day, and another general also, named Burgoyne. I had dined with the crown officers often, but not since the Lexington affair—since my father had openly declared for the colonies. When the wine was placed on the board, General Gage proposed the first toast, "The King."

I looked at Miss Warring; she was staring grimly at her glass. She did not touch it; no more did I mine. Said General Gage, with a bland smile:

"My dear Miss Wyatt, you do not drink your wine."

The reproof embarrassed me greatly; I felt the eyes on my left flaring upon me like steel in the sun.

"A toast, sir, that is not allowed at my father's table I cannot drink at any other," I said, bluntly.

My grandmother grew red with rage. I myself was ready to sink through the floor, though I kept a bold front.

"Did I not tell you she was an arrant rebel?" said my grandmother. "This is the result of her Wyatt blood, and her colonial education," with a scathing look at Miss Warring.

General Gage lifted his thick eyebrows.

"She appears to be a dutiful daughter, though a disloyal subject," he answered, coldly.

But Burgoyne, who was something of a gallant, gave me an admiring look.

"My dear madam," he said to my grandmother, "we must pardon her indiscretion because of her extreme youth. No one, I am sure, cares to know what were the politics of Venus, or what toasts she refused to drink at the feasts of the gods."

AN ADVENTURE WITH A WILD BOAR.—"THE BOAR, WITHOUT AN INSTANT'S HESITATION, RUSHED AT THE INVADERS."—SEE PAGE 310.

Then they all began to talk of something else—all but Captain Lennox.

"Do you, then, rank us as your enemies?" he asked—"we, the defenders of the crown, the loyal subjects of the king?"

"Since you force me to say it, yes."

"There is a text that reads, 'Thou shalt love thine enemies,'" said he, with a long, bold look.

After an ominous pause, he broke out in an undertone that I only could hear.

"Miss Wyatt, I cannot keep silent. Even at the risk of your anger, I must speak. Will you promise not to think me mad?"

"I hear," said Burgoyne, from the other end of the table, "that ten thousand of these ridiculous rebels are trying to besiege Boston."

"The passion that creeps by degrees on other men smote me like lightning from a clear sky. The moment our eyes met—the moment I saw you leaning from that balcony, like an angel from heaven, I knew that I was lost!"

This from Lennox. The next voice was General Gage's.

"That arch-rebel, Hancock, and his betrothed wife, were seating themselves at an elegant repast when our troops arrived. The two, and Adams with them, fled in great haste, and were glad, among their rebel friends, to dine off cold salt pork and potatoes, served in a wooden tray."

"My dear general," said Miss Warring, dryly, "I hope Hancock and Miss Quincy did not miss their dinner more than your troops did the convoy of provisions those dreadful minute-men captured at West Cambridge that same day."

"Miss Wyatt," murmured Lennox, with angry pain, "are you listening to me? You have a father—give me permission to wait upon him to-morrow!"

"Yes, I have a father," I answered, "and he is a rebel; so, also, am I. You have heard them call me that just now."

He got my hand beneath the table, and pressed it passionately.

"Do you hate me? Do you forbid me to ask for this lovely hand? I could almost bless the wretched rebellion that brought me here to meet my doom at your feet."

"Silence, sir; my governess is watching."

"I am consumed by this passion; it is like a fever in my veins; I cannot eat nor sleep. Pity me, Miss Wyatt, and speak one word."

"Hush! oh, hush!"

His extreme agitation had drawn every eye to us; yet he would not stop.

"Cruel! I ask only for one word. May I come to you to-morrow?"

Trembling with mingled fright and joy, I answered:

"Come."

Late in the afternoon of the following day my father sent Miss Warring to bring me to the drawing-room. She found me hiding again in the linen curtains of the bed.

"Is papa very angry?" I said, shivering with fear.

"I do not know. Go down at once," she answered.

I went. They were there together, my father and Captain Lennox. Both were standing. The face of the latter was like ashes, and my father's square mouth wore an ominous look. As I entered, he advanced to meet me.

DAUGHTER OF A WHIG.—"THERE WAS A FLASH, A REPORT, AND THE INNKEEPER STAGGERED, LOOSENED HIS HOLD ON ME, AND BOUNDING INTO THE AIR, FELL DEAD AT MY FEET."—SEE PAGE 311.

"Anne," he said, abruptly, "this gentleman has asked of me your hand in marriage"—my heart beat wildly—"and I have declined the alliance."

I turned toward Lennox with a fierce gesture. He snatched me to his heart.

"My love!" he panted, "my life! my rose of all the world! what does your heart say to this?"

"Sir," cried my father, angrily, "release that child! She has but just abandoned her dolls. She is not old enough to know her heart. You cannot have my daughter."

He did not release me; he held me fast; his heart beat like a trip-hammer against mine.

"At her command I will release her; at her command I will go, and only at hers," answered Lennox.

"Anne," shouted my father, "you have known this man, as he himself tells me, forty-eight hours. Speak! what does this mean?"

"I have known him long enough to love him," I sobbed —"to love him now and for ever." Yet, in speaking, I put the arms of Lennox from me, and walked blindly toward my father. "Father, I am your only one, your all—whatever you say I must do."

He lifted my face, and looked into it.

"Anne, Anne! am I awake or dreaming? A child of fifteen! impossible! You will forget him in a week." He then advanced toward Lennox. "Sir, do you think I will give my enemy the apple of my eye? You cannot have my daughter. You are her foe and mine. The time is near when we shall stand in arms against each other; so, Captain Lennox, I bear you no ill-will, but you shall never see her face again."

"Her foe!" repeated Lennox, bitterly. "My God! as if such a thing could be! Must her heart as well as mine be broken because of this rebellion of yours, in which neither of us have had a part? I cannot obey you, sir! I shall see her face again, let it cost what it may."

"I tell you you cannot have my daughter!" repeated my father, in a hard voice. "There is no more than this to say. Oblige me by ending the interview."

"If I may not have her with your consent, sir, I shall not hesitate to take her without it. Give her up—I neither can nor will! I have the honor, sir, to bid you adieu!"

The door closed. My father looked at me, and his hard mouth relaxed.

"My poor, foolish little girl," he said, "forget him at once."

"I will try, papa," I answered, and then something dark came between his face and mine, and I fell senseless at his feet. It was dark when I awoke. I was not in the familiar drawing-room at Beacon Hill, nor yet in my own chamber. I was jolting along in a close carriage over a dark and silent road. I looked up in the face of Miss Warring, who was bending over me; she and I occupied the vehicle together.

"Where am I?" I asked. "What does this mean? Where are we going?"

"Your father thought it necessary for us to leave Boston," she answered, dryly; "many people are leaving. The town is in a state of siege."

"I understand. He sends me away that Captain Lennox may have no chance of meeting me again?"

"Exactly. This is Cambridge; the patriots muster in great force here; he cannot follow you."

"Oh, Miss Warring," I cried, terrified at the intolerable ache at my heart, "what is to become of me?—what am I to do?"

"You are to remain here with my mother and me till your recovery is certain. The carriage has stopped. We have reached the house. A few weeks will work wonders for you, I feel sure."

We alighted together in the early Spring night at an old farmhouse on the North Cambridge Road; it was a spot altogether lonely and deserted. I followed Miss Warring into a great keeping-room, where the aged mistress of the house was taking her early tea, with a housemaid in attendance.

"You did well to bring that child here, Dorcas," she said to her daughter. "No place could be safer. We have all the American forces betwixt us and Boston."

I looked out across the lonely twilight fields, and felt my heart sink. I asked for my father. Miss Warring drew a letter from her deep, old-fashioned pocket, and gave it me; it was tender and brief. He bade me strive with the folly that beset me, and submit myself to Miss Warring. In a few days he would visit me in my new home.

I went to sleep that night in a chamber overlooking the Cambridge road, homesick and heartsick. Never before had I been thwarted in a wish of my life. I was full of rebellion. To be sent away like a criminal to be prisoned here in this lonely place, with Miss Warring for a jailer—it was too much. Yet, even then, I meant with all my heart to obey my father, to yield up all to his will, to forget Arthur Lennox, if such a thing could be. Alas! I had yet to learn how weak a thing a human heart is.

For one week I remained at the old Cambridge farmhouse; at its close Miss Warring began to look at me aghast.

"Anne! Anne! you are actually losing flesh and color. Thank heaven! your father comes to-night. Put on your hat and mantle, child, and go down to the gate to meet him. The air will brighten you up."

I obeyed listlessly. It was a cloudy night, threatening storm. I lingered at the gate a while, but saw nothing of my father. Then I lifted the latch, and walked out into the road.

I did not know in what direction my face was set; I walked mechanically, and with no purpose in view. The old farmhouse disappeared among the trees behind me. The murky twilight deepened. Suddenly the thud of horsehoofs, rapidly advancing, met my ears. A horseman came spurring around a bend in the lonely road before me. I ran to meet him, thinking only of my father. The next moment he was out of the saddle—I was locked in his arms. Arthur Lennox was raining convulsive kisses on my lips, my eyes, my hair.

"Anne, Anne! have I found you at last! For days I have been seeking you. It was Mrs. Thornley who gave me this clue. And they exile you to this place because of me? —they think to keep me from you here. They shall see."

I lifted my head from his breast, and looked at him. He was haggard, and pale, and worn. A long, dark-blue horseman's cloak completely concealed his scarlet uniform; he wore a plain chapeau, and his horse was covered with the plainest of housings.

"Yes," quoth he, in answer to my look. "I come in disguise; in no other way could I reach you through the ten thousand rebels that surround Boston. A desperate man can accomplish much. My life, my love! I am on my way to New York. I go with special dispatches to our loyal friends there. I have dared death itself to see you to-night, dearest—is it in vain?"

I knew what he meant. I looked at him, but I could not answer. He fell at my feet.

"Anne, must I go alone? Must I? Oh, my darling, you are pale, you tremble; you, too, have suffered! If you love me, you will not refuse to marry me now. Your father's consent we can never gain. Come with me, Anne—come!"

I tried to think of my father, but in vain. The kisses of that father's enemy fell thick and fast upon me; his agitation was terrible; he begged, he prayed, he entreated; he was like a man bereft of his senses.

"At the house of a royalist near by," he said, "there is a horse waiting for you. By morning we will be beyond pursuit—you will be my wife."

"How wrong, how rash it is for you to be here at all!" I sobbed, "in the very midst of your enemies, and disguised. Should they discover you, they would treat you as a spy."

"Without doubt," he answered; "yet, as God hears me, I will never leave this place till you lay your hands in mine, and come with me. In them I place my heart, my hope, my very life. Now do with them as you will."

I looked at his face, white, and set, and full of pain; he rose in the twilight, and stretched out his arms toward me. I glided into them, and hid my face on his heart.

At the house of the royalist he had mentioned, I found

awaiting me a riding-habit of black cloth, a vail, and a swift horse. We left the town behind us, and safely skirting some outposts of the Americans in the darkness, set off at a tearing gallop on the stage-route to Providence. My flight, I knew, could not long remain undiscovered.

If he knew little of the road, I knew even less. The darkness, too, was intense. We encountered first the stage, with its lights gleaming, and its leaders' heads turned toward Boston; after that a body of men met us, and demanded to know who we were, and whither we journeyed.

"I am a physician of Boston," answered Lennox, coolly; "my name is Wilder, and this lady is my sister."

He whipped one of General Gage's passports from his pocket, granting permission to said Doctor Wilder and sister, both of seditious principles, to leave the town of Boston at their good pleasure. After a short parley here, which Lennox conducted with great *sang froid*, we were suffered to move on.

On, and away into the night; for miles we pressed forward at breakneck speed. The darkness grew so deep that Lennox took my bridle-rein into his own hand; the road became deserted and difficult, and nowhere did we see a light. Suddenly Lennox drew rein and looked at me.

"We have missed the road," he said, quickly.

I was too frightened to answer.

"My darling," and his hand closed on mine, "it is useless to go back seeking it. We must go on now till we reach the nearest town; we shall find a clergyman there, and whether Providence be far or near, baffle all pursuit by being united at once."

We rode on again for a few miles; then a cluster of lights twinkled out of the darkness before us. We had reached a little village in a valley, and the house of the clergyman we sought was situated near its entrance. Lennox's impatient knock brought to the door a withered old woman.

"The parson's gone to see a sick man," she said; "he'll be back directly. The young lady had better come in and wait."

I followed her into the clergyman's parlor. As for Lennox, he was boiling with impatience.

"I would rather die than lose you now," he said, wildly, wringing my hands in his; "and something tells me we are pursued. I shall not wait here; I shall go for the man myself; I will bring him back immediately, either by persuasion or force. Do not move from this spot till I return."

I listened till the last echo of his footsteps died away; then a great terror, a dark foreboding of evil came over me. I arose and began to walk the room.

"Are we far from Providence?" I asked of the woman.

"Yes," she answered; "this town is close on to the Connecticut border; you must have come a good bit out of your way."

I looked at her old-fashioned Dutch clock on the mantel. The evening was wellnigh spent.

"Has my companion far to go?"

"No," said she; "and like enough he'll meet the parson coming home."

At that very instant I heard a footstep outside the door.

"Oh, can he have returned already?" I cried, and ran to open it. A scream escaped my lips. On its threshold I stood face to face with my father!

Haggard and sorrowful, he caught me in his arms.

"Anne, answer me—are you his wife?"

"No."

"Thank God! I am, then, in time."

"The parson's not here," volunteered the woman, who began to grow bewildered; "the gentleman has gone for him; they'll be back directly."

My father looked at me.

"Not a word," he said, sadly. "I forgive you Put on your hat, and come with me; there is not a moment to lose. He must not find us here when he returns."

More dead than alive, I hastened to obey him; his horse stood at the door; he mounted, and placed me on a pillion behind him.

"Say to Captain Lennox," he called to the woman, throwing her a piece of money, "that my daughter is in the hands of her father; he will find it useless to follow us."

He set spurs to his horse, and galloped away with me into the night.

"I reached the Warrings'," he said, "just as you were missed; I started at once upon your track. My darling, cling fast to me, for we must ride hard, and there is a long road before us."

Not a word of reproach escaped him. Back over the road by which I had come with Lennox we went at a rapid rate. Presently drops of rain began to splash on the foliage overhead. A deafening peal of thunder shivered the silence; a dazzle of lightning darted across my blinded eyes, and the storm broke. It was a terrible night; the wind roared madly through the trees that bordered the wild country road; the rain roared through the stony gullies under-foot, and the horse, startled by the sharp and continued flashes of lightning, became quite unmanageable. I felt, rather than saw, the consternation on my father's face.

"It cannot be helped," he muttered through his teeth; "we must seek shelter; you are drenched already. We cannot go on."

At that moment we saw, straight before us among the trees, a bright light shining.

My father spurred toward it eagerly; it beamed from the window of a low, large house, standing at the junction of two woody roads. There was no other sign of life about it; and little wonder, for the time was midnight, and New England people keep early hours.

"It is an inn!" cried my father. "Heaven be praised!"

He dashed up to the door, and leaning from his saddle, pounded upon it lustily; the candle left the window, flashed along other windows, and approached the door. This last opened cautiously. A voice—a woman's voice—called out:

"Who's there?"

"Belated travelers," answered my father. "Open."

She obeyed. The light flashed full upon her as she stood in the doorway—a young woman, pale and plain, in a dress of coarse cotton stuff—a woman with a narrow, retreating forehead, a heavy, full-featured face, and eyes that seemed to flash over us both from head to foot in a moment.

"Master," she called to some one within, "travelers!"

My father leaped from his horse, and lifted me down also. As he did this, a man appeared on the threshold, where the girl still stood, devouring us with her cruel eyes—a man sleek and pale of aspect, in a decent black waistcoat and knee-breeches, with silver buckles in his shoes, and a black queue, tied with a ribbon.

"Supper and rooms," said my father, seemingly unconscious of the prolonged scrutiny of these people.

While speaking, he drew me out of the rain into the doorway, where I stood face to face with the man in black. A sharp exclamation broke from his lips:

"God save us!" he cried, "here is a beauty!" and before I was aware he put a hand under my chin, turned my face upward, in the light of the candle, and stared down on me.

Never shall I forget those eyes—lawless, devouring, terrible. With a sickening thrill of alarm, I darted back, just as my father raised his riding-whip and struck the innkeeper a blow full in his sleek, pale face. From forehead to chin a purple welt leaped under the stinging lash. The man staggered against the wall.

"This lady is my daughter!" roared my father. "What do you mean, sirrah?"

The innkeeper passed a hand over his wounded face, but he kept his eyes bent downward.

"I crave your pardon, traveler," he answered, smoothly. "I touched your fair daughter to make sure that she was mortal. It's not often we see such a face here. You called for supper and rooms, eh? First of all, who are you?"

"I am John Wyatt, a merchant of Boston," answered my father. "How far away is that good city?"

"Forty miles. A merchant of Boston?" He let his stealthy eyes creep from the crown of my father's powdered head down to the heavy gold buckles in his shoes. "The Boston merchants have full purses, I hear, but not all of them such handsome daughters. Sukey, go and make ready the rooms."

"There are no rooms, Master Black," answered the young woman, who had been leaning all this time against the doorway, shading the candle from the storm. "The house is full already. Merchant Wyatt and his daughter must pass on to the next door."

"The next door!" repeated my father, giving her a long look. "Where is that?"

"A step across the fields," answered the woman. "When we have extra guests we send them there."

"Storms here bring full houses," murmured the innkeeper, still caressing his wounded face. "You can leave your horse, merchant—a fine beast he is. Take your pistols from the holsters, and I'll stable him myself. The grooms are abed and asleep."

An odd look crossed my father's face.

"The pistols are safe," he replied, with a significant movement toward his beast. "Well, since we may not rest here, where shall we find this next door of which you speak? It is late, and my daughter is exhausted."

"Sukey," called the innkeeper, his lawless eyes fixed on me still, "go bring the lantern. The storm is increasing; hear the rain pour! You'll find the old folks up, most likely; they are always on the lookout on stormy nights."

The girl, Sukey, in turning to obey her master, caught my riding-habit, and pulled it sharply. One look she flashed upon me, full of wild warning, and then went and brought the lantern, as directed, and, pulling an old cloak over her head, darted out of the open doorway, motioning us to follow. Meanwhile, the innkeeper had taken my father's horse, and was leading him off with his own hands.

"Saddle him at dawn," said my father; "I must be off early."

"Ay, merchant," answered Black. "Good-night and good rest to you and your fair daughter."

He turned, with the bridle in his hand, and looked at us as we moved off. It was a look so diabolical, so strange, so terrible, that I cried out, and caught my father's arm.

"What is it, Anne?" he said, kindly.

"That is an evil man," I whispered, for the girl, Sukey, was just before us; "a bad, bad man, papa. Oh, let us take to the saddle again, and go on!"

"Impossible, my dear child. The horse is exhausted; we could not proceed a mile. Take courage. You shall not see this Master Black again. I will go alone to the inn at dawn. His evil eyes have looked their last on you."

"Come!" shouted Sukey; "yonder's the way to Daddy Black's!"

And she darted over a stile, and through a well-worn path across a drenched, rain-swept field. My father and I followed.

"What!" he shouted, "another Black, my girl?"

"Ay, the old folks, who help keep tavern. A pretty pair. Here's the house, and here's the river. Come in."

It was a dark, weather-beaten house, built in an open field. The lapping, gurgling sound of water filled the air around it, and by the light of the girl's lantern we saw a broad stream, running dark and turbid, almost at its very threshold.

"It's easy to drop things there, and never find them again—eh?" said Sukey. "Daddy Black's lamp is burning: Daddy Black's up, waiting for guests. Ha! ha!"

Without ceremony, she lifted the latch, and entered.

"Daddy Black!" she shouted; "travelers from the inn!"

There was but one room on the ground-floor of the house. Its walls were black with smoke, the gaping hearth was sunken and low, and on either side of it an old man and woman were sitting together in the light of a blazing fire.

The man was a hunchback. His great, gray head was set betwixt an enormous pair of shoulders. One could see that he was a Samson in strength. As for his face, it was hideous.

The woman, as we entered, sat leaning over the fire, whetting on a smooth, round stone, a common bread-knife, and feeling its edge carefully with her skinny fingers. She looked not unlike her own blade, sharp and thin, her white hair straggling over her sunken eyes, her hands like a vulture's talons.

Up rose the man from his corner.

"Travelers?" he repeated; "we've been waiting up for them. Ho! we saw them in the teacups to-night—man and girl—ho!" He looked long at us, longer still at the rich cloth of my father's dress and the gold buckles, set with jewels, in his shoes. "A fine gentleman, a most beautiful young lady—father and daughter, did ye say, Sukey? Sir, what's your will with us?"

"I want supper and lodging for the night," said my father, shortly. "The inkeeper over yonder is your son, then?"

"You've said it, sir. It was kind of him to send such guests to me. You shall have the best my poor house affords. Get up, woman, and set them seats."

The old woman, who had been whispering with Sukey in the corner, rose now, put her knife and whetting-stone aside, and placed us seats, as she was bidden. The girl Sukey grasped my dress for the second time.

"The young lady is all wet with the rain, Mother Black," said she. "Give her a place near the fire. Such a young, young thing as she is, too!" Then she leaned over me. I heard a quick whisper. "For God's sake——!"

That was all. Mother Black pushed her savagely off.

"Back to the inn with ye, huzzy!" she cried. "Back, and let the girl alone. What do you mean?"

Sukey retreated sullenly toward the door. Daddy Black took her by the shoulder and thrust her rudely out. The last I saw were her wild eyes darting that same wordless meaning to me again from under the folds of her torn cloak. Then Daddy Black drew bolt and bar across the door, and came back, rubbing his hands, to the hearth.

"You are journeying late with so young a daughter," he said to my father.

"Yes," was the answer. She is greatly fatigued. Hasten with your supper, and let her go to bed."

The rain dashed against the windows in torrents; the wind roared outside like a lost soul. I could hear through all the storm the fret and fall of that turbid stream near by.

Mother Black cut a rasher of bacon with the knife she had been whetting, and put it on the coals, placing a steaming mug of flip at my father's elbow, and from some remote cupboard brought forth milk, bread, and a dish of green sage cheese.

"Draw up, master," said Daddy Black; "draw up with your fair daughter; all is ready."

My place at the table brought me face to face with my father. For the first time I saw how haggard and troubled he looked. It filled my heart with a vague remorse.

"Papa!" I faltered.

His foot touched mine under the table.

smoking a stubby, black pipe there over the coals. I could not eat. Something in the atmosphere of the place seemed to choke me. I rose up.

"Papa, I am ready."

Daddy Black lighted a candle by the coals of the fire.

THE MUSICAL RECITAL.

"Yes, my darling, hasten with your meal, and let us get to bed; we must rise early."

The hunchback was waiting behind his chair as he spoke. I saw the outrageous creature exchange glances with the old woman, who had returned to the chimney-corner, and was

"Ye know the rooms, man," said the woman, without looking up from her pipe.

"We want but one room," said my father, sharply. "My daughter and I will share it together."

The pair looked at each other as if disconcerted.

"I have known him long enough to love him," I sobbed —"to love him now and for ever." Yet, in speaking, I put the arms of Lennox from me, and walked blindly toward my father. "Father, I am your only one, your all—whatever you say I must do."

He lifted my face, and looked into it.

"Anne, Anne! am I awake or dreaming? A child of fifteen! impossible! You will forget him in a week." He then advanced toward Lennox. "Sir, do you think I will give my enemy the apple of my eye? You cannot have my daughter. You are her foe and mine. The time is near when we shall stand in arms against each other; so, Captain Lennox, I bear you no ill-will, but you shall never see her face again."

"Her foe!" repeated Lennox, bitterly. "My God! as if such a thing could be! Must her heart as well as mine be broken because of this rebellion of yours, in which neither of us have had a part? I cannot obey you, sir! I shall see her face again, let it cost what it may."

"I tell you you cannot have my daughter!" repeated my father, in a hard voice. "There is no more than this to say. Oblige me by ending the interview."

"If I may not have her with your consent, sir, I shall not hesitate to take her without it. Give her up—I neither can nor will! I have the honor, sir, to bid you adieu!"

The door closed. My father looked at me, and his hard mouth relaxed.

"My poor, foolish little girl," he said, "forget him at once."

"I will try, papa," I answered, and then something dark came between his face and mine, and I fell senseless at his feet. It was dark when I awoke. I was not in the familiar drawing-room at Beacon Hill, nor yet in my own chamber. I was jolting along in a close carriage over a dark and silent road. I looked up in the face of Miss Warring, who was bending over me; she and I occupied the vehicle together.

"Where am I?" I asked. "What does this mean? Where are we going?"

"Your father thought it necessary for us to leave Boston," she answered, dryly; "many people are leaving. The town is in a state of siege."

"I understand. He sends me away that Captain Lennox may have no chance of meeting me again?"

"Exactly. This is Cambridge; the patriots muster in great force here; he cannot follow you."

"Oh, Miss Warring," I cried, terrified at the intolerable ache at my heart, "what is to become of me?—what am I to do?"

"You are to remain here with my mother and me till your recovery is certain. The carriage has stopped. We have reached the house. A few weeks will work wonders for you, I feel sure."

We alighted together in the early Spring night at an old farmhouse on the North Cambridge Road; it was a spot altogether lonely and deserted. I followed Miss Warring into a great keeping-room, where the aged mistress of the house was taking her early tea, with a housemaid in attendance.

"You did well to bring that child here, Dorcas," she said to her daughter. "No place could be safer. We have all the American forces betwixt us and Boston."

I looked out across the lonely twilight fields, and felt my heart sink. I asked for my father. Miss Warring drew a letter from her deep, old-fashioned pocket, and gave it me; it was tender and brief. He bade me strive with the folly that beset me, and submit myself to Miss Warring. In a few days he would visit me in my new home.

I went to sleep that night in a chamber overlooking the Cambridge road, homesick and heartsick. Never before had I been thwarted in a wish of my life. I was full of rebellion. To be sent away like a criminal to be prisoned here in this lonely place, with Miss Warring for a jailer—it was too much. Yet, even then, I meant with all my heart to obey my father, to yield up all to his will, to forget Arthur Lennox, if such a thing could be. Alas! I had yet to learn how weak a thing a human heart is.

For one week I remained at the old Cambridge farmhouse; at its close Miss Warring began to look at me aghast.

"Anne! Anne! you are actually losing flesh and color. Thank heaven! your father comes to-night. Put on your hat and mantle, child, and go down to the gate to meet him. The air will brighten you up."

I obeyed listlessly. It was a cloudy night, threatening storm. I lingered at the gate a while, but saw nothing of my father. Then I lifted the latch, and walked out into the road.

I did not know in what direction my face was set; I walked mechanically, and with no purpose in view. The old farmhouse disappeared among the trees behind me. The murky twilight deepened. Suddenly the thud of horsehoofs, rapidly advancing, met my ears. A horseman came spurring around a bend in the lonely road before me. I ran to meet him, thinking only of my father. The next moment he was out of the saddle—I was locked in his arms. Arthur Lennox was raining convulsive kisses on my lips, my eyes, my hair.

"Anne, Anne! have I found you at last! For days I have been seeking you. It was Mrs. Thornley who gave me this clue. And they exile you to this place because of me? —they think to keep me from you here. They shall see."

I lifted my head from his breast, and looked at him. He was haggard, and pale, and worn. A long, dark-blue horseman's cloak completely concealed his scarlet uniform; he wore a plain chapeau, and his horse was covered with the plainest of housings.

"Yes," quoth he, in answer to my look. "I come in disguise; in no other way could I reach you through the ten thousand rebels that surround Boston. A desperate man can accomplish much. My life, my love! I am on my way to New York. I go with special dispatches to our loyal friends there. I have dared death itself to see you to-night, dearest—is it in vain?"

I knew what he meant. I looked at him, but I could not answer. He fell at my feet.

"Anne, must I go alone? Must I? Oh, my darling, you are pale, you tremble; you, too, have suffered! If you love me, you will not refuse to marry me now. Your father's consent we can never gain. Come with me, Anne—come!"

I tried to think of my father, but in vain. The kisses of that father's enemy fell thick and fast upon me; his agitation was terrible; he begged, he prayed, he entreated; he was like a man bereft of his senses.

"At the house of a royalist near by," he said, "there is a horse waiting for you. By morning we will be beyond pursuit—you will be my wife."

"How wrong, how rash it is for you to be here at all!" I sobbed, "in the very midst of your enemies, and disguised. Should they discover you, they would treat you as a spy."

"Without doubt," he answered; "yet, as God hears me, I will never leave this place till you lay your hands in mine, and come with me. In them I place my heart, my hope, my very life. Now do with them as you will."

I looked at his face, white, and set, and full of pain; he rose in the twilight, and stretched out his arms toward me. I glided into them, and hid my face on his heart.

At the house of the royalist he had mentioned, I found

awaiting me a riding-habit of black cloth, a vail, and a swift horse. We left the town behind us, and safely skirting some outposts of the Americans in the darkness, set off at a tearing gallop on the stage-route to Providence. My flight, I knew, could not long remain undiscovered.

If he knew little of the road, I knew even less. The darkness, too, was intense. We encountered first the stage, with its lights gleaming, and its leaders' heads turned toward Boston; after that a body of men met us, and demanded to know who we were, and whither we journeyed.

"I am a physician of Boston," answered Lennox, coolly; "my name is Wilder, and this lady is my sister."

He whipped one of General Gage's passports from his pocket, granting permission to said Doctor Wilder and sister, both of seditious principles, to leave the town of Boston at their good pleasure. After a short parley here, which Lennox conducted with great *sang froid*, we were suffered to move on.

On, and away into the night; for miles we pressed forward at breakneck speed. The darkness grew so deep that Lennox took my bridle-rein into his own hand; the road became deserted and difficult, and nowhere did we see a light. Suddenly Lennox drew rein and looked at me.

"We have missed the road," he said, quickly.

I was too frightened to answer.

"My darling," and his hand closed on mine, "it is useless to go back seeking it. We must go on now till we reach the nearest town; we shall find a clergyman there, and whether Providence be far or near, baffle all pursuit by being united at once."

We rode on again for a few miles; then a cluster of lights twinkled out of the darkness before us. We had reached a little village in a valley, and the house of the clergyman we sought was situated near its entrance. Lennox's impatient knock brought to the door a withered old woman.

"The parson's gone to see a sick man," she said; "he'll be back directly. The young lady had better come in and wait."

I followed her into the clergyman's parlor. As for Lennox, he was boiling with impatience.

"I would rather die than lose you now," he said, wildly, wringing my hands in his; "and something tells me we are pursued. I shall not wait here; I shall go for the man myself; I will bring him back immediately, either by persuasion or force. Do not move from this spot till I return."

I listened till the last echo of his footsteps died away; then a great terror, a dark foreboding of evil came over me. I arose and began to walk the room.

"Are we far from Providence?" I asked of the woman.

"Yes," she answered; "this town is close on to the Connecticut border; you must have come a good bit out of your way."

I looked at her old-fashioned Dutch clock on the mantel. The evening was wellnigh spent.

"Has my companion far to go?"

"No," said she; "and like enough he'll meet the parson coming home."

At that very instant I heard a footstep outside the door.

"Oh, can he have returned already?" I cried, and ran to open it. A scream escaped my lips. On its threshold I stood face to face with my father!

Haggard and sorrowful, he caught me in his arms.

"Anne, answer me—are you his wife?"

"No."

"Thank God! I am, then, in time."

"The parson's not here," volunteered the woman, who began to grow bewildered; "the gentleman has gone for him; they'll be back directly."

My father looked at me.

"Not a word," he said, sadly. "I forgive you Put on your hat, and come with me; there is not a moment to lose. He must not find us here when he returns."

More dead than alive, I hastened to obey him; his horse stood at the door; he mounted, and placed me on a pillion behind him.

"Say to Captain Lennox," he called to the woman, throwing her a piece of money, "that my daughter is in the hands of her father; he will find it useless to follow us."

He set spurs to his horse, and galloped away with me into the night.

"I reached the Warrings'," he said, "just as you were missed; I started at once upon your track. My darling, cling fast to me, for we must ride hard, and there is a long road before us."

Not a word of reproach escaped him. Back over the road by which I had come with Lennox we went at a rapid rate. Presently drops of rain began to splash on the foliage overhead. A deafening peal of thunder shivered the silence; a dazzle of lightning darted across my blinded eyes, and the storm broke. It was a terrible night; the wind roared madly through the trees that bordered the wild country road; the rain roared through the stony gullies under-foot, and the horse, startled by the sharp and continued flashes of lightning, became quite unmanageable. I felt, rather than saw, the consternation on my father's face.

"It cannot be helped," he muttered through his teeth; "we must seek shelter; you are drenched already. We cannot go on."

At that moment we saw, straight before us among the trees, a bright light shining.

My father spurred toward it eagerly; it beamed from the window of a low, large house, standing at the junction of two woody roads. There was no other sign of life about it; and little wonder, for the time was midnight, and New England people keep early hours.

"It is an inn!" cried my father. "Heaven be praised!"

He dashed up to the door, and leaning from his saddle, pounded upon it lustily; the candle left the window, flashed along other windows, and approached the door. This last opened cautiously. A voice—a woman's voice—called out:

"Who's there?"

"Belated travelers," answered my father. "Open."

She obeyed. The light flashed full upon her as she stood in the doorway—a young woman, pale and plain, in a dress of coarse cotton stuff—a woman with a narrow, retreating forehead, a heavy, full-featured face, and eyes that seemed to flash over us both from head to foot in a moment.

"Master," she called to some one within, "travelers!"

My father leaped from his horse, and lifted me down also. As he did this, a man appeared on the threshold, where the girl still stood, devouring us with her cruel eyes—a man sleek and pale of aspect, in a decent black waistcoat and knee-breeches, with silver buckles in his shoes, and a black queue, tied with a ribbon.

"Supper and rooms," said my father, seemingly unconscious of the prolonged scrutiny of these people.

While speaking, he drew me out of the rain into the doorway, where I stood face to face with the man in black. A sharp exclamation broke from his lips:

"God save us!" he cried, "here is a beauty!" and before I was aware he put a hand under my chin, turned my face upward, in the light of the candle, and stared down on me.

Never shall I forget those eyes—lawless, devouring, terrible. With a sickening thrill of alarm, I darted back, just as my father raised his riding-whip and struck the innkeeper a blow full in his sleek, pale face. From forehead to chin a purple welt leaped under the stinging lash. The man staggered against the wall.

"What!" screamed Mother Black, "one room for her and ye?"

"Yes," said my father; "she has been greatly wearied and troubled to-night. I am sure she will rest better with me near by."

He gave me a glance that said plainly, "Be silent."

"Well, come, then," hesitated Daddy Black, "it will make no difference. Come, pretty dear! Ah, what fine eyes we have, and what handsome jewels round our pretty, white throat! This way—this way—up the stair."

The chamber assigned us overlooked the river. It was small and mean, with some chairs, and a four-posted bed, of some black wood, sat tall and stark against the wall.

"Sir," said my father to our host, "do not forget to call us at daybreak."

"Not I," chuckled Daddy Black; "ay, ye shall be called;" and with that he departed.

My father put the candle on a chair, and without a word to me, began to walk the small chamber, great drops of sweat starting out on his forehead as he went.

"Anne," he whispered at last, "I am utterly unarmed. I rode out in pursuit of you to-night without a weapon. There were no pistols in my holsters, nor yet in my breast, and that innkeeper knew it. My God! I would give my entire fortune to-night for a single weapon."

I ran to him, and threw my arms round his neck.

"These Blacks," I gasped, "mean us harm. You suspect them. That girl, too, tried hard to warn me."

"Yes, without a doubt we have fallen into sorry company. Lie down at once, little one, and go to sleep; I must watch."

"Oh, papa! I cannot sleep. I will watch with you; the night must be far spent now."

He drew out his watch; it was a half-hour past midnight.

"Nay, darling, you are worn out; you must rest. Lie down without removing any garment. You see now why I insisted upon one room for us. I dared not lose sight of you for a moment."

I flung myself, all dressed as I was, upon the bed. I did not mean to sleep; but by degrees the candlelight, the meagre room, the figure of my father listening near the door, with his head sunk on his hands, faded away before me. In spite of myself, my eyes closed. I was weary, and I slept.

Slept, and for one happy hour or more, dreamed of Lennox; then a grasp on my arm awoke me.

"Wake!" whispered the voice of my father; "for the love of God, wake, Anne!"

I started up; he was standing over me, his finger on his lip, his face stern and set.

"They are coming!" he breathed, rather than spoke—"listen!"

I held my breath; a stealthy step was creeping up the stair without; it drew near and more near. A man's step, then a woman's. My father blew out the remnant of the candle, and, quick as thought, cast himself down on the bed near me.

"Let us see what they mean to do," he whispered. "On your life, do not speak nor stir."

The footsteps halted at the door. Cautiously it opened—cautiously a gleam of light stole in, followed by a hideous, grizzled head.

Daddy Black entered with a candle shaded carefully, and signed for Mother Black to follow. The two approached the bed together. Then I saw that the hag had in her hand the same long steel blade that we had found her whetting in the chimney-corner on our arrival that night.

"Lift the girl carefully," said Daddy Black, in a distinct whisper; "I'll take care of him."

The woman slipped her arms beneath me as I lay, and Daddy, gathering the bedclothes together, began rolling them slowly up from the foot, over and over, in smothering masses nearer and nearer my father's face. With such an oath as I never heard from his lips before, he started up. From the floor at the head of the bed he seized a heavy claw-footed chair of solid mahogany.

"Back! you murderous devils!" he roared; "back, or by the living God, I'll brain you, man and woman, where you stand!"

A staggering blow sent Daddy Black reeling through the door. My father seized the woman and flung her after him, headlong. We heard them both go crashing, neck and heels, down the narrow stair.

"Davy!" screamed the hunchback, "Davy, my boy, come and help!"

"My God!" he calls the innkeeper!" cried my father. "We are lost!"

I ran and helped him to move the heavy bed against the door—to barricade it with everything the chamber held; bolt there was none, and my father, without a moment's hesitation, slipped his good right arm into the staple. This was barely done when the voice of the innkeeper himself was heard outside.

"Open, merchant," he said, in a wheedling tone; "I have something to say to you."

"Never!" roared my father. "The first who forces an entrance here is a dead man."

We heard them retreat a few steps and stop on the stair; they fell to whispering there together.

"They are planning how to attack us," said my father. "Run to the window, Anne, and open it. What light is that which I see yonder?"

"It is the moon," I answered, looking forth; "the storm is passing; the clouds are breaking."

"What more do you see?"

"Wide, lonely fields, a black stream running under the window, and at a little distance, a light still shining in the inn."

"No human thing to help us?"

"None."

"Take out your handkerchief, and wave it from the window; somebody may chance to see it. We can't long hold out here; and, as sure as there's a heaven overhead, those devils without are bent on murder, and worse than murder!"

I drew out my embroidered handkerchief, and waved it from the window. At the same moment a thundering blow fell on the door.

"Merchant," said the voice of the innkeeper, "you have something in there that I must have—it is your fair daughter. Cost what it may, I must have her."

"I will kill her with my own hand first!" answered my father.

"Tut! you are unarmed; you can't defend her. Yield her now, and I will make terms with you; force me to break in to her, and I'll butcher you without mercy."

The ghostly moonlight streaming through the window showed me my father's face, fixed and awful.

"With the last drop of my blood I will defend her," he answered.

I had in my pocket a long, slim penknife, with an ivory handle; I drew it out, and tried to smile up in his face.

"Papa, you shall see I am not afraid to die with you," I said.

"Light of my eyes! my own Anne! look over the fields again."

I obeyed. Dark and still they lay under the low, ghostly moon.

"Oh, papa, there is no hope." I shuddered.

"Better have given you to the Briton," he said, bitterly; "though a foe, he was a noble one. Look out once more."

I looked, and saw of a sudden among the trees a black object tearing rapidly along the little path by which we had come from the inn.

"I see something," I cried; "father, it is a man—a horse and a rider."

"Call to him, for God's sake!"

I leaned from the window in the moonlight.

"Help!" I shrieked. "Whoever you are, come and help us!"

Simultaneously the door of the chamber groaned and reeled; then, beaten from its hinges, it came crashing inward against the barricade. My father's right arm had been thrust into it as a bolt. A groan of agony broke from his lips; I ran and helped him to withdraw the shattered limb, all torn and bleeding. He turned, like a man in a dream, and thrust his left arm into the aperture. By main force I drew it back.

"Oh, papa, papa! save one arm at least for defense."

"Get behind me!" he shouted. "Here they come! They shall reach you only over my dead body."

The door fell prostrate on the barricade. My father hurled me behind him, and with the shattered arm hanging powerless at his side, he seized the mahogany chair with the other, and rained blow after blow at Daddy Black, who was the first to scramble over the bed. With a howl of rage the hideous creature wrenched the weapon from my father. I saw them close in a deadly embrace, and fall to the floor.

"I'll take the buckles in his shoes, Davy," shouted the monster, "and you may have the girl."

The innkeeper leaped over the barricades, and seized me.

I wrenched myself from him, and fled, shrieking, to the door. I had the penknife in my hand, and was striving wildly to open the blade. He saw it, and, with an oath, tore it away.

"I've got you, pretty one; don't struggle," he said, softly.

The words were not off his tongue when a quick, heavy tread came thundering up the stair outside. A figure in scarlet, with a horseman's cloak flying from his shoulders, leaped, with a cry, over the barricade of the door. There was a flash, a report, and the inkeeper staggered, loosed his hold on me, and bounding into the air, fell dead at my feet; then the same hand that had delivered me tore the hunchback from my father's body, and hurled him over the barricade out upon the landing. Arthur Lennox turned, caught me to his heart, kissed me, fondled me, wept, and sobbed, and prayed over me.

"Anne! Anne! Anne!"

"You followed us?"

"I did—I did. At the inn near by a woman told me you were here—whether dead or living she did not know. I saw your handkerchief—I heard your voice."

I ran to my father.

"Oh, if you love me, Arthur," I prayed, "look to him!"

We raised him; Lennox took him in his arms, and carried him down to the room below. The woman Black was lying there at the foot of the stair, senseless still.

Presently my father opened his eyes, and looked up at Lennox.

"You!" he muttered; and then, without another word, held out to him his one sound hand.

We left the house by the river, and all therein, and went back to the inn for my father's horse. No human thing could we find there but the young woman, Sukey. She started back at sight of us.

"Alive!—both alive! You were in time, then?" she said to Lennox.

"Barely," he answered. "Though you could not give these travelers rooms here last night, I see no guests here this morning."

"There wasn't a soul in the house," she said, sullenly, "but Dave was taken with the girl at sight, and he meant to have her father's life for the blow he struck him. So he gave me the sign to send them to Daddy's. 'Twas safer—the river was there."

"In the name of God, woman, why didn't you speak out to us?" cried my father.

"I?" she answered, with a bitter laugh. "'Twould have cost me my life. I am Dave Black's wife. Where is he? What have you done with him?"

"He lies dead at the house yonder," said my father, sternly. "Go, give him decent burial, if you will. In an hour there will be men here to search this place, who will not leave one stone upon another. Save yourself before it is too late."

With that we turned out of the inn-yard, and rode away.

Lennox went on with us till the day broke. We came to a patch of pine-wood then, through which the first sunlight filtered, and struck across my father's pale face. He drew rein, and turned sadly to Lennox.

"I owe you a debt that can never be paid," he said. "If better times ever dawn, and you love her still, come for her, and I will give her to you. But till then you must wait."

Then he said to me:

"Plight him your troth, if you will, my Anne, here in my presence, and God keep you true to it till he shall come."

Lennox drew a ring from his finger, and placed it upon mine. He dismounted, and knelt at my feet. There was a pain passing all expression in his eyes, and mine were filled with weary, blinding tears.

"Swear to be true to me!" he cried.

"I swear!"

"Sooner or later, I shall come. God hold you safe for me till that day!"

Under the long, prickly boughs of the gummy pines, made red now with morning, I watched him ride away. Turning in his saddle to look back at me, he passed the last bend in the lonely road, passed the last pine, waving me as he went a fond adieu. Then the black trees came between us, my blinding tears came between us, and I saw him no more.

* * * * * * *

Once, when the land was ringing with news of Burgoyne's defeat, from the old house at Beacon Hill I leaned forth, and watched a band of prisoners go by, and he was among them, disarmed, worn, wounded. From the very balcony where his eyes first met mine I looked down upon him, and lifting up the hand that wore his ring, showed it, sparkling, steadfast and true, in the morning sun. With a face transfigured, he went on.

"How long," sighed Dorcas Warring, now my father's wife, "how long, my dear child, will you, with your beauty and fortune, be content to wait for that man?"

"Till death, if needs be," I answered.

Five years from that very day he came to my door. I laid my hands in his, and with my father's blessing upon me, went with him across the sea.

THIS is the story old Lady Anne Lennox, hale and handsome, used to tell to her grandchildren while Sir Arthur was lingering over his wine in their ancient country-seat in Kent. There in the great drawing-room to-day hangs a portrait of her, painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and in the village church near by, her dust is lying side by side with that of the husband who adored her, Viscount Arthur Lennox, the fifth of his line.

A WOMAN'S RESOLVE.

By Ada Vrooman Leslie.

Last night my darling said to me,
With flushing cheek and downcast eye,
"You men are always gay, while we
Can only sit and sigh.

"We laugh and jest, to lure you on
To say 'I love,' with many a wile;
But oh! beneath the jesting tone,
The glances and the smile—

"Our hearts are sad—a vague unrest
Fills all the pauses of our life;
Not always can a faithful breast,
And sacred name of wife,

"Bring peace and joy; a greater good
Shines out afar on dizzy heights;
A bitter longing stirs our blood,
Through all the days and nights.

"As one within a prison chained,
Who sees his comrades fight and fall,
And weeps to see his share unclaimed
Of that which is for all—

"The right to do, the right to be
A nobler thing than toy or slave;
A something great and good and free,
Whose rest is not the grave.

"E'en so we yearn—ah! me, you smile,
And I have shown my heart in vain;
But then, I've learnt this truth the while
You care not for our pain.

"'Tis wiser far by stern control—
By bitter, rigid discipline,
To tutor woman's loving soul
To hopes and thoughts divine.

"'Tis better, nobler, to forego
A bride's delight, that sweet, vague dream,
Than waken up to married woe,
Which has no Lethean stream."

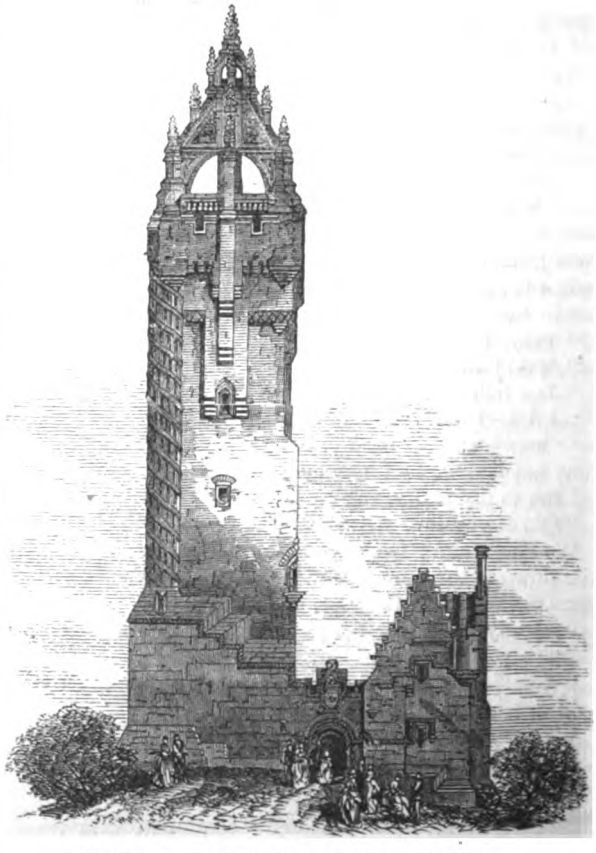
I stretched to her my loving arms—
I gave a pleading look and sighed,
"Come to your home!" She sank therein,
My own, my plighted bride!

THE WALLACE MONUMENT AT STIRLING, SCOTLAND.

The monument erected in 1869 at Abbey Craig, near Stirling, Scotland, to the memory of Sir William Wallace, is one of the most singular and beautiful structures ever reared to the memory of a distinguished man.

It consists of a Scottish baronial tower 220 feet high, and 36 feet square. The walls are massive, being 15 feet thick at the base, and graduating from 5 feet to 6 feet at the top. At the east side of the tower is a house for the keeper. An open courtyard, entered by an arched gateway, with bold moldings, separates the main building from the keeper's dwelling. Above the gateway are the heraldic arms of Scotland. Passing through the gateway into a stone arched passage, a series of steps leads to an open octagonal winding staircase projecting from the southwest angle of the tower, and running up nearly its entire height. Arrowlet slits or lights pierce the walls of the staircase at intervals, almost to the summit of the tower; and imitation ropework, with molded angles, binds the walls externally. The staircase forms the approach to several spacious and lofty halls, designed for the display of armor and other antiquarian relics, illustrative of early national history. An imperial crown forms the apex of the monument. This coronal top is upward of 50 feet high, and is built of pure white sandstone.

No more appropriate site for the erection of this substantial monument than Abbey Craig could have been selected. It is geographically the centre of Scotland, it is likewise the centre of the Scottish battle-ground for civil and religious liberty, and overlooks the field of Stirling Bridge, where Wallace achieved his greatest victory.



THE WALLACE MONUMENT AT STIRLING, SCOTLAND.

FUNERAL OF THE PET CANARY.

WIFE IN NAME ONLY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "ON HER WEDDING-MORN," "REDEEMED BY LOVE," "A WOMAN'S WAR," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

IT was the close of an Autumn day, and Dr. Stephen Letsom had been standing for some time at his window, watching the sun go down. It faded slowly out of the western sky. There had been a golden flush with the sunset which changed into crimson, then into purple, and finally into dull gray tints that were forerunners of the shades of night. Dr. Stephen Letsom had watched it with sad, thoughtful eyes. The leaves on the trees had seemed to be dyed first in red, and then in purple. The chrysanthemums changed color with every phase of the sunset; there was a wail in the Autumn wind as though the trees and flowers were mourning over their coming fate. There was something of sadness in the whole aspect of nature.

The doctor evidently shared it. The face looking from the window was anything but a cheerful one. Perhaps it was not the most judicious manner in which the doctor could have spent his time—above all, if he wished to give people an impression that he had a large practice. But Dr. Letsom had ceased to be particular in the matter of appearances. He was to all intents and purposes a disappointed man. Years before, when his eyes were bright with the fire of youth, and hope was strong in his heart, he had invested such money as he possessed in the purchase of a practice at Castledene, and it had proved to be a failure—why, no one exactly knew.

Castledene was one of the prettiest little towns in Kent It had a town-hall, a market-place, a weekly market, and the remains of a fine old castle; but it was principally distinguished for its races, a yearly event which brought a great influx of visitors to the town. It was half buried in foliage, surrounded by dense woods and green hills, with a clear, swift river running by. The inhabitants were divided into three distinct classes—the poor, who gained a scanty livelihood by working in the fields, the shopkeepers, and the gentry; the latter class consisting principally of old maids and widows, ladies of unblemished gentility but limited means.

Amongst the latter Dr. Letsom was not popular. He had an unpleasant fashion of calling everything by its right name. If a lady would take a little more stimulant than was good for her, he could not be persuaded to call her complaint "nervousness"; when idleness and *ennui* preyed upon a languid frame, he had a startling habit of rousing the patient by a mental cautery. The poor idolized him, but the ladies pronounced him coarse, abrupt, unpleasing; and, when the ladies decide against a doctor, fate frowns upon him.

How was he to get on in the world? Twenty years before he had thought less of getting on than of the interest of science or of doing good; now those ideas were gradually leaving him—life had become a stern hand-to-hand fight with hard necessity. The poor seemed to be growing poorer—the difficulty of getting a fee became greater—the

ladies seemed more and more determined to show their dislike and aversion.

Matters were growing desperate, thought Dr. Letsom on this Autumn night, as he stood watching the chrysanthemums and the fading light in the western sky. Money was becoming a rare commodity with him. His housekeeper, Mrs. Galbraith, had long been evincing signs of great discontent. She had not enough for her requirements—she wanted money for a hundred different things, and the doctor had none to give her. The curtains were worn and shabby, the carpets full of holes, the furniture, though clean and well preserved, was totally insufficient. In vain the doctor assured her he had not the means; after the fashion of weak-minded women, she grumbled incessantly. On this night he felt overwhelmed with cares. The rent due the preceding June had not been paid; the gas and coal accounts were still unsettled; the butcher had sent in his "little bill"; the baker had looked anything but pleasant at the non-payment of his. The doctor sadly wanted a new hat—and he had scarcely money enough in hand for the week's expenses. What was to be done?

Mrs. Galbraith had retired to rest in a very aggrieved state of mind, and the doctor stood watching the stars, as they came out one by one in the darkening sky. He was almost tired of the struggle; life had not been a grand success with him; he had worked hard, yet nothing had seemed to prosper. In his early youth he had loved a bright, pretty girl, who had looked forward to becoming his wife; but he had never married, simply because he had not had the means, and the pretty girl had died a sad, disappointed woman. Now, as he watched the stars, he fancied them shining on her grave; he fancied the grass waving above her head, so long and cool, studded with large, white daisies; and he wished that he were lying by her side, free from care, and at rest. Strong man as he was, his eyes grew dim with tears, and his lips trembled with a deep-drawn, bitter sob.

He was turning away, with a feeling of contempt for his own weakness, when he was startled by the sound of a vehicle driven furiously down Castle Street. What vehicle could it be at that hour of the night—nearly eleven? Stephen Letsom stood still and watched. He saw a traveling carriage with two horses driven rapidly up to the door of the principal hotel—the "Castle Arms"—and there stand for some few minutes. It was too dark for him to see if any one alighted from it, or what took place; but, after a time, the horses' heads were turned, and then, like a roll of thunder, came the noise of the carriage-wheels.

The vehicle drew up before his door, and the doctor stood for a few moments as though paralyzed. Then came a violent peal of the door-bell; and he, knowing that Mrs. Galbraith had retired for the evening, went to answer it. There indeed, in the starlight, were the handsome traveling carriage, the pair of gray horses, and the postilion. Stephen Letsom looked about him like one in a dream. He had been twenty years in the place, yet no carriage had ever stopped at his door. He heard an impatient voice saying:

"Are you the doctor—Dr. Letsom?"

Looking in the direction of the sound, the doctor saw a tall, distinguished-looking man, wrapped in a traveling cloak—a man whose face and manner indicated at once that he belonged to the upper rank of society. Dr. Stephen Letsom was quick to recognize that fact.

"I am the doctor," he replied, quietly.

"Then, for Heaven's sake, help me! I am almost mad. My wife has been suddenly taken ill, and I have been to the hotel, where they tell me they have not a room in which they can lodge her. The thing is incredible. You must help me."

"I will do what I can," returned the doctor.

Had fortune indeed knocked at his door at last?

He went to the carriage-door, and, looking inside, saw a lady, young and beautiful, who stretched out her hands to him, as though appealing for help.

"I am very ill," she moaned feebly.

Dr. Letsom guessed so much from her pallid face and shadowed eyes.

"What is the matter with your wife?" he asked of the strange gentleman, who bent down and whispered something that made Dr. Letsom himself look anxious.

"Now, doctor," said the traveler, "it is useless to raise objections. You see how the matter stands; my wife must stop here. The hotel is full of visitors—people who are here for the races. There is nowhere else for her to go—she must stay here."

"At my house?" interrogated the doctor. "It is impossible."

"Why?" asked the stranger, quickly.

"Because I am not married—I have no wife, no sister."

"But you have woman-servants, surely?" was the hasty rejoinder.

"Only one, and she is not over-clever."

"You can get more. My wife must have help. Send all over the place—get the best nurses, the best help possible. Do not study expense. I will make you a rich man for life if you will only help me now."

"I will help you," said Dr. Letsom.

For a moment his thoughts flew to the green grave under the stars. Riches would come too late after all; they could not bring back life to the dead.

"Wait one moment," said the doctor; and he hastened to rouse the housekeeper, who, curious and interested, exerted herself so as to satisfy even the stranger.

When the strange lady, all white and trembling, was helped down from the carriage into the doctor's shabby little parlor——

"Am I going to die?" she asked, raising her large, blue eyes to the doctor's face.

"Certainly not," he replied, promptly; "you must not think of dying."

"But I am very ill; and last night I dreamed that I was dead."

"Have you any brandy in the house?" asked the traveler. "See how my wife trembles."

Alas for the poor doctor! There was neither brandy nor wine. With an impatient murmur, the stranger called the postilion and sent him to the "Castle Arms" with such an order as made Mrs. Galbraith open her eyes in wonder. Then, without seeming to notice the doctor or his servant, he flung himself on his knees by the lady's side, and kissed the beautiful white face and colorless lips.

"My darling," he cried, "this is my fault. I ought not to have asked you to undertake such a journey. Can you ever forgive me?"

She kissed him.

"You did all for the best, Hubert," she said, adding, in a whisper, "Do you think that I shall die?"

Then the doctor thought it right to interpose.

"There is no question of death," he said; "but you must be quiet. You must have no agitation—that would injure you."

Then he and Mrs. Galbraith led the beautiful, trembling girl to the room which the latter had hastily prepared for her, and, when she was installed therein, the doctor returned to the stranger, who was pacing with quick, impatient steps up and down the little parlor.

"How is she?" he cried, eagerly.

The doctor shook his head.

"She is young and very nervous," he replied. "I had better tell you at once that she will not be able to leave Castledene for a time—all thought of continuing the journey must be abandoned."

"But she is in no danger?" cried the traveler; and Stephen Letsom saw an agony of suspense in his face.

"No, she is not in danger; but she requires and must have both rest and care."

"She shall have anything, if Heaven will only spare her! Doctor, my best and safest plan will be to make a friend of you, to confide in you, and then we can arrange together what had better be done. Can you spare me five minutes?"

Stephen Letsom nodded assent, and sat down to listen to as strange a story as he had ever heard.

"I should imagine," said the strange gentleman, "that no man likes to plead guilty to a folly. I must do so. Let me first of all introduce myself to you as Lord Charlewood. I am the only son of the Earl of Mountdean, and my father lies dying in Italy. I came of age only last year, and at the same time I fell in love. Now I am not in any way dependent on my father—the title and estates are entailed—but I love him. In these degenerate days it seems perhaps strange to hear a son say that he loves his father. I have obeyed him all my life from this motive. I would give my life for him. But in one respect I have done that which I know will cause him great anger and annoyance. I have married without his knowledge."

The doctor looked up with greater interest; perhaps his thoughts reverted to the grave in the starlight. Lord Charlewood moved uneasily in his chair.

"I cannot say that I am sorry," he continued, "for I love my wife very dearly; but I do wish now that I had been less hurried, less precipitate. My wife's great loveliness must be my excuse. She is the daughter of a poor curate, the Reverend Charles Trevor, who came two years ago to supply temporarily the place of the Rector of Lynton. He brought his daughter with him; and the first moment I saw her I fell in love with her. My heart seemed to go out from me and cleave to her. I loved her with what I can see now was the selfish ardor of a young man. I had but one thought—to win her. I wrote to my father, who was in Italy, and asked his consent. He refused it in the most decided manner, and told me to think no more of what after all was but a boy's fancy. He was then staying near the Lake of Como—staying for the benefit of his health—and I went over to see him. I pleaded, prayed, urged my great love—all in vain. The earl, my father, only laughed at me, and said that all young men suffered from the fever called love. I came back to England, and found that Mr. Trevor was dead. Madaline, his daughter, was left alone in the world. She raised her beautiful face to mine, poor child, and tried to smile while she talked of going out into the world and of working hard for her daily bread; and, as I listened, my love seemed to grow stronger and deeper. I caught her in my arms, and swore that nothing should part us—that, come what would, she must be my wife. She was very unwilling—not that she did not love me, but because she was afraid of making my father angry; that was her great objection. She knew my love for him, and his affection for me. She would not come between us. It was in vain that I prayed her to do as I wished. After a time she consented to a compromise—to marry me without my father's knowledge. It was a folly, I own; now I see clearly its imprudence—then I imagined it the safest and surest way. I persuaded her, as I had persuaded myself, that, when my father once knew that we were married, he would forgive us, and all would go well. We were married eleven months since, and I have been so happy since then that it has seemed to me but as a single day. My beautiful young wife was frightened at the bold step we had taken, but I soothed her. I did not take her home to Wood Lynton, but, laying aside all the trappings of wealth and title, we have traveled from place to place as Mr. and Mrs. Charlewood, enjoying our long honeymoon. If we liked any one particular spot, we remained in it. But a letter from Italy came like a thunderbolt—my father had grown rapidly worse, and wanted to see me at once. If I had been content to go at once, all would have been well. I could not endure that he should die without seeing, loving, and blessing my wife Madaline. I told her my desire, and she consented most cheerfully to accompany me. I ought to have known that—in her state of health—traveling was most injurious; but I was neglectful of the fact—I listened only to my heart's desire that my father should see my wife before he died. We started on our fatal journey—only this morning. At first my wife seemed to enjoy it; and then I saw all the color fading from her sweet face. I saw her lips grow white and tremble, and I became alarmed. It was not until we reached Castledene that she gave in and told me she could go no farther. Still you say that there is no danger, and that you do not think she will die?"

"Danger? No, I see none. Life and death lie in the hands of One above us; but, humanly speaking, I see no fear of danger."

"Of course we cannot go on now," observed Lord Charlewood—"at least Lady Charlewood cannot. How long do you think my suspense will last?"

"Not much longer," was the calm reply. "By noon to-morrow all will be safe and well, I hope."

"I must wait until then," said Lord Charlewood. "I could not leave my wife while even the faintest shadow of danger lies over her. If all be well, I can start the day after to-morrow; and, please Heaven, I shall be in time to see my father. You think I shall have good news for him?"

"I have every hope that you will be able to tell him the heir of the Mountdeans is thriving and well."

Lord Charlewood smiled.

"Such news as that will more than reconcile him to our marriage," he said. After a pause he continued—"It is a most unfortunate matter; yet I am just as well pleased that my son and heir should be born in England. Doctor, there is another thing I wish to say. I know perfectly well what these little county towns are—everything is a source of gossip and sensation. If it were known that such an incident as this had happened to me, the papers would be filled with it; and it might fall out that my father, the earl, would come to know of it before I myself could tell him. That would hurt him, and pain me. We had better take all proper precautions against such a thing. I should prefer that we be known here only as Mr. and Mrs. Charlewood. No one will think of connecting the surname with the title."

"You are quite right," agreed the doctor.

"Another thing I wish to add is, that I want you to spare no expense—send for the best nurses, the best help it is possible to get. Remember that I am a rich man, and that I would give my whole fortune, my life itself a thousand times over, to save or to serve my wife."

Then came a summons for the doctor from the room above, and Lord Charlewood was once more left alone. He was a young man, and was certainly both a good and honorable one. He had never deliberately done anything wicked—on the contrary, he had tried always to do what was best; yet, as he stood there, a strange sense of something wanting came over him. The young wife he loved with such passionate worship was in the hour of need, and he could render her no assistance.

Later on a strange hush had fallen over the doctor's house. It was past one in the morning; the sky was

overcast; the wind was moaning fitfully, as though a storm was brewing in the Autumn air; the dew lay thick and heavy on the ground. Inside the house was the strange hush that dangerous sickness always brings with it. The doctor had in haste summoned the best nurse in Castledene, Hannah Furney, who shook her head gravely when she saw the beautiful, pale face. An hour passed, and once more Dr. Letsom sought his distinguished guest.

"I am sorry not to bring better news," he said. "Lady—Mrs. Charlewood is not so well as I had hoped she would be. Dr. Evans is considered very clever. I should like further advice. Shall I send for him?"

The sudden flash of agony that came into Lord Charlewood's face was a revelation to Dr. Letsom; he laid his hand with a gentle touch on the stranger's arm.

"Do not fear the worst," he said; "she is in the hands of Heaven. I am taking only ordinary precautions. I do not say she is in danger—I merely say that she is not so well as I should like to see her."

Another hour passed, the church clock at Castledene was striking two, and Dr. Evans had joined the grave-faced group around the sick woman's bed. He too had looked with unutterable compassion on the beautiful young face—he too had bent forward to listen to the whisper that parted the white lips.

"Am I going to die?" she asked.

He tried to smile and say something about hope; but Nurse Furney knew, and she turned away lest the sick woman's questioning eyes should read what her face betrayed.

Three o'clock struck. A sweet voice, abrupt and clear, broke the silence of the solemn scene.

"Hubert! Where is Hubert? I must see him."

"Tell him to come," said Dr. Evans to Dr. Letsom, "but do not tell him there is any danger."

A few minutes later Lord Charlewood stood by the side of his young wife.

"Hubert," she said to him, with outstretched hands, "Hubert, my husband, I am so frightened. They do not tell me the truth. Am I going to die?"

He bent down to kiss her.

"Die, my darling? No, certainly not. You are going to live, to be what you always have been, the dearest, sweetest wife in the whole world." And he believed implicitly what he said.

Then came a strange sleep, half-waking, half-dreaming. Lady Charlewood fancied that she was with her husband on the sea-shore, and that the waves were coming in so fast that they threatened to drown her, they were advancing in such great sheets of foam. Once more she clung to him, crying:

"Help me, Hubert; I shall be drowned—see how the tide is coming in!"

Then the doctor bade him leave her—he must go down to the shabby, lowly little room, where the gas was burning, and the early dawn of the morning was coming in. The agony of unrest was on him. He thought how useless was money after all; here he was with thousands at his command, yet he could not purchase help or safety for her whom his soul loved best. He was helpless, he could do nothing to assist her; he could trust only to Heaven.

He went from the window to the door; he trembled at the solemn silence, the terrible hush; he longed for the full light of day. Suddenly he heard a sound that stirred the very depths of his heart—that brought a crimson blush to his face and tears to his eyes. It was the faint cry of a little child. Presently he heard the footsteps of Dr. Letsom; and the next minute the doctor was standing before him, with a grave look on his face.

"You have a little daughter," he said—"a beautiful little girl—but your wife is in danger; you had better come and see her."

Even he—the doctor—accustomed to scenes of sorrow and desolation, was startled by the cry of pain that came from the young man's lips.

Chapter II.

FIVE o'clock! The chimes had played the hour, the church clock had struck; the laborers were going to the fields, the dairy-maids were beginning their work; the sky had grown clear and blue, the long night of agony was over. The Angel of Death had spread his wings over the doctor's house, and awaited only the moment when his sword should fall.

Inside, the scene had scarcely changed. The light of the lamp seemed to have grown so ghostly that the nurse had turned it out, and, drawing the blinds, let the faint morning light come in. It fell on the beautiful face that had grown even whiter in the presence of death. Lady Charlewood was dying; yet the feeble arms held the little child tightly. She looked up as her husband entered the room. He had combated by a strong effort all outward manifestations of despair.

"Hubert," whispered the sweet, faint voice, "see, this is our little daughter."

He bent down, but he could not see the child for the tears that filled his eyes.

"Our little daughter," she repeated; "and they say, Hubert, that I have given my life for hers. Is it true?"

He looked at the two doctors; he looked at the white face bearing the solemn, serene impress of death. It would be cruel to deceive her now, when the hands that caressed the little child were already growing colder.

"Is it true, Hubert?" she repeated, a clear light shining in her dying eyes.

"Yes, my darling, it is true," he said, in a low voice.

"I am dying—really dying—when I have my baby and you?" she questioned. "Oh, Hubert, is it really true?"

Nothing but his sobs answered her; dying as she was, all sweet, womanly compassion awoke in her heart.

"Hubert," she whispered—"oh, my darling, if you could come with me!—I want to see you kiss the baby while it lies here in my arms."

He bent down and kissed the tiny face, she watching him all the time.

"You will be very kind to her, darling, for my sake, because you have loved me so much, and call her by my name—Madaline. Tell her about me when she grows up—how young I was to die, how dearly I loved you, and how I held her in my arms. You will not forget?"

"No," he said, gently; "I shall not forget."

The hapless young mother kissed the tiny rosebud face, all the passion and anguish of her love shining in her dying eyes; and then the nurse carried the babe away.

"Hubert," said Lady Charlewood, in a low, soft whisper, "may I die in your arms, darling?"

She laid her head on his breast, and looked at him with the sweet content of a little child.

"I am so young," she said, gently, "to die—to leave you, Hubert. I have been so happy with you—I love you so much."

"Oh, my wife, my wife," he groaned, "how am I to bear it?"

The white hands softly clasped his own.

"You will bear it in time," she said. "I know how you

will miss me; but you have the baby and your father—you will find enough to fill your life. But you will always love me best—I know that, Hubert. My heart feels so strange; it seems to stop, and then to beat slowly. Lay your face on mine, darling."

He did just as she requested, whispering sweet, solemn words of comfort; and then, beneath his own, he felt her lips grow cold and still. Presently he heard one long, deep-drawn sigh. Some one raised the sweet head from his breast and laid it back upon the pillow. He knew she was dead.

He tried to bear it; he said to himself that he must be a man, that he had to live for his child's sake. He tried to rise, but the strength of his manhood failed him. With a cry never forgotten by those who heard it, Lord Charlewood fell with his face on the ground.

Seven o'clock. The full light of day was shining in the solemn chamber; the faint, golden sunbeams touched the beautiful, white face, so still and solemn in death; the white hands were folded, and lay motionless on the quiet heart. Kindly hands had brushed back the golden-brown hair; some one had gathered purple chrysanthemums and laid them round the dead woman, so that she looked like a marble bride on a bed of flowers. Death wore no stern aspect there; the agony and the torture, the dread and fear, were all forgotten; there was nothing but the sweet smile of one at perfect rest.

They had not darkened the room, after the usual ghostly fashion—Stephen Letsom would not have it so—but they had let in the fresh air and the sunshine, and had placed Autumn flowers in the vases. The baby had been carried away—the kind-hearted nurse had charge of it. Dr. Evans had gone home, haunted by the memory of the beautiful, dead face. The birds were singing in the morning sun; and Lord Charlewood, still crushed by his great grief, lay on the couch in the little sitting-room, where he had spent so weary a night.

"I cannot believe it," he said, "or, believing, cannot realize it. Do you mean to tell me, doctor, that she who only yesterday sat smiling by my side, life of my life, soul of my soul, dearer to me than all the world, has gone from me, and that I shall see her no more? I cannot, I will not believe it! I shall hear her crying for me directly, or she will come smiling into the room. Oh, Madaline, my wife, my wife!"

Stephen Letsom was too clever a man and too wise a doctor to make any endeavor to stem such a current of grief. He knew that it must have its way. He sat patiently listening, speaking when he thought a word would be useful; and Lord Charlewood never knew how much he owed to his kind, unwearied patience.

Presently he went up to look at his wife, and, kneeling by her side, nature's great comforter came to him. He wept as though his heart would break—tears that eased the burning brain, and lightened the heavy heart.

Dr. Letsom was a skillful, kindly man; he let the tears flow, and made no effort to stop them. Then, after a time, disguised in a glass of wine, he administered a sleeping potion which soon took effect. He looked with infinite pity on the tired face. What a storm, a tempest of grief had this man passed through!

"It will be kinder and better to let him sleep the day and the night through, if he can," said Stephen to himself. "He would be too ill to attend to any business, even if he were awake."

So, through the silent hours of the day Lord Charlewood slept, and the story spread from house to house, until the little town rang with it—the story of the travelers, the young husband and wife, who, finding no room at the hotel, had gone to the doctor's, where the poor lady had died. Deep sympathy and pity were felt and expressed; kind-hearted mothers wept over the babe; some few were allowed to enter the solemn death-chamber; and these went away haunted, as Dr. Evans was, by the memory of the lovely, dead face. Through it all Lord Charlewood slept the heavy sleep of exhaustion and fatigue, and it was the greatest mercy that could have befallen him.

The hour of wakening was to come—Stephen Letsom never forgot it. The bereaved man was frantic in his grief, mad with the sense of his loss. Then the doctor, knowing how one great sorrow counteracts another, spoke of his father, reminding him that if he wished to see him alive he must take some little care of himself.

"I shall not leave her!" cried Lord Charlewood. "Living or dead, she is dearer than all the world to me—I shall not leave her!"

"Nor do I wish you to do so," said the doctor. "I know you are a strong man—I believe you to be a brave one; in grief of this kind the first great thing is to regain self-control. Try to regain yours, and then you will see for yourself what had better be done."

Lord Charlewood discerned the truth.

"Have patience with me," he said, "a little longer; the blow is so sudden, so terrible, I cannot yet realize what the world is without Madaline."

A few hours passed, and the self-control he had struggled for was his. He sent for Dr. Letsom.

"I have been thinking over what is best," he said, "and have decided on all my plans. Have you leisure to discuss them with me?"

The question seemed almost ironical to the doctor, who had so much more time to spare than he cared to have. He sat down by Lord Charlewood's side, and they held together the conversation that led to such strange results.

"I should not like a cold stone grave for my beautiful wife," said Lord Charlewood. "She was so fair, so *spiritelle*, she loved all nature so dearly; she loved the flowers, trees, and the free, fresh air of heaven. Let her lie where she can have them all, now."

The doctor looked up, with mild reproach in his eyes.

"She has something far better than the flowers of this world," he said. "If ever a dead face told of rest and peace, hers does; I have never seen such a smile on any other."

"I should like to find her a grave where the sun shines and the dew falls," observed Lord Charlewood—"where grass and flowers grow, and birds sing in the trees overhead. She would not seem so far away from me then."

"You can find many such graves in the pretty churchyard here, at Castledene," said the doctor.

"In time to come," continued Lord Charlewood, "she shall have the grandest marble monument that can be raised, but now a plain white cross will be sufficient, with her name, Madaline Charlewood; and, doctor, while I am away you will have her grave attended to—kept bright with flowers—tended as for some one that you loved."

Then they went out together to the green churchyard at the foot of the hill, so quiet, so peaceful, so calm and serene, that death seemed robbed of half its terrors; white daisies and golden buttercups studded it, the dense foliage of tall lime-trees rippled above it. The graves were covered with richly-hued Autumn flowers; all was sweet, calm, restful. There was none of earth's fever here. The tall gray spire of the church rose toward the clear blue sky.

Lord Charlewood stood looking around him in silence.

"I have seen such a scene in pictures," he said, "I have read of such in poems; but it is the first I have really beheld. If my darling could have chosen for herself, she would have preferred to rest here."

On the western slope, where the warmest and brightest

sunbeams lay, under the shade of the rippling lime-trees, they laid Lady Charlewood to rest. For long years afterward the young husband was to carry with him the memory of that green, grassy grave. A plain white cross bore for the present her name; it said simply:

IN LOVING MEMORY OF
MADALINE CHARLEWOOD,
WHO DIED IN HER 20TH YEAR.
Erected by her Sorrowing Husband.

"When I give her the monument she deserves," he said, "I can add more."

They speak of that funeral to this day in Castledene—of the sad, tragic story, the fair young mother's death, the husband's wild despair. They tell how the beautiful stranger was buried when the sun shone and the birds sang—how solemnly the church-bell tolled, each knell seeming to cleave the clear, sunlit air—how the sorrowing young husband, so suddenly and so terribly bereft, walked first, the chief mourner in the sad procession; they tell how white his face was, and how at each toll of the solemn bell he winced as though some one had struck him a terrible blow—how he tried hard to control himself, but how, at the grave, when she was hidden forever from his sight, he stretched out his hands, crying "Madaline, Madaline!" and how, for the remainder of that day, he shut himself up alone, refusing to hear the sound of a voice, to look at a human face—refusing food, comfort, grieving like one who has no hope, for the love he had lost. All Castledene grieved with him; it seemed as though death and sorrow had entered every house.

Then came the morrow, when he had to look his life in the face again—life that he found so bitter without Madaline. He began to remember his father, who, lying sick unto death, craved for his presence. He could do no more for Madaline; all his grief, his tears, his bitter sorrow, were useless; he could not bring her back; he was powerless where she was concerned. But with regard to his father matters were different—to him he could take comfort, healing, and consolation. So it was decided that he should at once continue his broken journey.

What of little Madaline, the child who had her dead mother's large blue eyes and golden hair? Again Lord Charlewood and the doctor sat in solemn conclave; this time the fate of the little one hung in the balance.

Lord Charlewood said that if he found his father still weak and ill he should keep the secret of his marriage. Of course, if Madaline had lived, all would have been different—he would have proudly owned it then. But she was dead. The child was so young and so feeble, it seemed doubtful whether it would live. What need, then, to grieve the old earl by the story of his folly and his disobedience? Let the secret remain. Stephen Letsom quite agreed with him in this; no one knew better than himself how dangerous was the telling of bad or disagreeable news to a sick man. And then Lord Charlewood added:

"You have indeed been a friend in need to me, Dr. Letsom. Money can no more repay such help as yours than can thanks; all my life I shall be grateful to you. I am going now to Italy, and most probably I shall remain there until the earl, my father, grows better, or the end comes. When I return to England, my first care shall be to forward your views and prospects in life; until then I want you to take charge of my child."

Stephen Letsom looked up, with something like a smile.

"I shall be a rough nurse," he observed.

"You understand me," said Lord Charlewood. "You have lived here so long that you know the place and every one in it. I have been thinking so much of my little one. It would be absurd for me to take her to Italy; and as, for my father's sake, I intend to keep my marriage a secret for some time longer, I cannot send her to any of my own relatives or friends. I think the best plan will be for you to find some healthy, sensible woman, who would be nurse and foster-mother to her."

"That can easily be managed," remarked Stephen Letsom.

"Then you will have both child and nurse entirely under your own control. You can superintend all arrangements made for the little one's benefit. I have thought of offering to send you five hundred per annum, from which you can pay what you think proper for the child. You can purchase what is needful for her, and you will have an income for yourself. That I beg you to accept in return for the services you have rendered me."

Dr. Letsom expressed his gratitude. He thanked Lord Charlewood, and began at once to look round for some one who would be a fitting person to take care of little Madaline. Lord Charlewood had expressed a desire to see all settled before leaving for Italy.

Amongst the doctor's patients was one who had interested him very much—Margaret Dornham. She had been a lady's-maid. She was a pretty, graceful woman, gentle and intelligent—worthy of a far better lot than had fallen to her share. She ought to have married a well-to-do tradesman, for whom she would have made a most suitable wife; but she had given her love to a handsome ne'er-do-well, with whom she had never had one moment of peace or happiness. Henry Dornham had never borne a good character; he had a dark, handsome face—a certain kind of rich, gypsy-like beauty—but no other qualifications. He was neither industrious, nor honest, nor sober. His handsome face, his dark eyes, and rich curling hair had won the heart of the pretty, graceful, gentle lady's-maid, and she had married him—only to rue the day and hour in which she had first seen him.

They lived in a picturesque little cottage called Ashwood, and there Margaret Dornham passed through the greatest joy and the greatest sorrow of her life. Her little child, the one gleam of sunshine that her darkened life had ever known, was born in the little cottage, and there it had died.

Doctor Letsom, who was too abrupt for the ladies of Castledene, had watched with the greatest and most untiring care over the fragile life of that little child. He had exerted his utmost skill in order to save it. But all was in vain; and on the very day that Lord Charlewood arrived at Castledene the child died.

When a tender nurse and foster-mother was needed for little Madaline, the doctor thought of Margaret Dornham. He felt that all difficulty was at an end; he sent for her. Even Lord Charlewood looked with interest at the graceful, timid woman whose fair young face was so deeply marked with lines of care.

"Will I take charge of a little child?" she replied to the doctor's question. "Indeed I will, and thank Heaven for sending me something to keep my heart from breaking."

"You feel the loss of your own little one very keenly?" said Lord Charlewood.

"Feel it, sir? All the heart I have lies in my baby's grave."

"You must give a little of it to mine, since Heaven has taken its own mother," he said, gently. "I am not going to try to bribe you with money—money does not buy the love and care of good women like you—but I ask you, for the love you bore to your own child, to be kind to mine. Try to think, if you can, that it is your own child brought back to you."

"I will," she promised; and she kept her word.

"You will spare neither expense nor trouble," he con-

tinued; "and when I return you shall be most richly recompensed. If all goes well, and the little one prospers with you, I shall leave her with you for two or three years at least. You have been a lady's-maid, the doctor tells me. In what families have you lived?"

"Principally with Lady L'Estrange of Verdun Royal, sir," she replied. "I left because Miss L'Estrange was growing up, and my lady wished to have a French maid."

In after years he thought how strange it was that he should have asked the question.

"I want you," said Lord Charlewood, "to devote yourself entirely to the little one; you will be so liberally paid as not to need work of any other kind. I am going abroad, but I leave Dr. Letsom as the guardian of the child; apply to him for everything you want, as you will not be able to communicate with me."

He watched her as she took the child in her arms. He was satisfied when he saw the light that came into her face; he knew that little Madaline would be well cared for. He placed a bank-note for £50 in the woman's hands.

"Buy all that is needed for the little one," he said.

In all things Margaret Dornham promised obedience. One would have thought she had found a great treasure. To her kindly, womanly heart, the fact that she once more held a little child in her arms was a source of the purest happiness. The only drawback was when she reached home, and her husband laughed coarsely at the sad little story.

"You have done a good day's work, Maggie," he said; "now I shall expect you to keep me, and I shall take it easy."

He kept his word, and from that day made no further effort to earn any money.

"Maggie had enough for both," he said—"for both of them and that bit of a child."

Faithful, patient Margaret never complained; and not even Dr. Letsom knew how the suffering of her daily life had increased, even though she was comforted by the love of the little child.

Chapter III.

MADALINE slept in her grave—her child was safe and happy with the kindly, tender woman who was to supply its mother's place. Then Lord Charlewood prepared to leave the place where he had suffered so bitterly. The secret of his title had been well kept. No one dreamed that the stranger whose visit to the little town had been such a sad one, was the son of one of England's earls. Charlewood did not strike any one as being a very uncommon name. There was not the least suspicion as to his real identity. People thought he must be rich; but that he was noble also, no one ever imagined.

Mary Galbraith, the doctor's housekeeper, thought a golden shower had fallen over the house. Where there had been absolute poverty there was now abundance. There were no more shabby curtains and threadbare carpets—everything was new and comfortable. The doctor seemed to have grown younger—relieved, as he was, from a killing weight of anxiety and care.

The day came when Lord Charlewood was to say good-bye to his little daughter, and the friends who had been friends indeed. Margaret Dornham was sent for. When she arrived the two gentlemen were in the parlor, and she was shown in to them. Every detail of that interview was impressed on Margaret's mind, The table was strewn with papers, and Lord Charlewood, taking some in his hand, said:

"You should have a safe place for those, Doctor. Strange events happen in life. They might possibly be required some day, as evidences of identification."

"Not much fear of that," returned the doctor, with a smile. "Still, as you say, it is best to be cautious."

"Here is the first—you may as well keep it with the rest," said Lord Charlewood; "it is a copy of my marriage-certificate. Then you have here the certificates of my little daughter's birth and of my poor wife's death. Now we will add to these a signed agreement between you and myself for the sum I have spoken about."

Rapidly enough Lord Charlewood filled up another paper, which was signed by the doctor and himself, then Stephen Letsom gathered them all together. Margaret Dornham saw him take from the sideboard a small, plain, oaken box bound in brass, and lock the papers in it.

"There will be no difficulty about the little lady's identification while this lasts," he said, "and the papers remain undestroyed."

She could not account for the impulse that led her to watch him so closely, while she wondered what the papers could be worth.

Then both gentlemen turned their attention from the box to the child. Lord Charlewood would be leaving directly, and it would be the last time that he, at least, could see the little one. There was all a woman's love in his heart and in his face, as he bent down to kiss it, and say farewell.

"In three years' time, when I come back again," he said, "she will be three years old—she will walk and talk. You must teach her to say my name, Mrs. Dornham, and teach her to love me."

Then he bade farewell to the doctor who had been so kind a friend to him, leaving something in his hand, which made his heart light for many a long day afterward.

"I am a bad correspondent, Dr. Letsom," he said; "I never write many letters—but you may rely upon hearing from me every six months. I shall send half-yearly checks—and you may expect me in three years from this at the latest; then my little Madaline will be of a manageable age, and I can take her to Wood Lynton."

So they parted, the two who had been so strangely brought together—parted with a sense of liking and trust common among Englishmen who feel more than they express. Lord Charlewood looked round him as he left the town.

"How little I thought," he said, "that I should leave my dead wife and living child here! It was a town so strange to me that I scarcely even knew its name."

On arriving at his destination, to his great joy, and somewhat to his surprise, Lord Charlewood found that his father was better; he had been afraid of finding him dead. The old man's joy on seeing his son again was almost pitiful in its excess—he held his hands in his.

"My son—my only son! Why did you not come sooner?" he asked. "I have longed so for you. You have brought life and healing with you; I shall live years longer now that I have you again."

And in the first excitement of such happiness Lord Charlewood did not dare to tell his father the mournful story of his marriage and of his young wife's untimely death. Then the doctor told him that the old earl might live for some few years longer, but that he would require the greatest care; he had certainly heart-disease, and any sudden excitement, any great anxiety, any cause of trouble might kill him at once.

Knowing this, Lord Charlewood did not dare to tell his secret; it would have been plunging his father into danger uselessly; besides which, the telling of it was useless now—

his beautiful wife was dead, and the child too young to be recognized or made of consequence. So he devoted himself to the earl, having decided in his own mind what steps to take.

If the earl lived until little Madaline reached her third year, then he would tell him his secret; the child would be pretty and graceful—she would, in all probability, win his love. He could not let it go on longer than that. Madaline could not remain alone and uncared for in that little country town; it was not to be thought of. Therefore, if his father lived, and all went on well, he would tell his story then; if, on the contrary, his health failed, then he would keep his secret altogether, and his father would never know that he had disobeyed him.

There was a wonderful affection between this father and son. The earl was the first to notice the change that had come over his bright, handsome boy: the music had all gone from his voice, the ring from his laughter, the light from his face. Presently he observed the deep mourning dress.

"Hubert," he asked, suddenly, "for whom are you in mourning?"

Lord Charlewood's face flushed. For one moment he felt tempted to answer:

"For my beloved wife, whom Heaven has taken from me."

But he remembered the probable consequences of such a shock to his father, and replied, quietly:

"For one of my friends, father—one whom you did not know."

And Lord Mountdean did not suspect.

Another time the old earl placed his arm round his son's neck.

"How I wish, Hubert," he said, "that your mother had lived to see you a grown man! I think—do not laugh at me, my son—I think yours is perfect manhood; you please me infinitely."

Lord Charlewood smiled at the simple, loving praise.

"I have a woman's pride in your handsome face and tall, stately figure. How glad I am, my son, that no cloud has ever come between us! You have been the best of sons to me. When I die you can say to yourself that you have never once in all your life given me one moment's pain! How pleased I am that you gave up that foolish marriage for my sake! You would not have been happy. Heaven never blesses such marriages."

He little knew that each word was a dagger in his son's heart.

"After you had left me and had gone back to England," he continued, "I used to wonder if I had done wisely or well in refusing you your heart's desire; now I know that I did well, for unequal marriages never prosper. She, the girl you loved, may have been very beautiful, but you would never have been happy with her."

"Hush, father!" said Lord Charlewood, gently. "We will not speak of this again."

"Does it still pain you? Tell me, my son?" cried the earl.

"Not in the way you think," he replied.

"I would not pain you for the world—you know that, Hubert. But you must not let that one unfortunate love affair prejudice you against marriage. I should like to see you married, my son. I should like you to love some noble, gentle lady whom I could call daughter; I should like to hold your children in my arms, to hear the music of children's voices before I go."

"Should you love my children so much, father?" he asked.

"Yes, more than I can tell you. You must marry, Hubert; and then, as far as you are concerned, I shall not have a wish left unfulfilled."

There was hope, then, for his little Madaline—hope that in time she would win the old earl's heart, and prevent his grieving over the unfortunate marriage. For two years and a half the Earl of Mountdean lingered; the fair Italian clime, the warmth, the sunshine, the flowers, all seemed to join in giving him new life. For two years and a half he improved, so that his son had begun to hope that he might return to England, and once more see the home he loved so dearly—Wood Lynton; and, though during this time his secret had preyed upon him through every hour of every day, causing him to long to tell his father, yet he controlled the longing, because he would do nothing that might in the least degree retard his recovery.

Then, when the two years and a half had passed, and he began to take counsel with himself how he could best break the intelligence, the earl's health suddenly failed him, and he could not accomplish his purpose.

During this time he had every six months sent regular remittances to England, and had received in return most encouraging letters about little Madaline. She was growing strong and beautiful; she was healthy, fair, and happy. She could say his name; she could sing little baby-songs. Once, the doctor cut a long, golden-brown curl from the little head and sent it to him; but when he received it the earl lay dying, and the son could not show his father his little child's hair. He died as he had lived, loving and trusting his son, clasping his hand to the last, and murmuring sweet and tender words to him. Lord Charlewood's heart smote him as he listened; he had not merited such implicit faith and trust.

"Father," he cried, "listen for one moment! Can you hear me? I did marry Madaline—I loved her so dearly, I could not help it—I married her, and she died one year afterward. But she left me a little daughter. Can you hear me, father?"

No gleam of light came into the dying eyes, no consciousness into the quiet face; the earl did not hear. When, at last, his son had made up his mind to reveal his secret, it was too late for his father to hear—and he died without knowing it.

He died, and was brought back to England, and buried with great pomp and magnificence; and then his son reigned in his stead, and became Earl of Mountdean. The first thing that he did after his father's funeral was to go to Castledene; he had made all arrangements for bringing his daughter and heiress home. He was longing most impatiently to see her; but when he reached the little town a shock of surprise awaited him that almost cost him his life.

Chapter IV.

Dr. Letsom had prospered; one gleam of good fortune had brought with it a sudden outburst of sunshine. The doctor had left his little house in Castle Street, and had taken a pretty villa just outside Castledene. He had furnished it nicely—white lace curtains were no longer an unattainable luxury; no house in the town looked so clean, so bright, or so pretty as the doctor's. People began to look up to him; it was rumored that he had had money left to him—a fortune that rendered him independent of his practice. No sooner was that quite understood than people began to find out that, after all, he was a very clever man. No sooner did they feel quite convinced that he was indifferent about his practice than they at once appreciated his services; what had been called abruptness, now became truth and sincerity. He was declared to be like Dr. Abernethy—wonderfully clever, though slightly brusque in

manner. Patients began to admire him; one or two instances of wonderful cures were quoted in his favor; the world, true to itself, true to its own maxims, began to respect him when it was believed that he had good fortune for his friend. In one year's time he had the best practice in the town, the ladies found his manner so much improved.

He bore his good-fortune, as he had borne his ill-fortune, with great equanimity; it had come too late. If but a tithe of it had fallen to his share twelve years earlier, he might have made the woman he loved so dearly his wife. She might have been living—loving, happy, by his side. Nothing could bring her back—the good fortune had come all too late; still he was grateful for it. It was pleasant to be able to pay his bills when they became due, to be able to help his poorer neighbors, to be able to afford for himself little luxuries such as he had long been without. The greatest happiness he had now in life was his love for little Madaline. The hold she had taken of him was marvelous; from the first moment she held out her baby-hands to him until the last in which he saw her, she was his one dream of delight, and the ideal of his future happiness.

A FROSTY MORNING.—AFTER A PAINTING BY BOUGHTON.

At first he had visited Ashwood as a mere matter of duty; but, as time passed on, those visits became his dearest pleasures. The child began to know him, her lovely little face to brighten for him; she had no fear of him, but would sit on his knee and lisp her pretty stories and sing her pretty songs until he was fairly enchanted.

Madaline was a lovely child. She had a beautiful head

and face and a figure exquisitely molded. Her smiles were like sunshine; her hair had in it threads of gold; her eyes were of the deep blue that one sees in Summer skies. It was not only her great loveliness, but there was about her a wonderful charm, a fascination, that no one could resist.

Dr. Letsom loved the child. She sat on his knee and talked to him, until the whole face of the earth seemed changed for him. Besides his great love for the little Madaline, he became interested in the story of Margaret Dornham's life—in her love for the handsome, reckless ne'er-do-well who had given up work as a failure—in her wonderful patience, for she never complained—in her sublime heroism, for she bore all as a martyr. He heard how Henry Dornham was often seen intoxicated—heard that he was abusive, violent. He went afterward to the cottage, and saw bruises on his wife's delicate arms and hands—dark, cruel marks on her face; but by neither word nor look did she ever betray her husband. Watching that silent, heroic life, he became interested in her. More than once he tried to speak to her about her husband—to see if anything could be done to reclaim him. She knew that all efforts were in vain—there was no good in him; still more, she knew now that there never had been such good as she had hoped and believed.

Another thing pleased and interested the doctor—it was Margaret Dornham's passionate love for her foster-child. All the love that she would have lavished on her husband, all the love that she would have given to her own child, all the repressed affection and buried tenderness of her heart, were given to this little one. It was touching, pitiful, sad, to see how she worshiped her.

"What shall I do when the three years are over, and her father comes to claim her?" she would say to the doctor. "I shall never be able to part with her. Sometimes I think that I shall run away with her and hide her."

How little she dreamed that there was a prophecy in the words!

"Her father has the first claim," said the doctor. "It may be hard for us to lose her, but she belongs to him."

"He will never love her as I do," observed Margaret Dornham.

Of the real rank and position of that father, she had not the slightest suspicion. He had money, she knew: but that was all she knew—and money to a woman whose heart hungers for love seems very little.

"There is something almost terrible in the love of that woman for that child," thought the doctor. "She is good, earnest, tender, true, by nature; but she is capable of anything for the little one's sake."

So two years and a half passed, and the child, with her delicate, marvelous grace, had become the very light of those two lonely lives. In another six months they would have to lose her. Dr. Letsom knew very well that, if the earl were still living, at the end of the three years his son would tell him of his marriage.

On a bright, sunshiny day in June, the doctor walked over to Ashwood. He had a little packet of fruit and cakes with him, and a wonderful doll, dressed most royally.

"Madaline!" he cried, as he entered the cottage; and she came running to him. "Should you like a drive with me to-morrow?" he asked. "I am going to Corfell, and I will promise to take you if you will be a good girl."

She promised—for a drive with the kind doctor was her greatest earthly delight.

"Bring her to my house about three to-morrow afternoon, Mrs. Dornham," said Dr. Letsom, "and she shall have her drive."

Margaret promised. When the time came, she took the little one, dressed in her pretty white frock; and, as they sat in the drawing-room, the doctor was brought home to his house—dead!

It was such a simple yet terrible accident that had killed him. A poor man had been injured by a kick from a horse. For want of better accommodation, he had been carried up into a loft over a stable, where the doctor attended him. In the loft was an open trap-door, through which trusses of hay and straw were raised and lowered. No one warned Dr. Letsom about it. The aperture was covered with straw, and he, walking quickly across, fell through. There was but one comfort—he did not suffer long. His death was instantaneous; and on the bright June afternoon when he was to have taken little Madaline for a drive he was carried home, through the sunlit streets, dead.

Margaret Dornham and the little child sat waiting for him when the sad procession stopped at the door.

"The doctor is dead!" was the cry from one to another.

A terrible pain shot through Margaret's head. Dead! The kindly man, who had been her only friend, dead! Then perhaps the child would be taken from her, and she should see it no more!

An impulse, for which she could scarcely account, and for which she was scarcely responsible, seized her. She must have the box that contained the papers, lest, finding the papers, people should rob her of the child. Quick as thought she seized the box—which always stood on a bracket in the drawing-room—and hid it under her shawl. To the end of her life she was puzzled as to why she had done this. It would not be missed, she knew, in the confusion that was likely to ensue. She felt sure, also, that no one, save herself and the child's father, knew of its contents.

She did not wait long in that scene of confusion and sorrow. Clasping the child in her arms, lest she should see the dead face, Margaret Dornham hurried back to the cottage, bearing with her the proofs of the child's identity.

The doctor was buried, and with him all trace of the child seemed lost. Careful search was made in his house for any letters that might concern her, that might give her father's address; but Stephen Letsom had been faithful to his promise—he had kept the secret. There was nothing that could give the least clue. There were no letters, no memoranda; and, after a time, people came to the conclusion that it would be better to let the child remain where she was; for her father would be sure in time to hear of the doctor's death, and to claim her.

So September came, with its glory of Autumn leaves. Just three years had elapsed since Lady Charlewood had died; and then the great trouble of her life came to Margaret Dornham.

Chapter V.

ON the day after Dr. Letsom's death, Margaret Dornham's husband was apprehended on a charge of poaching and aiding in a dangerous assault on Lord Turten's gamekeepers. Bail was refused for him, but at the trial he was acquitted for want of evidence. Every one knew he was guilty. He made no great effort to conceal it. But he defied the whole legal power of England to prove him guilty. He employed clever counsel, and the result was his acquittal. He was free, but the prison brand was on him, and his wife felt that she could not endure the disgrace.

"I shall go from bad to worse now, Maggie," he said to her. "I do not find prison so bad, nor yet difficult to bear; if ever I see that by any lucky hit I can make myself a rich

man, I shall not mind a few years in gaol as the price. A forgery, or something of that kind, or the robbery of a well-stocked bank, will be henceforward my highest aim in life."

She placed her hand on his lips, and prayed him for Heaven's sake to be silent. He only laughed.

"Nature never intended me to work—she did not, indeed, Maggie. My fellow-men must keep me; they keep others far less deserving."

From that moment she knew no peace or rest. He would keep his word; he would look upon crime as a source of profit; he would watch his opportunity of wrong-doing, and seize it when it came.

In the anguish of her heart she cried aloud that it must not be at Ashwood; anywhere else, in any other spot, but not there, where she had been known in the pride of her fair young life—not there, where people had warned her not to marry the handsome, reckless ne'er-do-well, and had prophesied such terrible evil for her if she did marry him—not there, where earth was so fair, where all nature told of innocence and purity. If he must sin, let it be far away in large cities, where the ways of men were evil.

She decided on leaving Ashwood. Another and perhaps even stronger motive that influenced her was her passionate love for the child; that was her one hope in life, her one sheet-anchor, the one thing that preserved her from the utter madness of desolation.

The three years had almost elapsed; the doctor was dead, and had left nothing behind him that could give any clue to Madaline's identity, and in a short time—she trembled to think how short—the father would come to claim his child, and she would lose her. When she thought of that, Margaret Dornham clung to the little one in a passion of despair. She would go away and take Madaline with her—keep her where she could love her, care for her, tend her—where she could bring her up as her own child, and lavish all the warmth and devotion of her nature upon her. She never once thought that in acting thus she was doing a selfish, a cruel deed—that she was taking the child from her father, who of all people living had the greatest claim upon her.

"He may have more money than I have," thought poor, mistaken Margaret, "but he cannot love her so much; and after all love is better than money."

It was easy to manage her husband. She had said but little to him at the time she undertook the charge of little Madaline, and he had been too indifferent to make inquiries. She told him now, what was in some measure quite true, that with the doctor's death her income had ceased, and that she herself not only was perfectly ignorant of the child's real name, but did not know even to whom to write. It was true, but she knew at the same time that, if she would only open the box of papers, she would not be ignorant on any one point; but those papers she had firmly resolved never to touch; so that in saying she knew nothing of the child's identity she would be speaking the bare truth.

At first Henry Dornham was indignant. The child should not be left a burden and drag on his hands, he declared—it must go to the workhouse.

But patient Margaret clasped her arms round his neck, and whispered to him that the child was so clever, so pretty, she would be a gold mine to them in the future—only let them get away from Ashwood, and go to London, where she could be well trained and taught. He laughed a sneering laugh, for which, had he been any other than her husband, she would have hated him.

"Not a bad plan, Maggie," he said; "then she can work to keep us. I myself do not care where we go, or what we do, so that no one asks me to work."

He was easily persuaded to say nothing about their removal, to go to London without saying anything to his old friends and neighbors of their intentions. Margaret knew well that so many were interested in the child that she would not be allowed to take her away if her wish became known.

How long the little cottage at Ashwood had been empty no one knew. It stood so entirely alone that for weeks together nothing was seen or known of its inhabitants. Henry Dornham was missed from his haunts. His friends and comrades wondered for a few days, and then forgot him; they thought that in all probability he was engaged in some not very reputable pursuit.

The Rector of Castledene—Rev. John Darnley—was the first really to miss them. He had always been interested in little Madaline. When he heard from the shopkeepers that Margaret had not been seen in the town lately, he feared she was ill, and resolved to go to see her. His astonishment was great when he found the cottage closed and the Dornhams gone—the place had evidently been empty for some weeks. On inquiry, he found that the time of their departure and their place of destination were equally unknown. No one knew whither they had gone or anything about them. Mr. Darnley was puzzled; it seemed to him very strange that, after having lived in the place so long, Margaret Dornham should have left without saying one word to any human being.

"There is a mystery in it," thought the rector. He never dreamed that the cause of the mystery was the woman's passionate love for the child.

All Castledene wondered with him—indeed, for some days the little town was all excitement. Margaret Dornham had disappeared with the child who had been left in their midst. Every one seemed to feel more or less responsible for her; but neither wonder nor anything else gave them the least clue as to whither or why she had gone.

After a few days' earnest discussion and inquiry the excitement died away, when a wonderful event revived it. It was no other than the arrival of the new Earl of Mountdean in search of his little girl.

This time the visitor did not take any pains to conceal his title. He drove to the "Castle Arms," and from there went at once to the doctor's house. He found it closed and empty. The first person he asked told him that the doctor had been for some weeks dead and buried.

The young earl was terribly shocked. Dead and buried—the kindly man who had befriended him in the hour of need! It seemed almost incredible. And why had no one written to him? Still he remembered the address of his child's foster-mother. It was Ashwood Cottage; and he went thither at once. When he found that, too, closed and deserted, it seemed to him that fortune was playing him a trick.

He was disconcerted; and then, believing that this at least was but a case of removal, he decided upon going to the rector of the parish, whom he well remembered. He surely would be able to give him all information.

Mr. Darnley looked up in wonder at the announcement of his visitor's name—the Earl of Mountdean. What could the earl possibly want with him?

His wonder deepened as he recognized in the earl the stranger at the burial of whose fair young wife he had assisted three years before. The earl held out his hand.

"You are surprised to see me, Mr. Darnley? You recognize me, I perceive."

The rector contrived to say something about his surprise, but Lord Mountdean interrupted him hastily:

"Yes, I understand. I was traveling as Mr. Charlewood when my terrible misfortune overtook me here. I have returned from Italy, where I have been spending the last three years. My father has just died, and I am here in search of my child. My child," continued the earl, seeing

the rector's blank face—"where is she? I find my poor friend, the doctor, is dead, and the house where my little one's foster-mother lived is empty. Can you tell me what it means?"

He tried to speak calmly, but his handsome face had grown quite white, his lips were dry and hot, his voice, even to himself, had a strange, harsh sound.

"Where is she?" he repeated. "The little one—my Madaline's child? I have a strange feeling that all is not well."

He saw the shadow deepen on the rector's face, and he clasped his arm.

"Where is she?" he cried. "You cannot mean that she is dead? Not dead, surely? I have not seen her since I left her, a little, feeble baby; but she has lived in my heart through all these weary years of exile. My whole soul has hungered and thirsted for her. By night and by day I have dreamed of her, always with Madaline's face. She has spoken sweet words to me in my dreams, always in Madaline's voice. I must see her. I cannot bear this suspense. You do not answer me. Can it be that she, too, is dead?"

"No, she is not dead," replied the rector. "I saw her two months since, and she was then living—well, beautiful, and happy. No, the little one is not dead."

"Then tell me, for pity's sake, where she is!" cried the earl, in an agony of impatience.

"I cannot. Two months since I was at Ashwood Cottage. Margaret Dornham's worthless husband was in some great trouble. I went to console his wife; and then I saw the little one. I held her in my arms, and thought, as I looked at her, that I had never seen such a lovely face. Then I saw no more of her; and my wonder was aroused on hearing some of the tradespeople say that Mrs. Dornham had not been in the town for some weeks. I believed she was ill, and went to see. My wonder was as great as your own at finding the house closed. Husband, wife, and child had disappeared as though by magic from the place, leaving no clue or trace behind them."

The rector was almost alarmed at the effect of his words. The young earl fell back in his chair, looking as though the shadow of death had fallen over him.

It was but a child, the rector thought to himself, whom its father had seen but a few times. He did not understand that, to Lord Mountdean, this child—his dying wife's legacy—was the one object in life—that she was all that remained to him of a love that had been dearer than life itself. Common-place words of comfort rose to his lips, but the earl did not even hear them. He looked up suddenly, with the ghastly pallor still on his face.

"How foolish I am to alarm myself so greatly!" he said. "Some one or other will be sure to know whither the woman has gone. She may have had some monetary trouble, and so have desired to keep her whereabouts a secret; but some one or other will know. If she is in the world I will find her. How foolish I am to be so terribly frightened! If the child is living, what have I to fear?"

But, though his words were brave and courageous, his hands trembled, and the rector saw signs of great agitation. He rang for wine, but Lord Mountdean could not take it—he could do nothing until he had found his child.

In few words he told the rector the story of his marriage.

"I thought," he said, "that I could not not do better for the little one than leave her here in the doctor's care."

"You were right," returned the rector; "the poor doctor's love for the child was talked about everywhere. As for Margaret Dornham, I do not think, if she had been her own, she could have loved her better. Whatever else may have gone wrong, take my word for it, there was no lack of love for the child; she could not have been better cared for—of that I am quite sure."

"I am glad to hear you say so; that is some comfort. But why did no one write to me when the doctor died?"

"I do not think he left one shred of paper containing any allusion to your lordship. All his effects were claimed by some distant cousin, who now lives in his house. I was asked to look over his papers, but there was not a private memorandum amongst them—not one; there was nothing, in fact, but receipted bills."

Lord Mountdean looked up.

"There must be some mistake," he observed. "I myself placed in his charge all the papers necessary for the identification of my little daughter."

"May I ask of what they consisted?" said the rector.

"Certainly—the certificate of my marriage, of my beloved wife's death, of my little daughter's birth, and an agreement between the doctor and myself as to the sum that was to be paid to him yearly while he had charge of my child."

"Then the doctor knew your name, title, and address?"

"Yes; I had no motive in keeping them secret, save that I did not wish my marriage to be known to my father until I myself could tell him—and I know how fast such news travels. I remember distinctly where he placed the papers. I watched him."

"Where was it?" asked Mr. Darnley. "For I certainly have seen nothing of them."

"In a small, oaken box with brass clasps, which stood on a sideboard. I remember it as though it were yesterday."

"I have seen no such box," said the rector. "Our wisest plan will be to go at once to the house where his cousin, Mr. Grey, resides, and see if the article is in his possession. I am quite sure, though, that he would have mentioned if he had seen it."

Without a minute's delay they drove at once to the house, and found Mr. Grey at home. He was surprised when he heard the name and rank of his visitor, and above all when he understood his errand.

"A small, oaken box with brass clasps," he said. "No; I have nothing of the kind in my possession; but, if your lordship will wait, I will have a search made at once."

Every drawer, desk, and recess were examined in vain. There was no trace of either the box or the papers.

"I have an inventory of everything the doctor's house contained—it was taken the day after his death," said Mr. Grey: "we can look through that."

Item after item was most carefully perused. The list contained no mention of a small, oaken box. It was quite plain that box and papers had both disappeared.

"Could the doctor have given them into Mrs. Dornham's charge?" asked the earl.

"No," replied the rector—"I should say certainly not. I am quite sure that Mrs. Dornham did not even know the child's surname. I remember once asking her about it; she said it was a long name, and that she could never remember it. If she had had the papers, she would have read them. I cannot think she holds them."

Then they went to visit Mrs. Galbraith, the doctor's housekeeper. She had a distinct recollection of the box—it used to stand on the sideboard, and a larged-sized family Bible generally lay on the top of it. How long it had been out of sight when the doctor died she did not know, but she had never seen it since. Then they drove to the bank, thinking that, perhaps, for greater security, he might have deposited it there. No such thing had been heard of. Plainly enough the papers had disappeared; both the earl and the rector were puzzled.

"They can be of no possible use to any one but myself," said Lord Mountdean. "Now that my poor father is dead, and cannot be distressed about it, I shall tell to the whole world—if it cares to listen—the story of my marriage. If I

had wanted to keep that or the birth of my child a secret, I could have understood the papers being stolen by one wishing to trade with them. As it is, I cannot see that they are of the least use to any one except myself."

They gave up the search at last, and then Lord Mountdean devoted himself to one object—the finding of his child.

In a few days the story of his marriage was told by every newspaper in the land, also the history of the strange disappearance of his child. Large rewards were offered to any one who could bring the least information. Not content with employing the best detective skill in England, he conducted the search himself. He worked unwearyingly.

"A man, woman, and child could not possibly disappear from the face of the earth without leaving some trace behind," he would say.

One little gleam of light came which filled him with hope—they found that Margaret Dornham had sold all her furniture to a broker living at a town called Wrentford. She had sent for him herself, and had asked him to purchase it, saying that she, with her husband, was going to live at a distance, and that they did not care about taking it with them. He remembered having asked her where she was going, but she evaded any reply. He could tell no more. He showed what he had left of the furniture; and tears filled Lord Mountdean's eyes as he saw amongst it a child's crib. He liberally rewarded the man, and then set to work with renewed vigor to endeavor to find out Margaret Dornham's destination.

He went to the railway stations; and, though the only clue he succeeded in obtaining was a very faint one, he had some reason for believing that Margaret Dornham had gone to London.

In that vast city he continued the search, until it really seemed that every inch of ground had been examined. It was all without result—Margaret Dornham and her little foster-child seemed to have vanished.

"What can be the woman's motive?" the earl would cry in despair. "Why has she taken the child? What does she intend to do with it?"

It never occurred to him that her great, passionate love for the little one was the sole motive for the deed she had done.

The papers were filled with appeals to Margaret Dornham to return to Castledene, or to give some intelligence of her foster-child. The events of the story were talked about everywhere; but, in spite of all that was done and said, Lord Mountdean's heiress remained undiscovered. Months grew into years, and the same mystery prevailed. The earl was desperate at first—his anguish and sorrow were pitiful to witness; but, after a time, he grew passive in his despair. He never relaxed in his efforts. Every six months the advertisements with the offers of reward were renewed; every six months the story was retold in the papers. It had become one of the common topics of the day. People talked of the Earl of Mountdean's daughter, of her strange disappearance, of the mysterious silence that had fallen over her. Then, as the years passed on, it was agreed that she would never be found; that she must be dead. The earl's truest friends advised him to marry again. After years of bitter disappointment, of anguish and suspense, of unutterable sorrow and despair, he resigned himself to the entire loss of Madaline's child.

Chapter VI.

Nature had made Philippa L'Estrange beautiful, circumstances had helped to make her proud. Her father, Lord L'Estrange, died when she was quite a child, leaving her an enormous fortune that was quite under her own control. Her mother, Lady L'Estrange, had but one idea in life, and that was indulging her beautiful daughter in her every caprice. Proud, beautiful, and wealthy, when she most needed her mother's care, that mother died, leaving her sole mistress of herself. She was but seventeen then, and was known as one of the wealthiest heiresses and loveliest girls of the day. Her first step was, in the opinion of the world, a wise one: she sent for a widowed cousin, Lady Peters, to live with her as chaperon. For the first year after her mother's death she remained at Verdun Royal, the family estate. After one year given to retirement, Philippa L'Estrange thought she had mourned for her mother after the most exemplary fashion. She was just nineteen when she took her place again in the great world, one of its brightest ornaments.

An afternoon in London in May. The air was clear and fresh; there was in it a faint breath of the budding chestnuts, the hawthorn, and lilac; the sun shone clear and bright, yet not too warmly.

On this afternoon, Miss L'Estrange sat in the drawing-room of the magnificent family mansion in Hyde Park. The whole world could not have produced a more marvelous picture. The room itself was large, lofty, well-proportioned, and superbly furnished; the hangings were of pale rose silk and white lace; the pictures and statues were gems of art, a superb copy of the Venus of Milo gleaming white and shapely from between the folds of rose silk, also a marble Flora, whose basket was filled with purple heliotropes, and a Psyche that was in itself a dream of beauty; the vases were filled with fairest and most fragrant flowers. Nothing that art, taste, or luxury could suggest was wanting—the eye reveled in beauty. Miss L'Estrange had refurnished the room in accordance with her own ideas of the beautiful and artistic.

The long windows were opened, and through them one saw the rippling of the rich green foliage in the Park; the large iron balconies were filled with flowers, fragrant mignonette, lemon-scented verbenas, purple heliotropes, all growing in rich profusion. The spray of the little scented fountains sparkled in the sun. Every one agreed that there was no other room in London like the grand drawing-room at Verdun House.

There was something on that bright May afternoon more beautiful even than the flowers, the fountains, the bright-plumaged birds in their handsome cages, the white statues, or the pictures; that was the mistress and queen of all this magnificence, Philippa L'Estrange. She was reclining on a couch that had been sent from Paris—a couch made of the finest ebony, and covered with pale rose-colored velvet. If Titian or Velasquez had seen her as she lay there, the world would have been the richer by an immortal work of art; Titian alone could have reproduced those rich, marvelous colors, that perfect, queenly beauty. He would have painted the picture, and the world would have raved about its beauty. The dark masses of waving hair; the lovely face with its warm Southern tints; the dark eyes, lighted with fire and passion; the perfect mouth, with its proud, sweet, imperial, yet tender lips; the white, dimpled chin; the head and face unrivaled in their glorious contour; the straight, dark brows that could frown and yet soften as few other brows could; the white neck, half hidden, half revealed by the coquettish dress; the white, rounded arms, and beautiful hands—all would have struck the master. Her dress fell round her in folds that would have charmed an artist. It was of some rich, transparent material, the pale amber hue of which enhanced her dark loveliness. The white arms were half-shown, half-covered by rich lace—in the waves of her dark hair lay a yellow rose. She looked like a woman whose smile could be fatal and dangerous as that of a siren, who could be madly loved or madly hated, yet to whom no man living could be indifferent.

She played for some few minutes with the rings on her fingers, smiling to herself a soft, dreamy smile, as though her thoughts were very pleasant ones; then she took up a volume of poems, read a few lines, and then laid the book down again. The dark eyes, with a gleam of impatience in them, wandered to the clock.

"How slowly those hands move!" she said.

"You are restless," observed a calm, low voice; "watching a clock always makes time seem long."

"Ah, Lady Peters,'" said the rich, musical tones, "when I cease to be young, I shall cease to be impatient!"

Lady Peters, the chosen confidant and chaperon of the brilliant heiress, was an elderly lady, whose most striking characteristic appeared to be calmness and repose. She was richly dressed in a robe of black *moire*, and she wore a cap of point-lace; her snowy hair was braided back from a broad, white brow: her face was kindly, patient, cheerful: her manner, though somewhat stately, the same. She evidently deeply loved the beautiful girl whose bright face was turned to hers.

"He said three in his note, did he not, Lady Peters?"

"Yes, my dear; but it is impossible for any one to be always strictly punctual; a hundred different things may have detained him."

"But if he were really anxious to see me, he would not let anything detain him," she said.

"Your anxiety about him would be very flattering to him if he knew it," remarked the elder lady.

"Why should I not be anxious? I have always loved him better than the whole world. I have had reason to be anxious."

"Philippa, my dear Philippa, I would not say such things if I were you, unless I had heard something really definite from himself."

The beautiful young neiress laughed a bright, triumphant laugh.

"Something definite from himself! Why, you do not think it likely that he will long remain indifferent to me, even if he is now? which I do not believe."

"I have had so many disappointments in life that I am afraid of being sanguine," said Lady Peters; and again the young beauty laughed.

"It will seem so strange to see him again. I remember his going away so well. I was very young then—I am young now, but I feel years older. He came down to Verdun Royal to bid us good-by, and I was in the grounds. He had but half an hour to stay, and mamma sent him out to me."

The color deepened in her face as she spoke, and the light shone in her splendid eyes—there was a kind of wild, restless passion in her words.

"I remember it all so well! There had been a heavy shower of rain in the early morning; that had cleared away, leaving the skies blue, the sunshine golden, while the rain-drops still glistened on the trees and the grass. I love the sweet smell of the green leaves and the moist earth after rain. I was there enjoying it when he came to say good-by to me—mamma came with him.

"'Philippa,' she said, 'Norman is going; he wants to say good-by to his little wife.'

"He always called me his little wife. I saw him look very grave. She went away and left us together.

"'You are growing too tall to be called my little wife, Philippa,' he said; and I laughed at his gravity. We were standing underneath a great, flowering lilac-tree—the green leaves and the sweet flowers were still wet with the rain. I remember it so well! I drew one of the tall, fragrant sprays down, and, shaking the rain-drops from it, kissed it. I can smell the rich, moist odor now. I never see a lilac-spray or smell its sweet moisture after rain, but that the whole scene rises before me again—I see the proud, handsome face that I love so dearly, the clear skies and the green trees.

"'How long shall you be away, Norman?' I asked him.

"'Not more than two years,' he replied. 'You will be quite a brilliant lady of fashion when I return, Philippa; you will have made conquests innumerable.'

"'I shall always be the same to you,' I replied; but he made no answer. He took the spray of lilac from my hands.

"'My ideas of you will always be associated with lilacs,' he said; and that is why, Lady Peters, I ordered the vases to be filled with lilacs to-day. He bent down and kissed my face.

"'Good-by, Philippa,' he said; 'may I find you as good and as beautiful as I leave you!'

"And then he went away. That is just two years ago; no wonder that I am pleased at his return."

Lady Peters looked anxiously at her.

"There was no regular engagement between you and Lord Arleigh, was there, Philippa?"

"What do you call a regular engagement?" said the young heiress. "He never made love to me, if that is what you mean—he never asked me to be his wife; but it was understood—always understood."

"By whom?" asked Lady Peters.

"My mother and his. When Lady Arleigh lived, she spent a great deal of her time at Verdun Royal with my mother; they were first cousins, and the dearest of friends. Hundreds of times I have seen them sitting on the lawn, while Norman and I played together. Then they were always talking about the time when we should be married. 'Philippa will make a beautiful Lady Arleigh,' his mother used to say. 'Norman, go and play with your little wife,' she would add; and, with all the gravity of a grown courtier, he would bow before me, and call me his little wife."

"But you were children then, and it was perhaps all childish folly."

"It was nothing of the kind," said the heiress, angrily. "I remember well that, when I was presented, my mother said to me, 'Philippa, you are sure to be very much admired; but, remember, I consider you engaged to Norman. Your lot in life is settled; you are to be Lady Arleigh, of Beechgrove.'"

"But," interposed Lady Peters, "it seems to me, Philippa, that this was all your mother's fancy. Because you played together as children—because, when you were a child, he called you his little wife—because your mother and his were dear friends, and liked the arrangement—it does not follow that he would like it, or that he would choose the playmate of his childhood as the love of his manhood. In all that you have said to me, I see no evidence that he loves you, or that he considers himself in any way bound to you."

"That is because you do not understand. He has been in England only two days, yet, you see, he comes to visit me."

"That may be for old friendship's sake," said Lady Peters. "Oh, my darling, be careful! Do not give the love of your heart and soul for nothing."

"It is given already," confessed the girl, "and can never be recalled, no matter what I get in return. Why, it is twenty minutes past three; do you think he will come?"

Philippa L'Estrange rose from the couch and went to the long, open window.

"I have never seen the sun shine so brightly before," she said; and Lady Peters sighed as she listened. "The world has never looked so beautiful as it does to-day. Oh, Norman, make haste! I am longing to see you."

Turning to Lady Peters with a charming smile, she shook out the perfumed folds of her dress—she smoothed the fine, white lace.

"You have not told me, *maman*," she said, "whether I am looking my best to-day. I want Norman to be a little surprised when he sees me. If you saw me for the first time to-day, would you think me nice?"

"I should think you the very queen of beauty," was the truthful answer.

A pleased smile curved the lovely, scarlet lips.

"So will Norman. You will see, *maman*, there is no cause for anxiety, none for fear. You will soon wonder why you looked grave over my pretty love-story."

"What will you say or do, Philippa, if you find that he has learned to love some one else? He must have seen some of the loveliest women in the world. Suppose he has learned to love one—what then?"

"What then? I know what I should do. He belonged to me first, and I should try to win him back."

"But if his word were pledged?"

"He must break his pledge. I feel that in the end I should win."

"But," persisted Lady Peters, "if you lost—what then?"

"If I failed, I should seek revenge. But we will not talk of failure. Oh, *maman*, there he is!"

How she loved him! At the sound of his footsteps a crimson glow shone in her face, a light shone in the depths of her splendid, dark eyes, the scarlet lips trembled. She clinched her white fingers lest a sound might betray her.

"Lord Arleigh," announced a servant at the door.

Tall, stately, self-possessed, she went forward to greet him. She held out her hand; but words failed her, as she looked once more into the face she loved so well.

"Philippa!" cried he, in wonder. "I expected to find you changed, but I should not have known you."

"Am I so greatly altered?" she asked.

"Altered?" he repeated. "I left a pretty schoolgirl—I find a queen."

He bowed low over the white hand.

"The queen bids you welcome," she said; and then, after introducing Lady Peters, she added, "Should you not really have known me, Norman?"

He had recovered from his first surprise, and Lady Peters, who watched him closely, fancied that she detected some little embarrassment in his manner. Of one thing she was quite sure—there were admiration and affection in his manner, but there was nothing resembling love.

He greeted her, and then took a seat, not by Philippa's side, but in a lounging-chair by the open window.

"How pleasant it is to be at home again!" he said. "How pleasant, Philippa, to see you! It seems strange that your mother and mine, after being such true friends in life, should die within a few days of each other. I would give the whole world to see my mother again."

"I always recognize a good man," put in Lady Peters, "by the great love he bears his mother."

"Then you think I am a good man?" he interrogated. "I hope, Lady Peters, that I shall never forfeit your good opinion."

"I do not think it likely," said her ladyship.

Philippa grew impatient on finding his attention turned, even for a few moments, from herself.

"Talk to me, Norman," she said; "tell me of your travels—of what you have seen—of the friends you have made."

"I have made no new friends, Philippa," he said; "I love the old ones best."

He did not understand the triumphant expression of the dark eyes as they glanced at Lady Peters. He told her briefly of the places that he had visited; and then he said:

"What a quantity of flowers you have, Philippa! You still retain your old love."

She took a spray of lilac and held it before him. Lady Peters noted confusion on his face.

"Do you remember the lilac, and what you said about it?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied; "I was in Florence last year when they were in flower, and I never looked at the beautiful, blooming trees without fancying that I saw my cousin's face among the blossoms."

"Why do you call me 'cousin'?" she asked, impatiently.

He looked up in surprise.

"You are my cousin, are you not, Philippa?"

"I am only your second cousin," she said; "and you have never called me so before."

"I have always called you 'cousin' in my thoughts," he declared. "How remiss I am!" he exclaimed, suddenly. "You will think that I have forgotten what little manners I had. I have never congratulated you on your success."

"What success?" she asked, half impatiently.

"I have not been twenty-four hours in London, yet I have heard on all sides of your charms and conquests. I hear that you are the belle of the season—that you have slain dukes, earls, marquises, and baronets indiscriminately. I hear that no one has ever been more popular or more admired than Philippa L'Estrange. Is it all true?"

"You must find that out for yourself," she said, laughingly, half-disappointed. He ought to be jealous, but evidently was not.

Then, to her delight, came a summons for Lady Peters. She was wanted in the housekeeper's room.

"Now we are alone," thought Philippa, "he will remember that he called me his little wife."

But he simply asked her what she had been reading lately—which was the book of the season. Remarks followed; but they were not what she wanted to hear.

"Do not talk to me about books, Norman!" she cried, at last. "I want to hear more about yourself."

She did not notice the slight flush that spread over his face.

"If we are to talk about ourselves," he said, "I should prefer you to be the subject. You have grown very beautiful, Philippa."

"Does it please you to find me what you call beautiful, Norman?" she asked, shyly.

"Of course it does. I am very proud of you—proud to be known as the cousin of Philippa L'Estrange."

Nothing more! Had he nothing more than this to be proud of? Was he so blind that he could not see love in the girl's face?

"We were always good friends, Norman," she said, simply, "you and I?"

"Yes, we were like brother and sister," he responded. "How we quarreled and made up! Do you remember?"

"Yes—but we were not like brother and sister, Norman. We did not call each other by such names, did we?"

"I never could find names pretty enough for you," he replied, laughingly.

She raised her eyes suddenly to his.

"You cared a great deal for me in those days, Norman," she said, gently. "Tell me the truth—in your travels have you met any one for whom you care more?"

He was perfectly calm and unembarrassed.

"No, cousin, I have not. As I told you before, I have really made no friends abroad for whom I care much—a few pleasant acquaintances, nothing more."

"Then I am content," she said.

But he was deaf to the passionate music of her voice. Then the distance between them seemed to grow less. They

THE WOUNDED KNIGHT.

talked of her home, Verdun Royal; they talked of Beechgrove, and his plans for living there. Their conversation was the intimate exchange of thought of old friends; but there was nothing of love. If she had expected that he would avail himself of Lady Peters's absence to speak of it, she was mistaken. He talked of old times, of friendship, of childhood's days, of great hopes and plans for the future—of anything but love. It seemed to be, and perhaps was, furthest from his thoughts.

"I am going to Beechgrove in a week," he said; "you will give me permission to call and see you every day, Philippa?"

"I shall be pleased to see you—my time is yours," she answered; but he did not understand the full meaning of the words.

Then Lady Peters came in and asked if he would join them at dinner.

"Philippa likes gayety," she said; "we have never had one quiet evening since the season began; she has a ball for to-night."

"Yes," laughed the heiress, "the world is very sweet to me, just now, Norman; but I will give up my ball and stay at home purposely to sing to you if you will dine with us."

"That is a temptation I cannot resist," he returned. "I will come; all your disappointed partners will, however, vent their wrath on me, Philippa."

"I can bear it," she said, "and so can you. Now I can let you go more willingly, seeing that I shall soon see you again."

And then he went away. After he had gone, she spoke but little; once she clasped her arms round Lady Peters's neck and kissed the kindly face.

"Do not speak to me," she said, "lest I should lose the echo of his voice;" and Lady Peters watched her anxiously, as she stood with a rapt smile on her face, as of one who has heard celestial music in a dream.

(To be continued.)

THE WOUNDED KNIGHT.

THE wounded warrior on his couch reclines,
His faithful wife beside him. The red wines
Court his pale lips in vain; he longs to dare
The combat's rage again, and breathe the air
Of glorious triumph. Slowly crawls the hour
Passed in his guarded castle, or the bower
Where beauty smiles! He longs once more to wield
His trusty battle-ax in well-fought field.
In vain she sings to him of perils past—
His choicest music is the trumpet's blast!
He tells her how he broke the Paynim host
Of Saladin upon the Syrian coast;
And how, when half his recreant men took flight,
His brand and shield alone sustained the fight,
Till Cœur de Lion to his succor came,
And christened him the brother of his fame.
"But now, my Ethel, 'neath thine hazel eyes,
With shattered frame thy dauntless Guiscard lies.
Perchance no more my banner shall unfurl
Its rallying sign amid the battle's whirl;
No more, perchance, my crimson sword shall gleam
In victory's path. I now must lie and dream
Of triumphs past! Oh, had I found my tomb
In honor's bed, not in this purple room!"
Then gentle sleep fell on him with its dower
Of healing rest, and brought the rapturous hour
When, in the shadowy realm of dreams, once more
He reaped new laurels on the Syrian shore.

SKETCHES IN SIBERIA.

By Thomas W. Knox.

As we look upon the map of Asia, we find its lower or southern portion occupied by several countries, some of them covering wide areas, while others are comparatively small. But it is not so with the upper or northern part of the map; one single country fills it from the Ural Mountains to the Pacific Ocean, and one flag waves in triumph over its whole extent. That country is Siberia, and the flag which dominates is the flag of Russia.

The history of the Russian occupation of Northern Asia is a remarkable one. Less than three hundred years ago a colony of Cossacks on the River Don refused to obey the orders of the Czar. A military force was sent to chastise them; the Cossacks heard of its approach, and as they were too weak to oppose it, they sought safety in flight. They left their homes, crossed the Volga River, and, under the guidance of Yermak, their chief, passed beyond the Ural Mountains, which were then the eastern limit of Russian power. The country east of the Urals was occupied by various independent tribes, descended from that immense horde of warlike Tartars which, four centuries earlier, swept like an enormous wave from the frontiers of China to Western Europe. Yermak conquered the inhabitants wherever he met them, and built a fort on the site of the Tartar village of Sibeer, on the banks of the Irtish River. From that fort the whole of Northern Asia received the name it now bears—Siberia.

Conquest was rapidly pushed, and though the Tartars made fierce opposition, they were speedily subdued. The country was found to be rich in fur-bearing animals; and when the news of its wealth was spread in Russia, many adventurers hastened to join the renegade Cossacks, so that their numbers were steadily increased. Yermak offered the captured country to the Czar, and along with the offer sent a personal present of the choicest furs. The Czar accepted the country and the furs, and sent to Yermak a full pardon for his misdeeds on the Don, an appointment to the command of Siberia, and a suit of chain armor. It is related that Yermak had a feast the night after the arrival of the Czar's messenger, and wound up the entertainment by attempting to swim across the Irtish in his iron-clad garments. The weight was too much for him, and he sank into the swift-flowing river so deeply that his body was never found.

RIVER FLOWING INTO ARATCHA BAY, KAMTSCHATKA.

I believe history presents no parallel to some features of this conquest. A few hundred outlaws, literally exiles to Siberia, passed from Europe to Asia. In less than a hundred years these men and their descendants, assisted only by the adventurers who joined them, conquered a region containing more than five million square miles of territory. The cost of their expeditions was entirely borne by individuals who sought their remuneration through the profits of the opening fur trade. The captured land became Russian, though the government neither paid for nor controlled the conquest.

Siberia is a land of magnificent distances; any one can understand this by glancing at its map, and he can be thoroughly convinced by making, as I did, a journey through the country. My first view of Siberia was on a clear Summer's day, where the conical peak of a volcano rose from the watery horizon of the Pacific and indicated the coast of Kamtschatka. At first the volcano stood alone, but soon

KAMTSCHATKAN DOG.

another mountain pushed into sight, and then another and another. As we sailed steadily onward, the coast slowly developed—a line of rugged hills and sharp crags on which the steadily-rolling waves broke in long pulsations and with never-ending roar, the sharply-serrated line was clearly defined against the eastern sky, and the snow-white peaks of the loftier mountains made a striking contrast to the rich green of the hills that nestled at their base, clad in leafy forest or luxuriant grass. By-and-by there appeared a passage through the rocky wall, and we entered a vast bay—the Bay of Avatcha—which has few superiors anywhere in magnificence and beauty. It is nearly circular in form, more than twenty miles in diameter, has a dozen little harbors around its edges, each of them completely land-locked, and is surrounded by mountains, two of which are more than twenty thousand feet in height! One of these mountains is volcanic; in its hours of quiet it emits a thin column of smoke, like that which ordinarily rises from Vesuvius, and at times it varies the monotony of Kamtschatkan life with an eruption preceded by earthquakes more or less violent. A friend told me that on the occasion of one eruption, the first earthquake shock threw down his chimney and overturned the table where he sat at dinner; and for nearly a week the disturbances averaged about twenty a day. They were troublesome at first, but you get used to them after a while, as the old woman's eels did to being skinned, and after a few days nobody appeared to mind them

From the point where I landed in Kamtschatka, it is more than eight thousand miles to the Russian capital. Through Kamtschatka and along the coast of northeastern Siberia one must travel with dogs and reindeer in Winter, or on horseback in Summer. After journeying in this way a trifle of three thousand miles or so, we come to the regular post-road adapted to wheeled-vehicles in Summer and to sleighs in Winter. The government has been engaged for several years in the construction of a road along the valley of the Amoor; portions of it are completed, but it is not yet available for travel. The Amoor is open for steamboats about half the year, and navigation is regularly maintained; in Winter the frozen surface of the stream forms an excellent roadway, with the usual drawbacks of air-holes and rough ice. One of my friends, traveling in this way, suddenly awoke from a sound sleep to find that the entire equipage—horses, driver, sleigh and passengers, had entered an air-hole and were splashing around in the darkness. How they escaped is a mystery—to him as much as to me.

The novelty of my first travel with a dog team was offset by a little incident. The team ran away in the first half mile, overturned the vehicle, and deposited me in a sprawling condition, with several bruises and excoriations in clothes and skin, and a suddenly-acquired prejudice against that kind of locomotion.

The Kamtschatkan dog is quite like the Esquimaux in appearance, character, and qualities. He is a wolfish-looking brute, generally white in color, with pointed ears, and a tail that curls sharply over his back and down one side. His disposition is not good, and the fear of punishment is considered a necessary element in his instruction. He is capable of great speed and endurance—a dog team can go fifty miles a day for a week or more, and in sudden emergencies it can make a hundred miles at a stretch, with no rest beyond a couple of stoppages of an hour each. The dogs are fed daily at sunset; the evening before they start on a journey they are not fed at all, and while the journey

A SIBERIAN POST-HOUSE.

lasts they are kept on half rations. The Kamtschatkans explain this apparent cruelty with the assertion that the dogs would be liable to colic if full fed, and that long practice has determined the present mode of treatment to be the best. Certainly the brutes do not appear to suffer from it, and the speed and endurance of a team in good condition border on the marvelous.

On the Siberian post-roads the Summer vehicle is the *telega*, a four-wheeled carriage with the axles ten or twelve feet apart. The connection between the axles is made by stout poles of oak or ash; and as the body rests directly upon them, these poles furnish the only "spring" which the vehicle possesses. Small jolts are not felt, but you get all the large ones; and sometimes they seem to be increased rather than diminished by the time they reach you.

The telega is ordinarily drawn by three horses, but it may have as many as five or six, all harnessed abreast. On one occasion, when the road was unusually bad, I had seven horses thus attached, and even then was unable to make more than ordinary speed. In the *troika* (team of three) the middle horse is harnessed between shafts, and has a high bow or yoke above his shoulders. The use of the bow is to hold the ends of the shafts apart, and thus afford a certain freedom of movement to the horse, and it also possesses a picturesque effect which the Russians would be unwilling to relinquish. Bells are attached to the bow, and their tinkle gives warning of the approach of the vehicle. On the post-roads the bells can and should be used, but when you enter a town you must remove them or tie up the tongues.

In Siberian towns and cities, the use of bells on sleighs is forbidden by law; in New England towns or villages it is required by law. We say, there must be the sound of bells to give notice of the approach of a sleigh; the Siberians say, that in the confused jingle of the bells a pedestrian could not hear the rattling of the sleigh or the cry of the driver.

The outside horses of a troika are harnessed without shafts, and, when properly trained, they gallop while the shaft horse trots. The *kibitka*, or sleigh, is preferable to the telega, as it can make better speed over a snow road than the wheeled carriage can over a dirt one. In fact, Winter is the favorite time for travel in Siberia. In Summer the roads are more or less rough and dusty, there are swarms of flies and mosquitoes, all the streams must be ferried or forded, and the fresh provisions which you are forced to carry will soon spoil with the heat. The sleigh is of easier draft and motion than the wagon, and the intense cold of a Siberian Winter seals the rivers, banishes dust, flies, and mosquitoes, and enables the traveler to keep his provisions for any period. My soup that I carried in my Winter ride was frozen into cakes like small bricks, while my roast beef resembled red granite, and was carved with a hatchet. We had a supply of *pilmania*, a Russian article admirably adapted to the road. It is a little ball of meat covered with dough; the ball and covering together being about the size of a walnut. A handful of it thrown into a kettle and boiled for ten minutes makes an excellent stew, or meat soup, and its preparation is very speedily accomplished. Well, we started with half a bushel of this stuff; it was in a bag, and the frozen balls rattled like gravel-stones, and could be tossed around and trodden upon upon without danger of injury.

A SIBERIAN TELEGA.

The post road is very well managed, and it is only rarely the case that a traveler is obliged to wait for horses. On arriving at the station, he presents his *paderojnia*, or road-pass, which he has obtained from the police authorities in the town whence he started. Without this document no station-master will or can furnish horses, and with it he must. As the government charges something for the papers, it serves the double purpose of being a means of revenue and bringing every traveler under the eye of the police—a

GORGE OF THE HIN-GAN MOUNTAINS, AMOOR RIVER, SIBERIA.

needed precaution in a country of exiles. The horses are paid for at each station at the rate of about a cent and a half a mile for each animal. The driver expects a slight gratuity at the end of his course, and as there are six or seven stations to every hundred miles, a great deal of small change must be handled in a journey through Siberia. Traveling by telega from the headwaters of the Amoor River to Irkutsk, the capital of Eastern Siberia, I changed horses and drivers ninety-four times; and during my sleigh-ride from Irkutsk to Nijni Novgorod—the terminus of the railroad eastward from Moscow—I changed two hundred and nine times. Rather a long sleigh-ride it was, and toward the end there was danger that a traveler would find it monotonous as did the man who had been kicked all night by a mule.

The eastern part of Siberia is quite mountainous, especially in the region bordering on the Ohotsk Sea. As one travels inland, the country grows flatter, and in many places spreads out into broad plains or *steppes*. In the far north these plains are covered with a dense bed of moss and low bushes, and in Winter with a thick carpet of snow. Along the streams of this region there is generally a fringe of birch, larch, and a few other trees; they rarely reach a diameter of more than ten or twelve inches, and they require many years of growth to attain this scanty size. Arboreal vegetation is slow in the north, and the excessive cold kills all but the hardiest trees. The flora of Siberia is not very numerous, but it has a wonderful richness; vegetation begins immediately after the rivers have broken and the snow has melted from the hills and valleys. Two or three days suffice to bring out the grass from the solid earth, and in less than a fortnight the whole open country will be literally carpeted with flowers that fill the air with delicious odors. This is particularly the case in the upper part of the Amoor valley, and along the tributaries of that river. In the Spring time one cannot walk abroad there without crushing dozens of flowers at every step, and when the petals are fully opened, the green of the thick grass is almost concealed from sight.

The Amoor is an immense river, larger than the St. Lawrence, and but little inferior to the Mississippi. Its general course is to the eastward, but in one place it makes a wide detour to the south, where it washes the boundaries of the Chinese empire. Nature seems to have run wild here, and to have brought the poles and the tropics into juxtaposition. The reindeer, the sable and the Arctic fox range the country to the north, and frequently reach the bank of the river. In the forests, on the southern side, the tiger has his home and ranges all the way to the Japan Sea and the Gulf of Pechili. When the Amoor is frozen in Winter, matters are somewhat mixed, and the animals I have mentioned wander from their natural bounds; the tiger sometimes going to the northern bank and the reindeer to the southern. They frequently meet, and the encounter is usually much more satisfactory to the tiger than to the deer. Tigers and bears are very destructive to cattle and sheep; the bears are much the worse offenders, for the reason that they are more numerous.

Hunting the tiger is a favorite amusement of the Russian officers along the Ousoori, one of the tributaries of the Amoor, and many exciting stories are told of adventures in pursuit of this dangerous beast. I saw many skins of the tiger during my journey through Siberia: one, in possession of the Governor-general, measured ten feet from tip to tip, and its original owner would doubtless have been an ugly customer to contend with unarmed. A man at one of the villages on the Amoor, showed me his arm, which had been bitten by a tiger. The brute had literally chewed it from wrist to shoulder, as it was a mass of scars, which were quite tender, the wounds having only recently healed.

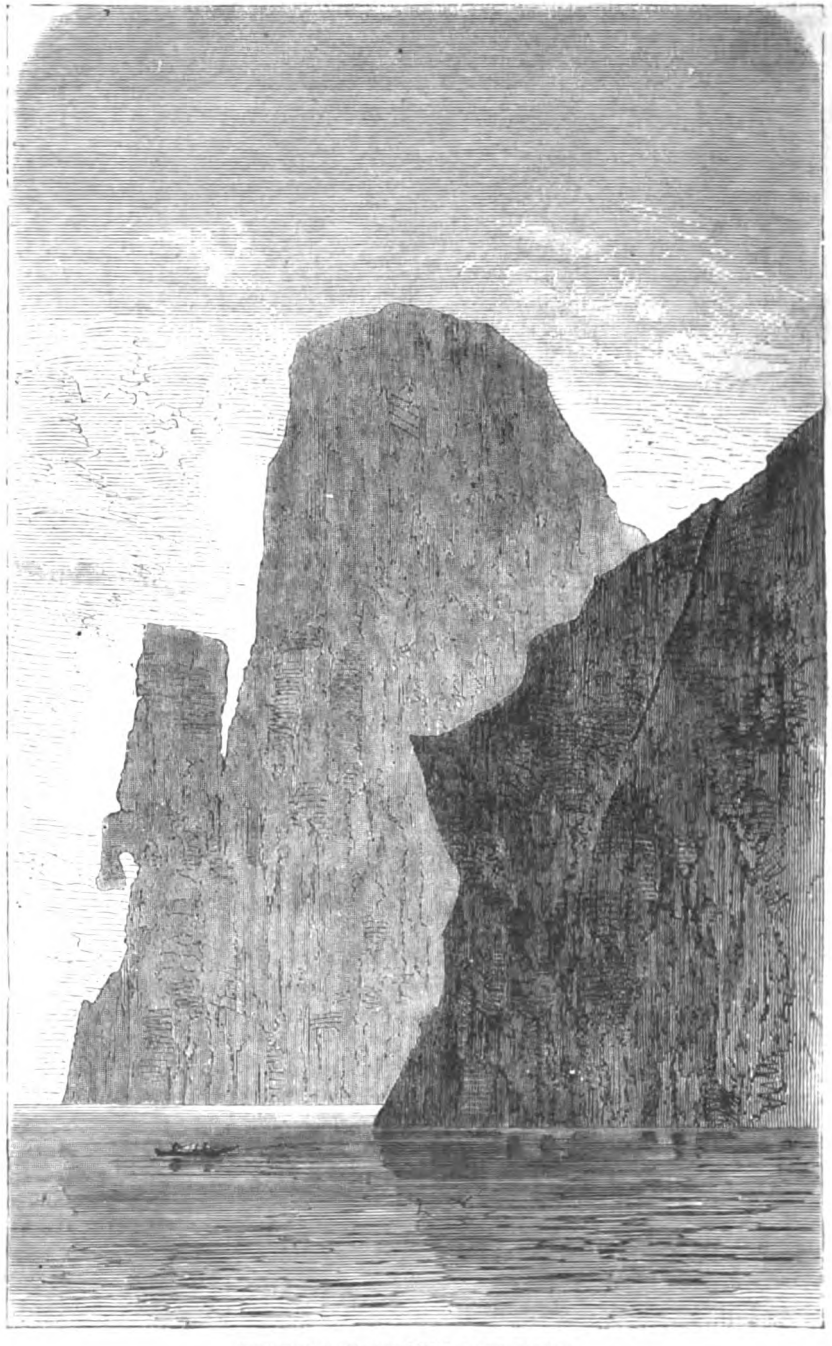
The vegetation on the southern bend of the Amoor is exceedingly luxuriant and in bewildering variety. Trees grow to a great height and are sometimes four or five feet in diameter. Vines and thick underbrush shut out the sunlight and afford shade and concealment to many birds and beasts. In the open country the grasses are frequently above a tall man's head, and there is a dense fringe of reeds and aquatic plants along the edges of the ponds and lagoons. The cork-tree and the mahogany and sycamore grow almost side by side with the birch, the pine and the spruce. Among the birds there are specimens from the Polar circle on the one hand, and from the tropics on the other. I doubt if there is another place in the world where nature presents so many varieties of animal and vegetable life.

A thousand miles from its mouth the Amoor has broken a passage through the chain of the Hin-Gan Mountains, which stretches obliquely across its valley. In some places the wooded sides of the mountains slope gently to the water's edge, while in others they rise in almost perpendicular peaks quite bare of vegetation. The stream is contracted to a narrow, but deep, channel, and occasionally the current has a speed of five or six miles an hour. As our steamer breasted the swiftly-flowing water, I found the picture changing almost every moment. At times we seemed completely inclosed in a narrow lake, from which there was no apparent escape save by climbing its walls. Frequently I could discover no opening before us, and had I been ascending an unknown and unexplored river, I should have half expected to see it issuing like an enormous spring from the base of a lofty mountain. At nearly every bend, where two mountains joined, we could see a brook coming to swell the great river, sometimes pouring noisily over the rough rocks, and sometimes sweeping silently through the forest or by the side of craggy precipices. Occasionally there was a sharp contrast of low and luxuriant forest on one bank of a brook and a steep and broken cliff on the other.

Game of many kinds abounds in these mountains. The hunter may choose between partridges, eagles, and other birds of the forest, and around the ponds and streams he may find an abundance of ducks, geese, plover, and other aquatic fowl. If he seeks four-footed game, he will find plenty of bears, chamois, mountain deer, and the like; while as to squirrels, rabbits, and smaller animals, he can find them by the million. Not unusually a hunter pursuing a deer may find himself in competition with a bear, and the latter does not scruple to appropriate to his own use the game which has been driven within his reach. One day a Russian was pursuing a stag, and drove him in the direction of a deep ravine, where he thought the animal would be brought to bay. Just at the edge of the ravine the stag paused, and the hunter crept forward in the expectation of a good shot. As he was preparing to fire, he saw two bears rushing in the direction of his prey, and they did not stop until they were on the very edge of the ravine. Menaced by this new danger, the stag collected all his powers, and then, bending his muscles and stretching them to their fullest tension, he managed to clear the abyss at a bound. Just as he leaped from the rock one of the bears sprang for him, missed his aim, and dropped to the bottom of the chasm, a sheer fall of more than 200 feet. He was killed upon the sharp rocks, and the hunter consoled himself for the loss of the stag by obtaining possession of the carcass of the more unlucky beast. The other bear stood a few moments on the edge of the ravine, in apparent wonderment, and then trotted off to the woods unmolested by the hunter, who did not wish an encounter with him.

The Siberian bears are fierce and powerful, and the hunter who attacks one of them must expect a hard battle, unless he can kill or disable the brute at the first fire.

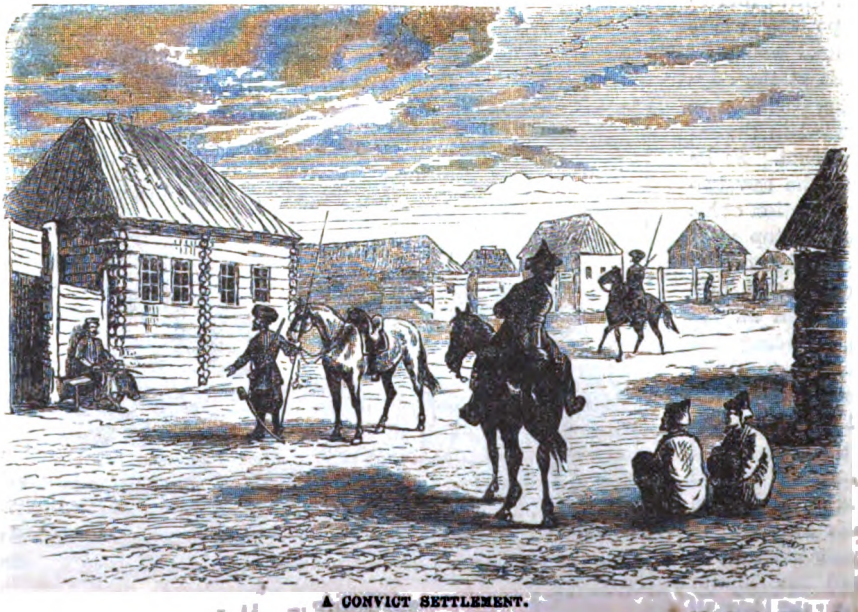
Siberia is best known to the rest of the world as a place of exile for those who offend the social and political laws of Russia. Peter the Great was the first to make this use of the country, and he sent thither great numbers of convicts and political prisoners, as well as prisoners of war. His object was to make these people useful as colonists; the new country needed a population, and he hit upon this method of supplying it. Ever since his time the country has been the



THE FUGITIVES CROSSING LAKE BAIKAL.

CONVOY OF EXILES TO SIBERIA.

Botany Bay of Russia. The ordinary emigration is about 10,000 a year, but this number is largely increased at every fresh revolution in Poland, so that in some years as many as 40,000 exiles have crossed the Ural Mountains on their way to a residence, more or less prolonged, in Northern Asia. The sentences they undergo are proportioned to the convictions that have been passed upon them, and are graded all the way from simple banishment for one, two, or more years, up to hard labor for life. Some persons are simply "exiled to Siberia" for a given period. They may travel from one end of the country to the other, and engage in whatever occupation or business they choose; in fact, they may do anything they wish *in* Siberia, but they cannot leave it till their sentence has expired or they have been pardoned. Others are restricted in their movements, and are not allowed to go beyond the limits of certain provinces, districts, towns, or villages, and they must report to the police at stated intervals. Some are sent to hard labor for given terms of years, and are employed on government works. The most of these *travaux forcés* are engaged in the construction of roads, and for this reason, doubtless, the roads through Eastern Siberia are of a very excellent character. Formerly the prisoners were employed in mines, but the working of the mines on government



A CONVICT SETTLEMENT.

account was found so unprofitable that it has been discontinued except in a few localities.

A great many sensational stories have been told about the barbarous treatment of Siberian exiles; some of these stories are doubtless true, but I believe that the majority of them are either highly colored or wholly fabricated. I saw many exiles during my journey through Siberia, and could not discover that their condition in general was any worse or better than that of prisoners in most of the countries of Europe. I saw them working on the roads and streets, or guarded in prisons, and frequently, while on the road, I met convoys of them. They were comfortably, though roughly, clad, whether working or traveling; and I could not observe that they appeared to suffer from scantiness of food. Most of those on the road were transported in vehicles, and where the convoys were on foot, a part of their guards walked with them; and there were always vehicles to convey the feeble and footsore. Quite likely there are many instances of great cruelty on the part of guards and others, but certainly I saw none of them. On the contrary, I repeatedly saw manifestations of kindness on the part of the soldiers, and one day I looked on while two of them were assisting an exiled family under their charge to enter a sleigh. They handled the women and children as tenderly as though they were dear friends, and carefully tucked the sheepskin robes around them to shut out the cold.

SCENE ON A TRIBUTARY OF THE AMOOR.

The term exile or prisoner is never applied to the persons in question. Among the people they are called "unfortunates," and in official documents they are denominated "involuntary emigrants." Every effort is made to induce the exile to forget the past, and become a good citizen of the country. The wife and immature children of an exile may follow or accompany him to Siberia, but cannot depart thence until his term of service has expired. The government understands that a married man will be more likely to become industrious and contented if his family is with him rather than in Europe. In the belief that a married man is a better citizen than a single one, they offer a premium in the shape of a house, land, and farming tools to any bachelor exile who marries a Siberian peasant girl. Most of the men who are sent to Siberia for lengthened periods of banishment accept the situation, and at once settle down to making themselves as comfortable as possible. Under these circumstances, the single ones are very likely to marry, and the already married to send for their families.

On the other hand, many never relinquish the thought of escaping, although they know that the chances of success are very small. The distances in Siberia are very great, and the runaway has thousands of miles to travel before he can reach a place of safety. The police is vigilant, and constantly on the lookout for wanderers, and it is a matter of extreme difficulty to obtain the proper passports to enable one to travel about. The most successful attempts have generally been where the runaways abandoned the regular roads and carefully avoided them until long beyond pursuit. A very remarkable escape of this sort was that of Ivan Rigolowski, several years ago.

Rigolowski was a Polish patriot who had been expelled

from his native country in consequence of his too great love of freedom. After living some time in Paris, he adopted an Austrian name and went to one of the northern provinces of Russia in the hope of stirring up a revolt. Naturally enough, he was soon discovered and arrested. His trial followed speedily, and he was sentenced to Siberia for life.

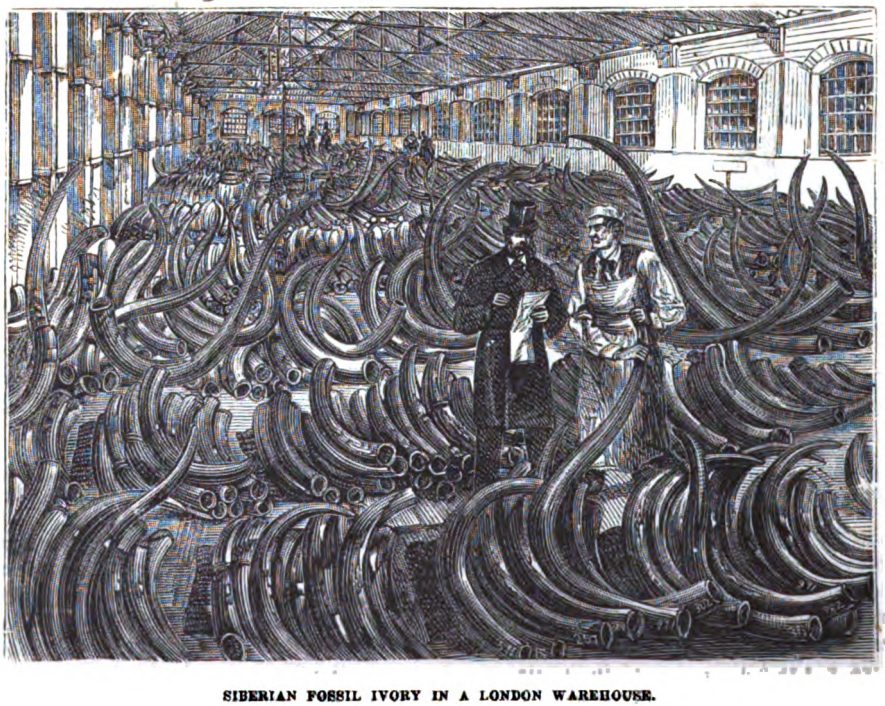
A STAG-HUNT IN SIBERIA.

As soon as the sentence was pronounced upon him he was led from the court-room and placed in a telega, by the side of a soldier, to whom he was chained. Another soldier sat by the side of the driver, and the telega was driven rapidly away.

Night and day they rattled on, the soldiers taking turns in being chained to the prisoner. The key of the lock which fastened the chains was carried in the inner pocket of the soldier, who for the time being rode on the box of the vehicle, and as Rigolowski could not move without disturbing the man at his side, there was not the slightest chance that he could free himself and spring out of the wagon.

Sometimes they were compelled to halt a few hours at the stations to wait for a change of horses, and now and then they were delayed at the crossings of rivers. But these stoppages were not numerous, and with the exception of a half-hour, morning and evening, for breakfast and supper, they were the only delays on the road.

Their destination was Chetah, the capital of the province of the Trans-Baikal, and there the soldiers were glad enough to surrender their prisoner to the governor, and receive orders to return to their regiment. Rigolowski was kept a few days in the prison at Chetah and then sent to work on a road which the authorities were constructing across the mountain chain separating the valley of the Ingodah (where Chetah stands) from the valley of the Shilka. Immediately on arrival, he was assigned to a gang of twenty men who were engaged, under the direction of an overseer, in building an embankment around a spur of the mountain by which the road was to pass.



SIBERIAN FOSSIL IVORY IN A LONDON WAREHOUSE.

He worked very steadily, and was apparently contented with his situation, or, at any rate, resigned to it. In course of time the vigilance over him was relaxed, and as he manifested superior intelligence, he was made the chief of the gang, to direct their work. A guard

of eight men was constantly with them to prevent any attempt at an escape.

This state of affairs continued for three or four weeks. Rigolowski planned an escape and took one of his fellow-prisoners, named Rudin, a Pole, into his secret. It was arranged that they should run away at the first opportunity, and that Rigolowski should have full control in the matter. To deceive their keepers, he was to manifest a great dislike for Rudin, and frequently beat him with severity. In this way they hoped to avert suspicion, and the sequel showed that they were successful.

The hut where they lodged at night was unguarded in the daytime, for the reason that it was unoccupied. A single soldier had charge of the little group of huts belonging to the prisoners and their custodians. Sometimes a prisoner was too ill to work, and was allowed to remain at home under charge of this soldier; but as a sick man is not considered very likely to run away, little attention was paid to the invalids.

The two men carefully examined the ground in the vicinity of their place of confinement, and found there was a forest only a few hundred yards away. If they could only get to this forest they would have a chance for freedom. It was necessary to devise a means of leaving the hut. Rigolowski planned the affair and gave Rudin his instructions.

Rudin, while at work one day, pretended a sudden illness, and Rigolowski, after abusing him soundly, sent him to the hut. As soon as he was out of sight, Rudin went at work upon the flooring under his bed, and in two or three hours made an excavation under the wall sufficient for a man to

THE HOUSE IN THE CORN-FIELD.—"HIS ATTENTION WAS ARRESTED BY A GROUP AT THE OTHER END OF THE ROOM, AND HE BEHELD 'JOHN GORDON' AND 'BLANCHE' SITTING ON THE FLOOR, WITH THEIR ARMS SECURED BEHIND THEM."—SEE PAGE 347.

pass through and reach the open air. The outer turf was left in place, so that the work could not be discovered in case of an inspection. That night the two men slipped quietly beneath the floor, passed through the excavation, and in a few minutes gained the forest. By morning, when their absence was discovered, they were several miles away.

The Siberians have a proverb, "He who runs away has but one road; he who pursues has ten." Pursuit was begun immediately, but without success, as the fugitives kept away from the roads and settlements, and relied upon the forests and the streams for their living. Game was abundant, and by setting snares at night in the places frequented by hares and partridges, they generally managed to be well supplied. They caught fish in the streams, and as Rigolowski had provided himself with a flint and steel, they had the means of cooking their food. They never lighted a fire at night, for fear of discovery. In the morning, when the fog hung about the valley, they built a fire on the bank of some stream, cooked a day's supply of food as quickly as possible, and then threw the embers into the water and hastened away.

On one occasion when they supposed themselves far from any settlement, they came suddenly upon a cluster of farm-houses, and, to their great alarm, were seen by a man working in the field close by the wood. Their first impulse was to run away, but a second thought told them they would thereby incur suspicion of their character. So they boldly advanced and asked which house belonged to Paul Petrowsky, and whether Paul was at home.

"There is no Paul Petrowsky here," said the man; "but if he is your friend and you need him, consider that I am he."

The fugitives did not know how to reply, and while they hesitated, the man took part of a loaf of bread from the folds of his frock and gave it to Rigolowski. Evidently he knew what they were and wished to befriend them.

"*Blagodaree!*" (I thank you), said Rigolowski, and added, "may God bless you for your kindness."

He was about moving away, when the man stopped him, and in a few words, told where they were and how they could best reach the shores of Lake Baikal. Then he continued:

"You are probably the two men who ran away from Borosolda, but do not be afraid that I will betray you. You will find most of the Siberian peasants friendly to the unfortunate, but there are some who would betray you. Do not venture near the villages in the daytime, but if you go there at night you will quite likely find a loaf of bread lying outside of somebody's window. Take it, and God will bless the giver and receiver. It is the custom through Siberia to put bread where the poor fugitive may find it without our seeing him, and we say in the morning, 'God has taken it.' Near many villages you will find little gardens of turnips, which we plant so that the fugitive can get something to eat. You are not robbers when you take from these gardens, as they are planted for the unfortunate."

They bade farewell to their benefactor, and resumed their journey. After that day they occasionally ventured into the villages at night, and found what he had told them was true; but they did not venture there very often, on account of the risk of capture. At night they slept on the ground at the foot of a tree, and once in a while ventured to seek shelter in a haystack. Traveling thus, they reached the shore of Lake Baikal, and finding a boat overturned upon the sand, they waited till nightfall, and then ventured upon the water. Lake Baikal is a remarkable formation. It is about fifty miles wide by five hundred in length, has a great depth, and its shores are generally high and rocky. Some of the cliffs rise perpendicularly for hundreds of feet, and in some places large masses of rock overhang the water, and threaten destruction to those who pass beneath them. It was in a little cove near one of these overhanging rocks that the fugitives made a landing on the western shore.

A curious feature of Lake Baikal is that the amount of water flowing through its outlet, the Angara River, is less than a tenth of the quantity flowing into it. What becomes of the rest is a mystery.

Rigolowski and Rudin left the boat where they landed, and continued their journey westward. They now followed the valley of the Angara, living in the way they lived before crossing Lake Baikal, but taking fewer precautions, since they were far away from the scene of their imprisonment, and could not find that they were pursued in this direction. One day they found a boat tied to the bank of the river, and while they were looking at it, a man suddenly pushed his head from beneath the roof in the middle of the craft, and asked where they were going. They answered:

"To the next village."

"Up or down the river?" was the query of the boatman.

"Down," said Rigolowski, at a venture.

"Come aboard, then," said the boatman, "and help me run the cataract. I'll give you fifty copecks apiece."

With some misgivings, they went on board, and found themselves on a craft about forty feet long and turning up at the ends like an Indian canoe. She was six or seven feet broad in the widest part, and a portion of the centre was roofed over in the form of a house. Here the captain and his crew of two men lived, and there was room for several persons, provided they were closely packed. The passage of the cataract required four men at the oars, and one man to steer in addition to the pilot, who stood in the bow and directed the movements. When the runaways saw the boat the pilot was already on board, but the two extra men required as rowers had not yet arrived. The captain was anxious to proceed, and therefore made the offer of fifty copecks each to Rigolowski and his friend.

The boat was cast off and floated rapidly on the swift current of the Angara. The pilot took his place in the bow, the captain was at the stern with the steering oar, and the four rowers were in their seats and slowly pulling so as to give steerage way. Soon the roar of the cataract was heard, and as they sped onward with the quickened flow of the river, they saw the wooded banks gliding rapidly past them. Now they are in the broken waters; the pilot waves his hand and gives the order for full speed, and the men bend to the oars with all their energy. The rush and roar increase; the spray dashes over the boat; the waves break on the rocky banks; the stream seems to be sinking away and flowing with terrible rapidity. With a gesture to the right or to the left, the pilot directs the steersman, and, impelled by oars and current, the boat moves with the velocity of an express train. Now comes a plunge over a long, sloping rapid—a plunge that seems to bury the bow of the boat in the waves. But she rides safely while shooting down the watery incline, and a few moments later is floating proudly in the foaming but level expanse below the cataract. The danger is past, and the pilot gives the signal for a halt.

Rigolowski ascertained that the boat was bound for the Yenisei River. After consultation with Rudin he proposed to the captain to allow them to work their passage; the captain consented, and consequently they did not stop "at the next village" as at first intended.

Arrived on the Yenisei, they sought employment in one of the gold mines, and obtained it without serious trouble. They pretended to have lost their passports during their voyage, and as the manager of the mine was in great need of laborers, he assisted them to obtain new papers from the police authorities of the neighborhood. At the end of the

season they accompanied the convoy which carried the gold to Yeniseisk, the chief town of the district, and here they looked around for employment. Fortune favored them rather unexpectedly, as I shall explain.

On the northern coast of Siberia, where it is washed by the waves of the Arctic Ocean, remains of animals of a past age are frequently discovered. In 1799, by the breaking of a bank near the mouth of the Lena River, the entire body of a mammoth was found, but it was not visited by any one interested in its preservation until six years later. By that time the bears, foxes, and other wild animals had eaten the flesh and scattered the bones so that they could not all be recovered. Portions of the skin were found and the greater part of the skeleton; all the recovered parts were taken to St. Petersburg, and may now be seen there in the Imperial Museum. Since that time many parts of mammoth skeletons have been found in northern Siberia, and so abundant are the remains, that a regular commerce is carried on in the tusks of the extinct animals. Parties of men roam through the country during the Summer, and the ivory which they collect is sent to the chief towns and thence on sledges in Winter to St. Petersburg. Eventually it finds its way to London, and the warehouses where it is piled present a curious sight.

A considerable quantity of this ivory was then in Yeniseisk waiting for the Winter roads to enable the sledges to start. Rigolowski and Rudin (who were known by names quite different from their own) contrived to obtain employment in loading this ivory, and one day the manager asked if they would like to accompany it to St. Petersburg. They told him that they did not wish to go there, but at length consented. He procured the necessary passports, and after that they had no trouble in reaching the Rusian capital. There they took passage on a German steamer for Dantzig, and in just a year from the day of their escape, they stepped ashore in a German port and were at last free.

THE HOUSE IN THE CORN-FIELD.

By Rett Winwood.

"OH, dear!" uttered a sweet, distressed voice, so suddenly and so distinctly that Ray Braddon reined in his horse, with a muttered exclamation of surprise, for he had believed himself to be quite alone in the dusty highway.

What he saw, on turning his head a little to one side, was a demure little creature with big, baby-blue eyes, red, ripe, strawberry lips, rippling blonde hair, and a complexion like wax. She was half sitting, half reclining on a mossy bank in the shade of some hazel-bushes, and it needed but that first, startled glance to assure the young man that she was in trouble of some sort. In an instant he had leaped to the ground, rushed to her side, and was asking anxiously:

"What is the matter, miss? Are you hurt?"

Her big, frightened eyes scanned his face earnestly for a few fateful seconds, as he bent over her, and then she cried, with a half-repressed moan of pain:

"Oh, my ankle! I'm afraid it is broken."

Her head dropped back, her eyes closed, and she looked so white, and lay so motionless, that Ray felt sure she had fainted.

He was mistaken, however. Feeling greatly distressed and perplexed, and not at all equal to the emergency, the young man had scarcely begun to belabor his brain to determine what available resources were at hand, when the long lashes lifted again, and a second searching glance was flashed into his face.

"You must think me very silly, sir," and a flickering smile parted the tempting lips. "But I'm not used to pain, and such an arrant coward——"

"Pray, don't speak of it," Ray interrupted, more earnestly than he was aware. "But if you will tell me what I can do to serve you, I shall be much obliged."

"My friends will be dreadfully frightened."

"Shall I find them, and send them to you?"

"And leave me here alone until they can be brought!" she cried, in a dismayed voice. "Oh, no, no!"

Observing his wondering stare, she added:

"I must have lain here an hour already. I slipped on some rocks just beyond this hazel-hedge, but managed to crawl through it to the roadside. Oh, you don't know how dreadful it is—the loneliness and the—the—pain, I mean! I was getting more nervous and hysterical every minute."

Covering her face with both hands, she began to sob piteously. The sight of her distress stirred Ray's chivalrous spirit as nothing had stirred it for many a long day.

"Never mind, I won't leave you," he said, reassuringly. "But I suppose something must be done. If you could only ride my horse, now——"

"How good you are!" she exclaimed, lifting a face in which smiles were already chasing away the tears. "Yes, I'm sure I can ride, and then you need not leave me——"

The rose-red flush that crept up to the softly-flowing hair, aided the sentence more eloquently than words could have done it.

"Are you strong enough?"

"It isn't far, and I would suffer anything rather than remain here."

Ray said no more, but raised her slender figure in his arms as gently as he could, and, after several awkward attempts (for even a little woman of eighteen is not a burden to be despised—in any sense of the term!) he managed to lift her into the saddle, where she easily supported herself by clinging to the pommel.

"This is so nice," she said, quite gleefully. "I begin to feel like myself again."

"Does your ankle still pain you?"

"A little; but it is easier. I hope it is only sprained."

Ray was gazing straight into her pretty face, and had unclosed his lips to make some reply, when he paused, startled by the ashen pallor that had suddenly overspread her piquant features.

She was looking down the road with a frightened glare in her lovely blue eyes. Turning in that direction, to ascertain the cause of her alarm, Ray saw only a very pretty, stylish young lady, in a dark-green riding-habit, mounted on a gray mare, who was slowly approaching.

"Do you know that lady?" Ray asked. "Shall I appeal to her for assistance?"

"Oh, no, no! Not for the world!"

Her alarm was genuine. Ray saw that very readily, so he only bowed in reply, and stepped a little to one side for the new-comer to pass; though he *did* feel greatly surprised at his *protégée's* reluctance to have aught to do with the lovely stranger.

As the latter drew nearer, she appeared to look sharply at the little tableau in the shadow of the hazel-bushes, and a contemptuous smile curled her lip. It vanished instantly, however, when she had obtained an unobstructed view of Ray's face, and stopping short, she cried out, breathlessly:

"Ray Braddon!"

The name seemed to have escaped her lips involuntarily. As soon as it was uttered, a flush of annoyance mounted to her forehead.

"Do you know me?" exclaimed the young man, with dilating eyes.

"I—I—have seen your picture," the lady stammered, in reply.

A good deal startled, Ray was about to question her further, when a low moan from his *protégée* called him to her side. She was reclining in the saddle, and could scarcely maintain her position.

"I'm faint!" she gasped. "Support me."

Thus commanded, he could do no less than offer his shoulder for her to lean against, and slip one arm about her waist.

She seemed to recover very rapidly.

They had not occupied this position many consecutive seconds ere, relieving herself, she again assumed an upright posture.

"Thanks!" she murmured. "I'm afraid you find me very troublesome."

"Not in the least," he gallantly responded.

Being once more at liberty to devote some attention to the other young lady, he was about to address her, when he discovered that she had ridden on, and was already some yards distant.

"I'm glad she is gone," said his companion, in a tone of relief.

"How extraordinary that she should have seen my picture!" exclaimed Ray. "I was never in this part of the country before, and I'm sure her face was strange to me."

"Heaven grant you may never know more of her than at present."

DELICIOUS!

PARTY IN BED—"*Hey! Hollo! Who's that?*"
DOMESTIC—"*If you please, sir, it's seven o'clock, sir. Your shower-bath is quite ready; I've just broken the ice, sir.*"

"What do you mean?" he asked, startled by her earnestness.

"I know that creature by sight." Her voice fell. "They call her Wild Kate here. That is all I am willing to tell you about her."

"Ah-h!" uttered Ray, and involuntarily he sighed, for the young lady's face had greatly pleased and attracted him.

"What was that name by which she called you?"

"Ray Braddon."

"Then my ears did not deceive me. I am very glad to see you," and she held out her hand, smiling sweetly. "I am Blanche Gordon."

The young man was surprised and delighted. He could scarcely believe the evidence of his senses. It was a mission to Blanche Gordon that had taken him into this unknown country—a very odd mission, by-the-way.

A mutual friend—an eccentric old man—had died only the week before, leaving ten thousand dollars in available cash to Blanche, and he, Ray, had undertaken to convey the money to her, and deliver it in person.

It seemed a little singular, to say the least, that he should meet Blanche and form her acquaintance in this romantic manner. But he felt greatly pleased that it had so come about.

"This *is* a surprise!" he ejaculated, raising her hand to his lips.

"I hope we will be all the better friends for the circumstances under which our meeting took place."

"It will not be my fault if we are not," he said, warmly; adding, after a slight pause, "I suppose you received my letter announcing Mr. Graham's death and the bequest he had made in your favor?"

"Oh, yes. Ten thousand dollars was the amount, I believe?"

"Yes. I have the money, and shall be happy to resign it to you at the earliest practicable moment."

She turned away her face—perhaps to conceal the strange glitter that came into her velvety eyes.

"You don't mean to tell me that you have the whole amount with you?" she asked, very low.

"Yes."

"It seems a large sum to carry about."

"True. But I took care that no one should learn the fact save the cashier who paid me the money. I had written to you beforehand to announce my intention, and, as you will remember, cautioned you to say nothing about it."

"Yes."

"It was Mr. Graham's dying request that I should bring you the money."

"You were very good to undertake such a responsibility for a stranger," she murmured, her lips strangely white.

"I'm glad I did undertake it."

The glance that accompanied these words was expressive enough to recall the crimson to Blanche Gordon's lovely cheeks.

"I can see the hand of Providence in all this," she faltered.

"So can I," Ray responded, driven beside himself by her beauty and winning ways. "Mr. Graham was my friend as well as yours, and I know he cherished an ardent hope that we might be mutually attracted when we made each other's acquaintance; and Providence seems to be furthering his wishes."

It was a foolish speech, and Blanche's cheeks flushed redder than ever at all it implied.

"Come," she said, rather nervously; "why are we

A NEW MEXICAN FÊTE.—SEE PAGE 351.

lingering here? You promised that you would take me home, you know."

"Certainly."

He grasped the bridle-rein, which was hanging loose, and they set out at once, traversing the highway a few hundred yards, and then turning abruptly into a rough cart-track, nearly overgrown with grass and weeds.

"My home is poor and forlorn," she said, with a smile that seemed constrained. "But I shall soon change it for a better one, now that my ship has come in."

Ray made no reply. Just at that instant he caught a glimpse of the stylish-looking young lady in the green habit halting at a bend in the road and looking back at them very earnestly. There was something in her behavior that struck the young man as being very peculiar.

Blanche had not seen her, however, and as the overhanging shrubbery shut her from view almost immediately, he did not speak of her.

The way seemed lonelier and wilder as they proceeded. After the lapse of about fifteen minutes, they emerged from a thin grove of maples, and came suddenly upon a corn-field of about two acres in extent, in the middle of which stood a two-story, unpainted house, whose broken windows, dismantled shutters, and ruinous chimneys presented anything but an inviting aspect.

"Yonder is my home," said Blanche. "A God-forsaken place, isn't it?"

Ray was too polite to utter his real sentiments; so he answered:

"It has not the appearance of being inhabited at all."

"Oh, the best rooms are in the rear of the house, and we occupy those."

At another time our hero might have experienced some misgivings. But with this fairy-like vision at his side, and claiming his protection, he could think of little else.

To be sure, it did strike him as singular, that Blanche should remain in so secluded a spot; but Mr. Graham had told him nothing about her save only that she was poor, and an orphan; so he speedily dismissed the perplexing subject with the mental decision that necessity, and not choice, compelled her to abide here.

As he led the horse up to the house along a very narrow path through the corn, he could not help remarking the deathlike stillness that reigned everywhere.

"The house *is* deserted!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, no. I will soon prove to you the fallacy of such a conclusion."

Very shyly she put out two beautifully rounded arms, and Ray, yielding again to the subtle spell with which she seemed to have inthralled him, lifted her from the saddle and bore her to the stout oaken door.

Producing a key from the pocket of her dress, she let him into a dark, dismal-looking passage, along which he carried her, kicking open a door at the other end with his boots.

He found himself in a large, square apartment, very rudely furnished with a lounge, a table, and a few dilapidated chairs. A grizzled, unprepossessing man of about fifty sat near one of the high windows, smoking a dirty black pipe. Ray scarcely looked at him until he had carried his burden to the lounge and left her there. Then he turned to him with a muttered apology for his abrupt entrance.

"I hope you will pardon the seeming rudeness——"

"Never mind, youngster," interrupted the man, in a guttural voice. "No harm done. We don't stand on ceremony in these parts."

His manner was meant to be conciliatory, but in spite of this fact, Ray took a sudden and strong dislike to him.

"This is my uncle, John Gordon," said Blanche, in her most dulcet accents. "He has been like a father to me all my life. I love him dearly."

This last was uttered half in deprecation, as if she was aware of Ray's distrust and found it necessary to give a reason for having a protector so manifestly uncongenial.

"Ah, yes, to be sure."

"Uncle John," she added, in the next breath, "I was unlucky enough to sprain my ankle while rambling in the woods. But I ought not to term it an unlucky accident after all, for it was the means of making me acquainted with this kind gentleman, who brought me home. I'm sure you will be as much surprised as I was to learn that he is Mr. Braddon."

"Mr. Braddon!" ejaculated John Gordon. "Well, I declare, if this ain't a curious circumstance! I am delighted, to see you, sir, *de*-lighted!"

Out went his horny hand, which Ray was compelled to take; and the grip of those muscular fingers could only be compared to that of a vise.

"Mr. Braddon has brought the money that eccentric Mr. Graham left me," said Blanche, after a pause.

"All of it?" questioned her uncle, an evil glitter in his wicked black eyes.

"Every penny," answered Ray.

"Hum! $10,000 is a snug little fortune. Won't you shine, Blanche, when you have so much money to spend? You'll buy no end of silks and laces and ribbons, I suppose?"

"As if you needed any such furbelows to enhance your beauty!" murmured Ray, close to her sea-shell ear.

She lifted a coquettish glance to his face.

"*Am* I beautiful, Mr. Braddon?"

"Incomparable!"

"I'm afraid you are a sad flatterer. That is wrong, to feed a simple girl's vanity." And she shook her head reprovingly. "You should not do it."

"How can I help telling you what must be palpable to every observer?"

"But I am not accustomed to compliments."

"That is strange."

But we will not transcribe the whispered dialogue that went on. This is a specimen of its tenor, and I spare Ray the mortification of seeing it in black and white.

Nothing was done to relieve the pain one would naturally suppose Blanche must suffer with her sprained ankle. Indeed, she said not another word concerning it, and Ray's head was so completely turned that he forgot all about it before he had been in the room fifteen minutes.

Nearly one hour wore on, and presently John Gordon seemed to wax uneasy, for some reason or other. He rose from his chair, and began to walk the floor with hurried, impatient strides. At last he paused right before Ray, and said, more roughly than he had yet spoken:

"Where's the plunder, young man?"

Ray's eyes dilated a little, seeing which Blanche hastened to explain.

"He means the money so generously bequeathed by Mr. Graham. I think he finds some difficulty in believing in its reality before he has seen it."

"Humph!"

She flashed a warning glance into the frowning face bending over her. It was unnecessary; Ray remained as unsuspicious as a child.

"I beg your pardon. I was in danger of forgetting my errand entirely."

Rising as he spoke, from the seat he occupied at Blanche's side, he stepped to the table, and produced a large roll of bank-bills from an inner pocket, which he spread out on the rough deal-board.

"Here is the money. It is in $100 notes. If you will be good enough to count it——"

At this moment, hearing a rustling movement just behind him, he turned his head a little, and saw Blanche not more than three feet distant, standing as firmly upon her feet as he stood on his.

The human mind is such a mystery! Somehow the recollection of the pretended sprain came back to Ray's just then like a flash, and with a torrent of the wildest suspicions.

"You!" he gasped. "Why, how——"

He got no further in what he was about to say. There came a whizzing sound in the air, and a heavy blow, dealt from behind with a bludgeon wielded by John Gordon's muscular arms, felled him, stunned and bleeding, to the floor, but not before he had heard voices, and a skurrying of footsteps in the passage that led to the outer room.

When Ray's senses returned, he was lying on the couch, and the young woman in the green riding-habit sat beside him, deluging his face and temples with water.

"Where am I?" he asked, faintly, realizing nothing at first.

"Hush! I will tell you all you wish to know when you are more fully recovered."

Glancing past her, his attention was arrested by a group at the other end of the room, and he beheld "John Gordon" and "Blanche" sitting on the floor, with their arms secured behind them, looking very fierce and crestfallen, while several men stood near, as if to guard them.

"What does this mean?" he demanded, with a man's eager impatience.

He was soon put in the possession of a few startling facts. It was the real Blanche Gordon who sat beside him, and the other was Wild Kate, who, with an unprincipled associate, had laid a deliberate plot to rob and murder him; making the house in the corn-field the scene of the meditated exploit.

It came out afterward that the mails had been robbed, and Ray's letter to Blanche had never reached her, but had fallen into the hands of Wild Kate, who, of course, at once gathered all the particulars concerning Mr. Graham's bequest that she was able, with the view of retaining the $10,000 for her own benefit.

When the real Blanche met Ray in the highway, she was not aware of her benefactor's death, but she recognized the young man from a photograph of him which Mr. Graham had sent to her a few months previously.

Wild Kate she knew by sight, and, suspecting foul play when she saw the two take the path leading to the house in the corn-field, she had instantly summoned help and followed them.

Need I add that Ray married Blanche? Scarcely. My story would be incomplete without this ending. They are happy, and Ray wonders how he could ever have thought any other woman half so charming.

A NEW MEXICAN FETE.

GAMBLING and the *fandango* are the national amusements in New Mexico. Further south they indulge in cock and bull fighting, and in combats on horseback; but when in Taos and Sante Fé, the only amusements that I saw were the first two mentioned.

The favorite game is *monte*, which, having been introduced North, needs no description at our hands.

The inhabitants, as a rule, are poverty-stricken, but this does not prevent their enjoying themselves in every way that their fertile imaginations can suggest.

The fandango is frequently gotten up for charitable purposes, at which time the money received for refreshments is distributed among the most needy families; but more often they are organized by a few individuals for the purpose of making money, and giving all a grand occasion for amusement.

It was in the Autumn of 1848 that I reached Taos, New Mexico, with a party of merchants who had started on a trading expedition from the States. We had two experienced mountaineers as guides, but for all that, we had several desperate scrimmages with the Apaches; and, when within very sight of this charming little town, we were set upon by a horde of screeching fiends, known as Jiccarilla Apaches, that fought us as desperately as demons, killing one of our guides and a merchant, and so disabling our horses that we should have been massacred entirely had not the famous scout, Kit Carson, who was Indian Agent at the time, dashed out with a band to our assistance, and pursued the marauders with such vigor, that six of them were shot dead before they could get beyond the power of this extraordinary man or his comrades.

We reached Taos in rather a sorry condition. We had an abundance of funds, but, to use a common expression, we were "used up," and decided to spend a month in recruiting before engaging fairly in business.

It requires but a short time for a stranger to make an acquaintance in a New Mexican town; and at the hotels where we remained we were as much at home on the second day of our arrival as though we had spent all our lives there.

My companions were sedate, middle-aged men, who preferred the quiet walks and the cigaritos to the exciting amusements around them, while I, being young and on my first real journey from home, was disposed to enter into and enjoy life wherever I chanced to be located.

One afternoon I received a politely worded invitation in Spanish to attend a fandango, to be held that evening at the residence of Señor Alvarigo, who was one of the wealthiest citizens in Taos. He resided on the outskirts, where, I understood, he had what was considered a magnificent residence in that part of the world.

It is scarcely necessary to say that I accepted the invitation. Every one of my companions received the same note as myself, but all that they did was to light their cigaritos with them.

During my residence in Taos and Santa Fé, I met a number of excellent musicans, and quite a number of fine performers on the flute and violin, and yet I did not meet one who could play the simplest tune by note. They have a wonderfully quick ear, and I heard scores of American tunes whistled and sung with a taste and exactness which were marvelous.

A New Mexican beauty, in preparing for these fandangos, takes great pains, by the aid of cosmetics, to render her complexion as white as possible. She first employs a red berry, which stains her face of the color of a brick, and makes her look frightful. This is allowed to remain several hours, when it is washed off, and chalk is rubbed over until it is as perceptible as are the eyes themselves. She is also very particular about her toilet, so far as the exterior is concerned, and some of the beauties are arrayed, apparently, with all the gorgeousness of an East Indian princess.

The floor of the dancing-room is frequently the bare ground, which is packed hard, and generally sprinkled with water, to prevent the suffocating dust arising too fast. The men usually attend in their everyday habiliments, and, except when dancing, cling to their blankets; and, at the slightest pause, draw forth their cigaritos, in which both men and women indulge.

It was quite early in the evening that I reached the

residence of Señor Alvarigo, and found, early as it was, that the fandango was just making ready to begin.

The women were seated on benches along the walls of the building, by themselves, while the men congregated in knots together.

On the commencement of a figure, the Mexican selects his partner, and notifies her that she is his choice, by making a signal to her with his hand, when she takes her position in the dance.

There was no introduction needed for me; and, taking my place among the men, I signaled to a handsome, dark-eyed senorita, who, with a sparkle of her beautiful orbs, understood me, and the fun began.

The dances were similar to those in vogue in our own country; and I found myself at my ease among them.

My partner was a charming dancer, and spun about the room in a style which could not but win the admiration of the spectators, who were quite numerous.

The New Mexicans are a hot-blooded people, and these fandangos, when all is going merrily, are frequently interrupted by an outburst, which may result in a mortal encounter, but which, at the most, cannot interrupt the dance more than a few minutes.

My partner and myself were whirling over the floor, when some one bounded against me quite violently. Quick as thought, I turned my head, and apologized; but the Mexican, to my surprise—for, like the French, they are noted for their politeness—only darted an angry glance at me.

When the collision was repeated a few minutes after, and an angrier glance than before was darted at me, I knew it was done on purpose; and, from several slight circumstances which I recalled, I was certain the Mexican was hotly jealous of the senorita with whom I was dancing.

By this time, I was considerably excited, and when the insult was repeated a third time, I instantly wheeled about, and struck him with my fist; sending him headlong among the dancers on the other side of the room, where he fell flat on his face.

For a few seconds the most intense excitement reigned. The Mexican scrambled hastily to his feet, and drew his knife, while I produced my revolver.

As it was impossible for us to fight with any advantage, and without endangering the lives of those around us, the way was cleared, and we went outside.

Some followed, but the majority remained behind, and the fandango went on, while we made ready to take each other's lives. As I could not expect the Mexican to fight with a knife while I used a pistol, I waited till a weapon similar to my own was given him, and we then took our stations.

GATHERING AND CURING PARAGUAY TEA.

The duel was an exceedingly brief one. It was arranged that we should stand a dozen paces apart, and when an old Mexican, who showed a great interest in the affair, should clap his hands, we would fire.

Promptly at the moment, the discharge took place, and both of us were slightly wounded. Before the fire could be repeated, the Mexican rushed forward, fell on my neck, embraced me, and begged my forgiveness.

Amused, in spite of the tinge of pain which I felt in my arm, I could but laugh in return, and so the matter ended.

Our wounds were attended to, and we returned to the ballroom. I looked about for my beautiful senorita, but she was nowhere to be seen. I supposed, of course, she would hasten to express her admiration of the bravery I had displayed; but I searched long in vain.

I was so smitten with the charming dancer, that I felt no

inclination to remain, and, somewhat fearful that my wound might trouble me, I sauntered out into the open air.

The fandango was held in a sort of shed, as it would be termed in this part of the world, the interior being all open, and brilliantly lighted; while wreaths and bands of flowers were strung overhead and looped to the supporting columns. There were a harp, violin, and several other instruments, in full blast.

In front of the house was a broad, open court, stretching across to the stables, where the servants could be seen busily engaged in attending to the horses that were constantly coming and going. Overhead, the immense tropical trees, with the beautiful pendent moss, towered far into the sky, while the full moon was dimmed by a faint cloud that crossed the centre.

As I leaned against one of the outer columns, I looked across the open space, and saw a couple approaching. They had been enjoying a moonlight promenade, and were returning. I noticed that the man wore the broad sombrero, and had a large sash dangling from his waist, while the lady sported a fan that had a familiar look.

As they came nearer, I recognized the beautiful senorita and my late antagonist, chatting in the most loving manner.

The cunning fellow had conquered me, after all; for, as they passed into the ballroom, he condescendingly saluted me, but the coquette, with a look of scorn, hurried on without looking in my direction.

I concluded not to disturb the innocent doves, and, lighting my cigarito, sauntered homeward.

PARAGUAY TEA: HOW IT IS GATHERED AND HOW IT IS USED.

Tea and tobacco are the two plants whose leaves enter most largely into the commerce of the world. Amid the myriads of plants there seem to be none to supply the place of either, and they stand as two plants meeting special wants of the two sexes as stimulants; although men do drink tea, and women at times use tobacco.

The only substitute for tea which has attained any degree of popularity is the *Ilex Pœraguayensis*, commonly called Maté, or Paraguay Tea. This plant is a species of holly, resembling that so well known. It is found wild around Rio Janeiro, in the Bolivian Andes, and in the country from which it derives its name.

The mode of preparation, which is the same in all these localities, is as follows: About the month of November, detachments of men, well-armed and provided with food, proceed to the forests where the precious tree is to be found. It resembles a laurel of the size and height of an oak. They immediately set to work to cut off branches, which others cut up into smaller branches. These, passed through a bright fire and crisped, are placed on bamboo arbor frames, four or five yards high. Under the arbor a dull fire is kept up for twenty-four hours. When the leaves no longer exhale any humidity, the branches are taken down and spread on skins. The leaves are then separated from the boughs by beating them with a wooden sabre, then they are pounded in rude wooden mortars till they are reduced to a powder, which is then put in ox-hide, pillow-shaped bags, weighing 120 to 250 pounds.

THE PARAGUAY TEA, AND UTENSILS FOR MAKING AND DRINKING IT.

This powder is bright green, slightly aromatic, and rather disagreeable when fresh. The *maté* is not used like Chinese tea. To prepare it they take a gourd or silver bowl, called *maté* in Paraguay, and *culha* in Brazil. Into this a live coal is put, and sugar thrown on it, then the powdered tea is added, and very hot, but not boiling water, poured on; and into this a tube, called *bombilla*, with holes in the closed end, is introduced, and the tea is imbibed through it. The lower classes and men generally take it *cimmarou*, that is, without sugar, but women and foreigners add liquor or orange-juice, etc.

Travelers can seldom at first tolerate this *maté*, causing

nausea, and even acting as an emetic. In some it produces insomnolency.

Hinchcliffe, in his South American sketches, says:

"This is an almost universal beverage among both sexes, and all classes of the community, and seems to be equally acceptable at any time of day or night, either in town or country. For my own part, I certainly could not endure it, though I was constantly obliged to try.

"Up the country, in every shepherd's hut, where a traveler stops to rest himself or his horse, the good woman of the house instantly retires to make *maté* for the new visitor, who would be considered something of a barbarian if he declined the delicacy; so I used to make up my mind quietly to burn my lips with the *bombilla*, or, by awkwardness of suction fill my mouth with boiling chips, and then return the vessel to the senora with as much grace and apparent freedom from painful inconvenience as I could simulate for the occasion."

Demersay, a French writer, gives another reason why it should excite repugnance:

"Wash a *bombilla* is something that no *maté*-drinker ever did."

Our illustration shows the gathering of the plant, the cutting-up of the branches, the drying and pounding to powder. In the smaller engravings are (1) a branch of the plant, with the flower (2) and berry (3); also, the wooden sabre (4) used in pounding it, and the utensils for making the tea, the *bombilla* (5) and *maté* (6).

THINGS OF SPAIN.

COSAS DE ESPAÑA—things of Spain—is a proverbial expression which to those who know it conveys much in little. Is there a splendid and fertile district waiting to pour its riches into the hands of man, and you ask why man—the Spanish man—does not take the trouble to hold out his hand, you are answered that it is a thing of Spain.

Why is a certain magnificent cathedral dirty and uncared for, a crumbling ruin? It is a thing of Spain.

Why do trains not start in time? Why are certain Spanish vineyards worked by an English company, and why is a certain cigar-factory in the hands of a Frenchman? These are things of Spain.

Why is Spain, once the proud owner and possessor of half the earth, the Minister of whose king made that great boast which we now use for England—that on His Majesty's dominions the sun never set—why is Spain, which once held South America and Mexico in the Western Hemisphere, Sicily and part of Italy and Flanders in Europe, part of India and the Eastern Isles in Asia, and whose coffers ran over with the spices of the East and West and with barbaric pearl and gold, whose arms and armor and whose warriors were the finest in Europe, now but abject amongst nations, and held to be of little weight in the councils of the earth?

All this will be answered with just the same few words in which the wondering traveler will be answered who asks why, if a Spaniard keeps a shop, he will not trouble himself to serve his customers—all these are *cosas de España*.

Some time ago we had very painfully before us for a long time the things of Spain. A pretender some six feet three inches high, a noble Spanish gentleman of royal lineage, took it into his head that he would declare himself Charles, King of Spain; and, although there were a settled government and another monarch, with whom the people were indifferently satisfied, Don Carlos penetrated to the mountain passes of the Basques, set up his court amongst the simple peasantry, and made a small and lingering war; breaking up railways, shelling towns, slaying thousands, and progressing no further.

Why he did so without a chance of reaching the goal he had set up, why the priests persuaded the peasantry to fight against King Alfonso, why the languid war dragged its slow length from Spring to Autumn, from Autumn to Winter and to Summer again, can be resolved only by the assertion that all this too—this senseless slaying of people, this feeble war worthy of the Middle Ages—was of itself a thing of Spain.

That after years of ill-ordered misrule and life, Queen Isabella the Second was driven away, and that now after eight years she is brought back to Santander by her son—that the people acquiesce with a dull indifference, and that, in fact, things drift and glide away, while the country produces less and becomes less fertile each year, and the population dwindles so that a great and noble people seem to be passing away as in a dream—that now and then Spain will have a spasmodic return of some desire to sit at the councils of that Europe which it once controlled, and that again it will "pronounce" for education and civil and religious liberty, and that again it will have another *pronunciamiento* and drive liberty away to England, Germany, or France.

But, again, it is probable that ere long, things of Spain will be in the ascendant. The Queen has come back, the balance of Europe may be disturbed, and the great struggle of the three peoples of Europe, always going on silently and in secret, and certainly not perceived by all, may become more patent. For Europe, say the acutest far-seers, will soon be divided into three camps.

In the north and northeast, and east as far down as Constantinople, Pansclavism will be in the ascendant; Germany, England, part of Austria, Sweden, and Norway, will combine to form the Pan-Teuton element; while France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and Ireland will form the Pan-Latin race.

The Greek faith, Protestantism, and Romanism will be the appropriate forms of Christianity which the three peoples will take, among them; and, driven into some sort of cohesion, the war of races will still go on. At some distant period one race will be dominant; and the position of Italy, as the head of the Latin race, under a constitutional king, and a free parliament, is the most hopeful thing for that race.

In other matters it is not to be concealed that the Teutons are quite ready to believe that the Latin races are very nearly "played out," or that they do not now advance. As for the Teutonic race itself, it has—at least one branch of it—the English—spread all over the world, and placed its foot very firmly upon every unoccupied piece of land, jutting crag or coign of vantage, though some of the pessimists amongst its own people are ready to declare that the round-headed, patient, and persistent Mongolian, or, at any rate, the S'lavonic races, will supersede them.

It is not only Bret Harte who, writing of the Heathen Chinee, sees a probable successor, but learned ethnologists, who say that the Caucasian is "played out."

Curiously, in America, in the south of Northern and the better part of Southern America, the Spaniard, if transplanted, flourishes as well as in his native land. There is no essential difference of climate for him, and in Mexico he is at much at home as in Castile or Catalonia; but still he dwindles. He is no match for the sturdy Saxon; his towns, his convents, his chapels, his fields, and his plantations are passing into the hands of *Los Gringos*.

There are several reasons for this secondary cause, beyond the primary one, which, put it as we may, when a once great people decays, must come from God. No one knows why at one period a succession of prophets, kings, statesmen, poets, and warriors is given to a people, and at another they are taken away; but it is so.

The history of Spanish decay is written in two or three chapters. The first is the banishment of the Moors and Jews; the second, the establishment of the Inquisition, which completed the isolation of a proud and lazy people, and the elimination of a subsidiary source of wealth and industry; the third is the great and ill-gained wealth which flowed in from the discovery of America. That—and it is a caution to all who struggle for gold — completed the moral ruin of Spain.

The suggestion made by many, that it is the climate which ruins the people, can scarcely be true, as the climate was the same in the days of the greatest prosperity of the country. The fact is that a series of causes, of which the three mentioned are landmarks, seem to have inflated a whole people with pride and arrogance, and that thereon they ceased to be industrious.

Spanish pride has become a byword among nations; and certainly the past history of Spain and its art and literature may give it some reason to be proud. Absolutely what Spain has to be proud of, if anything human can rightly be proud at all—is the discoverer—Christofero Columbus—who, by-the-way, was a Genoese—Miguel Cervantes, Lope de Vega, and a few Spanish painters and authors. All the rest—kings, bishops, knights, and Grand Inquisitors—one might have emptied out of the world as mere eaters and drinkers. They have added no pleasure to humanity, and conferred no benefit on mankind.

Columbus discovered a new world, Cervantes created a noble book which is the source of inexhaustible pleasure. For what other reason this fine race should be proud, when it has occupied, without cultivating, a splendid peninsula, and has, like a negro, squatted on a fine estate that it will not improve, we are at a loss to say. Still, Spanish pride is an undisputed fact; and there are some amusing instances of it told. Here is one from an old French writer, Madame d'Aulnoy.

A tailor, after work, puts on boots and spurs and girds on his sword, throws around his shoulders a fine, ample cloak, which covereth a multitude of sins, dons his sombrero, and walks through the market. A fishwoman, who knows him intimately, marks him eying a salmon.

"If your grace," she cries, addressing him as if he were "my lord duke," "thinks that this fish is cheap, and intends to bid for it, you are indeed mistaken. It is five shillings a pound."

"Woman!" cries the tailor, indignantly, "had it been cheap I would have bought one pound; as it is dear, I will take three;" and he throws down the money, which represents all he has; and for the rest of the week he and his family live upon bread and water!

That, of course, would be no evil in a country which boasts of so fine a climate, and where an onion and a piece of bread form a meal for a gentleman; but such folly cannot be entertained without a troop of other vices.

It is this same lady who tells us as a fact, that a Spaniard, hungry and in rags, would carry the legs and claws of a fowl just protruding from beneath his cloak, to make his neighbors believe that he was about to have a fowl for dinner. This pride accompanies every kind of lazy extravagance; readers of "Don Quixote" will recollect more than one instance, but "Gil Blas" and "Guzman d'Alfarache" are full of them. Does not every reader of "Gil Blas" recollect the excellent Don Raffaelle, or some such other Don, who employed Gil as a servant, and who, having a fine patrimony, sold it, put the money into a chest, and divided it into so many years and days as he was likely to live, and then merely slept, and dressed, and walked out in the streets, contented to do so till he died?

Such characters, if abundant, would destroy any nation, and Don Raffaelle seems to be one of the most innocent of the Spaniards of the day—the others are industrious only in vice, full of most open flattery and subservience, and ready to sell their souls for a place; always quick at begging and lazy at work, loud of tongue and poor of hand, readier with the knife to strike a friend than to fashion a staff, and full of proverbial wisdom which goes no further than the tongue.

Free inquiry, philosophic disquisition, the religion of the heart and mind—of the heart which is subdued, and the mind which is convinced—the Spaniard does not seem to have. Yet Spain could give birth to Ignatius Loyola and his system, the most tremendous and effective brotherhood of faith known. It is they who boast that they are to be found in the hearts of the people and in the courts of princes; it is they who have ruled the Pope and the world, and will yet astonish the Western world.

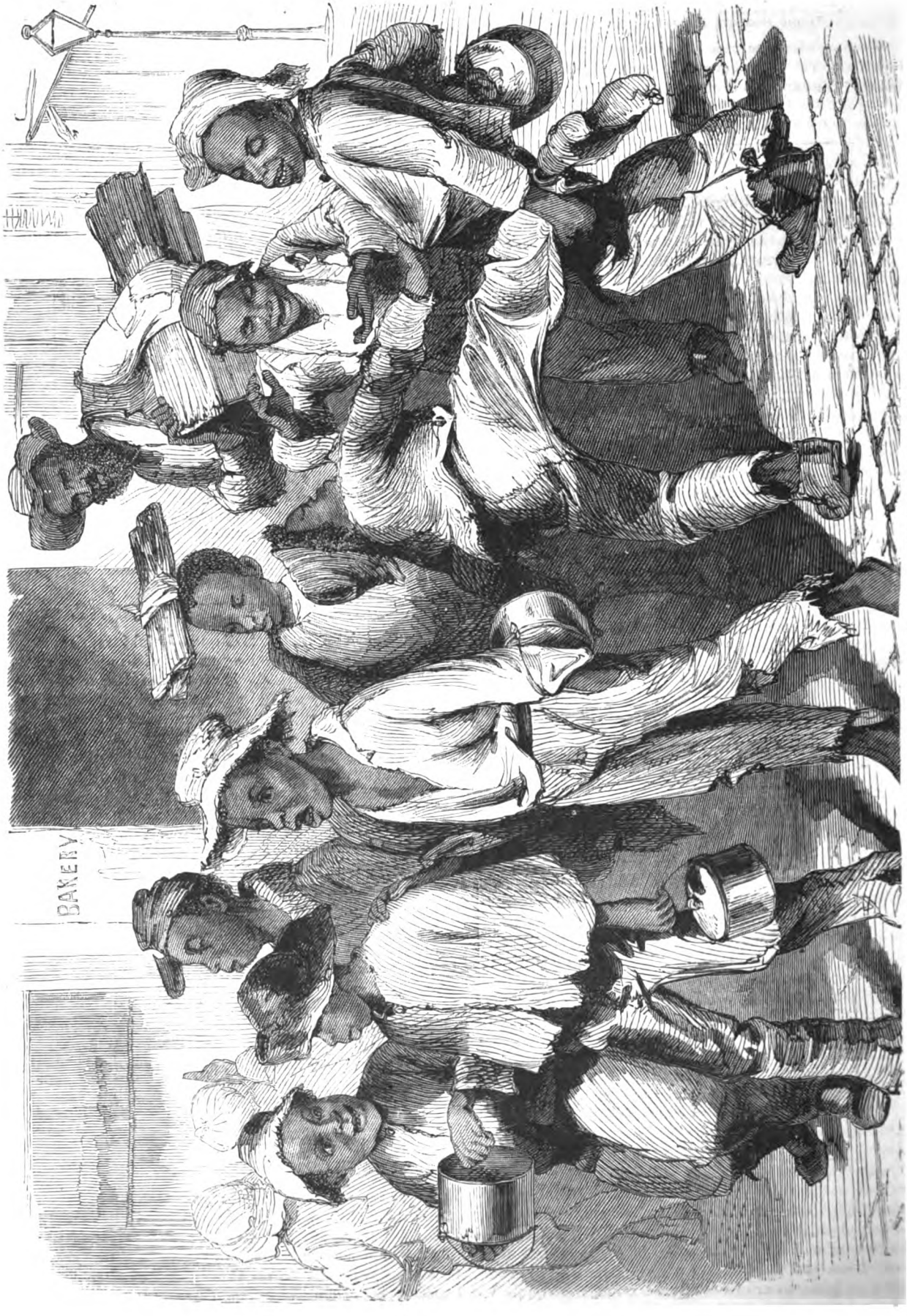
"There is a little town in the province of Santander—Potés by name—which, until eighteen years ago, was quite shut off from all the rest of the world. Its inhabitants, from ever-recurring intermarriages, had become quite a race of dwarfs. On market-days might be seen the priests, with long black coats and high black hats, riding in to purchase the simple provision for the week's consumption—men of little intelligence and no learning, sprung from the lowest ranks."

Such, on April 15th, 1876, was the description by the *Times* correspondent of a little town he met with during the Carlist war just closed, which was a typical town of the smaller provincial towns in Spain.

DRIVING HORSES BY ELECTRICITY.

The French papers tell us of a wonderful invention, which will enable the feeblest among us to "witch the world with noble coachmanship." The horse of the future is not to be driven by ordinary reins, but by electricity combined with them. The coachman is to have under his seat an electro-magnetic apparatus, which he works by means of a little handle. One wire is carried through the rein to the bit, and another to the crupper, so that a current once set up goes the entire length of the animal along the spine. A sudden shock will, we are gravely assured, stop the most violent runaway, or the most obstinate jibber. The creature, however strong and however vicious, is "at once transformed into a sort of inoffensive horse of wood, with the feet firmly nailed to the ground." Curiously enough, the very opposite result may be produced by a succession of small shocks. Under the influence of these the veriest screw can be suddenly endowed with a vigor and fire indescribable, and even the *Rosinante* of Don Quixote would gallop like a Derby winner. What is the effect upon the condition of the horse is not stated; but the *Siècle* finds itself able to congratulate M. F. Fancher upon "an invention equally original and salutary," and one which places in the hands, even of an infant, a power over the horse which is as sovereign as it is invisible.

Home is the place of the highest joys; religion should sanctify it. Home is the sphere of the deepest sorrows; the highest consolation of religion should assuage its griefs. Home is the place of the greatest intimacy of heart with heart; religion should sweeten it with the joy of confidence. Home discovers all faults; religion should bless it with abundance of charity. Home is the place for impressions, for instruction and culture; there should religion open her treasures of wisdom and pronounce her heavenly benediction.



SOUTHERN SCENES.—YOUNG NEGROES RETURNING FROM WORK—A STREET SCENE IN RICHMOND, Va.

SOUTHERN SCENES.

Young Negroes Returning from Work.

Work is over, and the juvenile colored inhabitants of Richmond, Va., are "homeward bound," after their day's labors. The expressions on the faces of these young negroes are varied. The careworn look on the one in the centre, who trudges along beneath his burden of kindling-wood, heedless of all around, contrasts strikingly with the merry look of one of his co-laborers, who is in the height of glee, and is performing one of Beethoven's symphonies on the surface of a tin kettle. Another cheerful sight is presented by that mischievous youth, who, in dancing a jig, brings his leg too closely in contact with the hip of his friend. The latter, who fails to see the joke, "goes for" the leg, but is unable to fell his adversary, from the fact that the latter, to save himself, has caught hold of the aggressor's shirt, and is holding on to it with all his might; thus meriting the applause and approbation of an interested bystander. Going from one extremity to the other, let us leave their faces, and look at their heels and toes. Let us sympathize with their ill-shod pedal extremities, and hope that new shoes may ere long adorn the feet of these rollicking, yet hard-working, youngsters.

TAKING IT EASY.

BOYS FOREVER.

THE best thing to be (if you want to enjoy
A real good time) is a stout, healthy boy.
Just ask one what life is? He'll tell you: "It's fun!
It's to wade in the brooks and to bask in the sun—
To race upon stilts, or to hop on one leg;
It's searching the barn for the speckled hen's egg;
Yoking the calves, or killing a snake;
Tossing up hay with a long-handled rake."

To him there's no question of pleasure or sorrow;
Like the birds of the air, he's no thought for to-morrow,
Unless it should be has hare-traps to set,
Or fish to entrap in his new-fashioned net;
Skates that are waiting for "Jack Frost" to come,
And give them a chance to whiz and to hum.
Then he'll press his nose flat on the window-pane,
And long for the snowflakes instead of the rain.

The creakiest boots are those he likes best,
And the "brass toes" and heels give a musical zest
To the pleasure of stamping about like a man.
(Oh, the first pair of boots! Forget them who can!)
As a feather descends on the crest of a wave,
On his ear falls the cry of—"*Why can't you behave?*"
Ah, sisters! In vain your wise heads you may shake
At one who knows nothing of "nerves" and "headaches."

The thing he most dreads is a damp, rainy day,
Unless he has leave in the garret to play,
Pop corn in the kitchen, draw ships on the wall,
Roast apples, potatoes, eat peanuts, play ball.
Then, books are not bad, if the tales are well told.
Alas! that a boy should ever grow old!
Lambs frisk in the sunshine, and Spring-time enjoy,
But what time is dull to a light-hearted boy?

A BITTER BLOW.

NINON CARNOT stood by an open window, looking out upon the quiet scene. A scene capable of being lighted into warmth and brightness and beauty; but just now a gray mist obscured its fairness; a gray, lowering sky arched overhead; the earth all dreary and sodden after recent rains.

A broad expanse spread out before her, a reach of marsh and plain, whose monotony tired the eye before the misty horizon-line, where gray earth melted into gray sky, could be traced. All that the bright sun would gild into beauty—the river, the lake, dotting orchards, and rolling hill-sides, and white, distant town, were indistinct now. It seemed like her life—flat, dull, eventless.

"One might as well be dead," she said to herself, with the spirit of infinite discontent looking out of her sombre eyes.

The dreariness of utter desolation was oppressing her. The big, empty schoolroom at her back; the great, still house; the wearisome stairways with no rush of steps upon them; the dormitories with their rows of white beds, like so many ghosts in the moonshine as the Summer nights closed in; all breathed to her most forcibly of dreariness and desertion.

It was mid-afternoon now, and a faint, yellowish glimmer in the West marked the course of the declining sun.

"Quite as much of brightness as I need ever expect," thought Miss Carnot, discontentedly. "A long life of French verbs and first elements—not one other earthly thing promising to fill it. And I do so long—so long for something more. This is like a treadmill, where one walks on for ever and comes no nearer any goal."

"Miss Carnot!"

Miss Carnot turned and responded with the promptitude of thorough discipline: "Yes, madame!"

Madame Rodolf, the preceptress, swept up through one of the long, empty aisles.

"I am very much perplexed, Miss Carnot. Mrs. Germain has sent, as she frequently does, for some one to furnish her music, but our first teacher, Miss Peterson, as you know, is gone. She has always responded to these calls. There is only the Fräulein, excepting yourself, and I should be so sorry to disappoint Mrs. Germain. I think you might fill the commission; will you undertake it?"

Would she? Would she not have done anything to break the dull monotony of the life against which she was fretting to the innermost depths of her soul just then? She fairly lost her breath at that overwhelming proposition.

She could only look at Madame Rodolf with wide, astonished eyes, doubting her own good fortune.

"There will be nothing very difficult required," explained madame, graciously. "Waltz-music each evening, and perhaps some slight services or companionship during the day. You read and sing, both acquirements which Mrs. Germain will consider desirable. It will be a great favor to me personally, Miss Carnot, and you will receive twenty dollars for your services of a fortnight, which may be an object during vacation."

That Madame Rodolf would receive fifty for graciously permitting one of her underlings the privilege of acceptance, was of no account to Miss Carnot.

The thought of the Germain mansion, big, cool, and surrounded by its century-oaks and elms, filled with bright Summer guests, its elegance, refinement, and beauty like a bewildering vision before her, was all the recompense which of her own accord she would have asked.

"I will go gladly, madame, if I am permitted, and I will try to please."

"Mrs. Germain has been a good patron of the school, you must know, Miss Carnot. Both her daughters received their education here. The elder made quite a brilliant marriage, and it is expected Eloise will soon follow her example even more notably. You are wanted to-morrow; I suppose you will have no difficulty in making your preparations by morning?"

"No difficulty whatever."

And then Madame Rodolf swept away in a self-congratulatory frame of mind, and Ninon, in her narrow, prison-like window, went into such a dream of glorious anticipation as is only possible to repressed and imaginative youth.

There was no change without, no lessening of the dull gray overhead, no brightening of that yellow blur just marking itself in the West, but a rift of sunshine seemed suddenly to have broken through into her life. She would have a glimpse of the enchanted land, a taste, perhaps all the sweeter for being slight, of its enjoyments—the gold and purple of high life, its flowers, its music, its delights, for which all her life she had longed with an unutterable, sick longing, were about to unroll themselves at last before her enraptured gaze.

"You are going?" asked the Fräulein, as she met her in the corridor, later. "*Ach, mein Gott!* you will find it worse here than before."

"I can hardly think it, Fräulein. And even if I should"—the bright lips set themselves in a straight, obstinate line, the dusky eyes flashed a rebellious fire—"even if I should, I would go all the same. Better one glimpse of heaven than all the earth; better to be the Peri weeping as she left Paradise than the humble grubber content upon the earth."

She went on singing softly to herself in the dusk. The German teacher looked after her, something pathetic and apprehensive in the glance.

"Poetry and romance, and a girl's head and heart; ah, me! they may all bring her a bitter lesson yet, poor child!"

The Fräulein, who had her own romance, buried in her far past, sighed for her.

As if in happy omen, next morning broke in the full glory which only a June morning can present. Ninon rivaled the birds in her early rising; she threw her casement wide and looked out upon the scene. Banks of violet and rose were piled in the east, luminous streaks stained the sky to the zenith; the opal-gray of the earlier dawn was rolling visibly away, while the first yellow gleams of the yet unseen sun glinted over the eastern horizon and gilded the distant mountain-tops.

The big, bright orb uprose, the long, level spears of light pierced the waving ferns, and were swiftly lowered to the flat reaches. Long forest phalanxes stood revealed, high granite peaks were sharply cut in outline against the unclouded azure, the rippling surface of the river glinted goldenly.

"No dream was ever quite so perfect," thought Ninon, joyously. "I wonder if the world seems brighter because my fairyland opens to-day?"

It looked like fairyland opening for her when, a few hours later, she alighted from the humble vehicle which conveyed her there, in front of the Germain mansion. The green lawn, with its glitter of ornamental foliage dotting it, sloped to the roadside; the fish-pond lay like a great, burnished mirror; beds of verbenas and myrtle and mignonette, and miniature forests of roses, and fountains with rainbow-spray, combined to make it appear like some modern Eden. The house was of white stone, tall and stately, and shining like silver in the sunlight.

Over Ninon crept a little shrinking sense at sight of all this unaccustomed splendor; her heartbeats came thick and fast at thought of all the unknown presences within as she went forward. A girl with a cloud of shining hair floating over her shoulders came out through the doorway into the porch to meet her.

"You are Miss Carnot?" she questioned. "Then you are my charge for the morning. I am Eloise Germain. All the people here have gone driving, but I begged permission to stay and receive you in mamma's place. I hope you will be properly grateful; it was h rd coaxing, I do assure you."

"I am grateful," said Ninon, half laughing and wholly earnest.

"You will wish to go directly to your room, of course. This way. The house is full to overflowing just now; all very tolerable people. This is it, and—why, what a pretty child you are! I thought it was one of the teachers from Madame Rodolf's that was to come?"

A rosy wave of pleasure overspread Ninon's small, dusk face.

"I am one of madame's teachers," she explained.

"And do you like it?"

"No," with decided energy. "I might, if I had a thing in the world to look forward to except all my life dragged through that one humdrum round."

"I should like—not that, perhaps, but anything jolly and Bohemian and free, where I could work for myself and not answer for my misdeeds to any one. That far I envy you, Miss Carnot."

"Eloise Germain, the petted daughter of this stately house, envy her! An amused smile touched the young teacher's lips.

"Have you many misdeeds to answer for? I should hardly suppose it."

"A great many. Laugh if you like, but it is the truth. What is worse, I expect to have more dire ones still. If we only had mutual accommodation societies now, and you and I could relieve each other of our miseries—if I could take a little of your burden and gain a little of your independence—what a relief we might both find it?"

Her own laugh broke so merrily there, that Ninon never suspected the sigh it covered.

"Apropos of your duty, Miss Carnot, it will not begin until evening. Possibly you have heard something of our informal dances, and, to-night, we expect an extra company to swell our numbers. There is our driving party home again. Come here, and I will tell you who is who, as they alight."

Ninon went very willingly, looking down from her point of observation upon that well-favored company.

"The tall lady is mamma, the one in brown is my sister, Mrs. Berrard. Those two are the Miss Lesters; the gentlemen attending, my brother-in-law and Dr. Vincent; the lady in blue is Miss Chantry; the gentlemen in the rear, Mr. Eustace and Mr. Drexel."

"And either Mr. Eustace or Mr. Drexel is accountable for that," thought Ninon, observing the touch of heightened carmine in the other's cheek. "Which, I wonder?"

"Which?" was the question that had agitated all the company for a season past, which the newest comer under the Germain roof was not to discover all at once.

Quite a large company assembled that evening. The drawing-rooms, opening one into another, were well filled. Clustered waxlights shed their mellow glow over "fair women and brave men"; flowers were wreathed everywhere; bright eyes shone; jewels flashed; rich robes glimmered, and the ripple of laughter and murmur of well-bred voices filled all the space. Ninon looked over the bright vista through the bank of greenery and roses which screened her own particular niche where the piano stood from those open rooms.

Dreamy German waltzes, the magic from her own flying fingers, pulsed upon the air. Away at the end of the vista, light forms floated to those entrancing measures; amid them Miss Germain, in robes of filmy white, her shoulders rising exquisitely from a foam of misty lace, with a tangle of moss-roses half-concealed by it, clasped in her corsage, and a long, green spray, all sparkling with diamond dew-drops, binding back the trail of bright, half-curling hair. More than one pair of admiring masculine eyes were turned upon her, more than one masculine heart thumped unevenly because of that fair vision. She was circling in the arms of Mr. Drexel at the moment, her eyes downcast, and the faintest of rose flushes on her cheeks.

"What do you say now?" whispered Mrs. Berrard, in her mother's ear. "There is a chance that our hopes may be fulfilled. You know I told you so all along. Eloise never fails when she sets herself to win."

"If she has done so," said Mrs. Germain, doubtfully. "I could wish her nothing better myself, but I have been fearful, Lucille—more fearful than I care to say—of her liking for Eustace."

"Nonsense, mamma; she is well over that, if it ever existed at all. Eloise likes her own way too well not to make a conquest when she can; but she understands what is expected of her. Trust me, she will not throw Drexel over for our Southern *bête noir*. She has her own ambitions, and the fact of the English baronetcy falling to the American cousin, the chance of being my Lady Drexel, will have weight with her."

That it had weight with the married sister was a fact well known to all there. That her diplomatic tact had thrown the two much together, and, by linking their names, had, in

A BITTER BLOW.—"SHE TOTTERED BLINDLY FORWARD, AND FELL SHEER OFF THE LEDGE INTO THE OUTSTRETCHED ARMS OF TWO MEN REACHING AT THAT INSTANT FROM BELOW."—SEE PAGE 358.

a measure, committed both—that her match-making talent had been exerted to the full, and with some show of success, was generally acknowledged.

Mr. Drexel himself did not appear averse. Eloise received the attentions he offered, and coquetted with her whole list of admirers, and gave little sign of her own consciousness of the state of affairs. Only Charley Eustace grew fierce and gloomy, and little by little withdrew from what seemed so uneven a contest, and over and again made up his mind to withdraw from her presence for ever, and still lingered, from day to day, against his own will and against any particular hope of good coming from his doing so.

"This *is* waltzing," said Eloise, with a deep-drawn

breath. "You have my step to perfection, Mr. Drexel. Could anything be more heavenly than this? But all earthly bliss is fleeting, and our waltz is over. No, not another, indeed! We should have all the eyes in the room upon us, and gain a reputation for exclusiveness I do not care to enjoy. If you really wish to dance again, let me find you a fresher partner, one who will appreciate your kindness. I will promise you the fairest novelty of the season in that line," she added, laughingly.

"Whatever else, not the fairest," and Mr. Drexel's admiring glance pointed his remark.

The rosy wave surging over her face deepened perceptibly as her own eyes lifted and met a pair of dark ones glowing upon her from the opposite side of the apartment—a pair looking out unmistakably from Charlie Eustace's southern face. With a smile and a little wave of her fan she beckoned him.

"She is very lovely," thought Mr. Drexel, as he watched her. "Not strange, men lose their hearts to her. I wonder if it's worth while being an exception to the rule? One might be content to search no further after meeting her, and, by Jove! I'm almost inclined to declare myself so."

With that thought yet in his mind, he found himself beyond the screen of green foliage and blooming roses, looking into a small, dusk face with starry eyes uplifted to his—soft, waving, blackish-brown hair framing it in.

"I have brought Mr. Drexel to give you at least one dance, Miss Carnot," the clear voice of Eloise was saying. "Mr. Eustace is going to relieve you—you *will?*"—with an appealing glance at him. "No one ever does dispute my sovereign pleasure, you must know, and you certainly will not?"

"On condition I may name, as my reward, a promenade afterward. Is it granted?"

It was granted, and from a depth of gloom Mr. Eustace was wafted at once into a region of hope and brightness.

"You will favor me?" meantime Mr. Drexel was asking. "My intuition tells me you delight in waltzing, as I admit to doing. I fancy I am in subtle sympathy with every disciple of Terpsichore."

"I did delight in it once, but it is very long since I have danced at all—two whole years."

"What an age!" he laughed.

"It seems so to me." The dewy, childish mouth quivered slightly, as Ninon remembered with half a sigh, from that time her servitude had begun. "That was in my last holiday before I came to teach at Madame Rodolf's, and this is the first I have had since."

"She a teacher, poor little thing!" thought Mr. Drexel, with sudden, infinite compassion. "She is no more than a child herself."

Among the lookers-on was one eminently dissatisfied.

"For pity's sake, Eloise, what does that mean?" asked Mrs. Berrard, catching at her sister's arm, as she was passing. A streaming, defiant brightness was in the eyes of the latter.

"I think what it means is very evident, Lucille. I found Miss Carnot a substitute, and Mr. Drexel seems vastly entertained by her, that is all."

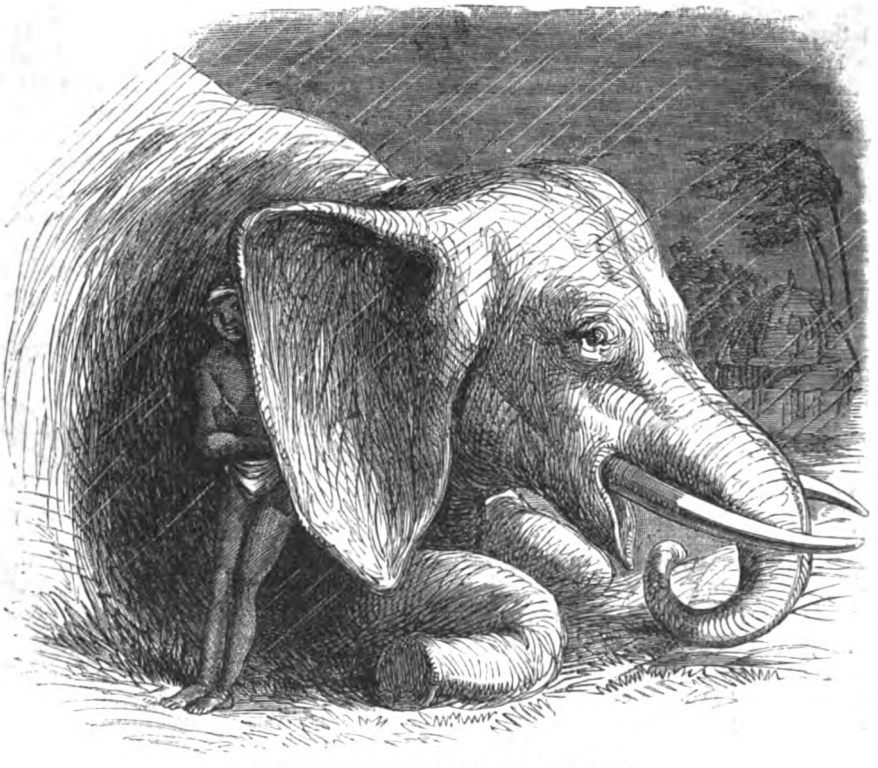
"All?" cried Mrs. Berrard, in hot anger. "Good heavens, Eloise! Don't you see he is making love to her as he has never done even to you? If that girl knew her own power, she could take him from you even yet. You never will be foolish enough to let her!"

"Will I not? There may be two sides to that asseveration."

"Eloise!"

"Don't go into a passion, Lucille, and do leave poor Mr. Drexel to enjoy himself as he likes best. He has had me foisted upon him so much of late, no wonder he finds any change a relief."

Too wise to make further protest in words, Mrs. Berrard took occasion to cut short Mr. Drexel's enjoyment at the first available moment. The waltz was over, however, and he had taken up his position behind that blooming screen before the opportunity came, and though she could lead him unwillingly away, she could not shut from his remembrance the pretty, dusk face, the starry eyes, the sweet childishness which had taken him completely captive, as the pearly fairness and golden locks and prouder beauty of Eloise had never done. Hours later, when the big, thronged house was still, lounging by his open window, with no light but the quivering brilliance of the stars shining down, that face was before him still.



SHELTERED FROM THE RAIN.—SEE PAGE 363.

Those two weeks went by, destined for ever to stand out in Ninon Carnot's mind separate and distinct from anything which had gone before, or might come again while life should last. The two weeks went by, and the last day came. An excursion up the mountain-side was planned for this.

The sun was only well up as they started, the mists clinging yet to the skirts of the Blue Ridge range, where it stretched away in the distance, sinking in the lower valleys

until they seemed like great lakes, and then, with a puff, the breeze rose to dissipate the illusion—the fair morning landscape lay revealed.

Two-thirds of the entire party were mounted; three of the ladies and Dr. Vincent followed in an open carriage. From her place in it, Mrs. Berrard looked with heartily disapproving eyes upon the pairing-off of the equestrian group.

Mr. Eustace was by the side of Eloise, and led the party. Mr. Drexel and Miss Carnot were in the rear. A green ledge, high up and marked by knots of dark pines, was their destination.

As they wound up the mountain, the party, compact at first, became scattered. Some of the more adventurous dashed through rugged by-paths, which shortened the distance.

One pair of laggards quite lost sight of all the rest. The low, dense growths of the steep incline, opening in glades, or going down into dim ravines, or breaking away in a succession of precipitous ledges, opened before them a charming diversity of views. One of the wider of the numerous by-paths had lured them from the winding, beaten road. They had ridden on and on, not thinking much of time or distance, until all at once Ninon turned an anxious face to her companion.

"Are you sure we are following the right course?" she asked. "The way grows wilder and gloomier every step, and I can see no traces of any one having been here before us."

He drew rein beside her—looked around searchingly. They were following a mere bridle-path. On all sides frowning rocks stood out bleak and dark; a dense growth which shut out the sunshine was above and below them; there was a faint sound of gurgling water, a spicy odor from the pines, and utter, wild loneliness far as the eye could penetrate. He met her questioning glance with one laughing, though concerned.

"I fear we are guilty of the unpardonable offense of having lost ourselves, Miss Carnot, and I am the one responsible."

"We must go back, then?

"I wish I was sure we could. We have come such a serpentine course, I doubt if we could retrace our steps. Yonder is a point—perhaps I can see something in the way of landmarks from it. Wait here until I return."

He rode forward—a moment after, was lost to sight in the scraggy wood. She could hear the loose stones his horse's hoofs displaced, rolling and gathering echoes as they plunged down the mountain-side.

Then he came into view again upon the point which stretched above, rugged and bare, the motionless shape of man and horse cut there like a silhouette against the clear azure sky and golden light of day.

He turned his face toward her and shouted:

"All right; the road lies below us. I think I see a way to reach it. I am going to explore. Wait where you are until I come."

He waved his hand to her and disappeared again, this time on the opposite side of the declivity.

Ninon glanced down the shelving steep, her heart beating faster with a sort of vague dread rather than any actual affright. The tread of hoofs was no longer audible, the stillness of the place was oppressive as a nightmare. Then came sounds of life again in the crackling branches, which told her of Drexel's advance through the thicket, and his voice reached her.

"Are you there? Do you hear me, Ninon?"

Her name from his lips for the first time in that moment thrilled her through. She leaned forward; the response she was about to call was turned to a sharp cry instead. But first had come another cry, the sound as of a struggle from below, the crash of a fall, and a scream from the horse more blood-curdling than anything human. With a heart-sickness beyond expression, she put her hands over her eyes as if to shut out some terrible sight.

She dropped them suddenly. All was not still yet; a scrambling, shuffling sound, and up over the ledges came the horse, quivering and with distended eyes—a bleeding abrasion visible upon one side, where he had fallen—riderless. And below, now, a deathly silence reigned.

She slipped down from her saddle at that. She neither made an outcry nor seemed to feel anything very acutely then. She went forward, how, she never could have told, down the precipitous way where no pathway led, clinging to shrubs and drooping branches, losing her foothold, falling more than once, working her way cautiously and painfully around some sheer descent, and finding what she sought at last at the foot of an overhanging cliff—a crushed and motionless form. Not lifeless, as she had feared, for a continuous moaning issued from his lips.

The silver thread of a mountain-stream leaped down in a miniature cascade, so close that its breaking spray wet the rock on which he had fallen. She did the one thing she could do—dashed the cold water over him in abundance, and presently consciousness returned. She had lifted his head to her lap, and her face was bent over him.

"Ninon," he said, a little glad light for one instant displacing the pain; "my own love, I wanted you for that, and now it never can be."

And then his pallid brow contracted; he shut both eyes and lips close over the wrenching agony which would not be repressed.

"Oh, Howard, Howard! are you very badly hurt? What can I do? How can I help you?"

He opened his eyes upon her face again, lovely to his sight as an angel's, such tenderness for him, such grief for his pain, upon it.

"There is no help for me, dearest—none but to know that you might have cared for me. Tell me that, if you can; the end will be easier for knowing it."

It was no time for concealments then. She laid her face down upon his, her tears, flowing now, wetting it.

"Howard, my love!—my poor, poor love!—you must not leave me—live for me!"

"It may be best this way—who can tell? Don't grieve so, darling. It is better to die so, in the fullness of my love for you, than to live to lose it. You must go back to our friends. I saw the road far down, and if you reach that you will find them. Will you—Ninon, will you kiss me once, first, dear love?"

His words were slow and faint; she could see how he was struggling to repress his own agony; she felt it was to spare her the sight of it he would have sent her from him. She was preternaturally quiet, now that she realized what was to come.

"I will not leave you, Howard. I will not go unless help comes to us together. I could not, if I wished. This is only a ledge, and there is no descent from it. I might go back as I came, and I would make the attempt if it could serve to save you; but it could not, and I will not leave you."

She could never think of those hours during which she sat by him, witnessing throes of anguish which almost surpassed human endurance, and fainting fits resulting from them—each of which seemed death to her unaccustomed glance—without a shudder. But at the time the moments between, when they talked together in subdued tones, seemed fraught with something akin to heavenly peace

Afterward, the memory of those moments pierced her with the bitterest pangs her life ever knew.

Down from the zenith the glowing June sun was slowly dropping. Almost twilight dimness obscured that spot where they waited together. The thread of ice-cold water, leaping gayly down from ledge to ledge, made the only sound there, until a near "Hallo!" rang out upon the still air.

She called in answer, and, glancing down, saw that a change had stolen into Drexel's face, a quiver passed over his limbs, and then all was still.

She laid down his head gently, and staggered to her feet. A great cry of utter desolation broke from her; she tottered blindly forward, and fell—fell sheer off the ledge into the outstretched arms of two men reaching it at that instant from below.

* * * * * * *

She opened her eyes upon Madame Rodolf's face, looking more kindly than ever madame had seemed to her before.

"Here, so soon!" she said, in a kind of weary surprise, and in a voice so weak, she wondered at it. Then her eyes fell upon her own thin, pale hands, lying upon the coverlet. "What is it, madame?" she cried, imploringly. "Tell me all."

"You have been very ill, dear child. Thank heaven, you are quite safe now."

"If you had only let me die! It would have been a kindness to have let me die with him!"

"But Mr. Drexel did not die!" cried madame, vivaciously. "We all know how heroically you staid by him—how you stimulated his strength to endure until help came. He has gone North now, along with the Germains. He was here with Eloise the evening before they left, and she wept with joy at knowing you were safely past the crisis. They are to have the wedding very soon—ah! I have tired you. You are too weak even for good news yet, my dear."

Ninon's big, hollow eyes had given her one woful glance. Then the white lids dropped, the thin, pale face was turned to the pillow, and she lay quite still.

Death does not come at will, or it surely would have come to her. Instead, the boon she no longer prized—life; and she took up her old duties in a kind of weary apathy, which, it seemed, nothing could ever break. She had repined at her simple, quiet life before, and now had come her punishment when she knew herself deserted.

Time passed; but she took very little heed of time now. Whether it was days or weeks or months since her bitter blow had fallen was of small matter; she had suffered whole ages of agony then, and the quiet which had come was peace in comparison.

But the time came when it was broken, when the bonds of that unnatural calm were burst suddenly asunder. She was called below one bright, early Autumn day, just as evening was closing in, and shrunk away as if a blow had been struck her at finding herself alone, face to face, with Howard Drexel.

"Ninon! dear love!" The arms which would not be resisted drew her to him. "My own—to be mine—at last!"

Safe within those sheltering arms, the mistake which had cost her such mortal agony was explained.

"I could not go until you were safe, dearest; then I did on such a pressing summons, I could not well delay. And Eloise's wedding—this is the eve of it. I could not wait even to serve as best man on the occasion, while the expectation of being very first on a similar one was not resolved to a certainty. With all due deference to the future Mrs. Eustace, when may I claim *my* bride, Ninon?"

It was soon; for a later day of that same Autumn, my Lady Drexel sailed in company with her husband—Sir Howard now, by proper legal measures—for England and the baronetcy which Mrs. Berrard had coveted for Eloise.

SHELTERED FROM THE RAIN.

Dr. Livingstone, in his African travels, gives us some wondrous stories ef elephants—stories which seem almost incredible. One of these of which he speaks was shot by him on the Zambesi. Its earflaps measured four feet across and four feet five inches in depth. He speaks also of the tame elephants that formed part of his train, and says that during the drenching showers of rain that occurred almost daily, and very suddenly, the natives would take shelter behind the gigantic ear of the elephant, and by doing so come out dry. To us such shelter would seem very much like the partridge who runs its head into the grass, leaving its body exposed; but to the African, whose only veritable clothing is a strip of cotton cloth and his wool, the idea is a good one.

THE RAIN-BELLE.

A FAIRY TALE.

Adapted from the German of Storm.

It was a hot, sweltering day in July. The weather had been sultry for weeks. There had not been a drop of rain during all that time.

Farmer F—— was growing wealthy; the harvest was plentiful, and his profit was great. But poor Widow Stine, who owned a few acres of barren land, was daily growing poorer and poorer.

Farmer F—— had a beautiful daughter, Maria by name. Widow Stine had a son named Andreas. These two loved each other dearly; but the dearth of rain having reduced Widow Stine to utter poverty, Farmer F—— would not give his daughter in marriage to her son. One day Widow Stine called on Farmer F——, and complained to him of her misery.

"The Rain-Belle is asleep," she said. "If she only could be awakened we would have plenty of rain."

"What stuff you are talking! There's no such person as Rain-Belle," answered the farmer.

"I believe in her power," said the widow, "and I hope I may succeed in waking her."

"If you succeed," rejoined the farmer, "I'll give you my daughter in marriage to your son, and thus make you wealthy."

* * * * * * *

Rain-Belle could only be awakened by a song, the words of which were unknown to Widow Stine.

She had paid a visit to Maria one day, and was talking to her about the hot weather and the Rain-Belle. She wished she knew the verses that had to be sung, and she was sure she would succeed in awakening her. But Maria was also ignorant of the rhyme. While they were thus in consultation, Andreas appeared. He looked very mournful.

"Mother," he said, "what do you think? While I was looking about me in the fields, I noticed that our bucket, containing all the water we had, was spilt, and all the sheep dying from thirst. I was wondering who had been the cause of all this mischief, when, looking around, I beheld a red dwarf, who, whenever he stroked his beard, caused sparks to fly around."

THE RAIN-BELLE.—MARIA AT THE SPRING.—SEE PAGE 363.

THE RAIN-BELLE.—MARIA AND ANDREAS ON THEIR WAY TO THE RAIN-BELLE'S HOME.—SEE PAGE 363.

"That was Fire-Bob, Rain-Belle's enemy," said his mother.

"Well," continued Andreas, "while I was closely watching him (without, however, being seen myself), I noticed his lips moving, and, listening closely, I heard him sing:

"'The woods are hot,
The springs are dry,
And Fire-Bob
Is merry and spry.
Darling, beware,
Or, without delay,
Mother will come
And take you away.'"

"That is the Rain-Belle's song!" joyfully exclaimed his mother. "Now we are saved."

"But, mother," Maria remarked, sorrowfully, "we do not know where to find the Rain-Belle."

"Don't we, though?" said Andreas. "I've found that out, too. While I was standing there looking at the dwarf, I saw him approach me. I stood still, and he came up."

"'You would like to find the Rain-Belle very much, wouldn't you?' he asked.

"'How do you know that?' I said.

"'My little finger told me so,' he answered.

"'But nothing can tell you where she lives; although your little finger seems to be very smart.'

"'You are so stupid, Andreas,' he continued, 'that even though I did tell you that she lived in the large forest, you wouldn't know that there was a large pasture behind that forest.'

"Pretending to be very ignorant, I rejoined: 'You are right; I wouldn't know that.'

"'And if I told you that behind the forest there was a pasture, you wouldn't know that there were steps leading to the Rain-Belle's home.'

"'You are right again; for I thought one could walk straight into the place without any trouble.'

"'And even though you were in there, you wouldn't know that she could be awakened only by a virgin.'

"'So, though I wished to awaken her, I would find it impossible,' I muttered; and, seeming very sorry, I withdrew.

"I had scarcely left him before he laughed most hideously, exclaiming:

"'Wouldn't he like to know the Rain-Belle's song?' and danced around for a long time."

When Andreas had finished his story, Maria exclaimed, in glee:

"We will go to the Rain-Belle to-morrow. Oh, I am so happy now! It will surely rain when she is awakened, and there will be a wedding, too." And she commenced singing:

"The woods are hot,
The springs are day,
And Fire-Bob
Is merry and spry.
Darling, beware,
Or, without delay,
Mother will come,
And take you away."

* * *

Early the next morning Maria and her lover set out on their journey to the Rain-Belle's home.

They wandered through the forest to the pasture. The sun was shining very hot, but they kept on bravely until they reached the stony descent.

Andreas descended slowly, leading Maria behind him. Deeper and deeper they went down, until Maria, getting alarmed, exclaimed, "We shall never get out of this dismal place!"

But she was mistaken; the steps led out into an open waste. The hot sand scorched their feet. At a distance they beheld a dried-up brook.

"You must travel alone now, Maria," said Andreas, "until you come to the Belle's home."

And, standing still, he bade her go forward. Maria proceeded on her way. After a while she came to a spot where, in a large aperture which had once been filled with water, she saw a huge bird drooping its wings and blinking with its eyes. Not stopping to take notice of anything around her, she walked on. At every step she took, the atmosphere seemed to grow hotter and hotter.

Finally, looking straight before her, her eyes met a large stone wall, on the surface of which the sun's perpendicular rays were reflected.

Standing for a moment undecided what to do, she turned around, and lo! there lay a beautiful woman reclining on the ground, seemingly dead.

For a moment, Maria hesitated; but at length, mustering up courage, she went up to the figure, and kneeling down beside it, put her lips close to its ear, and spoke distinctly:

"The woods are hot,
The springs are dry,
And Fire-Bob
Is merry and spry."

Maria had just sung one verse when she saw the lips of the woman move. She continued:

"Darling, beware,
Or, without delay,
Mother will come
And take you away."

A loud noise, resembling thunder, was heard above, and suddenly the Rain-Belle stood upright before her.

"What do you want?" asked the lovely woman, in a pleasant voice.

"You have been asleep so long," said Maria, "and have left us without rain. I have come to wake you. You are not angry?"

"No, my child," she answered. "You are right. I have slept very long, and Fire-Bob had almost been victorious. Take this pitcher and go to the spring. There you will find the key with which the spring must be unlocked; then rain will descend from the clouds."

"But where is the spring?" asked Maria.

"Behold yonder castle; enter by that open gate. There, lying on the ground, you will find the key to unlock the spring. But before you reach the castle you will pass a brook. Fill your pitcher with water from that brook."

Maria took the pitcher, and proceeded in the direction pointed out to her. She reached the brook. The water was very low, and the sand near by was very hot. Maria felt her feet burning, but she kept on without fear. Presently she saw a hideous red hand emerge from the sand, and she started back involuntarily.

"Shut your eyes, and keep on," she heard the Rain-Belle whisper.

Maria obeyed. At last she felt the refreshing water cool her heated feet, and she was wading in the brook. She stopped and filled her pitcher with water.

The castle-gate was soon reached, and she entered. On the stone floor she saw a key lying; it was bright and glistening. She bent down to pick it up; but, with a shriek, she let it drop again. The yellow color of the key was not, as Maria had supposed, the color of gold, but had been caused by the brilliancy of the sun's rays.

Maria took her pitcher, and poured some of the water upon the key. After the hissing sound had ceased, she

seized it, and unlocked the spring. The water gushed forth freely. Maria looked around this stony castle, and, to her great surprise, saw the same womanly form, lying upon the stone floor of the castle.

"Are you the Rain-Belle?" she asked, amazed.

"Who else should I be?" was the reply.

"What makes you look so merry now? You seemed very sad before."

"I am happy that some kind virgin has come to awaken me," she replied. "My dear child, clap your hands, and the rain will descend."

Maria obeyed, and the clouds above, which she had considered to be spider-webs, separated, and the rain descended gently.

Maria, thanking the Belle over and over again, said she had to depart now to meet her lover, who was waiting for her. The Belle accompanied her back. Wherever they trod, plants and flowers sprang up from under their feet. Everything seemed refreshed. Suddenly, Maria heard loud groans, and inquired after the cause.

"That is Fire-Bob's voice," the Belle replied; "he is swearing at the rain."

When Maria reached the spot where the dried brook had been, but where cooling water was now flowing, the Belle spoke to her.

"Call your lover, and get into this boat with him. It will carry you home, and will save you the trouble of mounting those winding stairs." With these words she vanished.

* * * * * * *

When Maria and Andreas reached home, they found the village completely changed. Widow Stine was merry now, for her barren fields had become fertile. She was wealthy, too; and all through the rain.

Farmer F—— lost all his hay, which was washed away by the rain; but he did not grumble, for he was to have a rich son-in-law.

A month after, there was a wedding; and while the bride was standing before the hymeneal altar on a lovely Summer's day, raindrops fell gently from the clouds, and she whispered to Andreas, in a sweet and lovely voice:

"This is the Rain-Belle's blessing."

JAPANESE THEATRES.

Old Japan, as far as costume and social observances are concerned, may be compared, according to a correspondent, with revolutionary Japan at the theatres, where are played interminable historic dramas, wholly based on the old state of things. Nothing has been changed in the Japanese theatre, except here and there the hours; most of the theatres at the capital, and all those in the interior, play from 9 A.M. until dark. The theatres of the treaty ports now play from 5 P.M. to 1 A.M., so that at Tokio one is able to attend the theatre at most hours of the day and night. There the two-sworded Samurai still walk the stage, the Tycoon's soldiers still wear their hideous masks, and Daimios, in magnificent trowsers, preceded and followed by their banners and processions of retainers, still force the people to prostrate themselves in the dust.

In contrast to the conservatism of the theatres, the critical modern spirit is shown in the tea-houses which stand near them. There, a common caricature sheet upon the walls, which dates from just before the revolution, represents a Daimio's procession of insects. The praying mantis, the locust, the grasshopper and the wasp are brought into requisition, given two swords apiece, and made to bear heraldic banners of cornflower, poppy, and convolvulus. They imitate the swaggering walk and arms akimbo of the Samurai, and escort a feeble cricket carried in a cage. This is the Daimio, before whom an humble cockroach, who figures the people of Japan reverently hammers his head upon the ground as he beholds him pass.

Those Japanese who best knew their countrymen before the revolution will tell you that there has always been a want of respect, other than enforced respect, among the people. Their attitude toward the Mikado seems to be the only exception to their general want of veneration, which is accompanied by a total absence of religious fanaticism, and, I think must be added, of religious reverence.

The only temple in Japan inside which I ever saw a crowd, unless there was a wrestling performance going on within the walls, was that of Asaksa, in the capital. This temple is the centre of a sort of fair, or, as the whole of Tokio resembles the fair of St. Cloud more than it does anything else in Europe, the centre of a fair within a fair—the wax-work show and big drum portion of the fair. The temple of Asaska is entirely surrounded by peep-shows and shooting-galleries, and is always crowded, but more, I think, by sight-seeing country people out of curiosity, than by the people of the capital from religious motives. The Loo Choo Envoys were there at the time of my visit—tall, bearded, solemn men, who seemed much struck by finding the place of honor in the temple occupied by a gigantic looking-glass. The mirror may properly find a place in either Buddhist or Shintoo temples. The doctrine of pure Shintoo informs us that the Sun Goddess was enticed out of her dark cave by a looking-glass; but in Buddhism the looking-glass symbolizes the mirror of the soul, and the worshipers are supposed to repair to it as to a confessional. The young ladies, with painted lips, and light-blue or crimson satin obis, who eye themselves approvingly in the great mirror at Asaksa, perhaps think that it has other objects—at all events, there is nothing in the temple that "draws" so well. In a ghastly representation of the Buddhist hell, which is moved by clock-work, and forms one of the most popular peep-shows outside the temple, the mirror also figures, and on it their crimes are shown to the dead as they enter hell. As I have named this show, I may add that, if it was regarded seriously by the people, it would be evidence of the existence of a degrading superstition. It represents green devils, with red tongues, pounding people in mortars, boiling them in oil and frying them upon gridirons. In one corner an assistant devil is engaged in tying the legs and arms of men together, and another, who stands by with plumb-line and crayon, marks a black line down the middle of their backs for the guidance of a third, who saws them deliberately in half. As is seen, however, by the attitude of the spectators, the representation is regarded by the Japanese as a mere joke.

A great poet does not trust to impulse alone. Like Milton, he looks upon hard labor as his lot in life; he knows that the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong; he will not, therefore, lie down to sleep like the hare in the fable, but will zealously gather materials, all he can, both consciously and unconsciously; lay trains of thought, and trustfully wait for the hour of this power, when the flash from heaven will descend, the train will be lighted, the mine sprung, the breach made, and the citadel taken.

Employment of Time.—Life may be eked out with pleasure, but it must be mainly filled up by business; and he who should persevere in the vain attempt to fill up his time with amusements, would then find it too late to take up any serious pursuit, and be compelled to drag on a miserable existence, haunted by the ghosts of defunct pleasures, in the shape of *ennui*, restlessness, and melancholy.

ELIZABETH WOODVILLE AT WESTMINSTER.

ELIZABETH WOODVILLE AT WESTMINSTER.

When Gloucester, afterward Richard III., was appointed Protector of the young King, Edward V., his mother, the queen, apprehensive of Gloucester's intentions, was seized with dread. Besides the young king, she had a son, Richard, about ten years of age, who had been born at Shrewsbury, created Duke of York, and contracted in infancy to the only daughter of Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk and Earl-marshal of England. With this boy and her five daughters, Elizabeth Woodville repaired to the Sanctuary at Westminster, where formerly, at a period not less dark and gloomy, she had found refuge and safety. Indeed, the superstitious believed that the place had been specially hallowed and

sanctified by St. Peter in person; and hitherto no king, however wanting in devotion, had dared to infringe upon the privilege of its inmates.

The young King, on learning that his mother was in alarm, with tears in his eyes expressed his grief; but Gloucester, who had been declared Protector by the Privy Council, only protested his fidelity, and marveled that his royal nephew should be so melancholy. Gloucester, however, was not contented with the protectorate of the realm and the custody of the King's person. To realize the aspirations which the too ambitious duke cherished, it was necessary also to withdraw the Duke of York from the Queen's keeping; and as the paternal uncle of the princes—as a man, moreover, of valor, and wisdom, and learning—Richard argued that he was the natural guardian of the childhood of the princes. He resolved forthwith to turn the King's melancholy to account in promoting his projects, and with this view sent the Archbishop of York to Elizabeth Woodville, to say the company of his brother was essential to her eldest son's happiness.

The prelate, going to the Sanctuary, found the Queen, who had the character of being easily wrought on, and delivered the Protector's message. He found her mildly but earnestly opposed to delivering up the little Duke of York. He then told her plainly that if she did not consent he feared some sharper course would speedily be taken. At this warning the Queen's heart was saddened, and, after a pause, she took the boy by the hand.

"My Lord Archbishop," she said, "here he is. For my own part, I never will deliver him freely; but if you must needs have him, take him; and at your hands I will require him."

Elizabeth then shed many tears, and, clasping the little duke in her arms, said:

"Dear child, let me kiss you once more before we part; for God only knows whether we shall ever see each other more."

The poor boy wept bitterly, and the mother and the son parted, never to meet again.

Meanwhile, in the Star Chamber hard by, the Protector and other lords were assembled, and thither the royal boy was led by the Archbishop. The Protector, rising as they entered, embraced his nephew with every demonstration of affection, and with that artful dissimulation for which he was distinguished, exclaimed:

"Welcome, with all my heart! Next to my sovereign lord, your brother, nothing gives me so much contentment as your presence."

A few days after this scene had been enacted, the Protector said it was proper that the King and the Duke of York should be in a place of security till the distempers of the commonwealth were healed; and a great council, summoned to discuss the matter, resolved, on the motion of the Duke of Buckingham, to send the princes to the Tower. Accordingly they were escorted with much pomp through London to the great fortress of the metropolis, and it was intimated that they were to remain within its walls till arrangements had been made for the King's coronation.

But this event never came to pass, and finally the two young brothers were probably murdered by Richard's order; at least such a belief is current in the tradition of the murder of the young princes in the Tower.

FIG. 1. POLLIO CASTING A SLAVE INTO HIS FISH-POND IN THE PRESENCE OF THE EMPEROR AUGUSTUS.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

Ivy.—There is a popular belief that ivy growing upon a building renders it damp and unhealthy, which is quite unreasonable. In fact, if a wall, particularly a north wall, be damp, the best treatment is to plant English ivies at its base; for not only does the dense foliage of the plant keep out rain, but its aerial roots absorb the moisture already in the wall. The real mischief done by ivy is to old buildings of stone or brick, from whose joints the mortar has been dislodged. An ivy shoot once lodged in one of these crevices will grow in bulk until, in the course of years, it has so pressed the joints apart that the masonry can be dislodged by any strong vibration of the building.

We every day sacrifice principles which we esteem, through fear of being blamed by people whom we despise.

FISH CULTURE.

By Professor Charles A. Joy.

When, in 1848, the celebrated naturalist, M. de Quatrefages, addressed a note to the Academy of Sciences at Paris stating his conviction that the artificial culture of fish was possible, his assertion was received with incredulity, and no steps were taken to verify the important discovery. It was not long, however, before a careful study of the subject, attended by numerous experiments, proved conclusively that the illustrious *savant* was correct; and, after the lapse of thirty years, we now recognize fish-culture as one of the most important industries of modern times. The naturalist is able to sow the seed in lakes and rivers, and reap his harvest not less unerringly than the husbandman who confides the grain to the soil. The moment an act is successful, it is customary for some learned pedant to search in musty tomes and ancient records for proof that there is nothing new about it, but that the Chinese have pursued it for thousands of years, and the Greeks and Romans have taught it in their public schools. Fish culture has not escaped the attention of these wiseacres, and we are informed by them that it is a very old story. It appears to be true that the artificial multiplication of fish has been pursued with success for centuries in the lagoon of Commachio, near Venice, and that the culture of oysters has been carried on, for a long time at Fusaro, in the environs of Naples. Fish-culture was put in practice in the fifteenth century by a monk named Pinchon, and his methods were minutely described in the eighteenth century by the German naturalist Jacobi; but, notwithstanding all these facts, the artificial fecundation of fish has practically remained unknown down to a comparatively recent period. Great was the surprise in France when the report was circulated that two uneducated fishermen in the remote valley of the Vosges, after years of experiment and patient effort, had discovered a certain and easy process for the multiplication at will of any kind of river-fish. The announcement produced a profound sensation in France, and immediately scientific men took the matter in hand, and by their researches soon brought it to perfection. We propose to trace the history of this art a little more in detail, and gradually bring it down to our present era.

The Romans regarded fish as a great delicacy, and expended large sums in providing their table with rare varieties brought from distant countries, and raised with infinite trouble in basins and aquaria built for the purpose. They came very near acquiring a knowledge of artificial culture, but did not quite succeed. One of the wealthy citizens, Pollio by name, a great favorite of the Emperor Augustus, is said to have cast some of his slaves into the deep fish-ponds under the impression that such human nutriment would produce a food fit for the gods. On one occasion, when the emperor was to dine with him, a servant accidentally broke a valuable vase; this incensed Pollio so much that he ordered the servant to be thrown into the pond in the presence of his imperial guest (fig. 1); but the inhumanity of the act greatly displeased Augustus, who, to punish his host, directed some of his retinue to smash all of the remaining costly vases to be found in the house. Such stories as these are related by Pliny and other Latin authors, and serve to show the attention bestowed upon fish in early times. Not far from Naples can be seen the remains of a lake called by the poets Avernus, which at one time was surrounded by country-seats of wealthy Romans, and was the site of famous oyster-beds which were the source of a large income to a citizen who had learned how to plant the beds much as is pursued in modern times. For centuries this lake was celebrated for its oysters, and epicures sought them for their feasts, and owners of country seats in the romantic neighborhood greatly prized the luxury they were able to obtain so conveniently; but the famous spot exists no longer. On the 29th of September, 1538, a loud rumbling was heard in the earth, and a mountain of ashes, scoria, lava and pumice broke through the crust and lifted its head high into the air, leaving scarcely any trace of the beauty that once surrounded the spot. The culture of the oyster was not, however, lost, but was transferred to Lake Fusaro (fig. 2), not far distant, where it is possible to obtain some of the bivalves descended in direct line from the families so much prized by the Romans. The scenery about the lake is very fine, and much interest attaches to the methods there pursued in the planting of oyster-beds and the preservation of the species from extermination.

With the downfall of the Roman Empire disappeared, to a great extent, the raising of fish in ponds; but the progress of the Roman Church gave, in a measure, a new impetus to the business; as there are from seventy-five to ninety days of the year in which meat is interdicted, while fish is permitted, and its relative value was thus greatly increased. The increased demand for fish naturally restored the lost interest in the pursuit of fish-culture, and in the Middle Ages the industry assumed great proportions at Commachio, a lagoon near the Adriatic, between the mouth of the River Po and the Province of Ravenna. This lagoon is 140 miles in circumference, and is divided into forty basins, surrounded by dikes and canals which communicate with the sea.

Between the months of February and April, immense numbers of eels and other fish ascend the lagoon and enter the basins. In order to facilitate their transit, the inhabitants open all the locks and sluiceways, leaving free passage to the lagoon by the two branches of the Po, the Reno, and the Volano, until April, or until, by observation, they observe that the number has greatly diminished. All the gates are now closed, and the whole lagoon becomes an inclosed basin. Here live and grow the fish thus imprisoned, and no one is permitted to interfere with them until the proper season. The opening of the fishing is a great event for the inhabitants of Commachio. Prayers are offered up to the patron saint of the colony, and priests bless the faithful as they are about to proceed to their work. The locks of the dikes are opened, so as to admit the waters of the Adriatic. As the long, hot Summer has lowered the height of the water in the basins and rendered it more salt, the incoming tide brings fresh and aerated water, and soon the whole finny tribe is in motion, to swim out into the life-giving ocean. All the outlets are guarded by simple and ingenious reed hurdles, held in place by pickets, thus forming an intricate labyrinth. The fish gather, without being able to turn back, in a series of compartments, where they sometimes accumulate in such numbers as to be crowded above the surface of the water.

The canal represented on the figure (fig. 3) by *a*, communicates with the Adriatic. The fish which are at liberty in the lagoon, *e*, are enticed by the scent of fresh water into the canal, *a*, and soon arrive opposite the trench, *b*, which also communicates with the lagoon by the same canal. At the point *b* is a sharp angle, formed by the union of the flexible hurdles planted in the form of a palisade in the bottom of the lake. These are put in contact with each other, but do not adhere together. The fish are able, with a slight effort, to push them apart, and to pass through the gap; but as soon as they are through, the hurdles reclose and prevent the return of the victims to the canal or to the lagoon. Once within the labyrinth, the fish cannot get out; they have before them four or five chambers, shaped like a heart (*g*, *l*, *l*), which are composed of flexible palisades. A slight effort

suffices to obtain entrance to the chambers, but once within, they are prisoners, and fall an easy prey to the fishermen.

As the fish differ in size, strength, and species, they assort themselves in the different chambers according to the obstacles to be overcome on the way. The eel is able to slip through every hurdle, and does not find itself stopped until it reaches the last compartment.

In prosperous years, as many as 2,000,000 pounds of eels are prepared for the market, and the trade is an important one for this community.

In the year 1763 a Hanover journal published a letter from the German naturalist Jacobi, giving the description of a method of raising fish from eggs, which does not differ materially from the one now pursued in this country. His arrangements for procuring the eggs and fecundating them with the milt—the hatching-box, with its flow of water and screen—and his description of the manner of procedure and the precautions to be observed, would serve for the present time, if supplemented by certain improvements acquired by experience. The information made known by Jacobi, and which he communicated to Buffon as early as 1758, was utterly lost to view, and it was not until the lapse of nearly one hundred years that a re-discovery of the facts published by him made sufficient lodgment to become fixed, and the art of fish-culture was fairly launched upon the world. M. de Quatrefages having been led by purely scientific researches to occupy himself with the propagation of fish, he, in 1848, presented to the Academy of Sciences a memorial on that subject. The publication of this document at once called forth a communication from Dr. Haxo, a country physician, who reported to the Academy that what M. de Quatrefages, on scientific grounds, claimed to be possible, had for several years been successfully accomplished by two humble fishermen of the Vosges. The Academy at once appointed a committee, consisting of Dumeril, Milne-Edwards, and Valenciennes, to investigate the truth of this report, and Milne-Edwards proceeded forthwith to search for the fishermen and receive their story. He found at Bresse, in the Vosges, two men, Remy and Géhin, whose observations of the habits of the brook-trout had led them to discover a method by which these fish could be propagated at pleasure, and the culture of other varieties could no doubt be carried on in an analogous way. The story of the suffering, privation, perseverance, shrewd observation, and final success of these two uneducated fishermen sounds more like a romance than a veritable history, and has often been told as illustrating traits in human character which afford a nobler view of mankind, and offer encouragement to the humblest to persevere until success crowns their efforts. Joseph Remy was a poor fisherman on the River Bresse, in the Canton of de Saussure. Finding that year by year the trout of the mountain streams were fast disappearing, and naturally fearing that his occupation would soon be gone, he set to work to study the habits of the fish to see if he could discover the secret of their rapid disappearance, and whether there was no remedy. He observed that toward the middle of November the trout ascended the river to find some tranquil water which to lay their eggs. He watched the trout with the most remarkable patience, endurance, and accuracy of observation. He concealed himself in the tall grass of the border, or sometimes lodged in the overhanging branches of trees, and night and day, during the season of full moon, undeterred by the cold, regardless of fatigue, oblivious of hunger, he retained his post of observation until he learned the important secret which was destined to confer such lasting benefit upon mankind. From his concealed cover, Remy saw the female trout rub her ventrical gently against the gravel-bed of the stream, and displace little pebbles with her tail to form

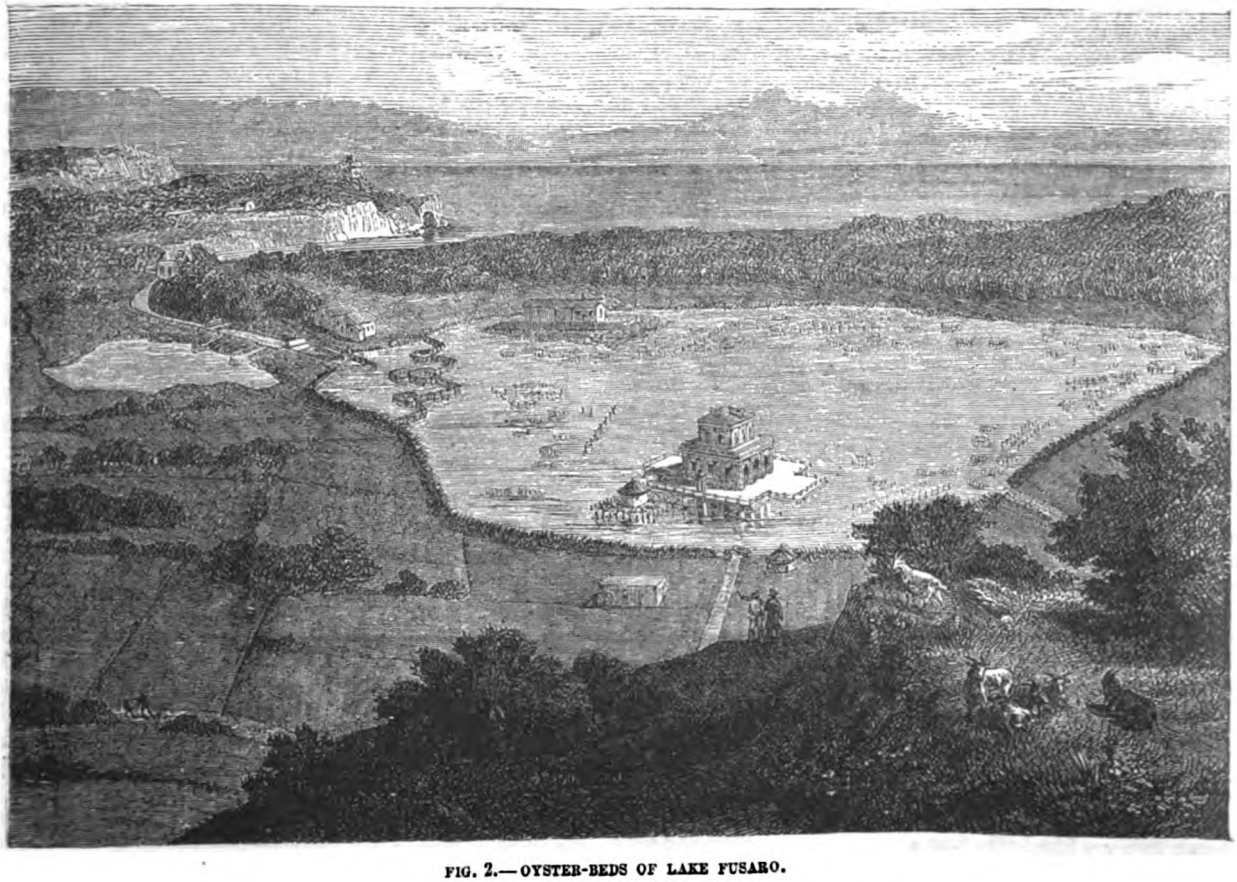


FIG. 2.—OYSTER-BEDS OF LAKE FUSARO.

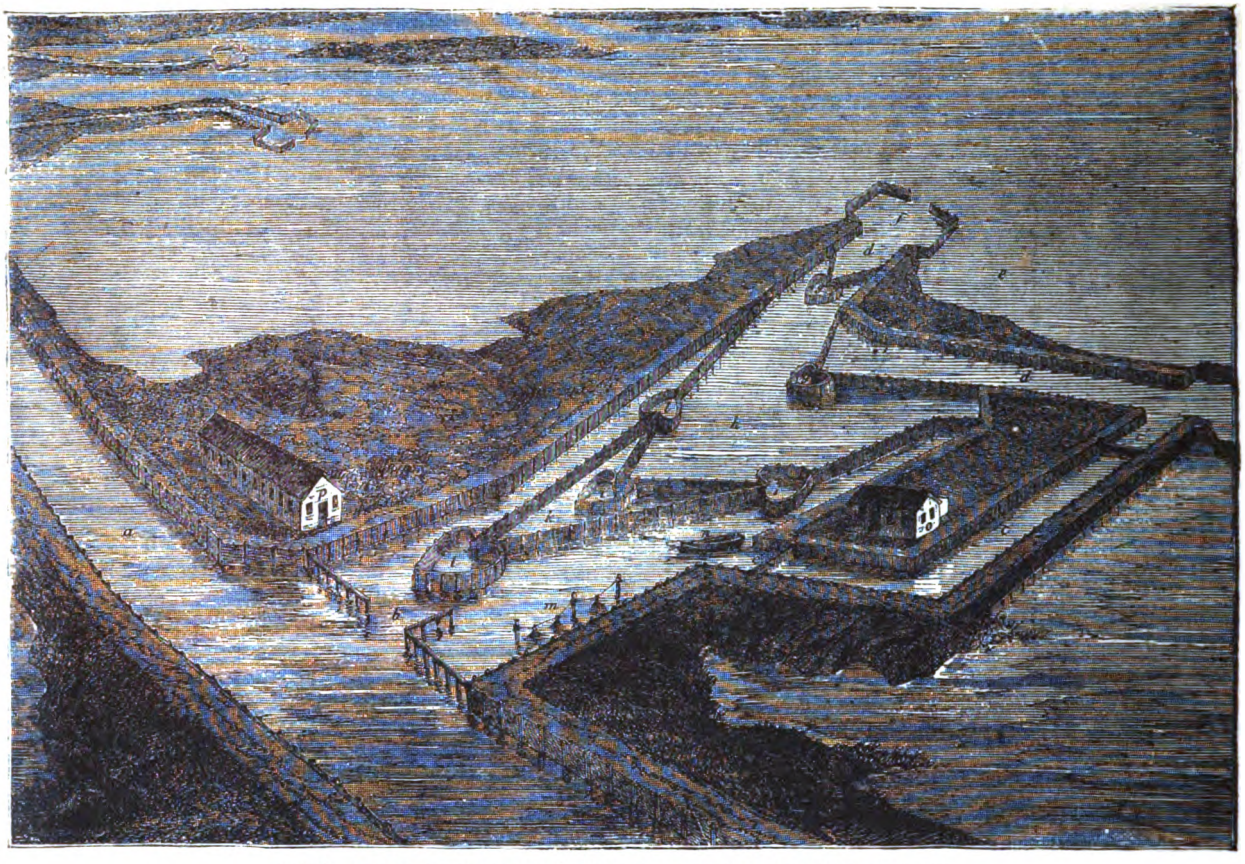


FIG. 3.—VIEW OF THE LAGOON OF COMMACHIO AND THE LABYRINTH FOR FISH.

a dam against the rapidity of the current, and in the interstices deposit its eggs. Presently the male fish was seen to impregnate the eggs with milt, and, after the fecundation, the female endeavored to cover the eggs with sand to protect them from marauders or to prevent their being washed away by the current. Remy observed that, notwithstanding all of these precautions on the part of the parents, the setting was frequently broken up; the currents carried the eggs away or washed them upon the beach, where they dried up or were often frozen. His first thought was to preserve the eggs from every species of danger. He cautiously removed them and placed them in a wooden box, provided with narrow openings, which he submerged in a secure spot in a running stream. But ill-luck attended his first experiments, as he was unable to bestow the necessary attention upon the hatching-box, and it so happened that he sometimes took the eggs before they had been covered by the milt of the male. Not discouraged by all of these repulses, he returned to his post of observation, renewed his watching, and by degrees a light of intelligence began to break in upon him. He began to think that the continual friction of the female against the bottom of the stream must have some other object besides the preparation of the nest; that it was to facilitate the passage of the eggs. A direct experiment soon proved the accuracy of his conclusions. He secured a female fish, and by gentle movements in the region of the vent succeeded in forcing out the ova. Having remarked that the male imitated the movements of the female, he practiced the same manipulation upon a male trout, and allowed the milt to fall upon the eggs previously secured. He noticed that the eggs immediately lost their transparency, and he regarded this opacity as a proof of successful fecundation. In order that the hatching might be complete, it was only necessary to place the eggs in their natural condition and leave them to themselves. It was thus, after frequent failures, after untiring zeal, without any teaching, with only his own shrewd and acute observation, that Remy arrived at his great discovery. He confided his secret to his friend Géhin, and the two together introduced many important improvements in the process of artificial fecundation. The first attempts of Remy date from the year 1840, and in 1842 he

FIG. 4.—M. COSTE, PROFESSOR OF EMBRYOLOGY.

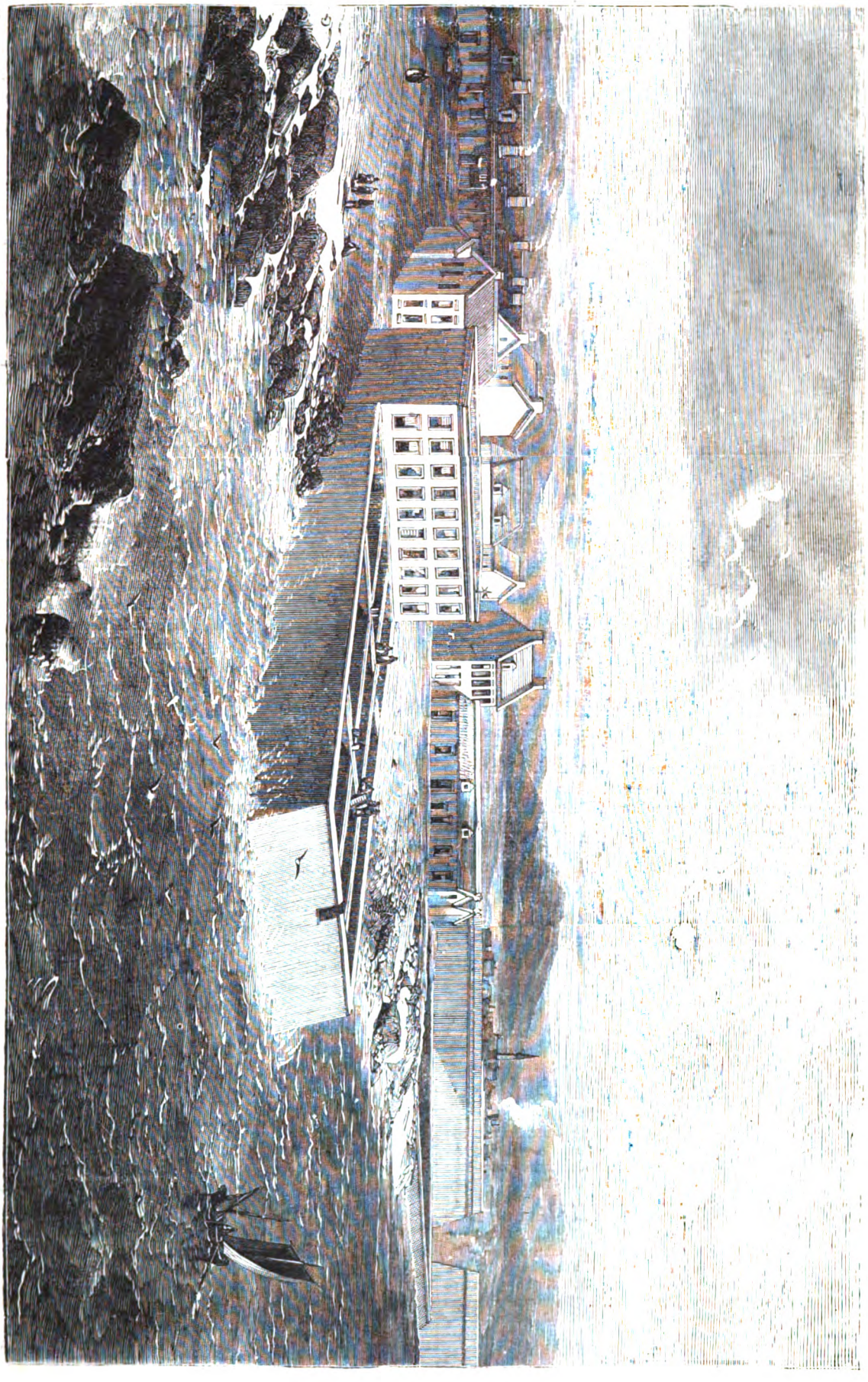


FIG. 5.—FISH-BREEDING ESTABLISHMENT AT CONCARNEU, FRANCE.

FIG. 6.—SALMON-STAIRS, WITH WINDING CATARACT.

was already certain of the success of his method. He made no secret of his discovery, but freely talked about it to his acquaintances, some of whom would not listen to the story; others thought him demented, and a majority attached no importance to the narrative. In 1843, Remy addressed a letter to the Prefect of the Vosges on the subject of this important discovery. The following is a translation of a part of this remarkable document:

Joseph Remy, fisherman of the Bresse, to M. the Prefect of the Vosges:

SIR: I have the honor to inform you that, in consequence of the numerous experiments which I have made, I have succeeded, after much care and trouble, in hatching an immense quantity of trout-eggs, the young of which, healthy and well-formed, will be suitable for restocking the rivers. I deem it to be my duty to make known to you the means by which I have arrived at this fortunate result. . . . At the season of spawning, in November, when the eggs appear at the vent of the trout, by passing the thumb and pressing gently against the vent of the female, and without doing her any injury, I cause the eggs to fall into a basin of water; after this, I seize the male, and by operating in the same manner, cause the milt to flow upon the eggs until they have become opaque. As soon as this operation is completed, and the eggs have become clear, I dispose them between coarse grains of sand on the bottom of an iron box, pierced with a thousand holes. I placed one of these boxes in a fountain of fresh water—the other in the River Bresse, in a spot where the current was only slight. Toward the middle of February, the eggs in the fountain commenced to hatch, while those in the river did not change until the 20th of March. . . . In hatching, the young, the tails of which first appear, are white, elongated, lean, with large heads. . . They move immediately, and appear, by their action, to swim with pleasure; every day they change color, and assume the tints of the large fish; the body becomes round and fills out. I have retained a quantity of these little creatures, in order to be able to reproduce them at pleasure. It appears to me that a discovery of this nature, especially at a time when the rivers are nearly deprived of fish, in consequence of the drought of last season, is worthy of the attention of the Government. . .

(Signed) REMY.

Strange to say, this letter remained unanswered, but the prefect sent it to a local scientific society, and this body voted a bronze medal and a reward of 100 francs for the important discovery; and having performed this act, they seem to have considered that their duty in the premises was absolved. The account of the important investigations conducted by Remy and Géhin was carefully filed among the archives of the society, where it would have remained until brought to light by some diligent antiquary, as was the case with the letter of Jacobi, published a hundred years previously, had it not been for the memoir of Quatrefages read to the Academy in Paris in 1848, and the subsequent reclamation of Dr. Haxo, asking recognition of the previous labors of the Vosges fisherman. Great was the surprise of the Academy, and astonishment of the public, at the announcement made by Dr. Haxo, and the names of Remy and Géhin soon became known in every land, and there was no longer any danger that the art of fish-culture would be forgotten.

As we previously stated, Milne-Edwards hastened to verify the announcement of Dr. Haxo, and the report of his investigation at once removed all doubts of the accuracy of the wonderful narrative. The learned naturalist wrote to the Minister of Education: "The labors of Remy and Géhin are worthy of the highest encouragement. For the purpose of restocking our rivers with salmon, trout, and many other varieties of fish, the process of multiplication invented by them is the simplest and best, and these two fishermen appear to have been the first to introduce the process into France."

The reward to these distinguished benefactors was not very brilliant—they each received a pension of $200 per annum — and Remy was granted the privilege of selling tobacco in a village of 1,200 inhabitants, which disabled him from visiting his fisheries oftener than two or three times a year; and old age coming on, and infirmities from exposure while engaged in making his important researches, soon deprived him of the power of reaping any part of the harvest he had so richly earned. Since his death, a monument has been erected to his memory, near the scene of his labors, by the citizens of France, who are proud of the honor he brought their country, now that he is dead; but who were too tardy in expressing their admiration and gratitude at a time when it could have been of service to the great benefactor of his race.

The immense publicity given by the scientific and political

cal press to the discovery of Remy soon enticed many laborers into the field, and the new art of pisciculture began to be practiced everywhere. M. Coste, Professor of Embryology at the *Collége de France* (fig. 4), was one of the most untiring and zealous advocates of the new line of research. It is chiefly to his labors that the world owes the extension of the artificial fecundation to salt-water fish, mollusks and crustaceans. He established a laboratory at Concarneau (fig. 5), a small fishing-town on the coast of Brittany, where he conducted his scientific researches and practical studies. In the building adjacent to the fish-ponds are tanks and aquaria, supplied with fresh and salt water by pumps driven by a windmill, and in the lower part of the building are lodging-rooms and workshops for those who wish to observe and study the habits of the fish. The fish-ponds are divided into six basins, where all of the conditions of nature are imitated so far as possible—sandy bottoms, grassy banks, stones, rocks, and all sorts of variations likely to be appreciated by the aquatic inhabitants. Experiments of the most interesting character have here been conducted for a series of years upon a great variety of fish and crustaceans, and much practical information has been disseminated from this laboratory.

It must be said, to the credit of Professor Coste, that he did not confine himself to purely scientific investigations, but that, observing the hardships endured by the fishermen of the coast, with whom he was daily brought in contact, he instructed them how to improve their methods of capture, and, at his instigation, the Government passed salutary laws, protecting both the fish and the men, and introducing proper rules and regulations into the business.

It is impossible, in the compass of a short article, to mention by name every one who has distinguished himself by his researches in pisciculture, nor would such a task be a very easy one, since the number is very great, and includes citizens of nearly every country.

As soon as the announcement of the discovery was made, intelligent and practical persons in the United States took the matter up, and it was not long before the new art was fully established in our lakes and rivers. It was a subject that greatly interested such naturalists as Agassiz and Spencer F. Baird, and such practical men as Seth Green and Robert Roosevelt, and they took it up with characteristic zeal, and pursued it until the whole country now reaps the benefits of their wise forethought.

The practical details of fish-culture have been frequently published in our scientific and secular press, and numerous hand-books exist to guide the inexperienced in the intricacies of the business. In several States of the Union the Legislatures have provided for the appointment of fish commissioners, to whom is assigned the duty of protecting fisheries, and of seeing that the laws in relation to times and seasons are properly enforced. These commissioners have brought much intelligence to the work, and a manifest increase in the supply of fish can be traced to their efforts.

The tenth annual report of the Fish Commissioners of Massachusetts, written by Mr. Thomas Lyman, the chairman, is full of interesting matter. Mr. Lyman says that the fish-ways throughout the State have generally proved successful, especially those over high dams. The great difficulty has been to find the kind of way best suited to shad—a question rendered more than usually difficult by the fact that shad do not return above their own spawning-ground; and as all shad above the high dams were destroyed long since, as the female shad does not return to spawn until about three years old, and as all the shadlets put in above the dam are scarcely old enough to return, no fair test has yet been obtained of the efficacy of shad-ways. Especially is this true on the Connecticut River, and at the Holyoke fish-way. But as several shad passed freely through this way last year, its efficacy is established, and all further efforts at that place will be directed toward making improvements about the

FIG. 7.—SALMON-STAIRS AT RIGHT ANGLES TO THE DAM.

FIG. 8.—ARTIFICIAL SPAWNING.

entrance of the way, and of putting young fish in the river above the dam, so that their natural instinct will lead them to seek the upper waters of the river for spawning. In the remarks upon trout-culture, great stress is laid on the fact

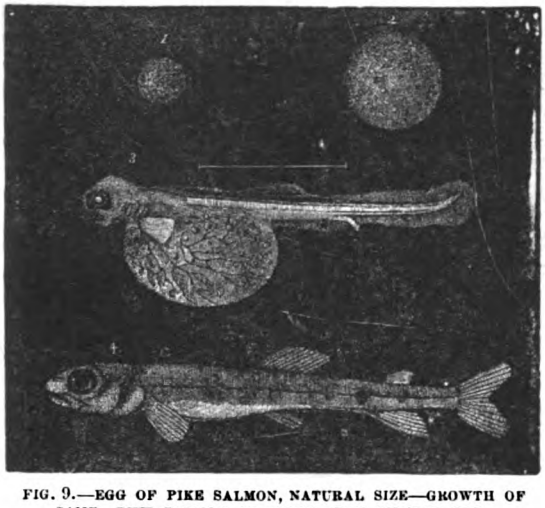


FIG. 9.—EGG OF PIKE SALMON, NATURAL SIZE—GROWTH OF SAME—PIKE SALMON AT BIRTH—TWO MONTHS OLD.

that large and stagnant ponds are not favorable for this fish, as the water becomes too warm.

Mr. Lyman says that a great increase of shad by artificial propagation has been observed in the Connecticut River.

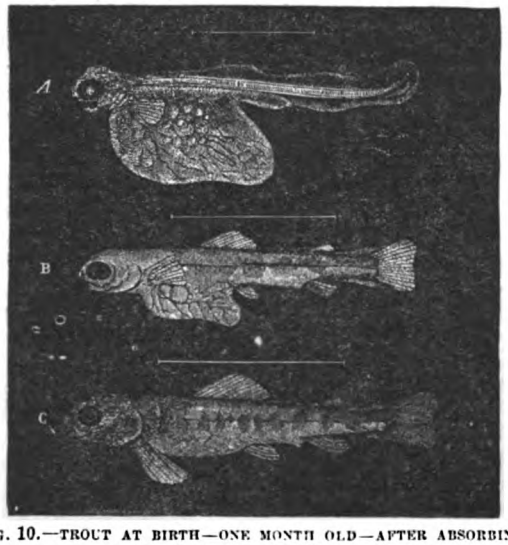


FIG. 10.—TROUT AT BIRTH—ONE MONTH OLD—AFTER ABSORBING UMBILICAL VESSEL.

The average of the fisheries of 1864 to 1869, was only two-fifths of that from 1827 to 1836, and each year showed a rapid decrease.

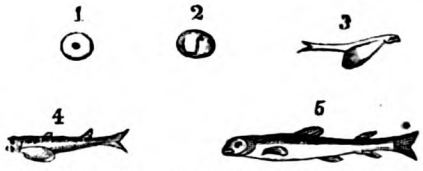


FIG. 11.—TROUT SPAWN AND YOUNG IN FIVE STAGES.

Suddenly, in 1870, the river was filled with shad, and there had been no such take for a generation. The season of 1875 was the best one in twenty years.

There are 55 leased ponds in Massachusetts, all of which have been fully stocked with the best varieties of fish.

It will be seen from the report of Mr. Lyman that the collection and hatching of eggs is not the only difficult question in pisciculture. How to build dams in such a way as not to prevent fish from ascending rivers at the spawning season is a matter of equal importance. In the pools of such rivers as stop the fish they crowd together, and as the fish cannot hold their spawn when fully ripe, they fight and hustle each other for an appropriate place, and in this way not only are the ova scattered about, and in most instances entirely wasted, but the fish themselves are much injured by fighting, and seldom or never recover from the slightest bodily flesh wounds. Hence the great importance of ladders to admit of their reaching the upper waters, where they can finish their parturition unmolested.

FIG. 12.—GROWTH OF THE SALMON.

Mr. Smith, a Scotch manufacturer, first invented salmon

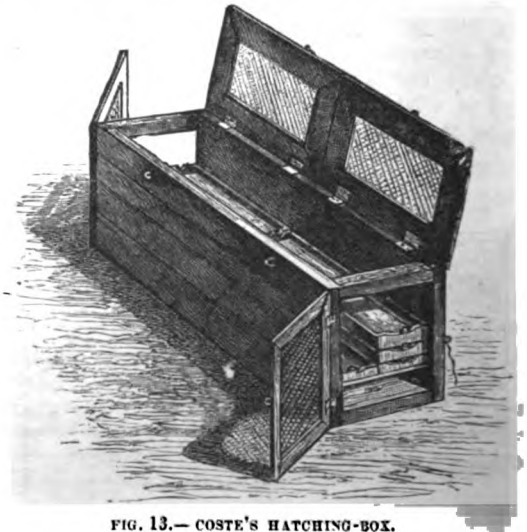


FIG. 13.—COSTE'S HATCHING-BOX.

ladders in 1834, and since that time they have been very generally introduced in Scotland and Ireland, and have been copied in this

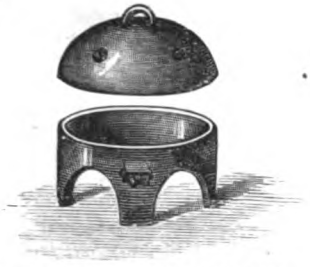


FIG. 14.—COVERT FOR YOUNG FISH.

country so far as they were adapted to the condition of our rivers. There are two systems, called "stairs" and

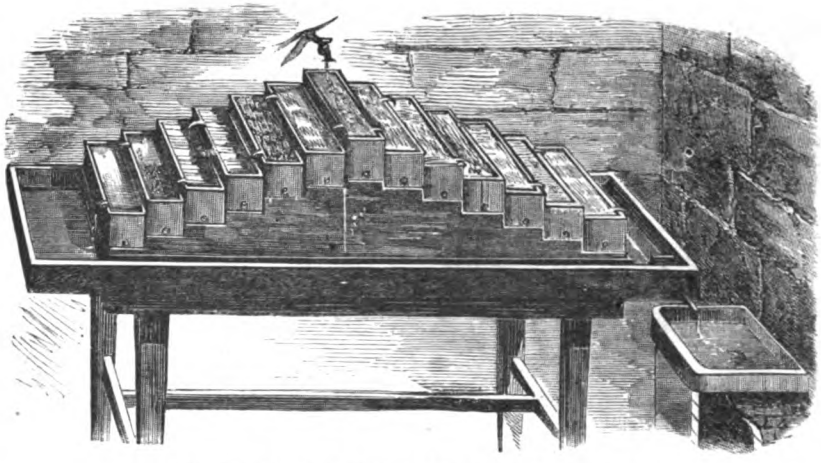


FIG. 15.—HATCHING-BOX AT THE COLLEGE OF FRANCE.

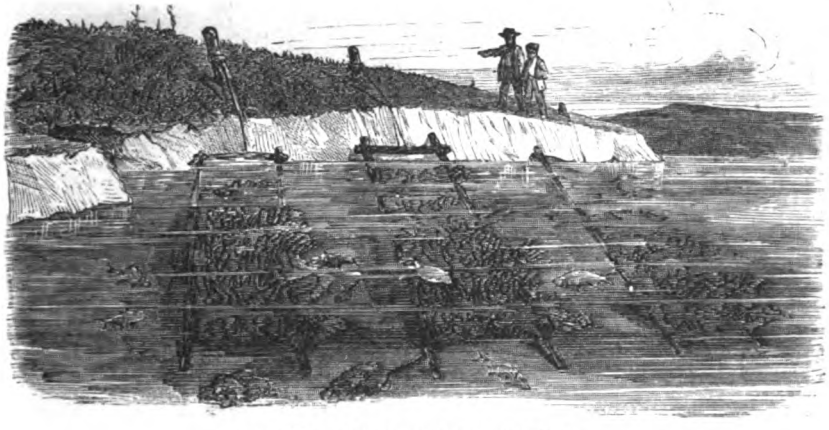


FIG. 16.—ARTIFICIAL NESTS FOR FISH.

"ladders." The stairs (fig. 6) consist of a series of square wooden reservoirs placed upon each other to the height of two feet. The reservoirs or basins, the upper one of which is on a level with the top of the cataract, while the lower is even with the bed of the stream, are so constructed that the water rushing into the upper compartment encounters a wall at right angles, and is forced to flow out at a lateral opening. The water thus falls from one basin to another, producing a series of cascades. Such an arrangement permits the salmon and trout to pass up and down the river with-

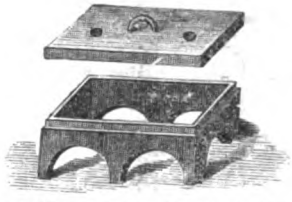


FIG. 17.—COVERT FOR YOUNG FISH.

out too great effort or fatigue. The other system, called the ladder (fig. 7), is more simple, and presents

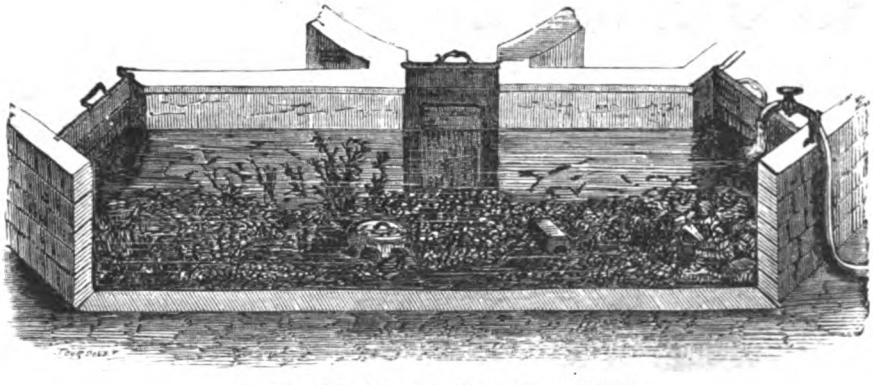


FIG. 18.—FISH-POND FOR ARTIFICIAL BREEDING.

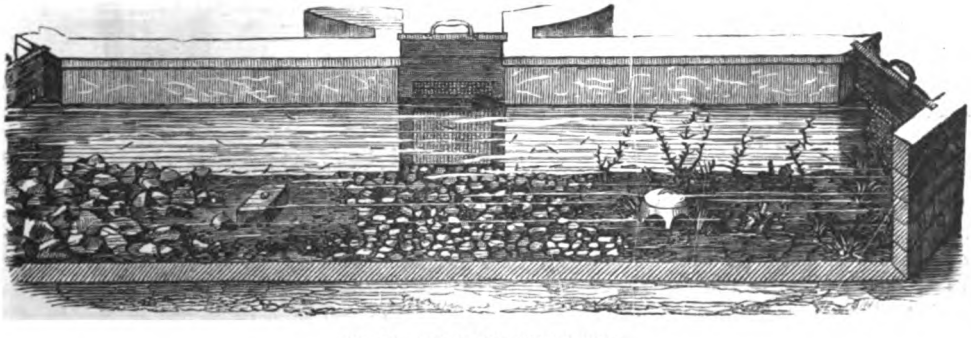


FIG. 19.—TANK FOR YOUNG FISH.

several varieties. It is usually constructed at an inclination of one foot in twenty by means of terraces and partitions, and the fall of the water is so regulated as not to interfere with the movement of the fish. Much money has been expended in this country in building stairs and

ladders for fish, and after the rivers have again been stocked from artificial spawning establishments, it is believed that they will not again become deserted.

As a result of modern investigations in embryology, the most fabulous computations are made of the number of eggs which different species of fish can carry. The following are some of the figures which have been published on this subject: Perch, 28,320 eggs; herring, 36,960; flounder, 1,357,400; sturgeon, 7,635,200; and M. Valenciennes has calculated that there are 9,000,000 eggs in the turbot and 14,000,000 in the mullet. It is evident from this that only a small proportion of eggs are ever hatched, out of the immense number that are spawned. The loss in the artificial hatching establishments must be considerably less than in the natural streams.

In the artificial spawning for salmon it is important to take the female when she is working high up the stream. The redness and pear-shaped protrusion of the vent shows when the fish is ready to have the eggs taken from her. This must be particularly attended to, or the mother may be destroyed in the operation. The manner of accomplishing the removal of the eggs is indicated on the diagram (fig. 8); the appearance of the young fish is also shown in the cut. After the eggs have been taken from the fish, the parent will be found extremely faint, and the manipulator must be very particular in holding them for a short while with their heads up-stream, and slightly raised, that they may receive the revivifying effects of the current, or they will die. When the fish is born it has an umbilical bag attached, situated between the pectoral fins. (Figs. 9-12.)

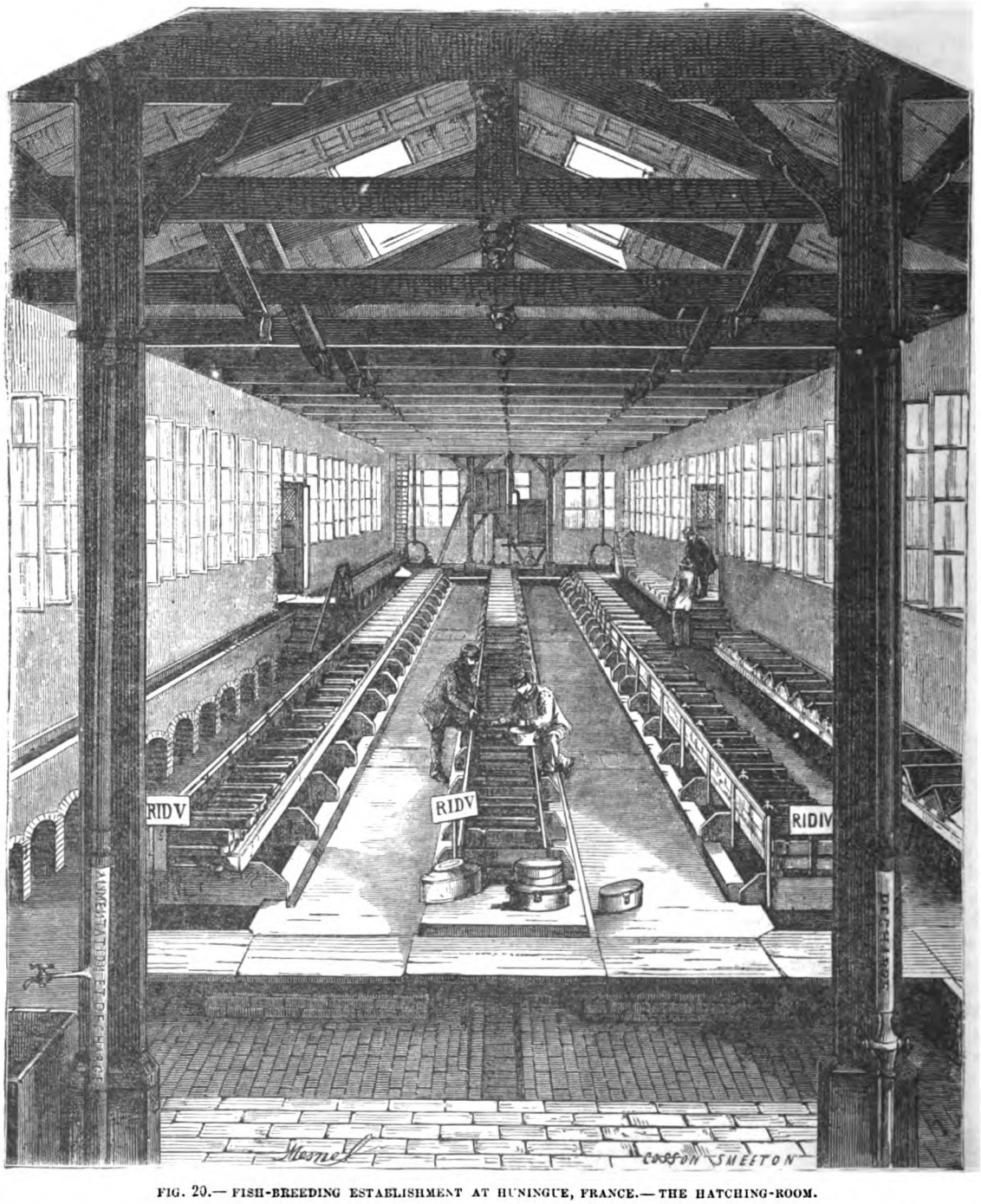


FIG. 20.— FISH-BREEDING ESTABLISHMENT AT HUNINGUE, FRANCE.— THE HATCHING-ROOM.

This contains oil globules and albumen, and serves to maintain the fish for at least six weeks. When it is absorbed, the fish begin to feed, but not before. Often the little fish stick in the egg, and have to be helped out of it by a delicate hair pencil. A great variety of hatching-boxes and other contrivances have been invented for the artificial raising of fish, a description of which could very well occupy a considerable volume. They are generally so simple that a wood-cut of them explains itself, and leaves little to be added in the text. (Figs. 13–19.) It may be well to give a summary of the conclusions to which Mr. Buckland, a good authority, has arrived, especially relative to the artificial breeding of salmon. He believes that the plan of slate or wooden breeding-boxes, placed one above the other and fed by a half-inch tap, is much preferable to boxes let into the ground. These boxes should contain about one-third of their depth of fine gravel; the gravel should be well washed and boiled before being put into the boxes. Covers of wood should be placed over the boxes to keep out the light, as light is unfavorable to the germination of the ova. The great advantage of these boxes is, that the eggs can be counted into them, and the young counted out, so that the result in the number of fish hatched can be clearly known—a matter of great uncertainty in the rough out-of-door boxes. The eggs can also be easily removed as they die off. The young fish should be turned out when the umbilical bag is nearly absorbed. They should never be let free in ponds or anything approaching stagnant water. The best plan is to put them into cans, the water of which should be kept cool with ice during the journey, and send them to the upper tributaries of the river. V-shaped weirs, distributed up-stream, should be built with the stems in the stream, and a large stone, slate, or other covering should be put over the arms of the V, so as to form a hiding-place for the young fish. From five to ten little fish should be put into each of these artificial hiding-places. Fish thus turned out grow much faster than those kept in captivity; they obtain of their own accord the quality of food best adapted to their wants, and the wages of a man to look after the nursery-ponds is saved. The slate receiving-troughs can be

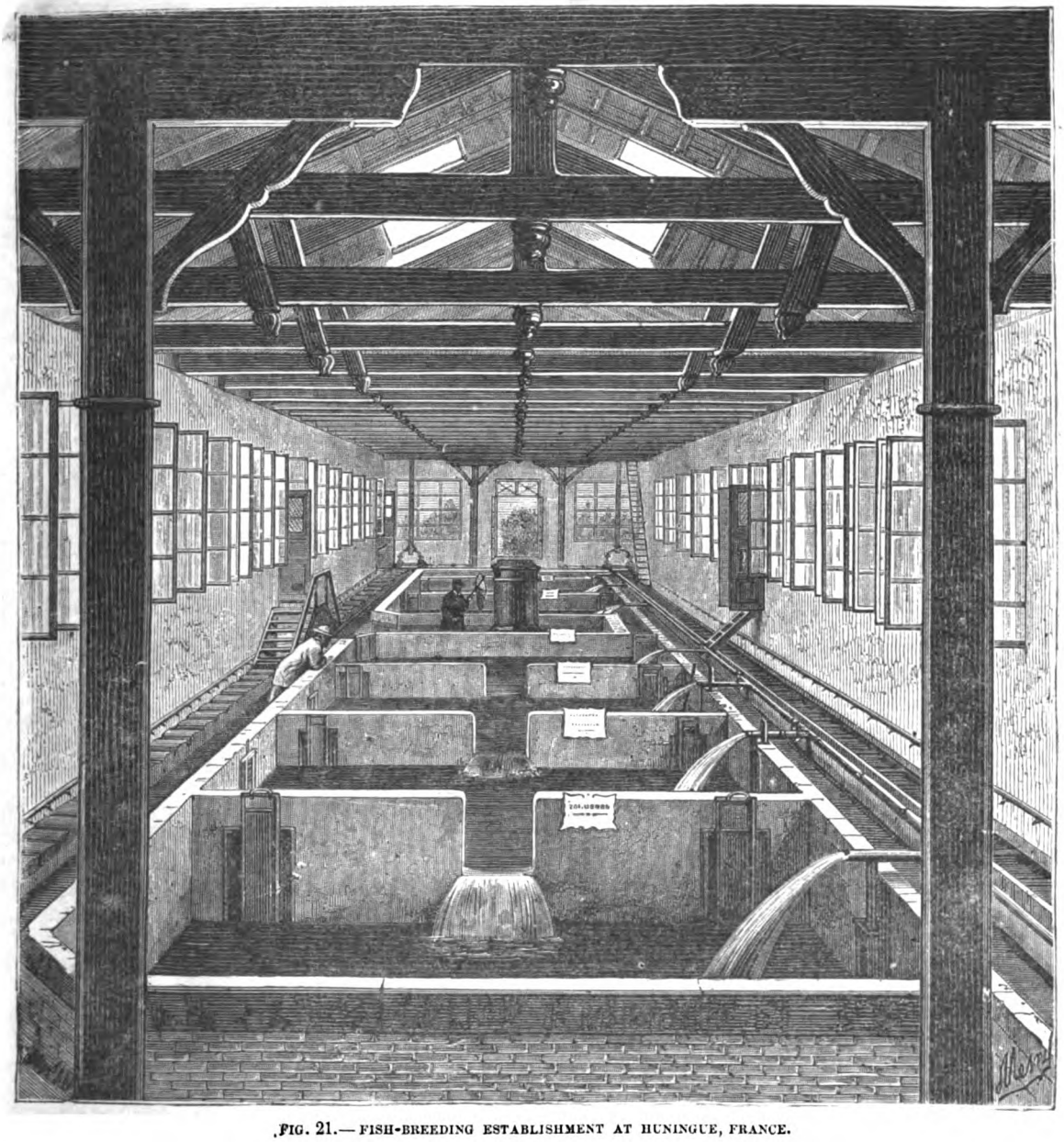


FIG. 21.—FISH-BREEDING ESTABLISHMENT AT HUNINGUE, FRANCE.

FIG. 22.—SETH GREEN'S TROUT-POND ON STRING CREEK, NEAR MOHAWK, MONROE COUNTY, N. Y.

set to work in gardens, stable-yards, cold greenhouses, or any other suitable locality under cover, where there is a cistern or other water supply large enough to afford the requisite flow of water. A half-inch pipe flowing day and night will furnish an ample supply. Natural obstructions, or even small waterfalls in private gardens, may be easily rendered available for hatching fish. When the fish come to the obstruction they should be taken out by a net from the pond below, their eggs taken from them, and returned to the river; the boxes being arranged by the side of the waterfall, a leaden pipe with a stop-cock can be easily introduced into the water above the fall, and thus be made available for supplying the boxes. The boxes, as shown in the illustration, can be readily made. The gravel should be about the size of large peas, and the proportions should be one-third gravel to two-thirds depth of water. The dead eggs are best removed with a wire forceps, and should be taken every day. Plenty of water-weed is most valuable in the nurseries, as they produce aquatic insects, of which all fish are very fond and on which they live and thrive. Watercress beds are particularly favorable for bringing up young trout.

FIG. 23.—DEPOSITING FISH IN THE HEAD-WATERS OF THE RARITAN RIVER, N. J.

One of the most extensive establishments for pisciculture is situated at Huningue, France (figs. 20, 21). It is under the direction of the Government, and, in addition to its service in the advancement of science, it has for its object the gratuitous distribution of eggs and fish to all parts of the Republic, for the purpose of restocking lakes and rivers, and of adding to the supply of food for the people.

FIG. 24.—HATCHING-ROOM AT TROUTDALE, N. J.

The establishment is situated at Blotzheim, near the Rhine and Rhone Canal, where there is an abundant supply of pure water. The buildings are constructed on the model of a railroad station, and are amply provided with laboratories, offices, tanks, and every necessary appurtenance for successfully carrying on the business of hatching fish. In the

grounds outside are numerous ponds for the rearing of the fish when they are sufficiently grown to be turned out of the hatching-boxes. In these ponds are perforated boxes with sliding doors, to which the fish resort when they wish to hide themselves, and in which they are captured whenever it is desired to send off a supply to any applicant. By creating a disturbance in the pond, the fish are frightened, and swim for the boxes in which to hide; the door is quickly closed, and the little creatures are securely caught.

The breeding establishment at Huningue has been visited by delegates from all countries, and it has been the means of disseminating a vast amount of information, as well as of furnishing immense quantities of fish, which have been supplied most liberally to all applicants. It has been taken as the model for other countries, and is justly regarded with pride by the citizens of France.

It may naturally be supposed that success in pisciculture would invite attention to mollusks and crustacea, and the artificial production of their species would be regarded as of sufficient importance to be worthy of careful experiments.

The first recorded experiment in the artificial propagation of fish in the United States was made in South Carolina in 1804. Nearly fifty years after, Dr. Garlick and Professor Ackley, in Ohio, succeeded in hatching brook-trout. The first extensive establishment for the purpose was that of Seth Green, at Caledonia Springs, Livingston County, N. Y. Its success led to action by the State. Mr. Green was placed at the head of a State hatching-house, erected at the Springs in 1870, where great numbers of salmon, trout, and white-fish have been bred. (Fig. 22.)

Legislative action was first taken in the New England States, and now commissioners of fisheries exist by law in fifteen States. The General Government, also, in 1871, appointed a commissioner to examine and report on the diminution of food-fishes, and propose remedies from time to time.

Among the other State fish-culture works, we may notice those at Troutdale, in New Jersey. (Figs. 23, 24.)

The result of these efforts has been most encouraging, and many streams from which fish had begun to disappear again teem with finny inhabitants.

Great success has attended the efforts to rear oysters artificially, and the business is now conducted on a large scale in France. There are two systems for collecting and preserving the young oyster—one fixed, the other movable. Blocks of stone are so placed as to form an irregular surface. These are left in quiet for a year, and then, at the spawning-time, they are turned over in such a way as to expose the young mollusks adhering to the under surface to the light, and the bottom again becomes covered with the young. After the lapse of three years, the shells are detached from the stones and put in proper beds for further development. In localities where stones are scarce, resort is had to baked tiles, which have the advantage of uniformity in size, and also admit of separating the shells more easily than from stones. The oyster attaches itself to the concave surface of the tile, and can easily be transported from one bed to another. Large seashells and branches of trees have also been employed as suitable resting-places and nests for the oyster; and, on a large scale, planks holding bundles of brush are placed in staging (fig. 23), in a way admitting of inspection and removal of the crop when the proper time arrives.

As the raising of oysters is limited to a few localities, there has been less interest bestowed upon this branch than upon the hatching of fish which can swim in all waters. Still, it is a trade worthy of study, and very remunerative when intelligently followed.

The artificial culture of crustacea requires so much time and skill, that it is not likely very soon to pass from the scientific laboratory to the rank of an art. In the course of time, however, as the number of mouths to be fed increases, we shall probably hear of many new devices for multiplying all kinds of fish, mollusks, crustacea, as well as land animals and birds of the air, to be used as food for mankind. The domain of science is unlimited; there are always new worlds to conquer, and every generation adds to the number of those who are willing to devote their lives to the task of unraveling the mysteries of nature for the benefit of their fellow-men.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

Lead Poisoning.—Early rising has its pains and penalties as well as its profits and pleasures. A merchant in New York City, who was obliged to rise early, in order to reach his place of business before banking-hours, was served with a breakfast of cracked wheat before the rest of the family, the water for which was drawn from the pipes where it had been standing over night. He thus secured the small amount of lead that had become dissolved, and by a process of cumulation was soon prostrated by lead-poisoning. The case was investigated, and the true cause of the mystery explained, and, after proper remedies, the patient recovered. Unlike the proverbial "early bird," he no longer attempts to catch the poison from the worm, but now prefers the pure Croton after the tap has been thoroughly washed out. A similar case of poisoning has just been reported in London. A cab-washer, who was in the habit of drinking deeply during the day, and of sleeping in an omnibus until the time came for him to wash forty cabs, was taken very ill, and, on being questioned at the hospital, stated that as he usually finished his work just as the public-houses opened, he always had the very first glass of beer or gin that was served in the morning; that is to say, the liquor which had remained all night in the drawpipe, in contact with the lead. It was found that he had completely lost the use of his upper extremities, while his voice was reduced to the merest whisper. His gums showed the well-known blue lines, indicative of lead-poisoning, and his urine gave 1-3400th of a grain of lead per fluid ounce. He was cured by electric treatment—being placed in a warm bath, the water of which was charged with twenty-eight cells of a Voltaic battery. At first the current was passed from the positive pole placed at the nape of the neck, to the negative, which was attached at the feet. After ten minutes, the negative pole was moved along his legs and arms for twenty minutes or more. The treatment was continued daily, and at the end of a fortnight he was so much better as to be able to move his arms freely; and in two months and a half was able to return to his work. The fourth bath was acidulated, and tested by a chemist, who found well-marked traces of lead in it; showing that the metal was eliminated from the body by the electric current.

Ancient Toughened Glass.—The secret of the manufacture of malleable or toughened glass is regarded as one of the lost arts. There are so many references to this artifice in ancient works, that one is forced to believe that they must have had their origin in fact. In one old book, it is related of an artificer of Rome that he could make vessels of glass so tenacious that they were as little liable to break as those that were made of gold and silver. He sought an interview with Cæsar, and presented a vial of the purer sort. After the gift had been duly praised, and the artist's skill applauded, the vial was taken out of Cæsar's hand and thrown violently upon the floor. Much to the amazement and fright of the emperor, it sustained no other injury than a slight bruise, which was repaired on the spot by the artificer, who had brought the necessary implements in his pocket. The story further goes that the emperor inquired of the workman if he alone of all men was possessed of the secret, and upon receiving an affirmative answer, he gave orders that the man should be beheaded, so that the secret might die with him. Cæsar was afraid that if malleable glass could be so easily manufactured, all implements of gold and silver would become comparatively worthless. The story is so suggestive of one of La Fontaine's fables that scientific men are prone to look upon it as a myth. Again, in 1610, we read that among other rare presents then sent from the Shah of Persia to the King of Spain, were six mirrors of malleable glass, so exquisitely tempered, that they could not be broken. And now, in 1876, De la Bastie, of France, claims to have discovered the secret, and we are promised toughened and malleable glass in any quantity. The process is thus far only partially successful, but it bids fair to prove a valuable contribution to the arts as soon as certain difficulties in the way of practical manipulation have been removed.

Vanadium in the United States.—It is asserted by Dr. Isidor Walz, that vanadium is a frequent constituent of American magnetites. This conclusion is based upon an examination of twenty-seven specimens of magnetic iron ores from different localities in the United States and Canada. Dr. F. A. Geuth, of Philadelphia, has also found considerable quantities of vanadium in California ores. The importance of this element in the manufacture of an indelible black ink and dye makes its discovery in marketable quantities very desirable. Thus far it has only been found in small quantities in Europe.

USES OF DEXTRINE IN PHOTOGRAPHY.—A solution of dextrine suitable for photographic purposes should not give a blue color on the addition of iodine, no precipitate on the addition of oxalate of ammonia, and not redden litmus paper. Starch is more generally employed for mounting prints, but it does not keep so well, and could be advantageously superseded by dextrine. Dextrine dissolves readily in hot water, and, with the addition of one drop of carbolic acid to each ounce, or, better still, a few drops of an alcoholic solution of salicylic acid, will keep indefinitely, and never be subject to attacks of insects. Dextrine is used for the reproduction or strengthening of negatives by the "dashing-on" process, and as a preservative it also has a high value. For several years, dry-plate pictures have been taken with success, the preservative being dextrine alone, or dextrine and albumen. A solution of dextrine, made in as strong alcohol and water as will dissolve it, can be applied with good effect to an ordinary emulsion plate, in which there is a trace of bromide in excess; without washing, this will give a greater degree of rapidity than any of the organillers in general use.

THE LARGEST PHOTOGRAPH IN THE WORLD.—Mr. F. Gutekunst has recently completed a photograph of the Philadelphia Exhibition Grounds, which is probably the largest photograph, on a single sheet of paper, in the world. Its merits as a panoramic view of the buildings are no less worthy of notice than its great size. The sheet of paper on which it is printed is 10 feet long and 18 inches wide, and special baths for the silvering and toning of so large a sheet had to be made. The negatives from which it was printed were exposed from a scaffold erected near the Belmont Reservoir, and seven of them carry the view of the buildings from Agricultural Hall to the Observatory on George's Hill. The buildings are shown with great distinctness, and without any glaring faults of perspective, so apt to be displayed in photographic views. There were great difficulties in printing a picture of this size from seven negatives on a continuous sheet of paper; but it has been successfully accomplished, and the picture is a most interesting souvenir of the Centennial Exhibition.

A CANAL ACROSS THE ISTHMUS.—The Commission—consisting of General Humphreys, Superintendent Patterson, of the Coast Survey, and Daniel Ammen, Chief of Bureau of Navigation—appointed by the President of the United States to ascertain the practicability of an inter-oceanic ship canal, have reported in favor of the Nicaraguan route, beginning on the Atlantic side, at Greytown; running by canal to the San Juan River; following it by slack-water navigation to Lake Nicaragua; across the lake to the Rio del Medio, and thence by canal to the Rio del Brito, on the Pacific Coast; a distance of 181 33-100 miles, and attaining a height of 108 feet at the top of the slope. The cost of construction of this canal and harbors, with all the necessary adjuncts, will be at least $100,000,000. The President believes, as the result of his correspondence with foreign powers, that the prospects of an early beginning of work on this canal are very favorable.

OVERFLOW OF THE THAMES.—The Metropolitan Board of London have given notice of their intention, during the next Parliamentary session, to introduce a Bill called "The Thames River Prevention of Floods Bill." The cost of the improvement it is proposed to lay on the ratepayers who inhabit the districts adjacent to the banks. It appears that the probable cost, as estimated by the engineers of the Board, will amount to five to six millions sterling. The owners of riparian property have entered a protest against such a heavy assessment. They say that the total ratable value of some of the districts is not so much as will be charged upon them, and they prefer the floods to such a drain of their resources. It is probable that the Bill, with its long Teutonic name, will be thrown out very soon after it is presented to Parliament.

THE AMSTERDAM CANAL.—This canal, connecting Amsterdam with the North Sea, has just been completed. While it must prove of vital importance to Holland, it will also beneficially affect the maritime interests of the whole world. It is about fourteen miles long, will allow the passage of the largest ships, and is enlarged at intervals with basins, on the plan of the Suez Canal. This colossal work has been executed by English contractors, after the plans of two English engineers, Sir John Hawkshaw and Mr. Darnton Hutton.

SHEEP HUSBANDRY IN GEORGIA.—"A Manual of Sheep Husbandry in Georgia" has been prepared under the direction of the Commissioner of Agriculture of the State of Georgia. From it we learn that sheep-raising is more lucrative than cotton-growing, the average annual profit on capital invested in sheep being 63 per cent. The great drawback lies in the number of worthless dogs with which the United States are more infested than any part of the world, and which in Georgia destroy 28,000 sheep yearly.

AMERICAN BLAST FURNACES.—At the close of 1875 there were 713 blast furnaces in the United States, as compared with 693 at the close of 1874. There were also ten more furnaces in the course of construction at the close of last year. On the other hand, there were, at the same date, 420 furnaces out of blast. Two million three hundred and twenty-four thousand three hundred tons of pig-iron were manufactured in the United States in 1875; an increase of about 500,000 tons since 1871.

A MARBLE RINK.—A new rink has just been opened in the Clapham Road, London, the peculiarity of which is, that the floor is of marble. The entire skating surface thus laid is 60 feet wide by 270 feet long, of which length 120 feet is roofed in. A smaller rink, called The Nursery, 60 feet by 25 feet, is laid with a new patent oak parquet floor from Hungary. It is said that the marble floor is about to be adopted at the Prince's Club and other rinks.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

MR. SIMMS says if it wasn't for the hole in the hoop you couldn't put it on the barrel, and the barrel would burst.

A TEETOTALER'S arguments are pretty sure to be sound, for he is certain to make use of nothing which will not hold water.

AN Irishman complained to his physician that he stuffed him so much with drugs that he was sick a long time after he got well.

A NEW YORK paper says: "What this country really needs isn't so much reform as it is a new style of pants that won't bag in the knees."

NO JOKE.—A woman suffrage meeting out West adjourned without transacting any business. Somebody let down a bushel of mice through the skylight.

BY A COLD-BLOODED WRETCH.—It is estimated that the number of ladies who cannot pass a mirror without glancing into it averages about twelve to every dozen.

DISCUSSION between a wise child and its tutor: "That star you see up there is bigger than this world." "No, it isn't." "Yes it is." "Then why don't it keep the rain off?"

A BARRISTER was held to be in contempt for simply making a motion in court. It was ascertained, however, that he made a motion to throw an inkstand at the head of the judge.

THE most important event in a man's life is commonly supposed to be his marriage, but it is not always so; as the most important event in a Kansas editor's life is his triennial change of shirt.

"YOU can't drink so much brandy with impunity," said a New York physician to a gouty patient. "Perhaps not with *impunity*, doctor, but with a little peppermint I fancy I can go it," was the serene reply.

A GUSHING but ungrammatical editor says: "We have received a basket of fine grapes from our friend Mr. Tompkins, for which he will please accept our compliments, some of which are nearly one inch in diameter."

THERE is a man in Chicago who claims that all he has to do in order to foresee the future is to get good and drunk. This looks improbable. How can a man with the horrors cope with the mysteries of the horoscope?

THERE is a growing feeling among the American people that the man who can hear a fellow-mortal complain of a cold in the head, and abstain from telling him what to do for it, is the man who should be the next President.

"IT is strange," muttered a young man, as he staggered home from a supper party, "how evil communications corrupt good manners. I have been surrounded by tumblers all the evening, and now I am a tumbler myself."

WHY is it that two young people never do get so divinely spoony and sentimental over a hot oyster stew, as they do at the same table, in the same restaurant, over plates of ice-cream? We don't know why it is, but they never do.

PROGRESS.—A hundred years ago when you called on a girl she kissed you good-by. Now, if you suggest anything of the sort, her father calls you into the library and asks you what you are worth. Are we a nation? And is this progress?

A GOOD CIGAR.—An odd bit of dialogue occurs in a novel now publishing in a French paper: "Where is your husband?" asks a gentleman. "He went out to buy a cigar," replies the lady. "Has he been gone long?" "Eighteen years." "He is quite right," remarks the gentleman, philosophically; "he wants to choose a good one."

DEMOSTHENES was, probably, a more effective orator than any whom the late political campaign brought before the American people; but it should be remembered that he didn't have to hurry through his speeches for fear that the committee would go out and take a drink without him.

ARTEMUS WARD thus describes his perils at sea: "Deth stared us into the face. But we had rather the advantage of Deth While Deth stared us into the face, thar was about seventy of us starin' Deth into the face. The prospect wasn't pleasin' to us. Not much. I didn't know how Deth liked it."

MOLD.—A shopman having put some candles in a cellar, his employer told him that he thought it was too damp a place, that they would be likely to mold. "Likely to mold!" replied the shopman. "If that is the case, we had better put our tallow there also, and perhaps it will mold into candles."

LIBERALITY.—Nothing undermines one's faith in a man's liberality to the Church so much as to see him run his hands down in his pockets when he sees the contribution-box traveling his way, then look astonished, and remark to the person sitting next to him: "I have got on my other pants."

TWO FRIENDS, an Englishman and an Irishman, traveling, had a double-bedded room at an inn. Being awoke by a noise in the night, the Englishman called to his companion to light the candle. "Where is it?" asked Pat. "At your right hand, on the table." "Are you crazy?" cried Pat. "How can I see which is my right hand in the dark?"

THE FIRST HOME GREETING.

(From the German of J. R. Vogl.)

A WANDERER, tired, with a staff in his hand,
Was returning home to his native land.

His hair was dusty, his face burnt brown,
Now, who greeted him first in his native town?

He passed up the well-known pathway straight,
Where the tollman stood at the turnpike gate.

Now, the tollman had been his old crony and friend;
They had drained together full cups no end.

But the tollman did not know him again,
He was so changed by the sun and the rain!

So on he went, with a nod and a smile,
And a little sigh to himself the while!

Then out of her window his sweetheart peeped,
And up in his bosom his full heart leaped!

But his sweetheart did not know him again,
So changed was he by the sun and the rain!

And as he wandered further yet,
His sunburnt cheek with a tear was wet.

His poor old mother was tottering down
The steps that led from the church to the town.

"God save you!" said he; but she cried with joy,
As she fell on his neck: "My boy! my boy!"

Let the wind and the rain do what they will,
A mother's eyes will defy them still!

—COOMBES DAVIES.

"NOW I'M GRANDMA."

UNIV. OF MICH.

FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

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THE LADIES OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

By HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

THE natural eminence of those who have held the position of hostess in the White House is something worthy of remark, and we doubt if there has been any parallel to it in any country. They have been a group of wonderful women; and those who have known them, or who have read of them, will be forced to acknowledge that, with perhaps a single exception, until the present generation, none of the queens who have sat on thrones, from the day of the hard Elizabeth, through that of the Stuart women who danced laughing into the house from which their father was driven, who passed their lives drinking brandy and playing loo, down to that of the coarse and vulgar Hanoverian women who pursued their own pleasures and countenanced their husbands', can compare with them in intellect, patriotism, courtesy, or any of the womanly virtues.

MARTHA WASHINGTON.

Of these womanly virtues, Martha Washington has always been held the fortunate exemplar. Although she was not literally a lady of the White House, yet she leads the list of the Presidents' wives, and it was in honor of

ABIGAIL ADAMS.

her own private residence that the present executive mansion was styled the White House.

She was the daughter of a Virginian, and, although receiving the limited education of the planter's daughter of that day, was always able to acquit herself creditably. Her picture, as Martha Danbridge, is that of a charming young girl, stately, with something of the gay defiance of the *belle sauvage* in her air, with dark hair and hazel eyes, and totally different from that Martha Washington with whose portrait we are more familiar, the gray hair rolled back from the rosy face, over its cushions, and beneath its historic cap.

In her early girlhood, a belle at the court of the British governor of the Colony, she perhaps learned there the punctilious etiquette that she afterward prescribed, and added to the haughtiness of a naturally aristocratic spirit. Wealthy by inheritance, she married at seventeen a man of fortune; and at about twenty-seven was left the richest and the handsomest widow in Virginia, to become the wife of Colonel Washington, who was almost precisely her own age, who appreciated both money and beauty, and who made her a very tender and devoted husband. "Where would you have been," said the audacious old David Burns to the general, "if you had never married the Widow Custis?" For seventeen happy years, before serious trouble came to disturb her, Mrs. Washington was the mistress of Mount Vernon, one of the most charming places in Virginia, where Summer lingers late and Spring comes early, and with such delicious luxuriance, with wild hyacinths starting in the grass, with snowy magnolias and rosy Judas trees, and birds building in the breast-high hedges of fragrant box—Mount Vernon itself being a noble residence with broad verandas, surrounded by lawns, gardens, orchards, wide fields, low hills, and woods beyond all, and, beneath, the bright reaches of the great river.

The loss of her daughter was the first cloud upon the happiness of this home; and not long afterward her husband writes her in his peculiar fashion, beginning by calling her "My dearest," and ending by signing himself "with the most unfeigned regard," a solicitous and tender letter, informing her that Congress had put the army under his command; and then the happy hospitality and congenial pleasures of her life were suspended for many a year. Every year after that, as soon as the army had gone into Winter quarters, Mrs. Washington's great coach came to the door, and was packed with all that the establishment could produce that would lend her husband comfort, and took its slow way with her, escorted by an aid-de-camp, and with postillions in white and scarlet liveries, to her husband's headquarters at Valley Forge, at Cambridge, at Newburgh, or wherever they might be; and as on her arrival the other officers were privileged to send for their own wives, life was greatly mitigated to all. Once or twice these journeys were painful—the ladies of Philadelphia, for instance, doing their best to insult her as she went through at one time; but to all who showed her any kindness, the general never failed to write, at once, letters of warm acknowledgment.

They must have been hard but proud years to Mrs. Washington; and not the least proud must have been the last, when her husband did the noblest act ever done by man, and surrendered to Congress the power with which it had entrusted him, and came back to pass his life, as they hoped, in tranquillity, with wealth, honor, troops of friends, and the worship of the multitude. Yet the moment of victory had been obscured both to her and her husband by the loss of her son, and she was one of those affectionate natures for whom no honors or distinctions can repair such loss. But, nevertheless, she enjoyed the few years of domestic life allowed them before her husband was chosen the first President of the young Republic; and shortly after his inauguration, Mrs. Washington repaired to New York, the seat of government, being received all along the route with every demonstration, fireworks, serenades, escorts of troops, cavalcades of gentlemen and ladies, ringing of bells, and discharges of artillery, enough to have turned any other woman's head; the President meeting her at Elizabethtown in a superb barge, that was received at the harbor of New

MARTHA JEFFERSON RANDOLPH.

DOLLY PAYNE MADISON.

York with the honors of war. Here Mrs. Washington established what it has been the vulgar taste of many to call her "Court." Her receptions were styled drawing-rooms, as the Queen's are, and they were conducted in a very ceremonious and stately fashion—the wife of the man who had made such sacrifices for his country never relaxing one iota of the forms of regard she felt due from those who appeared before him and his; her own proud and elegant manners gave the tone to those who frequented the house, and it was by no means everybody who had that privilege. Yet it was not personally that she valued these honors. "With respect to myself," she writes, "I sometimes think the arrangement is not quite as it ought to have been; that I, who had much rather be at home, should occupy a place with which a great many younger and gayer women would be extremely pleased."

These drawing-rooms were dismissed at half-past ten: Mrs. Washington was seated, the guests were in full dress; the President assisted in his capacity of a private gentleman. His own receptions were very different and very solemn occasions, on which he never shook hands with any.

Although aristocratic by nature, and despising what she called a democrat, remarking once when Nelly Custis hesitated to tell the name of a caller, "Ah, it was no federalist! None but a filthy democrat would mark a place with his good-for-nothing head in that manner"; yet Mrs. Washington's aristocracy never hindered her benevolence, nor led her to indulge in any display of the toilette; still she was probably fully in accord with that spirit in which the President drove to the Senate in his white chariot, painted with cupids and wreaths, and drawn by six horses, with postillions and drivers in scarlet and white, and mounting the steps paused a moment to gratify the crowd which gazed in silent awe as he stood in his black velvet suit, powdered hair, dress sword, and hat, and which, as he turned to go in, burst into thunders of acclaim.

Mrs. Washington was herself noted for simplicity of dress, frequently wearing a gown of homespun, with lace cap and muslin handkerchief; and at his inauguration, the President wore a suit spun and woven at Mount Vernon. Her domestic life was simple as her dress; there was usually but one servant in waiting, who wore no livery; the first dinner of the President's, after her arrival, at which many distinguished guests were present, consisted of boiled mutton, dessert, and a single glass of wine.

It is to be doubted if Mrs. Washington was a very notable housewife; or else it was the idiosyncrasy of the General, as she always called him at that time, to take much of the business of the house out of her hands; for, on the removal of the seat of government to Philadelphia, it is noticeable that he himself gave all the directions, even to the minutest particulars, of the household management.

It was a happy day for Martha Washington when she took leave of public life and returned with her husband to Mount Vernon. There were but two years of pleasure in store for her. One day her dear husband was well and riding round the farm, the next he was dead and had left her heart-broken. Congress requested of her the right to take his remains and erect a monument over them; she granted it reluctantly, and at the greatest personal sacrifice. To the immortal shame of the country, the monument has never been built. Two years after his death, and having never again crossed the threshold of the room where he died, and where so much of their married life had passed, she herself breathed her last; leaving as descendants only the children of her son, Parke Custis, who had been the adopted child of Washington.

There is an immense difference between the character of Martha Washington and that of her successor, Abigail Adams. To Mrs. Washington her husband feels obliged to write in the only letter to her from him that has been preserved, assuring her when the armies of his country had been put in his command, "in the most solemn manner," as he said, that he has used every endeavor to avoid it, excusing himself for his patriotism throughout the entire letter, and begging that he shall not hear her dissatisfied or complaining at what he really "could not avoid." On the other

LOUISA CATHERINE ADAMS.

ANGELICA VAN BUREN.

hand, Mrs. Adams was able to write to her husband in the Continental Congress, heartening him at the time of the King's proclamation, when the enemy's artillery roared within twenty miles of her and her unprotected children, "This intelligence will make a plain path for you, though a dangerous one." She was an ardent patriot, capable of overlooking her own interests, and of making great personal sacrifices without a murmur in the interests of that liberty

SARAH CHILDRESS POLK.

whose results not every woman of the day was large-minded enough to comprehend, and some of to-day are narrow-minded enough to despise.

Abigail Adams was the daughter and grand-daughter of clergymen; and her marriage, at the age of twenty, with John Adams, who raised her to the proudest height the country knows, was considered not at all a flattering one at the time. She found great happinesss, nevertheless, during the ten years that her husband practiced his profession before he was elected a delegate to Philadelphia and launched upon a sea of daring and of trouble. After her husband's departure, and in all his many and bitter absences, alone, and with a hostile soldiery near her, she managed her farm, took care of her poor, buried her dead, taught her children, and pursued her own studies; for, always of delicate health, she had never been sent to school, although, reading eagerly and according to her tastes, she had perhaps cultivated herself to much more purpose than instructors could have done. Her husband was absent from

JULIA TYLER.

her, save for an occasional visit, for the greater part of four years, after which he was sent to France, a British man-of-war lying in wait for the little vessel that carried him and his eldest boy; and she was left again, with her young family, alone in time of war, surrounded by armed enemies, with narrow means, unable to hear from her husband for many months, and with his parting injunction to cheer her, "In danger fly to the woods." Every wife will know how great was the sacrifice that Abigail Adams daily made in that year and a half.

On Mr. Adams's return, he was almost immediately dispatched again to Europe, this time to negotiate peace, and it was not till six years afterward that she was able to join him; when she spent a quiet year in France before assuming her position as wife of the first American Minister at the Court of St. James. He was very well received there at first by the King and Queen, but afterward some rankling ill-feeling on their part, concerning the loss of the colonies, occasioned her discomfort, and she was eager to return

HARRIET LANE.

home after three years of Court life, although, as it proved, it was only to make her appearance again in public life within a year's time, as the wife of the Vice-President. Her health, however, that had failed under the strain of all these years and experiences, prevented her entering very fully into the festivities, either when at her residence of Richmond Hill or at Philadelphia. At last her husband was chosen to the Presidency; the seat of government was removed to Washington, a mere sketch of a city in a swamp, and Mrs. Adams was the first Lady of the White House.

The White House, a very spacious and elegant one then, and still sufficient for all republican uses, was but half finished when she entered it—the plaster scarcely dry, the paint yet green, the grounds cumbered with building materials; the roads in every direction were mere mud sloughs, and all the outlying world was a wilderness. There was not even an inclosure for drying clothes near the house, and Mrs. Adams had the great, unfinished audience-chamber, now known as the East Room, used for that purpose, and held her drawing-rooms in the room now used as the library of the private family. Mrs. Adams followed the ceremonious fashions of Mrs. Washington; and, although she was but four months in the White House, leaving it on account of the intermittent fever prevailing in that locality, she established the routine of etiquette that has since prevailed there, which, varied frequently by individual fancy, usually returns to much the old custom.

Mrs. Adams's old age was passed in a pleasant retirement, from which she always kept a lively outlook on affairs. She lived to see her son Secretary of State, and, had her life been spared a little longer, she would have seen him inheriting his father's honors as President. She died at the age of seventy-four; and her husband survived her but six years.

Although not beautiful, Mrs. Adams was agreeable and elegant in appearance, and a strong resemblance to her is borne, even by some of her grandchildren in the third degree. She was a great woman—great in intellect, in purpose, in patience, and great in triumph. And as one not too partial said of her, "On the stranding deck, at the gibbet's foot, in any other deadly pass where undaunted moral courage can light up the coming gloom of the valley of the shadow of death, Mrs. Adams would have stood by the side of those she loved, uttering words of encouragement; and in that more desperate pass, where death or overthrow are balanced against dishonor, she would have firmly bade the most loved friend on earth embrace the former like a bride!"

MRS. GRANT'S FIRST RECEPTION.

There has never been another woman to compare with her in the White House, where, however, she was not immediately succeeded by any one; for the beautiful Mrs. Jefferson, the object of her husband's romantic attachment, had been dead nearly a score of years when Mr. Jefferson became President, and there was literally no Lady of the White House during the greater part of his Presidency, as his daughters, Mrs. Randolph and Mrs. Eppes, made but two visits there, and only occasionally did Mrs. Madison officiate in their absence.

The first visit of Mr. Jefferson's daughters to the White House was during their father's first term, while their husbands were members of Congress. Mrs. Eppes, the younger daughter, is said to have been an exceedingly sweet and gracious person, of great beauty. She had died before her sister repeated the visit, passing a second Winter in Washington, during which one of her sons was born—the first child born in the White House. Mrs. Randolph, less beautiful than her sister, was more brilliant, and her father had lavished every care upon her. She was educated in a convent in France, where, on her expressing a wish to remain and lead the life of a *religieuse*, her father appeared and quietly took her home with him, making no reference to the subject, and introducing her at once to the gay world, in which she acquired something of the polished manner that was habitual with her. Shortly after her return to this country, she married her cousin, Mr. Randolph, to whom she bore twelve children, and with whom she lived a serene life of nearly forty years, broken by few incidents other than those common to all in the loss of friends and property—although the latter loss the Legislatures of Louisiana and South Carolina in some measure repaired by a generous appropriation that made comfort and competence secure.

A graceful, sprightly, intelligent, and altogether charming woman, Mrs. Randolph was her father's solace, companion, and delight. It was, doubtless, a loss to the nation that she did not lead its society during the eight years of her father's magistracy; but the demands of her young family, the education of her daughters, conducted entirely by herself, and her love of her husband, whose own not inconsiderable fame has been obscured by that of his great father-in-law, kept her in her pleasant Virginia home; but she was, as the Spanish Minister said of her, fitted to grace any court in Europe. She survived her father some ten years, and is buried by his side at Monticello.

When Mrs. Madison came to the White House as its next mistress, quite another character was added to the circle of stately dames—a genial, generous, bustling, loud-laughing woman, with a big heart in a buxom body. Dolly Coles Payne, brought up in the strict tenets of the Society of Friends, and married at nineteen to Mr. John Todd, a member of the same sect, in less than a year after his death, and at the age of twenty-three, married James Madison, and stepped from poverty and insignificance to wealth and station. In her luxurious home in Virginia she learned how to exercise generous hospitality and benevolence, and an indulgent husband allowed her the means of gratifying most of the fine instincts of a noble nature.

When Mr. Madison was appointed in Mr. Jefferson's Cabinet, he removed with his wife to Washington, and she frequently and kindly played the part of Lady of the White House before it became her own home; and, on her husband's election to the Presidency, his wife's presence in the White House was hailed by the social world as a benefaction, and there probably never was a person more generally loved, if sometimes smiled at by the fastidious or supercilious, within its walls.

With a little more elegance, there would have been nothing to desire in Mrs. Madison. She had a certain amount of tact, infinite good-nature, ready wit, and an unfailing memory of names and faces, which, with her warmth of heart, supplied many elements of popularity, and her reign was a joyous one. She filled the White House with young people, putting all at ease by her own ease, and kept up a round of gayety, relaxing many of the ceremonious observances hitherto in force there, and making some innovations. Very fond of dress, yet never extravagant in it, wearing usually a turban and a gown of simple material, and repairing time's losses with rouge, she was rather a handsome woman, with sparkling eyes, and a tall, although, perhaps, too redundant, figure. She was always a happy woman; and when adversity came she proved herself a most noble one. When the British approached the capital, she was one of the last to leave the city, having lingered to secure certain State papers and other valuable articles of public property, to the sacrifice of her own. She was refused admission at an inn where she requested shelter, with her suite, at the instigation of those already sheltered there—people who had, one and all, shared her hospitality, but now chose to hold her husband responsible for the war and punish her; and, for a short season, she was subjected to great hardship; but after the British had finished their dastardly and disgraceful outrages, she was one of the first to return. At the conclusion of Mr. Madison's term, she retired with him to their mountain home in Virginia, and there was the comfort of his declining years. After his death she returned to Washington, a place she loved, and there spent the last twelve years of her life. Congress had paid her a goodly sum of money as copyright on certain of her husband's papers, and voted her a seat on the floor of the Senate: but she died in poverty, although honored to the last; and while always to be seen with her splendid green shawl, her turban, and her snuff-box, never forgetting her dignity or her great-hearted cordiality.

Mrs. Monroe, as may be imagined, was, again, a person in strong contrast to her predecessor, a very quiet and polished lady, accustomed, when she came to the White House, to the refinement of courts. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Kortright, and she changed it for that of one of the purest public servants that ever lived. Tall and graceful in person, elegant in manner, well-informed and intelligent, she was an ornament to all society, and her life abroad for many years rendered her familiar with all the usages proper to her high place, when her husband added to the long list of his civil offices that of President. Although so often placed, as his wife, in proud and prominent positions, very likely the proudest action Mrs. Monroe herself ever performed, was the part she played in saving the life of Madame Lafayette, who had been condemned to the guillotine, but who was set free the day after Mrs. Monroe's visit to her in prison—the noble lady's jailors scarcely daring to proceed further in the case of one in whom the American minister had showed such interest. Mrs. Monroe spent nearly ten years in Europe, at the courts of France, England, and Spain; and after that she lived in Virginia, contentedly attending to the education of her two daughters, while her husband was governor of that commonwealth. While Mr. Monroe was Secretary of State, his wife made her home in Washington, and there she remained during both terms of his administration.

During that time the East Room, long the play-room of her children, was furnished, in the partially rebuilt White House, and she held her drawing-rooms and gave her dinners with dignity and ease, but maintained the most stately usage, required full-dress, and returned no visits. She died suddenly, about five years after her return to private life, and her husband followed her within the year. Several of her descendants, by the name of Gouverneur, are yet living.

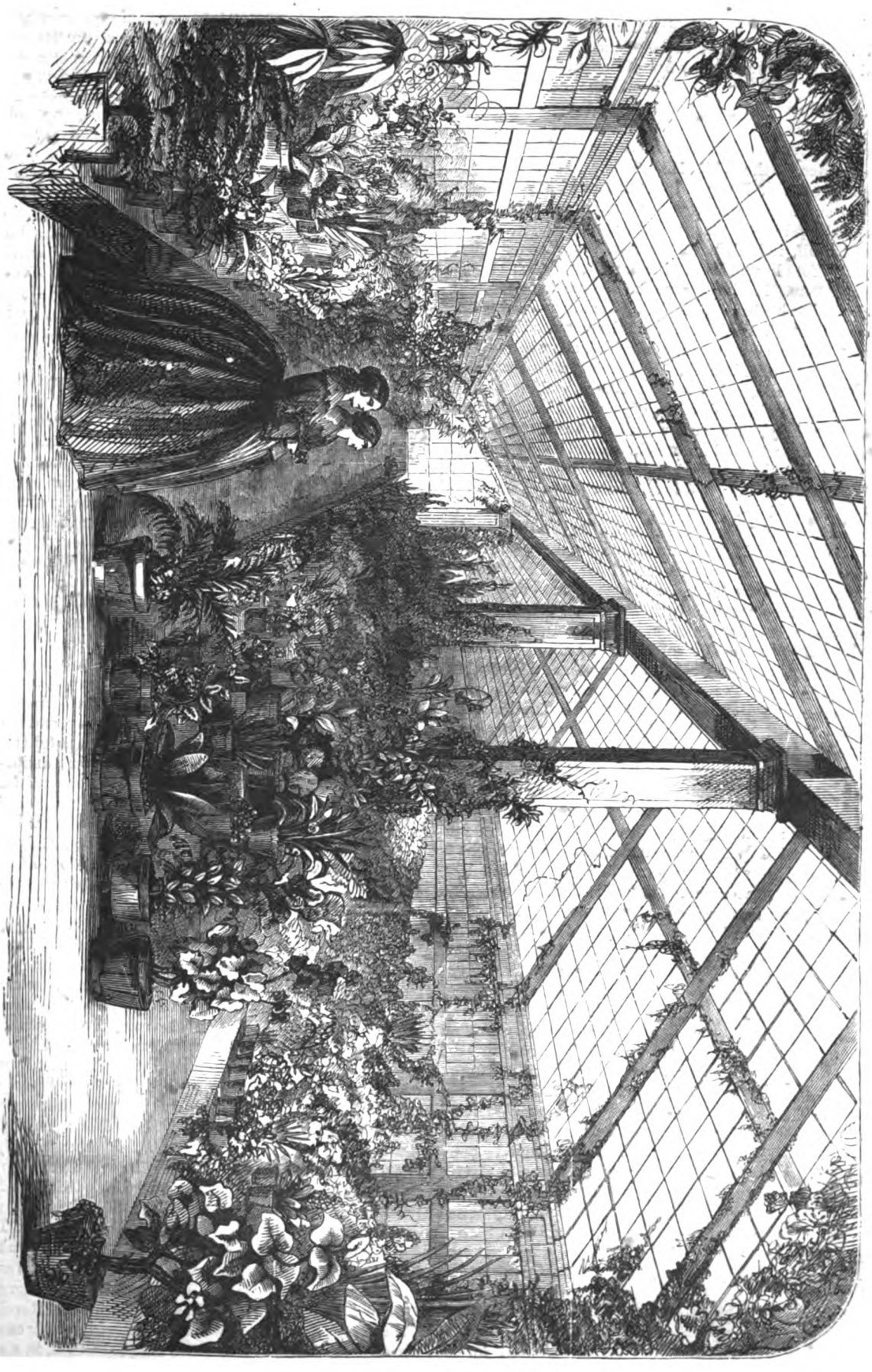
ABIGAIL POWERS FILLMORE.

Mrs. Monroe could have resigned her honors into no hands more fit to receive them than those of Mrs. John Quincy Adams, the last of the women of the Revolutionary era who occupied the White House. Louisa Katharine Johnson, although of American and Southern lineage, was born, educated, and married in London, her marriage taking place at the age of twenty-two; her father, although living abroad, being full of patriotic interests and employments, and gladly giving her to one already so identified with American affairs as John Quincy Adams. Mrs. Adams was highly educated and accomplished, with literary tastes, warm feelings, fine manners, and a sufficient share of beauty. The first portion of her married life was spent at the Court of Berlin; but a few years after their return to America, her husband was accredited Minister to Russia—being our first Minister to Russia, as his father was our first to Great Britain. Mrs. Adams decided to accompany her husband abroad, or perhaps he decided it for her, and she left two of her children at home whom she did not see again for six years, sailing with him and her baby to be absent eight years—the most extraordinary years of modern European history, when Napoleon was achieving his destiny. Much of the excitement of these years passed under Mrs. Adams's eyes, and she was sometimes in the midst of it. Finding it necessary to join her husband in Paris, she left Russia with her servant for sole escort on the perilous journey—now dug out from the mighty snows, now surrounded by rude soldiery, now meeting the great fury and fever of feeling as Napoleon took up his march from Elba through a populace

MARY TODD LINCOLN.

frantic with enthusiasm. She accomplished her journey by the aid of great tact and presence of mind, and was in Paris during the famous Hundred Days. Her husband being recalled to America as Mr. Monroe's Secretary of State, Mrs. Adams returned with him, and made his home for eight years a charming resort for the diplomatic corps and society in general. "For elegance, refinement, taste, purity, talent, beauty, and worth, the fashionable circle that Mrs. Adams drew around her was far superior to that which has appeared at any period since." When it became her turn to occupy the White House, Mrs. Adams's health had begun to fail, and her life there was a quiet one. After she left the White House, her home was in Quincy, Massachusetts, for a short period; but on Mr. Adams's return to political life, she made her home principally in Washington, where her husband served in the lower branch of Congress for several years. After his death she resided again at Quincy, where she died at the age of seventy-seven, having already seen her descendants achieving some measure of their ancestors'

MARTHA PATTERSON.



THE CONSERVATORY AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

eminence. While possessing none of the great powers of mind of her mother-in-law, Louisa Adams was a person far beyond the average woman of her generation; she early received advantages enjoyed by few of her predecessors, and perhaps none of her successors; she was the object of attention and adulation, and carried herself through it all as became a consummate lady.

Representatives of a life and experience entirely opposite took possession of the White House when Mrs. Adams left it—this the result of European education and acquaintance with royal and imperial courts, that coming out of the far West, and shaped by the struggle with the wilderness. Mrs. Jackson herself, indeed, never entered the White House, dying just before her husband's inauguration, done to death by his slanderers. Having procured a divorce from a worthless and faithless husband, Rachel Donelson married General Jackson, ignorant that all the formalities required had not been met; and this circumstance, in which she was entirely innocent, being recited within her hearing, with malicious misstatement, occasioned a sudden illness, ending in her death. Yet the undying devotion of her husband, as ardent nearly a score of years after her death as on his marriage-day, and the respect of all her neighbors and acquaintances, sufficiently attest her worth. She is described as beautiful, sensible, deeply religious, and in the forty years of her marriage, her husband declared he had never heard an unkind word from her lips. Her home, known as the Hermitage, was a handsome residence, surrounded by trees, extensive gardens and lawns, and approached by an avenue of fine cedars. The house was flanked by noble piazzas, with stone floors, and with roofs upheld by fluted pillars wreathed with blooming vines, and the rooms were spacious and elegant, furnished with ancient and handsome articles.

Mrs. Jackson's place in the White House was filled by her nieces, Mrs. Andrew Donelson, and Mrs. Andrew Jackson, Jr., the wife of the general's adopted son, who inherited his estate.

Mrs. Emily Donelson, a native of Tennessee, married at sixteen, having received the best attainable education, and being noted for her loveliness and natural grace, and her superior intellect. She was a slender, symmetrically formed woman, of the middle height, with dark auburn hair, and brown eyes, and exquisite skin, and was said to present a striking resemblance to the pictures of Mary Stuart. Her dress was always perfect, her conversation full of sprightliness and wit, and her public behavior dignified and courteous, winning universal praise in a day that resounded with the clamors of the fiercest political hostility. Her four children were all born in the White House, and their christenings there were made splendid occasions by the President.

ELIZA M'CARDLE JOHNSON.

Mrs. Donelson died of consumption very shortly after leaving Washington. She was greatly assisted in her duties at the White House by Mrs. Andrew Jackson, Jr., a granddaughter of Judge Yorke, of Philadelphia, who always gave her precedence at the White House, although, at the Hermitage, she was herself the mistress, and the comfort of her great father-in-law's last years.

As in Mrs. Donelson's instance, the next Lady of the White House was again the daughter-in law, not the wife, of the President, for Hannah Hoes, the wife of Martin Van Buren, had died nearly twenty years before he was called to the Presidency, after only thirty-five years of a fortunate and perfect life. The honors of the White House were then rendered in the most pleasant fashion by the bride of her son, Angelica Singleton, a young and dark-eyed South Carolinian of distinguished family and connections, and fine education. Serene and sunny years, like those of Mrs. Abram Van Buren, give but slight events to the chronicler, but everything in their course tended to her gratification. In Europe she was received in the kindest and most unceremonious fashion by the royal families both of England and of France, and in America the world was at her feet; for, although she lived in a time of bitterness and acrimony, all poisoned shafts fell powerless before her sweetness and grace. Until the close of Mr. Van Buren's tenure of the White House, the society of Washington had been almost exclusively under Southern influence, and the Ladies of the White House, with the single exception of the first Mrs. Adams, were of Southern origin. With Mrs. Harrison the spell would have been broken, but she was another of the Presidents' wives who never occupied the White House. She was not a young woman at the time of her husband's inauguration, in 1841, having been born in 1775, in New Jersey. Her maiden name was Anna Symmes; she married at twenty, and is said to have had many personal charms, when quite old traces of beauty being still to be seen in the finely chiseled features and dark eyes. Always accustomed to good position, the daughter of one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the Northwestern Territory, and the wife of the Governor of a sovereign State, a successful General, moreover, Mrs. Harrison would doubtless have administered the hospitalities of the White House to perfect satisfaction, if, while preparing to attend her husband, she had not received the dreadful intelligence of his death. In the month of General Harrison's occupancy, the Lady of the White House was Mrs. Jane Harrison, the widow of his son, whose refined and pleasant rule was widely regretted, and who was succeeded in the public life of the place by another daughter-in-law, for Mrs. Letitia Christian Tyler entered the White House only to die there. Mrs. Tyler was a Virginian, the daughter of a gentleman of fortune, a warm personal friend of General Washington's. In her twenty-second year she married Mr. Tyler, and, although an able and accomplished woman, doing, with elegance, the honors of the Governor's mansion, while her husband was Chief Magistrate of Virginia, she lived otherwise a life of almost complete retirement, devoted to the varied duties of her home, which she managed in a wonderful way. She was but once seen offering the hospitalities of the White House, and that on the occasion of her daughter's wedding, when the Cabinet and the Foreign Ministers, and others of distinction, were called upon to admire her dignity, simplicity, and self-possession. The Lady of the White House in the public eye then, and for some time afterward, was Mrs. Tyler's daughter-in-law, the lovely little Mrs. Robert Tyler, who was herself the daughter of the great tragedian, Cooper, and the cousin of Mrs. Percy Bysshe Shelley, while one of her grandfathers had been an American officer in the Revolution. This young lady had been educated with great care, and accustomed always to the best society, she then, in a station so difficult for her years, acquitted herself admirably, as

Mrs. Webster said of her. She appears to have been everything that was charming, vivacious, sensible, tender-hearted, and of extraordinary amiability; she conducted the social affairs of the White House with a gay and hospitable splendor, and her enjoyment of her position seems to have been such, and so innocently and frankly displayed, as to delight everybody. Mr. Tyler's married daughters and his niece occasionally shared with Mrs. Priscilla Tyler the duties of the White House; but after the death of his wife the house was closed, and he lived in seclusion and retirement until the occasion of his second marriage.

Miss Julia Gardiner, the daughter of a wealthy gentleman of New York, had just returned from a European tour with her father, when she met the President, who was struck with her charms. She was a brilliant brunette, and still retains great beauty. It is said to have been at the time of the tragical bursting of the great gun of the frigate *Princeton* that the President, who was with her at the fatal moment, surrendered his heart entirely to the beautiful girl, whose suddenly bereft condition appealed to all. Six months afterward he quietly went over to New York, and the salutes from the vessels in the harbor were the first public intimation of his presence there, as he sailed out of the bay with his young bride. Mrs. Julia Tyler's career in the White House was but eight months in duration, but it was quite a brilliant one. After her retirement to Sherwood Forest, her husband's home in Virginia, she became the representative Southern woman, and was the author of a public letter to the Duchess of Sutherland on the subject of slavery. Since her husband's death she has resided at Staten Island, except for an occasional absence in Washington and elsewhere.

Mrs. Sarah Childress Polk, the next occupant of the White House, as the wife of a man who was member of Congress for many successive sessions, was the Speaker of the House, and subsequently the Governor of his State, knew how to bear herself perfectly in high position. She was born in fortunate circumstances, was educated with the Moravians, and she early became a member of the Presbyterian Church, the strictness of whose religious observances she carried into much of her social life. It was Mrs. Polk who banished from the White House receptions the dancing that had probably crept in there in Mrs. Madison's day—Mrs. Polk acting not so much, though, with regard to her religious views on the matter, as to her fine sense of the decorum of the place and time. She also abolished the habit of offering refreshments at the Presidential receptions. Throughout all the rancors of the political campaigns in which her husband was engaged, Mrs. Polk bore herself with such a calm grace and wisdom as to disarm any criticism. "Madam," said a distinguished Southern gentleman to her at one of her receptions, "there is a woe pronounced against you in the Bible; for it is written there, 'Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you.'"

Mrs. Polk was of commanding appearance, and of a Spanish type of countenance, with jet-black hair and eyes, and rich, olive skin; her dress was always superb, and her presence was regal. Her manners, although stately, were yet quite easy; and, although she kept herself informed on political questions, she seldom obtruded her views.

After Mr. Polk's retirement from the Presidency, and his death, which shortly followed, Mrs. Polk, left the mistress of a valuable property, occupied her beautiful home in Nashville, an imposing residence in the midst of wide grounds and gardens overflowing with the fragrance and color of heliotropes, geraniums, roses, myrtles, and jasmines. Her conduct during the civil war, whatever were her prejudices, was irreproachable, and must have been gratifying to every American of the North or of the South.

Mrs. Polk was succeeded in the White House by yet another Southern woman. Margaret Taylor entered the place reluctantly, as some other woman might enter a prison. She had been looking forward, after long years of turmoil and tossing, to a peaceful declining life with her husband, and she declared that his election to the Presidency was a plot to deprive her of his society and shorten his life.

Mrs. Taylor was born in Maryland, and her maiden name was Smith. She had been reared to consider the domestic accomplishments superior to all others, and she was an adept in the art of making home comfortable. Yet, after her marriage with young Captain Taylor, of the army, she scarcely knew what home was, for, considering that her first duty was to him, she resolutely followed him to his post on the frontier or in the Florida everglades, and largely mitigated all the hardships of his absence from civilization, and of that of those around him.

In this perilous life her children were born; and as soon as they were able to do without her, they were sent away to her relatives for the instruction and care that they could not have while she followed the camp. She not only gave her husband thus almost all the home he ever knew—for he said, in reply to the deputation that informed him of his election, that his house had been the tent, and his home the battlefield—but she was also of great service to the sick and wounded, and by her absolute faith in her husband's powers, served always to increase the ardor of his force.

After a long and almost unparalleled service in the hard work of the army, General Taylor was at last given a quiet post at Baton Rouge, where, for the first time in years, he assembled his family. They made a charming home on the river bank, laid out their garden, established their dairy, and were looking forward at last to a life of delightful companionship, when the Mexican War broke out, and old Rough and Ready was ordered to the front.

Accustomed to the hazardous life the general led, and accustomed also to his victories over his enemies, Mrs. Taylor was not elated by his success in Mexico; and perhaps the most notable event of the war, to her, was the reconciliation of her husband with Colonel Jefferson Davis, who had, years ago, eloped with their eldest daughter, the daughter dying unforgiven, but her father finding himself unable to retain his anger in face of the gallant behavior of Davis at Buena Vista.

At the close of the war the people, in an outburst of gratitude and enthusiasm, elected General Taylor to the Presidency. But Mrs. Taylor, as her husband said, had prayed every night for several months that his opponent might secure the election. With his own elevation went all her bright dreams of tranquillity; and she had been too long unused to any house in the military campaigns to care much about the glory of the White House.

At first Mrs. Taylor established herself in that residence, apparently determined to do no more than superintend her husband's housekeeping, see that he had all his comforts, and still contribute to his well-being, as of old; confining herself to the private apartments, and surrendering to her daughter, Mrs. Major Bliss—Miss Betty, as she was usually styled, who enjoyed the distinction of being the youngest Lady of the White House out of all the number—the supervision and direction of the State ceremonies, dinners, and receptions; and it has always been said that there was never a more charming hostess in the place.

It was a sad and short season to Mrs. Taylor, and all its gloomy forebodings culminated in her husband's sudden death, after the laying of the corner-stone of the yet incomplete monument. Unable to believe the truth, she passed from one fainting fit to another, and she did not survive the old General more than a couple of years. Very different

JULIA DENT GRANT.

had been her hard, tumultuous life, sweetened with its own wild honey, from the lives of such women as Elizabeth Monroe or Louisa Adams; but there was something of the old Roman in it that brought it nearer a republican level and made it very admirable. Mrs. Bliss became a widow herself in a short time; after a while, she married happily again; but her memory as Betty Taylor will always linger sweetly about the White House.

Abigail Powers Fillmore, who succeeded Mrs. Taylor in the White House, led the life which, except for its close, after having known the loftiest position America gives, is that of multitudes of Northern women. The daughter of a clergyman, and her mother early left a widow, she took her education into her own hands, teaching what she already knew during half the year, in order to gain the means to attend a higher school for the other half; and she presently graduated as a successful teacher; and continued that occupation until her twenty-eighth year, when she married Mr. Fillmore, then a struggling young lawyer. She taught for some time after her marriage, kept her house, and did her work; but as her husband grew more prosperous, she relinquished her arduous duties for the direction of her children, and the pleasures of society, and of books, of which she was always an insatiable reader. She had a strong and well-balanced mind, great sweetness of disposition, and much sociability. She was of tall and fine figure, with a fair face and luxuriant, fair curls, about a noble head. She was in every way her husband's help-meet; and her loss, just at the expiration of his term of office, was irreparable.

Being in mourning when she entered the White House, and having been badly lamed, Mrs. Fillmore allowed its duties to devolve as much as possible upon her young daughter, and found the seclusion so pleasant, surrounding herself with friends and music in the library that Congress furnished in the Executive Mansion largely with a view to her pleasure—the oval room which Mrs. Adams found so pleasant—that she presented herself below stairs only when it was unavoidable; although scrupulously going through with the tediousness of receptions and State dinners upon requirement, and making them easy by the simple manners of her own gentle breeding. Her daughter, Miss Mary Abigail Fillmore, just from school, played the part thus assigned her in the White House, with remarkable self-possession and tact. The graduate of a normal school, speaking French, Italian, and German, as well as English, a proficient in drawing, a remarkably accomplished musician, and a modeler in clay, familiar with literature, quick to read character, with a ready wit, an arch manner, fine conversational powers, and a pleasant face, acquainted, besides, with all the etiquette of the place, Miss Fillmore's talents and acquirements qualified her to fill her station quite as well as, if not better than many of those who had preceded her. She died very shortly after her mother, having enjoyed early the triumphs that many women struggle for all their lives.

As Mrs. Fillmore did, Mrs. Pierce entered the White House in mourning, but under an affliction of the most heartrending description. Naturally pensive, the death of her last child wrapped her in a profound melancholy; and one can understand what antipathy she must have felt to all the pageantry and gayety her station called upon her to behold and to assist in, and in all of which she filled her part perfectly, being fitted to it by birth and education. Her own name was Jane Means Appleton; she was the daughter of a clergyman of distinction, who became, in her infancy, the President of Bowdoin College; always surrounded by refining and ennobling influences, she was one of the most cultivated and intellectual women in the country; of a lofty innocence and purity of temperament, and of a deeply and ideally religious nature. She married a man who loved her with a passionate devotion, and whose love was as ardently returned by her; and almost the only blemish on her happiness for years was the death of two of her children.

Mrs. Pierce used all her influence to keep her husband out of public life, thinking that his happiness was thus more fully assured, and knowing that her own was. But when he was at last elected to the Presidency, she made her preparations to accompany him, and to sacrifice much of her own inclinations—not at all an imaginary sacrifice, as all who know anything of the life of public men in Washington

LUCY WEBB HAYES.

GRANDMOTHER'S BIRTHDAY.—FROM THE PAINTING BY RUDOLF EPP.

know that such are the unavoidable demands on their time and thought that the domestic element can make but a slight part of it. Although looking for little pleasure from the splendid years just opening before her, Mrs. Pierce was utterly unprepared for the terrible misfortune that robbed those years of all shadow of happiness, except that which she found in her religion and her husband's love. Two months before her husband's inauguration as President, her only remaining child, a young boy of remarkable promise, was killed before her eyes by a railroad accident; and few were the smiles that any ever saw upon her face again. Yet she performed everything that could be required of the President's wife under any circumstances, receiving at her own and at the President's levees, and presiding invariably at the dinners of State as well as those more private, even when her health, always delicate and at last wretched, made the occasions only ordeal of suffering. Even to those women who are pleased at first with the novelty and glitter of such a position as that of the Lady of the White House, all the wearisome ceremony, the irritation of idle compliment, and the moving panorama of indifferent faces become at last exceedingly irksome, and to Mrs. Pierce it was irksome from the beginning. Yet even if unafflicted, she would have withdrawn from the glare of the public gaze with a nature as shrinking as a violet's.

Mrs. Pierce was a woman of much more than common powers of mind; of superior judgment, in spite of her dreamy and poetic tendencies; and of wide reading and observation. She disliked politics, and when her husband came into her presence it was to find rest, and leave behind him all the storms and excitements of his public life. After leaving the White House, she was taken by her husband on an extended foreign tour, in the hope of regaining her health, spending six months in Madeira in absolute repose; and only those acquainted with her exquisite and impressionable nature could tell what enjoyment she had in the two following years of travel throughout Europe. They did not, however, rebuild a shattered constitution, and she returned to America with the ex-President, where she was surrounded by all the alleviations of wealth and the tenderest observances of love. Her life was prolonged still a few years, when she gradually and quietly sank to her long rest.

There could scarcely be greater contrast than that to be seen between this delicate lady, acquainted with grief and set in shadow, and the young girl who, with bounding health and sparkling spirits, stepped into the White House as she left it. There are few young women in the world, surely few in a republican country, that have enjoyed a tithe of the measure of outward success that for years attended Harriet Lane, the last Lady of the White House under the old *régime*.

A young girl, Pennsylvanian by birth, inheriting an ample fortune, and adopted by her uncle, a wealthy and distinguished Democratic statesman, Miss Lane's advantages were very great. Educated with every care, she was uncommonly accomplished; and dining while at school twice a week at her uncle's table, hearing there the conversation of the most notable men of the country, and afterward reading the newspapers to her uncle and discussing their contents with him, her mind was early shaped to the comprehension of affairs of State, and when she went abroad with her uncle, who was appointed Minister at the Court of St. James, she was an honor to the land of her birth.

Miss Lane was the possessor, also, of an uncommon type of beauty. Tall and commanding, with a perfectly molded shape, with a faultless head, finely poised and crowned with a mass of golden-brown hair, with large, dark-blue eyes, finely molded features, the mouth particularly lovely, and a skin of milk and roses, her beauty and her happiness took all hearts by storm. Her movements were full of a majestic grace, and her high spirits were controlled by dignity. At Court, the Queen took pains personally to pronounce her position the same as that of the wives of the leading ambassadors, and frequently especially honored by the Queen and receiving kindnesses that she was afterward able to acknowledge when the hostess of the Queen's eldest son in the White House, she found herself *fêted* and flattered—cheered even by the Oxford students on the day when her uncle, Mr. Buchanan, and Mr. Tennyson received their degrees. The young girl's career was one of triumph during all her residence in England and her sojourn at Paris and elsewhere on the continent; and she returned to America only to become what is technically and perhaps vulgarly known as the first lady of the land at home.

Miss Lane did not have an easy *rôle* to fill in the White House. The passions of contending parties never ran so high; it was war *à l'outrance* between them long before war was declared—it was her part to receive all and know the grievances of none, and she performed it so that she had the admiring word on every side. But she found her pleasure in it all. Although, like her last two predecessors, she went into the White House in mourning, yet, as soon as she laid her crapes aside, the life there was one long gala day; people danced on the edge of a volcano, with the crust heaving under their feet, although there was no public dancing in the White House itself. Before she left it the flames of civil war had burst forth.

A few years after her retirement, Miss Lane became the wife of Mr. Henry Elliot Johnston, a gentleman of wealth and culture, and took up her residence at Baltimore, reserving Wheatland, of which she became mistress on the death of her uncle, the ex-President, for the Summer home in which she reigns a happy wife and mother.

Mrs. Mary Todd Lincoln, who began her career in the White House, with the Civil War, was of Southern birth and education, and made the acquaintance of her husband while visiting a sister married in Illinois. Here, at the age of twenty-one, she became the wife of Abraham Lincoln, then a young and rising lawyer. Five years after their marriage, Mr. Lincoln was elected to Congress, and began the public life which culminated in his election to the Presidency. Within the week of his inauguration, Mrs. Lincoln held her first reception at the White House, and the impression she made upon all was that of a pleasant, warm-hearted, cheerful woman, who would be satisfactory in her place. If, after a while, much of this impression was dissipated, it was, perhaps, without good reason; for it was in a period when all eyes were turned with such microscopic scrutiny upon public people, that what might have been passed over in other lives as mere foibles, or not observed at all, now became exaggerated into affairs of moment. Mrs. Lincoln held the White House in the most eventful of all the periods of American history since there has been a White House, and whether her manners and behavior there were always satisfactory or not, she was certainly noted for great and tender care extended by her to the sick soldiery in the city. She was undoubtedly the object of much slander during her life in the White House, for only a portion of her husband's enemies were in arms. But it is possible that all the strange incidents of those terrible years, in which her own family was in the South, and her own hopes in the North; in which the country was dismembered and hung in the dreadful balance of war, and suspense and uncertainty fevered every heart; in which her husband, as well as herself, was pursued by all the darts of slander; in which her darling child was taken from her by death, and in which she saw her husband murdered by her side—her sudden elevation, her as sudden

downfall, would have affected a stronger mind than hers; and it becomes the country that accepted the sacrifice of her husband's life to look charitably upon his widow. It was, perhaps, in that view that Congress, on her petition, granted Mrs. Lincoln a handsome pension; and on that, and her otherwise handsome income, Mrs. Lincoln has lived in comfort since issuing from the asylum for the insane.

In complete contrast with Mrs. Lincoln, was Mrs. Johnson, the next occupant of the White House, a woman to whom all other women owe acknowledgment they seldom rendered—for the fact of her life and her work is a glory to all times, since it was her noble devotion, faith, and patience, that made an humble tailor's apprentice President of the United States. Eliza McCardle, in her eighteenth year, was married to the young apprentice when he was not yet twenty-one. Full of ambition to rise to a loftier life, he had painfully taught himself to read in his workshop, but it was his wife who taught him to write, to whom he recited his lessons, and who pursued his studies with him evening after evening, until his learning had at last outstripped her own. It was that faith of hers which gave the man faith in himself, that patience which kept his own patience alive, and that devotion which always took from him all the cares of home that he might be free for his outward life—and he was always proud to recognize them all.

Mrs. Johnson's life, after the first few years, although still one of some hardship, was one of constant gratification in the continuous elevation of her husband; but long before he had reached the Vice-Presidency, she had become a confirmed invalid. It was a bitter season that Mrs. Johnson and her family passed in that remote quarter of Tennessee, and during her husband's absence after the opening of the War, and quite sufficient to have ruined health more robust than hers; ordered on one day by the Confederate authorities to leave the State, only to find the order countermanded on the next day; tossed from post to pillar, without food, without shelter, passing and repassing the lines at the risk of her own life, and among ruffians clamoring for the blood of her sons, till at last, worn out, she reached her husband's side, and was afterward unable to leave her room for months.

After Mrs. Johnson entered the White House, her health made it absolutely impossible for her to perform its duties; she was seen down-stairs but once, and that on the occasion of a party given by the children of the White House to other children; when her appearance was that of a sweet and aged saint. All entertainment, as well as household care, then, devolved upon her daughters, Mrs. Martha Patterson, the wife of a Senator from Tennessee, and Mrs. Stover, the widow of one of the heroes of the war. It was a great undertaking, merely to set the building in order, for it was in a fearful condition; the sovereign people had made free use of it during the period of confusion following Mr. Lincoln's death; soldiers had patrolled the East Room, guards had slept upon the silken sofas, filthy here and plundered there, carpets and curtains were ruined, furniture stolen and demolished.

With an exceedingly slender appropriation of money, made for the purpose by Congress, Mrs. Patterson, by dint of real labor and personal superintendence of every detail, reduced this chaos to order; and neatness, delicacy, and grace were everywhere suggested by the appearance of the White House while she administered its hospitalities.

Mrs. Patterson was certainly a remarkable woman, keeping not only her father's house, but caring for her own family, and attending to the duties of State, with most of which duties she became familiar when, years before, a guest in the White House with Mrs. Polk, performing them now quietly, modestly, and with a perfect dignity. She was a person of very pleasing appearance, with dark hair and eyes, fine features, and a delightful smile; and she had, moreover, a warmth of manner that was very agreeable to those of the great public who, on first entering the house, were subject to any sensations of *gaucherie* and awe.

Mrs. Stover was a fair-faced, fair-haired woman, with sculptured outlines, and a manner of most complete repose. They were never gay; they had passed through much too dreadful experiences; but they were cheerful and cordial, and their behavior, during the impeachment trial of their father, was simply perfect. But they were glad at last to leave their uncongenial duties and seek their old mountain home. There the good President and his wife now sleep together their last sleep. Mrs. Stover, marrying again, has there found a new home and fresh interests.

The White House was splendidly refurnished, and equipped and ornamented as it had never been before, when Mrs. Grant removed her household goods there, and came into it the proud wife of the man whom the sovereign people delighted to honor; and no one has ever said that the adulation showered on the President and his family has ever affected his wife unwisely. There was nothing too good to give her husband when he came into the Presidency; there has been nothing too bad to say of him since; she maintained her equanimity under it all, and preserved through all the years of her power her simplicity and kind consideration for others. Fond of splendor and beauty and pleasure, the White House was the scene of unceasing gayety and festivity from the time she opened its doors, and wealth and magnificence have made it their headquarters.

Mrs. Grant was Miss Julia Dent before her marriage with the young officer who became Commander-in-Chief, and her family were people of weight in their own community. She was well educated, her manners are those of a finished lady, and as a wife and mother she is faultless. Her only daughter, a charming young girl, with some degree of beauty, and a smile that endeared her to all hearts as she passed on her gay way, has been married to the heir of a fine English property.

During Mrs. Grant's life in the White House, one of her sons brought home his bride there, and her second son made even his father's contemners his friends by his manly and noble bearing—the good fortune of the last sixteen years must have amply paid the fond and proud wife and mother for any troubles of those that went before.

Mrs. Grant has seen Washington change from a muddy barrack to a city of palaces; she has herself done everything in her power to make it a pleasant place of abode; and she left the White House, followed by the kind wishes of all.

Mrs. Lucy Webb Hayes, who, for the next four years will dispense the hospitalities of the White House, and receive the homage due to the first lady of the Republic, is a daughter of Dr. James Webb, of Chillicothe, Ohio, and granddaughter of Lieut.-Colonel Cook, of the Revolutionary Army. She was born and reared in Chillicothe, married Rutherford B. Hayes, then a rising young lawyer of Cincinnati, in 1852, and is the happy mother of five children—four boys and a girl. Mrs. Hayes has always taken a very active part in promoting local charities, and was especially noted for her devotion to the wounded soldiers of the civil war, in which her husband bore so distinguished a part. During her husband's three terms as Governor of Ohio, Mrs. Hayes has acquired familiarity with the social ceremonials of official station, and her beauty, culture, and refinement make her a fitting successor to the illustrious women who have filled the exalted position to which she has been called.

At present she completes the list of the women who have stood beside the Chief Magistrates of the land, nobly and fitly enough to show to what heights free institutions lead women as well as men.

A RIPPING AFFAIR.

It happened near Ahmedabad, in Guzerat. A large party of us went out one day to beat the Kutwarra jungle, a strip about a mile long, lying along the edge of a small river. On the opposite side an open plain extends for a distance of a couple of miles or more; and at about that distance several bheers of high grass and strips of jungle afforded good cover, and for these the pigs usually make when they break across the river. Our usual plan was to separate into two bodies, each taking up a position under trees situated about a couple of hundred yards out in the plain, and near either end of the jungle.

A fine boar, with a capital pair of tusks, made his appearance on the further bank of the river. After a slight hesitation, he took to the water, and soon afterward reappeared on our side, and went away at a lazy gallop. It was evident that he was suspicious, though he had not seen us. At last the word was given to ride. Away we went in a cluster at a sharp gallop, but not putting our horses along at full speed till we closed near to the boar. He did not observe us till we were pretty close. He then made a few quick, rapid strides, and shot ahead; but, distrustful of the length of plain in front, swerved to the right, came quite round, and made backward tracks for the jungle he had just quitted.

Another fellow and myself were racing together as this manœuvre was effected. It was just a toss-up whether we could pick him up before he could reach the cover. The jungle was so close, that nothing but the hardest pressing would enable us to turn or stop him before the river was reached. It was a regular set-to between my companion and myself, each doing all he knew to obtain the lead, when lo! horror of horrors! my attention was diverted from my quarry by the appearance, almost in his front, of the other party of horsemen. They were riding at an easy pace, with the object of intercepting the boar. We sung out to them to clear the way, but they took no notice.

The pig, however, was soon forced to diverge from his line, and as I followed, they were brought on my left front, and now made play with fresh horses. I would not budge an inch as we came together at an angle, and a collision was only just avoided with the leading horseman. In another second, however, he shot past and ran straight up to the boar, spearing it without a turn. The boar at once came round, and met me as I galloped up. I drove my spear well in, and at the same moment my active young horse rose and flew clean over the pig. I was unable to withdraw the spear, which was left standing in his body. For a moment I thought there must be a crash, but in the next we were sailing away beyond, and I soon brought my nag round.

The second of the other party now urged his horse at a slow pace toward the boar, who was standing at bay with champing tusks. As is often the case when a charging pig is approached too slowly, the old hunter which the man was riding swerved when close on to the boar, and just as his rider had leant forward out of the saddle to spear it, he fell, overbalanced, directly in front of the beast.

As I wheeled, H—— was on the ground, struggling on his knees to scramble away, and, with a natural impulse, using his fists in self-defense. He hit out freely, but that could not prevent the stroke of the terrible tusk.

Before the nearest horseman could come to the rescue, the boar had been diligently digging away at the body of his prostrate adversary. Once, too, it seized him in its mouth by the shoulders, but eventually had its attention diverted by a hearty prod from B——, and poor H—— was enabled to recover his legs, and get away. A young brother of my own then came up, with several others, and shortly the boar was so full of spears, either whole or broken, that it was difficult to approach him. He had been fighting so vigorously, and it was altogether such a scrimmaging affair, that no death-wound had yet been dealt. Some of the men with second spears now came up near, and at last the gallant boar was gathered to his fathers.

H——'s wounds were not so serious as they might have been. The whole length of the tusk had been buried in a fleshy portion of the body, and the bite in the shoulder was serious.

A RIPPING AFFAIR.—"H—— WAS ON THE GROUND, STRUGGLING ON HIS KNEES TO SCRAMBLE AWAY."

WHICH WINS.—"WITH A SUPERB GESTURE OF DISDAIN THYRA POINTED TO THE DOOR, UTTERING THE ONE WORD, 'GO!'"

WHICH WINS?

"I TELL you, Delmar, it will be as I say. The Viennese Thyra will marry the rich Spaniard, and the Polish Nadine will accept the charming villa at Vichy, and the two hundred thousand francs which the old marquis offers to settle upon her."

"We shall see. It is evident that they are rivals, and cordially hate one another, for it is a race between the two beauties to see which will make the best match. Thyra is the handsomest, without doubt; but Nadine is by far the most bewitching and the most dangerous. I'll wager you any amount you like that she will win."

"Done! I say the blonde Viennese will distance the brunette Pole in spite of her *finesse*, for beauty carries the day in nine cases out of ten. By-the-way, have you any faith in the stories which begin to be whispered about the Spaniard?"

"No. He roused the ill-will of St. Maur at play, and the latter revenges himself by hinting that the count is an adventurer. He may be, for all I know or care, but the fair Thyra had better make her game without delay if she wishes to become a countess."

"It would be friendly to give her a hint of these reports," said Alhany, the young Englishman, to his friend."

"Quite unnecessary. These gay butterflies know how to take care of their own interests with a worldly wisdom which amazes me. Thyra hears all the gossip, for her dear friends would not neglect to tell her anything detrimental to her lover. Say nothing, but stand aside and watch the play; it is almost as interesting as roulette."

"If this Thyra had more life, she would be altogether divine, but one cannot fall in love with a statue, however handsome. I should like to see her roused, if it were possible."

"Wait a little, and you will have your wish, if I am not mistaken. Nadine has the temper of a little demon, and will not be outdone without a spirited battle. She will rouse your statue for you if she finds her in the way. Let us go and take an observation of the pretty creatures." And taking his friend's arm, Delmar strolled away.

The persons of whom the young men spoke were two of the five charming girls who had exchanged their humble homes for the position of waiters upon the guests at the great "Restauration de Dreher," at the Exposition. Three of these girls had already found, not only admirers, but husbands, men of wealth and standing. The fair Hungarian had gained the heart of a gentleman from the Faubourg St. Germain, and had just started on her wedding tour. The pretty Tyrolese married an American nabob, and the stately Belgian had returned to her native city the wife of a rich merchant. But, strange as it seemed, the two loveliest of the five still remained unwon, for, spoilt by adulation, they had grown ambitious, and rejected with scorn offers which their companions accepted gratefully. The spirit of rivalry possessed them, and each was so fearful that the other would outstrip her in the race, that both hesitated long in deciding to which of their many suitors they should give the preference. The spirit which animated these charming girls was not without its effect upon their admirers, who, while they laughed at the ladies' little wiles, caprices and spites, yet watched one another sharply, and contended for the prizes more from emulation than love.

As Delmar, the Frenchman, had said, Thyra was the handsomest; being a stately blonde with magnificent hair, sleepy blue eyes, and the figure of a Juno. She was neither very witty nor wise, but her slow smile was pronounced "divine." The movements of her white arms rendered speech unnecessary, and she had sufficient sense to make the most of her charms, and hold her own against the dashing Pole.

Nadine was a brilliant brunette, with eyes like diamonds, vivid red lips, a slender figure, and a foot that won her more compliments than her witty tongue. She possessed that natural grace which is often more attractive than beauty, and a face so arch, piquant, and bewitching, that few could resist its charm. In her national costume, smiling or frowning with capricious coquetry as she tripped to and fro, affecting to be absorbed in her duties, and quite unconscious of the admiring glances which followed the little scarlet boots and vivacious face under the blue and silver cap, she was one of the most striking figures in the great *café*.

As the two young men passed on, a slight female figure, wrapped in a large mantle, slipped out of the flowery recess behind them, and vanished with a stifled laugh into another path.

The *café* was comparatively quiet just then, for all the world was at the Palace of Industry, at the grand distribution of prizes by the Emperor. Thyra was reposing after her fatigues, and permitting several of her admirers to amuse her; for she already assumed the airs of a *grande dame*. Not far off, Nadine was tormenting the old marquis by affecting sudden coldness and disdain.

"Ah, mademoiselle, if you knew the secret I have just learned, you would vouchsafe me a smile," murmured the enamored gentleman, putting down his glass with a sigh.

A careless shrug was all the reply he got for this artful remark.

"Heart of ice! She no longer cares if that big Viennese eclipses her; she yields the palm to the lazy one, and owns herself defeated. I fancied my beautiful Nadine possessed too much pride and spirit for that. Her courage made her beauty all-powerful, but, vanquished, she will no longer charm."

"Will monsieur take another bottle?" coolly inquired the girl, with a demure air, as the old gentleman made a feint of rising.

"If mademoiselle will share it with me, for truly I need some consolation," he returned, reseating himself.

Filling a couple of glasses, Nadine fixed her brilliant eyes on him, and answered with a significant smile and a gesture full of coquetry:

"I drink to the winner."

"My faith, you do not retreat, then?" cried the marquis, tossing off his champagne with enthusiasm.

"Never!" replied Nadine, clinching her rosy hand, with a flash of the black eyes that caused the marquis to exult in the success of his words.

"See, then, my angel, the matter is easy; for, armed with my lit'le secret, you may annoy, perhaps defeat, the amiable plots of the blondine yonder."

"What, is this so important a secret? Tell it, and leave me in peace!" exclaimed Nadine, petulantly.

"It has its price," began the marquis.

"*Chut!* then I will not hear it."

"Little miser! I only ask one kiss of that dimpled hand, one smile of those lips, one friendly glance from the eyes that make my day or night."

"Is it about Thyra?" asked the girl, laughing at the sentimental tone of her ancient lover.

"Yes. And she will be ready to annihilate me when she knows that I have betrayed her."

"How did you discover it?"

"By accident. I felt that she hated thee. I suspected some mystery. I watched, and a judiciously bestowed napoleon gave me the secret in time to prevent thy downfall at the *bal-masqué*, which I hope to give thee soon."

"Tell me—tell me at once!" cried Nadine, eagerly, for his hints alarmed her.

"You agree, then, to the little bargain?"

"Yes, yes, anything; but first the secret," replied the girl, folding her arms, and placing herself beyond his reach.

"Know, then, that Thyra intends to outshine thee in a dress of great magnificence. She affects to confide in thee, to ask thy advice and admire thy taste; but it is merely to learn thy plans and blind thee to her own."

"She is not going in the costume of La Belle Hélène, then?" asked Nadine, knitting her brows with a menacing frown.

"No; she will appear as a marquise of the time of the *grande monarque*."

"Ah, the traitress! she knows that you will wear a dress of that period, and she insults me by assuming one like it. Good! Two can play at that little game, and, thanks to you, I shall *not* be eclipsed by that false creature." And Nadine's *méchante* face brightened with malicious merriment.

"I have done well, then, and earned my reward?" murmured the marquis.

"Yes, receive it," was her smiling reply, as she surrendered her hand to him. "Hold, it is enough; tell me more, foolish man, and help me to defeat my enemy," she added, the next minute withdrawing it, red with the ardent pressure he had given it.

"Here is the name of the *modiste* who will prepare the costume; I discovered and preserved it for thee. Order what thou wilt, my little angel, in my name, and outshine this Thyra, or I never will forgive thee."

Nadine's eyes sparkled as they rested on her unconscious rival, and her quick wit suggested a way to return treachery for treachery; but she sighed a quick sigh as the marquis made his offer, for she knew what it meant. She did not love him, but his admiration exalted her in the eyes of others; his lavish gifts enhanced her beauty, his assistance would enable her to defeat Thyra's malice, his protection would lift her above want at once, and his name would ennoble her forever, *if* she could win it. He had never offered it as yet, but as she recalled the words and wager of Alhany and Delmar she resolved to delay no longer, but "make her game" at once, and throw out her rivals afterward. As these thoughts passed through her mind, her vivacious face grew grave and pale, and another heavy sigh escaped her.

"My child, what afflicts you?" cried the marquis, alarmed at the sudden change. "Does my offer offend?"

"No, I thank you; yet I do not accept," returned Nadine, with well-feigned regret.

"And why? What means this sudden coldness? Does not Thyra receive the count's gifts freely?"

"She may, for he loves her."

"Great heavens! and do not I adore thee?"

"Not as he adores Thyra."

"Prove it!" cried the marquis, hotly.

"He gives her all she asks," began the girl, pensively.

"Will I not joyfully give thee anything in the world?"

"I think not."

"Try me!"

But Nadine turned timid all at once, dropped her eyes, blushed, and smiled as she picked his bouquet to pieces with the most captivating little air of embarrassment imaginable.

"Nadine, what will the count give Thyra that I will not give thee?" asked the marquis, tenderly.

"His hand and name," answered the girl, with her softest glance.

"Ah, the devil!" cried her lover, drawing back with a start. "Has he already done this?" he asked, anxiously, after a pause.

"Yes." And Nadine told the lie without hesitation, for on it depended her own fate.

"Then, by all the saints, I will not be outdone by him!" exclaimed the marquis, with the reckless ardor of a young man. "Wilt thou come to Vichy as my wife, Nadine?" he said, slowly, but with the air of one who had decided.

Then, turning her lovely face, radiant with smiles, upon him, she whispered softly, as she put her hand in his, caressingly:

"I will make thee very happy there, Gustave."

* * * * * * *

A week later, on the morning of the day which was to end in the *bal-masqué* given by the gallant old gentleman in honor of the fair friends, the two girls met in the room set apart for them at the *café*. Both wore an expression of repressed excitement, and both looked unusually gay and blooming. Thyra was remarkably animated, and Nadine's face shone with some secret satisfaction which she could not conceal.

"You are late, my friend," graciously observed Thyra, smoothing her blonde tresses with a plump, white hand.

"I come at my pleasure. They value me too much to complain," replied Nadine, adjusting her dress with the coquettish care of a pretty woman.

"My poor child, you presume upon your charms, but I warn you it is unwise; for these people soon tire of us, and then it fares ill with us unless we have provided for ourselves," said Thyra, in a superior tone.

"Thanks for the advice. I do not trouble myself about the future. I am as yet too young to fear neglect," replied Nadine, with significant emphasis on the word *young*, for her rival was three years her senior—a fact of which she never neglected to remind her.

"Bah! you are too vain, but I pardon it, and when I am madame la comtesse I will not forget you, little one."

Nadine laughed at the superb air of patronage assumed by her friend, and retorted, blandly:

"You will then visit me at Vichy? How kind, how condescending."

"You forget that it will be impossible for one of my rank to visit you there. I say nothing of the arrangement, but it will not be *en règle* for me to visit you," said Thyra, with exasperating politeness.

Still Nadine laughed, and slowly pulled off her gloves, as she replied:

"Ah, I had forgotten that a comtesse with a newly-bought title may not, with propriety, visit the wife of a marquis allied to some of the noblest families in France."

"The wife!" echoed Thyra, with a sneer. "You flatter yourself, then, that this old man will marry you? What folly!"

"It may be folly to mate my youth with his age, but he is fond and generous, and will soon leave me free to enjoy all that he so gladly lavishes upon me."

"A hundred thousand francs, and dishonor. *Mon Dieu*, I do not envy you," cried Thyra, scornfully.

"He will leave me his whole fortune, his rank, and his name; I ask no more."

Thyra laughed shrilly, for something in her rival's imperturbable air annoyed her more than her words.

"When I see proofs of the truth of this absurd story, I will believe it."

"See and believe, then;" and Nadine lifted her newly-ungloved left hand with a gesture of triumph, for on the third slender finger shone a wedding-ring, guarded by a magnificent diamond *solitaire*.

"Married!" cried Thyra, turning pale with envy and chagrin.

"Married, mademoiselle; but I do not ask your compliments yet, for the fact is not to be made known till this evening. It was my whim to serve here one day longer, a marquise in disguise, and Gustave permits me to have my own way in all things."

There was both gall and wormwood in this speech, for it reminded the hearer that her mock marquise would be entirely eclipsed by the real one, and that her count would *not* permit her to have her own way if she married him, as he was both jealous and tyrannical. For a moment she was speechless with anger and mortification, but she recovered herself with an effort, and forcing a smile, swept a stately courtesy, saying, in a tone of ironical deference:

"I congratulate you, madame, upon your success, and wish you a speedy release from monsieur le marquis."

"Thanks, mademoiselle; I heartily return the compliment, for if you *should* marry the count, I fear you will never live to enjoy your freedom after his death. *Au revoir*, then; we shall meet this evening. I trust your costume is prepared?"

"Quite; and yours?"

"It is ready;" and Nadine tripped away with a wicked smile on her lips, leaving her rival to console herself with thoughts of the evening triumph she hoped to win.

So anxious was Thyra to vent her pique, that she arrived at the hotel of the marquis before Nadine, thus losing the satisfaction of making her *entrée* in the presence of her rival. Her costume was charming, for the antique blue and silver brocade set off her fine figure, and the powder in her hair enhanced the bloom of her dazzling complexion. Compliments were profuse, and her spirits rose, for the count was more devoted than ever, and nearer to uttering the long-desired words, she thought.

Just when every one was wondering at her absence, Nadine appeared, and one glance at her assured Thyra that her own reign was over, for the tables had been turned with a vengeance. Nadine wore the costume of a Spanish lady of rank, and wore it with a grace which made it doubly effective. Composed of scarlet, black, and gold, the costume was wonderfully becoming, for the rich lace mantilla draped, without concealing, the little figure and lovely face; the little feet were ravishing in slippers which few beside a true Spaniard could have worn, and diamonds as brilliant as her eyes flashed in her dark hair, and shone on wrist and bosom, convincing Thyra beyond a doubt that the infatuated marquis *had* given her a right to his name and fortune. But, as the charming Spaniard passed with graceful bows, witty words, and laughing repartees, a general smile appeared on the admiring faces of her friends; for the audacious creature had dressed the little mulatto girl who bore her train, in the same blue and silver brocade, upon which Thyra so prided herself. The point of the joke flashed upon the company at a glance, and they enjoyed it with the zest of Frenchmen.

All eyes followed the rival queens as they met, and all ears were alert to catch the first words which should open the battle. A sudden flush had burned deep on Thyra's fair face, as she saw and understood the insult which Nadine had devised with feminine skill, in return for her own false dealing. But for pride, she could have burst into wrathful tears or vehement reproaches, so intense was her indignation and disgust. The thought of her rival's gratification, in such an open confession of defeat, conquered the first impulse, and gave her courage to control her voice, face, and manner,

as the beautiful Spaniard paused before her, saying, with a smile that exasperated her almost past endurance:

"Good-evening, mademoiselle; you, too, have changed your mind regarding your costume. Such caprices are natural, and you are charming in anything. Had I known your plan, I could have loaned you a magnificent suit, which Gustave's ancestress, a venerable marquise, once wore!"

"You are truly amiable, but I am well pleased with the silk which her majesty has approved. Are the fetters the lighter for being made of diamonds?" replied Thyra, roused to an unusual degree by the imminence of her peril.

"Infinitely lighter, *ma amie;* the count finds them so attractive on another that he *may* be persuaded to offer similar ones for your acceptance."

The last words were spoken in German, which language the count did not understand. He had followed Nadine with admiring eyes from the moment she entered, and had just offered his arm with a flowery compliment to his "fair country-woman." Thyra set her teeth as Nadine accepted the honor before her face and sailed away, using her fine eyes and glittering face with the grace and effect of a born Spaniard, while the bedizened little mulatto smirked behind her, taking an elfish delight in her own temporary importance, and the success of the plot.

"Behold your wish accomplished; the statue is awake, and the little demon has roused her, as I foretold," whispered Delmar to Alhany, as he nodded toward the deserted one, to whom excitement had given the only charm her beauty lacked.

"She is magnificent. Go and comfort her till I send the count to complete the cure. He cannot fail to surrender if he sees her now. I began to tremble for my money five minutes ago, but I am sure Thyra will win in spite of Nadine's bold stroke."

The good-natured Englishman executed his manœuvre successfully, and devoted himself to Nadine, while the count returned to his allegiance, and soon verified Alhany's prediction, by surrendering heart, hand and fortune to the animated statue.

THE AMAZONS OF DAHOMEY.— SEE PAGE 406.

It was a gay and brilliant little ball, such as the pleasure-loving old marquis well knew how to give, and all went smoothly till after supper. Nadine was standing near her husband when a servant handed her a note. Unaccustomed to the etiquette of her new station, she opened and read it without apology. A strange expression passed over her face as the few words it contained met her eyes, and for a moment she seemed about to tear it up. At that instant Alhany's laugh reached her, reminded her of the wager, and banished her hesitation like a spell. Turning to the marquis, she showed the note, whispering in a commanding tone, yet with a caressing touch on his arm: "It is true, but I am to manage the affair, so be silent, my brave old lion, for I will not have you endanger yourself by exciting his anger."

Appeased by the compliment, the marquis submitted, though he assumed his haughtiest mien as the count was seen approaching, with Thyra on his arm, looking more beautiful than ever.

"Good! He has spoken at last, and she is coming to tell me. I know it by the proud air she assumes. Poor thing, I pity her, but my rank demands that I should resent the insult of this man's presence. Restrain yourself, Gustave; a word will finish the affair."

As she spoke of her rank, Nadine laughed so blithely that those near turned to see the cause of her merriment, and both Thyra and the count smiled involuntarily as they paused before her.

"Thanks for the good omen you gave us, madame, for we come to ask your congratulations on a union which we trust may prove as happy as your own," began the count, with a courtly air which sat somewhat awkwardly upon him.

In an instant such a sudden change came over Nadine that it startled the observers. The brilliant, mobile face seemed to freeze into a mask, expressive of nothing but the most withering contempt; the smile vanished, the dark brows lowered, the lips curled, and the *pose* of the whole figure added significance to the haughty gesture with which she drew her trailing laces about her, as if there was contamination in the touch of those who stood before her. Entirely ignoring the count, she fixed her eyes on Thyra

with a look which chilled her heart, and said, slowly but distinctly: "Mademoiselle, you told me this morning that your rank would forbid your visiting me at Vichy; permit me to tell you that *my* rank will render it impossible for me to receive you there, or elsewhere."

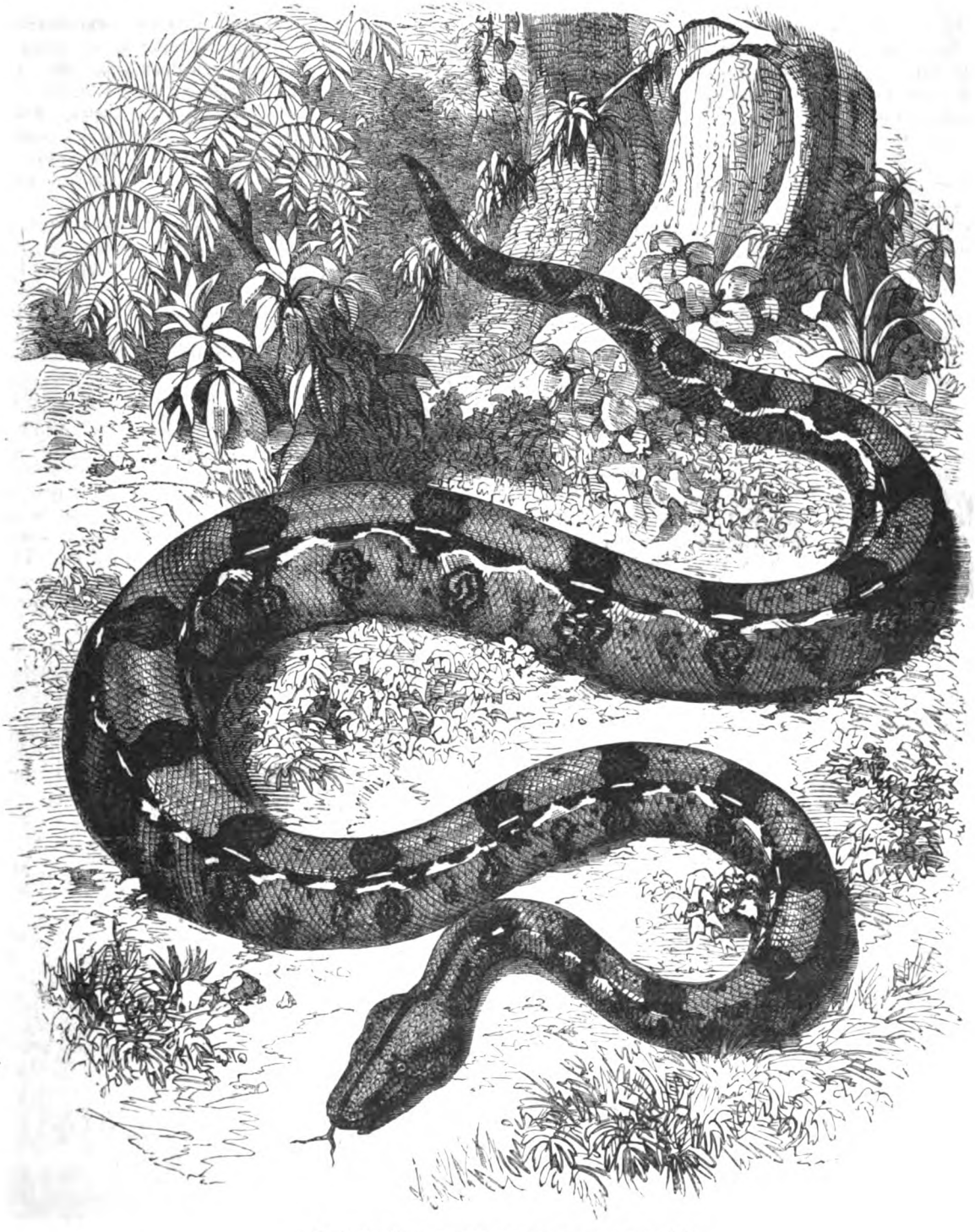
"I do not comprehend you, madame," stammered Thyra, feeling that some heavier stroke than any she had yet received was in store for her.

"This note, from one in authority, will convince you that the Marquise de la Faille cannot associate with the *fiancée* of a—convict!"

As the last word dropped from the girl's lips, the count wheeled sharply round on the marquis, saying between his teeth:

"Monsieur, I look to you to answer this insult."

"Pardon; I can only fight with gentlemen," replied the old man, with all the tranquil hauteur of a patrician.



A GIGANTIC SOUTH AMERICAN SERPENT.—SEE PAGE 407.

Pale to the lips with passion, the count lifted his hand to strike; but, before the blow could fall, Thyra caught his arm and confronted him with a face of such despair that shame quenched wrath, and a guilty fear banished the courage of desperation.

"Is it true?" she said, in a tone that pierced all hearts, as she held the note before him, demanding a reply by the eloquence of her eager eyes and grief-stricken mien.

"It is a lie, and I will prove it so!" he answered, defiantly; but as the words passed his lips, his bold eyes fell before her own, a traitorous flush dyed his swarthy cheek, and an involuntary gesture of the left shoulder betrayed that he had felt the fiery torture of the convict's brand.

With a superb gesture of disdain Thyra pointed to the door, uttering the one word, "Go!" with a tragic force that would have made her fortune on the stage; and, as if overwhelmed by her scorn, the *ci-devant* count rushed from the room in guilty silence. For an instant no one spoke; then, turning to Nadine, Thyra added, in a tone full of ominous suggestion:

"For this last kindness rest assured, madame, I shall not long remain your debtor. Since I have ceased to be worthy the honor of your friendship, I will at once relieve you of my presence." And with a grand obeisance, full of mock deference, the vanquished queen sailed royally away, leaving the victor but half satisfied at her success.

While waiting for a servant to call her carriage, Thyra paced to and fro along the balcony on which the ante-room opened, trying to assuage the bitterness of her emotions. This balcony ran round the entire wing of the hotel, and, led by an uncontrollable impulse to learn the sentiments of those whom she had quitted, Thyra glided from one open window to another, hearing and seeing enough to nearly madden her. Some laughed and jested at her disappointment, a few pitied, and many condemned her; but nearly all applauded Nadine's success, and admired the skill and courage with which she had won the marquis and defeated the count. Coming at length to a window half shrouded in flowers, Thyra saw her rival gayly talking with Alhany and Delmar. To the wild eyes steadily watching her she had never looked so lovely, and as she listened to the words that followed, Thyra muttered, fiercely:

"I could kill her!"

"But how, in heaven's name, did you discover the man's secret?" asked Alhany, rather brusquely, for he had lost his wager.

"I have to thank you, Monsieur Delmar, for the hint that set me on the trail," replied Nadine, smiling as she glanced up at him with eyes full of merry malice.

"Me! I never spoke to you of my suspicions, or the rumors afloat!" he ejaculated, in surprise.

"The next time you exchange confidences with your friends, choose a safer place than the myrtle alley, near the 'Restauration de Dreher,'" laughed Nadine, with a significance which enlightened both hearers.

"Then you learned our wager, and set yourself to win for me? Ah, madame, I am your devoted slave for ever, for you have done me a service and proved that I was right in believing that you would outshine and outmanœuvre this leaden-witted Thyra."

And as he spoke, Delmar gallantly kissed the pretty hand that wielded the fan.

At that moment a temptation came to the poor girl listening there alone in the dark, and she yielded to it, for this cruel rival had shown her no mercy. One end of Nadine's mantilla had blown out among the leaves that rustled in the wind; some peeping servant had left a half-smoked cigarette on the balcony, and as her eye went from the fiery spark at her feet to the shred of lace that seemed to flutter tauntingly as it unvailed the round arm lying on the cushions just within, Thyra saw a way to avenge her wrongs, and prove herself the victor in spite of all that had passed. It was the work of an instant to lift the smoldering spark and lay it on the filmy fabric, to watch the breeze fan it to a little flame, and the flame steal on, unobserved, till the mantilla suddenly blazed up like an awful glory about the fair head of its wearer.

A cry of terror, the sudden flight of a burning figure down the long *salon*, an imploring "Gustave, save me! save me!" a rush of many feet, and then a half-senseless creature lying on the breast of the marquis, who had crushed out the fire in his arms.

"Disfigured for life! disfigured for life!" moaned the poor girl, remembering, even in her torture, the deep scars which would mar for ever the beauty of the bosom, arms, and face, which a moment ago had been so fair.

"Yes! now love, rank, success, and youth are all poisoned for you, madame le marquise. Now the diamond fetters will grow heavy while you wear them, and liberty possess no charm when they fall off. *I* preserve my beauty and my freedom still, and it is *I* who win at last!"

The exulting voice rose from the darkness without, as a beautiful, desperate face flashed before their startled eyes for a second, and then vanished, never to be seen by them again.

THE AMAZONS OF DAHOMEY.

THIS inland kingdom of Africa has been well described by the celebrated traveler, Richard I. Burton, late Commissioner to Dahomey; and our engraving represents one of the native women and a member of the king's body-guard, the so-called Amazons.

The army of Dahomey, both male and female, is divided into two wings—the right and the left. The right or senior wing is commanded, *ex officio*, by the "Mingan," the first of the two great civilian captains, "of the outside." He is, therefore, the Premier of the empire amongst men; but the female "Mingan," being within the palace, takes precedence of him.

Under the "Mingan" is the "Gan," or leader of the second battalion of the right wing, and military commander-in-chief. There is also a corresponding female officer amongst the Amazons. The chief captain of the left is the "Meu" for the men, the "Akpadume" for the women; and her deputy is the "Fosupo," while under the "Meu" ranks the "Posu."

Most of the "fair sex" in Dahomey have sooty skins, and the few browns possess negro features; but this homeliness is atoned for by their great devotion to their lord and master, all the men being slaves, and nearly all the women wives, to the king.

There is a barrier between the male and female parade-grounds, consisting of strips of bamboo-palm placed in single line; and this no one is allowed to pass. The "Dakro" (a woman), bears messages from the king to the "Meu," who passes on the words to the "Mingan," whence they find their way to the many. Holding a stick in her right hand, the "Dakro" places it on the earth, kneels close behind the bamboo-line, and, resting elbows on thighs, or sometimes with one hand on the ground, whispers her errand. As a rule, she goes on all fours to the "Meu," and only kneels to smaller men, who become quadrupeds to her. The message is received by an officer, squatting in the same position. After obtaining the answer the "Dakro" rises, and, returning to the king, delivers the answer to him on her hands and knees.

Nothing but the wonderful memory for trifles possessed by this people prevents a communication that travels in such a manner from losing all its original sense.

The "Akutu" is the captainess of the king's lifeguards. This dignitary wears a bonnet shaped like a French *cordon bleu*, but pink and white below, with two crocodiles of blue

cloth on the top, and the whole confined by silver horns. The female officer under the "Akutu" is the "Humbazi," to whom a silver hammer-head, worn projecting from the forehead, gives the semblance of a unicorn. The warrioresses generally begin to fatten when their dancing days are over, and soon become prodigies of obesity. A band is attached to each corps, consisting of a "chingufa" or African cymbal, two small tomtoms held under the arm, and four kettle-drums of various sizes, beaten with hand or stick.

The gala-dress of the guardesses is decent, and not uncomely. A narrow fillet of blue or white cotton binds the hair, and the bosom is concealed by a sleeveless waistcoat, of various colors, buttoning in front. The loin-wrapper of dyed stuff, either blue, pink, or yellow, extends to the ankles, and is kept tight round the waist by a sash, generally white, with long ends. The body-toilet is rendered more compact by an outer girthing of cartridge-box and belt, European-shaped, but home-made, and of black leather adorned with cowries. The bullet-bag, with a few iron balls, is slung by a shoulder-strap to the dexter side, and is kept in position by being passed under the cartridge-belt. All wear knives, in shape not unlike the old French *briquet*. Their guns are ornamented by long tassels and sundry charms, and protected from damp by monkey-skins tightly clasping the breeching, and opening to the rear. The bayoneteeresses wear blue cloth tunics, and a white patch on the shoulder, white fillets and sashes to match supporting their swords. The blunderbuss-women wear scarlet woolen caps; and the Dahoman warrioresses will say, "We are no longer females, but males"; while a soldier disgracing himself is called, in insult, a woman. The Amazons, being fictitious wives to the king, are sworn to celibacy.

A GIGANTIC SOUTH AMERICAN SERPENT.

LATREILLE was the first to give to the *sucuruhyu* the name of *boa gigas*, or gigantic boa, to distinguish it from other large reptiles of the same species. This inhabitant of the great lakes of Matto-Grosso, of the country of Goyas, and of the immense swamps nourished by the Parana River, attains prodigious proportions in Brazil. We must look to the naturalists of South America for the most minute and reliable information respecting the peculiarities of this gigantic reptile, for they alone have an opportunity for observing the habits of the enormous ophidians frequenting their swamps, while endowed with their natural energy. Those which are brought across the sea, and which we receive carefully done up in cotton, are in a state of stupor bordering on death. The reptiles in the Museum of Natural History in Rio Janeiro are in quite a different condition; and when Dr. Burlamaque described them to us animated by rage, rapidly unfolding their coils in their cages and giving vent to a loud, prolonged hissing, which the accomplished naturalist could only compare to the noise produced by a steam-engine, we could then picture to ourselves the terror which these creatures strike to the heart of a traveler, and which the *sertanejo* alone ventures to brave, to prevent the reptiles' voracity from being gratified at the expense of the animals confided to his care.

The *sucuruhyu* is, so to speak, amphibious, and is only to be found in the vicinity of lakes and rivers. Some have been captured measuring the prodigious length of sixty Brazilian *palmos* (equal to fifty-three feet). Although this deadly serpent may be found in many Brazilian provinces, it is most common in the interior, which is less thickly settled, and is there the terror alike of man and beast. In its extreme voracity it makes little choice of victims, and man or small animals are to it easy prey. It finds more difficulty in capturing a horse or an ox; nevertheless, if one of these approach a river or lake in which the *sucuruhyus* have established themselves, the largest among them sets about its capture. It looks out for some rock, stone, or root before commencing the attack, as an object around which to coil its tail, and then the terrible reptile precipitates itself suddenly upon its victim. Before coiling itself around the animal, it seizes it by the throat in order to produce strangulation; should this, however, prove ineffectual, and the animal be possessed of sufficient strength and powers of resistance to dislodge the *sucuruhyu's* tail, it straightens itself out immediately and takes refuge under the water. If, however, this sudden attack overpowers the quadruped, the reptile coils itself round its body and kills it, then drags it to the water's edge and begins to devour it in the most voracious manner.

Sometimes the *sertanejos* shoot the *sucuruhyu;* but they have still another mode of destroying it, which is both perilous and curious. When these shepherds water their herds at some lake or stream known to be frequented by the *sucuruhyus*, they arm themselves with an immense, sharp blade fastened to the end of a pole, and as the reptile is about to coil itself around its prey the *sertanejo* deals it a heavy blow with his weapon, frequently cutting it in two. Even when its body is thus divided it is said that the two pieces throw themselves into the water; and it is a popular belief among the *sertanejos* that when they succeed in reaching their native element the body becomes reunited, and that they continue to exist as before their mutilation.

A singular fact is related of the temerity of the young Indians. They often hunt the *sucuruhyu* in order to obtain its skin, and track it to some retired spot where it goes to digest its food. It sometimes happens that the rising of a stream causes the gorged reptile to float on its surface, carrying it along by the force of its current. Our young hunters then swim to it, fasten it securely with the ropes with which they are provided, and navigate the monster in the same manner as a canoe.

The skin of the *sucuruhyu* serves for many different purposes in South America, and is greatly admired by all travelers who have seen it. Quite recently a French *savant* recommended its more general use. His report concerning it is very exact, and we mention it here because every industrial art is worthy of attention. A few months since M. Cloquet presented to the Academy of Science some boots made of the skin of the boa (probably boots made for *sertanejos*), and, after having called attention to their strength and elasticity, added:

"The scales on the skin of the reptile have left their imprint upon it in almost their natural colors. The symmetrical black spots on the skin are perfectly preserved, and stand out in bold relief on the light maroon ground. The leather is of a thickness and toughness never to be suspected from its appearance. It is highly important that more attention should be bestowed upon the preparation for the purposes of trade of the skin of the inferior classes of vertebrates, which differ so greatly from those of the superior classes."

If attention be paid to the innumerable quantity of large ophidians which infest the inundated plains, the lakes, and unexplored solitudes of Goyaz, Matto-Grosso, and the Rio Negro, the conclusions of the learned professor would not fail to be indorsed.

THE DOG AND WATER-LILY.

ONE of Cowper's sweetest little poems is entitled "The Dog and Water-lily." It is founded on an incident which the famous artist, Harrison Weir, has beautifully illustrated, and

THE DOG AND WATER-LILY.—SEE PAGE 407.

of which our engraving is a faithful copy. The melancholy poet was taking his customary noonday walk by the side of that pretty little river, the Ousé, accompanied by his favorite spaniel, Beau, when Cowper's attention was drawn to some beautiful water-lilies at a short distance from the bank.

"With cane extended far, I sought
To stretch it close to land;
But still the prize, though nearly caught,
Escaped my eager hand.
Beau marked my unsuccessful pains
With fixed, considerate face,
And, puzzling, set his puppy brains
To comprehend the case.

* * * *

"My ramble ended, I returned;
Beau, trotting far before,
The floating wreath again discerned,
And, plunging, left the shore.
I saw him with that lily cropped
Impatient swim to meet
My quick approach, and soon he dropped
The treasure at my feet."

HERMITAGE AND CAVE OF BUCSES, TRANSYLVANIA.

An hour's descent from the town of Tersburg brought us to the bottom of the first valley, where a clear rivulet, the course of which we followed, led us on to a second, which was terminated by a narrow cleft of the rock, somewhat like what we had already seen in the Thoadal Hasadék, and the cavern of Almàs.

Here, almost for the first time since we had left Tersburg, did we meet a sign of man's domination. At the entrance to the cleft a fence of firs and a little gate showed that there was something within considered worth protection; and a small cross, placed at the risk of life on the very highest pinnacle of the rock, looked as though gratitude to the Dispenser of that something had been there to hallow the possession.

We passed the gate, and, mounting a steep and narrow footpath, soon came in sight of the cavern and hermitage of Bucses.

And is it possible that any human being can have selected so wild and solitary a spot as this for their residence? was the inquiry of all when we first caught a glimpse of the gaping cave and of the small line of white buildings which incloses it from without.

Our guide soon furnished an answer to the question; for he knocked so loudly at the little door that an old monk speedily answered the summons, and, learning the object of our visit, welcomed us in Wallachian, and invited us to enter the *callugerie*, or hermitage. In the interior, under the arched vault of the cavern, we found a small Greek chapel, and two other buildings of wood, containing cells for seven or eight hermits.

At the time of our visit there were only three of the monks at home—two old men, whose gray hairs we took as testimonies to their virtues—and one neophyte, a half-cunning, half-foolish looking lad of sixteen. One of them was busily employed in superintending the boiling of a pot, which hung from three sticks over a wood-fire in the open air, and formed their only kitchen; while another was cutting mushrooms and some other species of fungus into slices, and hanging them up to dry.

I at first imagined all this preparation was for making *schwamm* for tinder; but no, it was a Winter stock of provisions they were laying up.

Our friend assured us that, except this dried fungus and Indian corn, and a little goat's milk, these men probably tasted nothing but water the whole Winter through, and they were happy when they had a sufficiency of these. In Summer the shepherds sometimes bring these monks fresh food, and they themselves collect fruits and roots among the mountains near; but their chief support is derived from the proceeds of their begging, in the form of maize, with which the wanderers return in Autumn.

All they could offer us to aid our own supplies was some of this fungus toasted, with a little grease and salt. The fungus was decidedly good, as far as it went, though I believe we could have eaten up the whole store without feeling satisfied.

The cave of Bucses, though high and fine, is not extensive; at least, it is not possible to penetrate more than a hundred yards from its entrance, however much further it may really go.

The monks pointed out to us an opening in the direction in which the rest of the cavern extends, and by which a small brook makes its way out to the day; but they have blocked it up so high, to render their cave warmer, that it is no longer possible to reach it.

HERMITAGE AND CAVE OF BUCSES, TRANSYLVANIA.

What pleasure like that of giving! There would be no rich men if they were capable of feeling the ineffable pleasure.

THE COLD EMBRACE.—"HE SEES THE RIGID FEATURES, THE MARBLE ARMS, THE HANDS CROSSED ON THE COLD BOSOM."

THE COLD EMBRACE.

By Miss M. E. Braddon.

He was a student; such things as happened to him, happen sometimes to students.

He was a German; such things as happened to him, happen sometimes to Germans.

He was young, handsome, studious, enthusiastic, metaphysical, reckless, unbelieving, heartless.

And being young, handsome, and eloquent, he was beloved.

He was an orphan, under the guardianship of his dead father's brother, his uncle Wilhelm, in whose house he had been brought up from a little child; and she who loved him

was his cousin—his cousin Gertrude, whom he swore he loved in return.

Did he love her? Yes, when he first swore. But it soon wore out—this passionate love, how threadbare and wretched a sentiment it grew to be at last in the selfish heart of the student. But in its first golden dawn, when he was only nineteen, and had just returned from the university, and they wandered together in the most romantic outskirts of the city, at rosy sunset, by holy moonlight, or bright and joyous morning, how beautiful a dream!

They keep it a secret from Wilhelm, as he has the father's ambition of a wealthy suitor for his only child—a cold and dreary vision beside the lover's dream.

So they are betrothed, and standing side by side when the dying sun and the pale, rising moon divide the heavens, he puts the betrothal ring upon her finger, the white and taper finger whose slender shape he knows so well. This ring is a peculiar one, a massive golden serpent, its tail in its mouth, the symbol of eternity; it had been his mother's, and he would know it amongst a thousand. If he were to become blind to-morrow, he could select it from amongst a thousand by the touch alone.

He places it on her finger, and they swear to be true to each other for ever and ever—through trouble and danger—in sorrow and change—in wealth or poverty. Her father would be won to consent to their union by-and-by, for they were now betrothed, and death alone could part them.

But the young student, the scoffer at revelation, yet the enthusiastic adorer of the mystical, asks:

"Can death part us? I would return to you from the grave, Gertrude. My soul would come back to be near my love. And you—you, if you died before me, the cold earth would not hold you from me; if you loved me you would return, and again these fair arms would be clasped round my neck as they are now."

But she told him, with a holier light in her deep blue eyes than ever shone in his—she told him that the dead who die at peace with God are happy in heaven, and cannot return to the troubled earth; and that it is only the suicide, the lost wretch on whom the sorrowful angels shut the door of Paradise—whose unholy spirit haunts the footsteps of the living.

The first year of their betrothal is past, and she is alone; for he has gone to Italy on a commission for some rich man, to copy a Raphael or a Titian, or a Guido, in a gallery at Florence. He has gone to win fame, perhaps; but it is not the less bitter—he is gone!

Of course her father misses his young nephew, who has been as a son to him; and he thinks his daughter's sadness no more than a cousin should feel for a cousin's absence.

In the meantime, the weeks and months pass. The lover writes, often at first, then seldom—at last, not at all.

How many excuses she invents for him. How many times she goes to the distant little post-office, to which he is to address his letters. How many times she hopes, only to be disappointed. How many times she despairs, only to hope again.

But real despair comes at last, and will not be put off any more. The rich suitor appears on the scene, and her father is determined. She is to marry at once. The wedding-day is fixed—the fifteenth of June.

The date seems burnt into her brain.

The date, written in fire, dances forever before her eyes.

The date, shrieked by the furies, sounds continually in her ears. But there is time yet—it is the middle of May—there is time for a letter to reach him at Florence; there is time for him to come to Brunswick, to take her away and marry her in spite of her father—in spite of the whole world.

But the days and weeks fly by, and he does not write—he does not come. This is, indeed, despair, which usurps her heart and will not be put away.

It is the fourteenth of June. For the last time to the little post-office; for the last time she asks the old question, and they give her for the last time the dreary answer, "No! no letter."

For the last time—for to-morrow is the day appointed for her bridal. Her father will hear no entreaties; her rich suitor will not listen to her prayers. They will not be put off a day—an hour; to-night alone is hers—this night, which she may employ as she will.

She takes another path than that which leads home; she hurries through some by-streets of the city, out on to a lonely bridge, where he and she had stood so often in the sunset, watching the rose-colored light glow, fade, and die upon the river.

* * * * * * *

He returns from Florence. He had received her letter. That letter, blotted with tears, entreating, despairing—he had received it, but he loved her no longer. A young Florentine, who had sat to him for a model, had bewitched his fancy—that fancy which, with him, stood in place of a heart—and Gertrude had been half forgotten. If she had a richer suitor, good! let her marry him; better for her, better far for himself. He had no wish to fetter himself with a wife. Had he not his art always? his eternal bride, his unchanging mistress.

Thus, he thought it wiser to delay his journey to Brunswick, so that he should arrive when the wedding was over—arrive in time to salute the bride!

And the vows—the mystical fancies—the belief in his return, even after death, to the embrace of his beloved. Oh, gone out of his life; melted away forever, those foolish dreams of his boyhood!

So, on the fifteenth of June he enters Brunswick, by that very bridge on which she stood, the stars looking down on her, the night before. He strolls across the bridge and down by the water's edge, a great, rough dog at his heels, and the smoke from his short meerschaum pipe curling in blue wreaths fantastical in the pure morning air. He has his sketch-book under his arm, and attracted now and then by some object that catches his artist's eye, stops to draw. A few weeds and pebbles on the river's brink—a crag on the opposite shore—a group of pollard willows in the distance. When he has done he admires his drawing, shuts his sketch-book, empties the ashes from his pipe, refills from his tobacco-pouch, sings the refrain of a gay drinking song, calls to his dog, smokes again and walks on. Suddenly he opens his sketch-book again; this time that which attracts him is a group of figures—but what is it?

It is not a funeral, for there are no mourners.

It is not a funeral, but it is a corpse lying on a rude bier covered with an old sail, carried between two bearers.

It is not a funeral, for the bearers are fishermen—fishermen in their every-day garb.

About a hundred yards from him they rest their burden on a bank—one stands at the head of the bier, the other throws himself down at the foot of it.

And thus they form a perfect group; he walks back two or three paces, selects his point of sight, and begins to sketch a hurried outline. He has finished it before they move; he hears their voices, though he cannot hear their words, and wonders what they can be talking of. Presently he walks on and joins them.

"You have a corpse there, my friends?" he says.

"Yes, a corpse washed ashore an hour ago."

"Drowned?"

"Yes, drowned; a young girl, very handsome."

"Suicides are always handsome," he says; and then he

stands for a little while idly smoking and meditating, looking at the sharp outline of the corpse and the stiff folds of the rough canvas covering.

Life is such a golden holiday to him—young, ambitious, clever—that it seems as though sorrow and death could have no part in his destiny.

At last he says that, as this poor suicide is so handsome, he should like to make a sketch of her.

He gives the fishermen some money, and they offer to remove the sailcloth that covers her features.

No; he will do it himself. He lifts the rough, coarse, wet canvas from her face. What face?

The face that shone on the dreams of his foolish boyhood. The face which was once the light of his uncle's home—his cousin Gertrude—his betrothed.

He sees, as in one glance, while he draws one breath, the rigid features, the marble arms, the hands crossed on the cold bosom; and, on the third finger of the left hand, the ring which had been his mother's—the golden serpent—the ring which, if he were to become blind, he could select from a thousand others by the touch alone.

But he is a genius and a metaphysician—grief, true grief, is not for such as he. His first thought is flight—flight anywhere out of that accursed city—anywhere far from the brink of that hideous river—anywhere away from memory, away from remorse—anywhere to forget.

* * * * * * *

He is miles on the road that leads away from Brunswick before he knows that he has walked a step.

It is only when his dog lies down panting at his feet, that he feels how exhausted he is himself, and sits down upon a bank to rest. How the landscape spins round and round before his dazzled eyes, while his morning's sketch of the two fishermen and the canvas-covered bier glares redly at him out of the twilight.

At last, after sitting a long time by the roadside, idly playing with his dog, idly smoking, idly lounging, looking as any *insouciant*, light-hearted traveling student might look, yet all the while acting over that morning's scene in his burning brain a hundred times a minute—at last he grows a little more composed, and tries presently to think of himself as he is, apart from his cousin's suicide. Apart from that, he was no worse off than he was yesterday. His genius was not gone; the money he had earned at Florence still lined his pocket-book; he was his own master, free to go whither he would.

And while he sits on the roadside, trying to separate himself from the scene of that morning—trying to put away the image of the corpse covered with the damp canvas sail, trying to think of what he should do next, where he should go, to be furthest away from Brunswick and remorse, the old diligence comes rumbling and jingling along. He remembers it; it goes from Brunswick to Aix-la-Chapelle.

He whistles to his dog, shouts to the postillion to stop, and springs into the *coupé*.

During the whole evening, through the long night, though he does not once close his eyes, he never speaks a word; but when morning dawns, and the other passengers awake and begin to talk to each other, he joins in the conversation. He tells them that he is an artist, that he is going to Cologne and to Antwerp to copy the Rubens. He remembered afterward that he talked and laughed boisterously, and that when he was talking and laughing loudest, a passenger, older and graver than the rest, opened the window near him, and told him to put his head out. He remembered the fresh air blowing in his face, the singing of the birds in his ears, and the flat fields and road-side reeling before his eyes. He remembered this, and then falling in a heap on the floor of the diligence.

It is a fever that keeps him for six long weeks laid on a bed at an hotel in Aix-la-Chapelle.

He gets well, and, accompanied by his dog, starts on foot for Cologne. By this time he is his former self once more. Again the blue smoke from his short meerschaum curls up in the morning air—again he sings some old university drinking song—again stops here and there, meditating and sketching.

He is happy, and has forgotten his cousin—and so on to Cologne.

It is by the great cathedral he is standing, with his dog at his side. It is night, the bells have just chimed the hour, and the clocks are striking eleven; the moonlight shines full upon the magnificent pile, over which the artist's eye wanders, absorbed in the beauty of form.

He is not thinking of his drowned cousin, for he has forgotten her and is happy.

Suddenly some one—something from behind him—puts two cold arms around his neck, and clasps its hands on his breast.

And yet there is no one behind him; for on the flags bathed in the broad moonlight there are only two shadows, his own and his dog's. He turns quickly round—there is no one—nothing to be seen in the broad square but himself and his dog; and, though he feels, he cannot see, the cold arms clasped round his neck.

It is not ghostly, this embrace, for it is palpable to the touch—it cannot be real, for it is imperceptible to the sight.

He tries to throw off the cold caress. He clasps the hands in his own to tear them asunder, and to cast them off his neck. He can feel the long, delicate fingers, cold and wet, beneath his touch, and on the third finger of the left hand he can feel the ring which was his mother's—the golden serpent—the ring which he has always said he would know among a thousand by the touch alone. He knows it now!

His dead cousin's cold arms are round his neck—his dead cousin's wet hands are clasped upon his breast. He will die! He will go mad! "Up Leo!" he shouts. "Up, up, boy!" and the Newfoundland leaps to his shoulders—the dog's paws are on the dead hands, and the animal utters a terrific howl, and springs away from his master.

The student stands in the moonlight, the dead arms round his neck, and the dog at a little distance moaning piteously.

Presently, a watchman, alarmed by the howling of the dog, comes into the square to see what is wrong.

In a breath the cold arms are gone.

He takes the watchman home to the hotel with him and gives him money; in his gratitude he could have given the man half his little fortune.

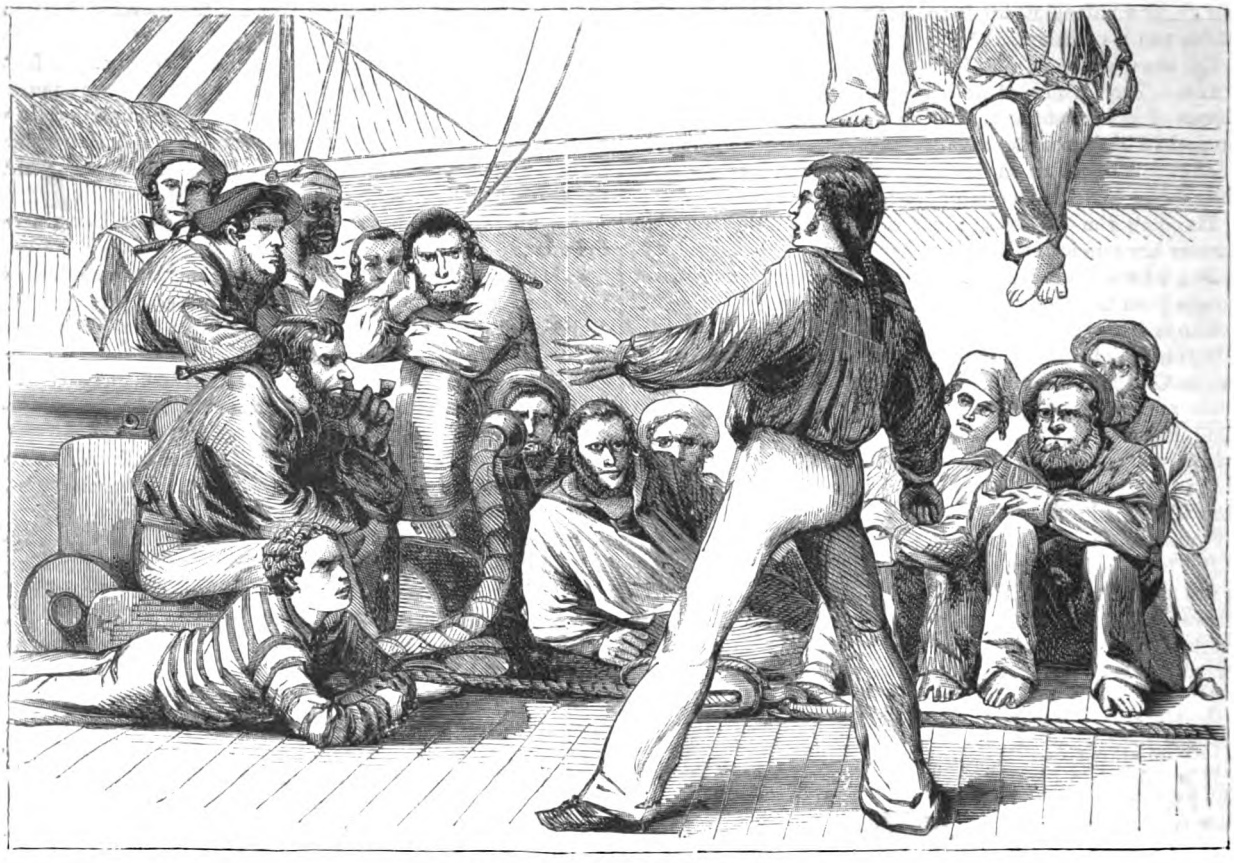
Will it ever come to him again, this embrace of the dead?

He tries never to be alone; he makes a hundred acquaintances, and shares the chamber of another student. He starts up if he is left by himself in the public room at the inn where he is staying, and runs into the street. People notice his strange actions, and begin to think that he is mad.

But, in spite of all, he is alone once more; for one night the public room being empty for a moment, when on some idle pretense he strolls into the street; the street is empty too, and for the second time he feels the cold arms round his neck; and for the second time, when he calls his dog, the animal slinks away from him with a piteous howl.

After this he leaves Cologne, still traveling on foot—for economy now, as his money is getting low. He joins traveling hawkers, he walks side by side with laborers, he talks to every foot-passenger he falls in with, and tries from morning till night to get company on the road.

At night he sleeps by the fire in the kitchen of the inn at



DIBDIN SINGING HIS SEA SONGS TO THE SAILORS.

which he stops, but do what he will he is often left alone, and it is now an old thing for him to feel the cold arms round his neck.

Many months have passed since his cousin's death—Autumn, Winter, early Spring. His money is nearly gone, his health is utterly broken, he is the shadow of his former self, and he is getting near Paris. He will reach that city at the time of the carnival. To this he looks forward. In Paris, in carnival time, he need never, surely, be alone, never feel that deadly caress; he might even recover his lost gayety, his lost health, once more resume his profession, once more earn fame and money by his art.

How hard he tries to get over the distance that divides him from Paris, while day by day he grows weaker and weaker, his step more slow and heavy.

But there is an end at last; the long and dreary roads are passed. This is Paris, which he enters for the first time—Paris, of which he has dreamed so much—Paris, whose million voices are to exorcise his phantom.

To him, to-night, Paris seems one vast chaos of lights, music, and confusion—lights which dance before his eyes and will not be still—music that rings in his ears and deafens him—confusion which makes his head whirl round and round.

But, in spite of all, he finds the opera-house, where there is a masked ball. He has enough money left to buy a ticket of admission, and to hire a domino to throw over his shabby dress. It seems only a moment after his entering the gates of Paris, that he is in the very midst of the wild gayety of the opera-house ball.

No more darkness, no more loneliness, but a mad crowd, shouting and dancing, and a lovely *débardeur* hanging on his arm.

The boisterous gayety he feels surely is his old light-heartedness come back. He hears the people round him talking of the outrageous conduct of some drunken student, and it is to him they point when they say this—to him, who has not moistened his lips since yesterday at noon—for even now he will not drink; though his lips are parched, and his throat is burning, he cannot drink. His voice is thick and hoarse, and his utterance indistinct; but still this must be his old light-heartedness come back that makes him so wildly gay.

The little *débardeur* is wearied out—her arm rests on his shoulder heavier than lead—the other dancers one by one drop off.

The lights in the chandeliers one by one die out.

The decorations look pale and shadowy in that dim light that is neither night nor day.

A faint glimmer from the dying lamps, a pale streak through the half-open shutters of cold gray light from the new-born day.

And by this light the bright-eyed *débardeur* fades sadly. He looks her in the face. How the brightness of her eyes dies out. Again he looks her in the face. How white that face has grown. Again—and now it is the shadow of a face alone that looks in his.

Again—and they are gone—the bright eyes—the face—the shadow of the face. He is alone, alone in that vast saloon.

Alone, and in the terrible silence he hears the echoes of his own footsteps in that dismal dance which has no music.

No music, but the beating of his heart against his breast. For the cold arms are round his neck—they whirl him round, they will not be flung off, or cast away; he can no more escape from their icy grasp than he can escape from death. He looks behind him—there is nothing but himself in the great, empty hall; but he can feel—cold, deathlike,

but oh, how palpable—the long, slender fingers, and the ring which was his mother's.

He tries to shout, but he has no power in his burning throat. The silence of the place is only broken by the echoes of his footsteps in the dance from which he cannot extricate himself. Who says he has no partner? The cold hands are clasped on his breast, and now he does not shun their caress. No! One more polka if he drops down dead!

The lights are all out, and half an hour after, the gendarmes come in with a lantern to see that the house is empty; they are followed by a great dog that they have found seated howling on the steps of the theatre. Near the principal entrance they stumble over——

The body of a student who has died from want of food, exhaustion, and the breaking of a blood-vessel.

DIBDIN SINGING HIS SEA SONGS TO THE SAILORS.

England owed her triumph on the ocean to the persistent zeal with which she built up her navy, and trained it to heroism by every art and every incentive.

While the mechanic and factory hand toiled to increase the material wealth of England, and the private soldier fought to uphold her martial renown, they did so unheralded and unsung. But the "British Tar" was a privileged character, invested with a peculiar halo.

Yielding to the general feeling, Dibdin wrote songs which at once took with the sailors and were sung wherever the Union Jack floated. They suited the Jack Tar admirably, and excited the utmost enthusiasm. They became a rallying power, and infused a new element into the navy. The sailor poet is well pictured singing one of his stirring lyrics to an auditory that hangs on his every syllable as no fashionable gathering ever did on the music of Bellini, Gounod, Mozart, or Cherubini, albeit vocalized by the Marios, Grisis, Sontags, and Malibrans.

Nor was the fame of these songs confined to the quarter-deck. English literature, which so proudly ignores what it lists not, received the songs of Dibdin as a great addition to its treasury, and editions were published elaborate in typographical beauty. Then a son of the ruling monarch was a petty officer on a vessel, and ruler at a later day, proud to be styled the Sailor-King.

We have done nothing to infuse enthusiasm into our sailors; and after the ravages which England committed on our mercantile marine during the late war by her treacherous and truly English conduct, something is needed to reanimate and invigorate our commerce. Never was it so weak or dispirited. We need a Dibdin to rouse a genuine American feeling, unless we are content to see the carrying trade pass to other hands.

Charles Dibdin was born at Southampton in 1745, and educated at Winchester, and originally intended for the Church, but as early as the age of sixteen began to write for the stage. He was a most prolific writer, and, as a consequence, often produced compositions of little worth. Many of his lyrics, however, have great merit. They have solaced the seaman in his long voyages, sustained him in the storm, and inspired him in battle. They have even, so great is their credit among sailors, been quoted to restore the mutinous to order and discipline. It is little wonder, therefore, that Government aided his later years by an annual pension of one thousand dollars. He died in 1813.

THE CACAO TREE.

Humboldt says that "La Guayra is one of the hottest places on the earth." It is worthy of remark, moreover, as being a seaport whence are shipped the finest varieties of cocoa (*Theobroma cacao*); it is also the chief port in the province of Caraccas, and of the whole southern shore of the Caribbean Sea. The coast-line is fringed with palm (*Cocas nucifera*), which supplies the cocoanuts of the fruiterer, and abounds with flamingoes, pelicans, and cormorants; but the cacao-tree (*Theobroma cacao*), from the fruit of which cocoa and chocolate are made, grows in the valleys running north and south through the inward table-land. For the cacao-tree to be cultivated advantageously, requires an altitude of not less than five hundred feet; and for the protection of the blossom and the well-being of the fruit, a hilly range sheltering it from all easterly winds.

A cacao plantation, or walk, as it is called, may contain some thousand trees, seldom more than twenty feet in height, and very frequently planted with interminable rows of coffee-trees—the latter protecting the young cacao plant from the too scorching heat.

The crops are in December and June, and a well-bearing tree will produce twenty or thirty pods, which are gathered during a period of three weeks or so, as they turn yellow. After being allowed to lie in heaps for a time to further ripen, the pods are opened, the pulp removed, and the seeds—the cacao—spread out on mats in the sun. As they dry, each obtains a hard, thin skin, and is of the size of a kidney bean. The next processes are those of the manufacturer, who commences by roasting the nuts and removing the husks.

Many millions of pounds of cocoa are now annually manufactured in this country and England.

Dr. Hassall, in his work, "Food and its Adulterations," says: "Cocoa contains a great variety of important nutritive principles—every ingredient necessary to the growth and sustenance of the body." Again, "As a nutritive, cocoa stands very much higher than either coffee or tea."

Dr. Lankester says: "Cocoa contains as much flesh-forming matter as beef."

Dr. Liebig says: "Theobromine, the most highly nitrogenized vegetable principle." (The most nutritious food is as a rule highly nitrogenized.)

Dr. Hooper says: "Admirably adapted for the sick—for those in health it is a luxury."

THE CACAO FRUIT AND BLOSSOM.

OUR ONLY SNAKE.

We were a party of four, made up of our host, old Dr. Fairbairn; young Thompson, assistant-surgeon of the —th, quartered at Mahébourg; Captain Blogg, of the same distinguished corps, and myself. We sat in the veranda after dinner, smoking and half-dozing, when the doctor suddenly said to his brother professional:

"By-the-way, Thompson, I had a fine specimen of the *cobra da capello* given me to-day by the skipper of the vessel that arrived with coolies from Madras."

"Ah, really; you must let me see him."

"And what may that be you're talking about, doctor?" said Captain Blogg, as a sound like the booming of cannon ceased in the corner at which he was seated; for he was a heavy sleeper.

"A species of snake," replied Dr. Fairbairn.

"A cobra, did you say? The deuce and all! A snake here!—a live one, d'you mean?"

The doctor nodded.

"Well, now, I've always maintained that, if there was one redeeming point about this precious island, that point was the absence of snakes. Another illusion destroyed! Mauritius, I give thee up!"

"But, Blogg, one snake can't make a colony, you know."

"I don't know. I'd believe anything about snakes!"

"The species is very venomous, I've heard, doctor," squeaked, in a shrill treble, the assistant-surgeon, who was an earnest young man, and ardently devoted to his profession.

"I believe you. You should have seen the creole at the custom-house jump as he opened the box in which the skipper had carefully placed the glass case with my specimen. It saved the skipper some duty on trinkets and filigree-work, I expect, for the box passed without further inspection."

"And do you mean to say that this venomous reptile is under the same roof with us, and only a bit of glass between us and it?" And Captain Blogg appeared disquieted.

"True, oh, king! But the glass is very thick, and——"

Smash! There was a cry and a scuffling of feet.

"*Lui fin allé! lui fin sauvé, m'sieu!*" cried a servant, running in with affrighted looks.

"Who's gone? who's escaped, *'cre* Malabar?"

"*Pamboo, sahib,*" cried an Indian servant.

"How did it happen, *cretin?*"

"*Moi n'a pas connais, m'sieu. Le p'tit gokhra lui cassé*—"

"Oh, no doubt! Of course, it was the gokhra that did it all, and you, lazy wretches, are as innocent as doves. Be off at once! search the house, and if you find it, kill it at once. D'you hear?"

"*Oui, oui;* kill him, kill him, I say!" shouted Captain Blogg, as the fellow disappeared. "'Pon my word, the idea of a snake, or gokhra, as that fellow calls it, makes me quite nervous!"

"Well, you're all right, any way, Blogg, for they've made your bed up in the pavilion to-night. If the thing gets out of the house at all, you may be sure he's had enough of close confinement, and will be off for the jungle at the back, or down to the river, at his first chance."

"Yes; my theory is that, in his present famished condition, he should first make direct for your henhouse——"

"Oh, hang your theories! You look as wise as an owl, Thompson, but you ain't as cunning as a serpent. My peace of mind has gone for the present!"

"Well, my wife will give you a cup of tea to restore it," said the doctor; and we went into the drawing-room.

Captain Blogg, though generally a very entertaining person—not so much from wit in himself as from being the "cause of wit in others"—was by no means an amusing companion during this evening. He planted himself carefully in the middle of the room, on the stiffest and most uncomfortable chair he could find, avoiding cushions or anti-macassars, or anything that might harbor an unwelcome intruder. His glance fell restlessly upon the floor and corners of the room; he turned pale as a skein of dark wool fell across his knees from the table; the familiar and harmless lizards darting across the walls in chase of moths assumed startling shapes to him; and when a dark, moving *something* gradually protruded its increasing length beneath the door (it had been raining heavily), with an exclamation of "Jump for your lives!" he bounced to the top of his chair and hurled a photograph album of Mrs. Fairbairn's at the object. The object proved to be nothing more alarming than a meandering stream of water that a leak in the veranda had admitted.

At whist he revoked, trumped his partner's trick, and paid no heed to the common rules of the game—errors at which, when committed by others, he was wont to declaim with all the authority of a member of the Portland. It was a relief to everybody when the time came to retire to rest; and Captain Blogg and I betook ourselves to the pavilion, a wooden erection apart from the house and divided into two compartments, which served for sleeping-rooms when the house was full.

The night was oppressively hot, and I sat for some time in the pavilion veranda. Blogg wouldn't sit up, and had gone to his room at once. I was in the middle of my second cheroot, when an unearthly yell from the direction of Blogg's room startled me, and in a few seconds he was standing before me, and whispered, in a hoarse voice: "The snake! I'm bitten! Quick! bring the doctor at once!"

As he sunk into a chair, I hastened off, and having wakened Fairbairn and Thompson, we were soon again at his side, our hands full of restoratives, our tongues full of inquiry.

"Oh, there's no mistake about it," said poor Blogg. "I heard the thing give a hiss, and then felt the bite. I was half asleep, and had thrown my leg over the side of the bed. Look here; here's the mark."

And he pointed to a livid spot on the calf of his leg. The two doctors examined the spot carefully.

"D'ye see any puncture?" said Fairbairn.

"No; but that's of no importance," replied Thompson, whom I had heard muttering as he came across from the house: "Poor old Blogg! But snake-bites ain't met with every day; very interesting; I'll take notes."

Meantime, a jorum of about half a tumbler of whisky had been administered to the patient, and Thompson had made a note of his temperature, the state of his pulse, and had flicked the candle about in front of his eyes, to ascertain the state of the pupil.

"What are you fooling about for like this, I say, Thompson? Can't you do anything to help a fellow?"

"Temper irritable," noted down Thompson in a few hieroglyphics in his book. "Can't do much for you, I'm afraid, poor old chap," he continued. "We're going to inject ammonia beneath the skin presently. You don't feel your tongue swelling at all, do you, or a creepy sensation down your back, or anything?"

"Oh, dear, oh, dear!" groaned the sufferer, heedless of these professional inquiries, and thinking of approaching dissolution.

Presently he gave a roar, as Thompson gave him a sharp prod with a needle.

"All right, all right," said the latter, cheerfully; "no loss of sensibility—*yet.*"

"Dr. Fairbairn was hard at work pressing and cleansing the wound, uttering at intervals various consolatory expressions, and had administered another dose of the whisky,

which by now was having visible effect on the captain. His utterance became thick.

"Do you remark," said the junior to Dr. Fairbairn, "thickening of speech — sensory-motor nerves affected?" and down went his pencil to paper. "I say, his teeth look fixed, don't they? — tetanic spasms commencing;" and he rashly applied his forefinger to the barricading teeth, which the captain very naturally kept closed, to avoid an attack with forceps upon his tongue; but the "tetanic spasm" was insufficient to prevent the ardent young surgeon from receiving a smart bite from the patient, who feared that there was a design upon his tongue.

Captain Blogg had now become alternately querulous and maundering. "Thompson, you're a foolish, cold-blooded pill-box. No; I shan't be quiet; and you ain't going to squirt that stuff into me, I can tell you. Dash hypodermic injecshuns! Yes; I *can* wink with one eye, and be hanged to you; and I don't feel a numbness in my lower extremities. I shay, Fairbairn, ain't he a brute? Fancy dying in this way, eh? Shpose Smith'll get the step. Don't like Shmith. Make my will, eh? Thatsh a good un! Got nothing to leave but a few debts, and a case of three-star Hennessy. Thompson can have the debts, and you may have the brandy, old chap. Can I walk? Yes, I can walk;" and rising to his feet, he reeled from one side of the veranda to the other, and finally brought up short against one of the supports, which he embraced tightly.

"No co-ordination of movement—mischief to the cerebellum," said Dr. Thompson, as he and Dr. Fairbairn went to the patient's assistance. By this time the whole house was up; servants were running about, more noisy than useful. Mrs. Fairbairn had arisen, and made anxious inquiries as to the accident, when we were all surprised at a merry peal of laughter, which proceeded, without doubt, from that excellent lady.

"Most unseemly!" said Dr. Fairbairn.

"Horrid, cruel, moshtunfeelinofhershex!" moaned the captain.

"Odd!" said Dr. Thompson.

"William, William, come here!" cried the lady, as soon as laughter permitted her to speak; and Dr. Fairbairn, with an angry look, asking me to take his place, went out. He returned, however, with his own face distorted with laughter, and going straight to the room that Blogg had occupied, shouted out: "All right; here's your snake, Blogg. I've got him!" and giving a hurrah, and a bang with a stick, a goose waddled from under the bed and flapped her wings about the room, hissing angrily at the treatment.

Captain Blogg's bed had been made up by an intelligent servant over a tub in which a sitting goose had been placed. The captain's overhanging leg had offered an irresistible mark.

He didn't appear at breakfast next day, but went off early. Pressing duty, we afterward learned.

Dr. Fairbairn's cobra was never heard of again, but doubtless had a merry time of it amongst the jungle-pigs and rats.

DYING AMONG KINDRED.

It is a sad thing to feel that we must die away from our home. Tell not the invalid who is yearning after his distant country that the air is soft, that the gales are filled with balm, and the flowers are springing from the green earth; he knows that the softest air to his heart would be the air that hangs over his native land; that more grateful than all the gales of the south would breathe the low whispers of affection; that the very icicles hanging to his own eaves, and the snow beating against his own windows, would be far more pleasant to his eyes than the bloom and verdure which only more forcibly remind him how far he is from that one dear spot dearer to his heart than all the earth beside. He may, indeed, find estimable friends, who will do all in their power to promote his comfort and assuage his pains; but they cannot supply the place of the long loved; they have not learned to anticipate his wants, and he has not learned to communicate without hesitation all his wishes, thoughts, and expressions to them. He thus feels that he is a stranger, and a more desolate feeling than that could not visit his soul. How much is expressed by that form of Oriental benediction, "May you die among your kindred!"

THE SEA-SERPENT.

The fabulous history of the great sea-serpent ascends, like that of the giant polypi, to a sufficiently remote antiquity. Pliny and Valerius Maximus both describe an amphibious serpent swimming in the shallow shore-waters, and only sailing out to sea when he had grown to such dimensions that movement became impossible for him, or, at all events, very difficult, anywhere else than in mid-ocean.

An ancient French author, Belleforest, in his "Cosmographie," comments on the passage in Pliny referring to this marine serpent, and does not hesitate to furnish the most circumstantial details respecting it.

Myths and fables springing from the old Teutonic and Norse watch-fires found their way into records when civilization and Christianity dawned and a local literature grew up. Even when printing came some of these stories held their own and were repeated. What travelers expected to find in countries, they asked about, and people, finding their visitors insist on the existence of certain wonders, probably thought it their best policy to gratify them. Imagination filled up the picture, or simple things were confounded in vague descriptions.

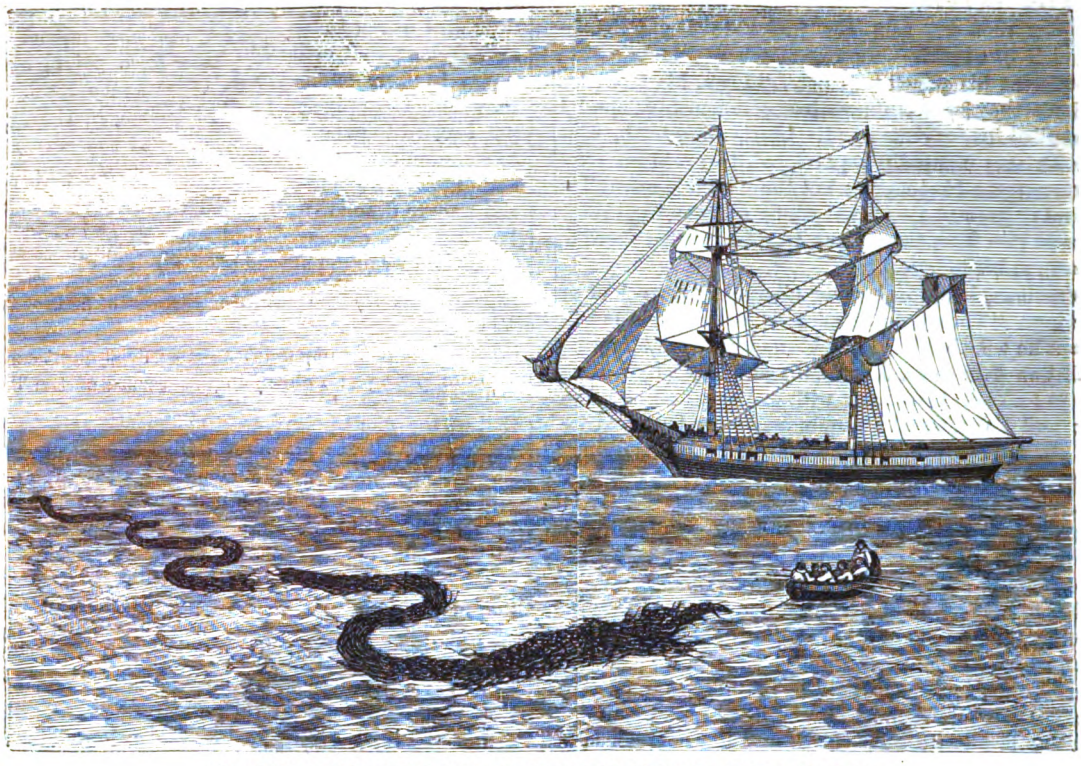
Two strange stories long prevailed; one has come down to our times, that of the great sea-serpent. Olaus Magnus first described this creature, and from his work our moderns have taken their horrible sea-serpent. The author does not rest satisfied with giving a description of this creature, he delineates it; and in his engravings we see the reptile issuing from the waves and launching itself upon the ships in order to devour the crews.

The old Scandinavian writers attribute to the sea-serpent a length of six hundred feet, with a head closely resembling that of a horse, black eyes, and a kind of white mane. According to them, it is only met with in the ocean, where it suddenly rears itself up like a mast of a ship-of-the-line, and gives vent to hissing noises which appall the hearer, like the tempest roar.

The Norwegian poets compare its progress to the flight of a swift arrow. When the fishermen descry it, they row in the direction of the sun, the monster being unable to see them when its head is turned toward that luminary. They say that it revolves sometimes in a circle around the doomed vessel, whose crew thus find themselves assailed on every side.

In England and the United States a belief in the great sea-serpent has been exceedingly popular. The Linnean Society of Boston published some years ago an authentic report establishing the fact that, at certain intervals, a prodigious monster had been seen in Boston Bay; that on one occasion it showed itself, in 1817, about thirty miles from Boston, and was examined by some competent persons informed of its return.

As new evidences came in, the most incredulous hesitated; many avowed themselves convinced; and the cause of the sea-serpent was nearly won, when a new champion suddenly

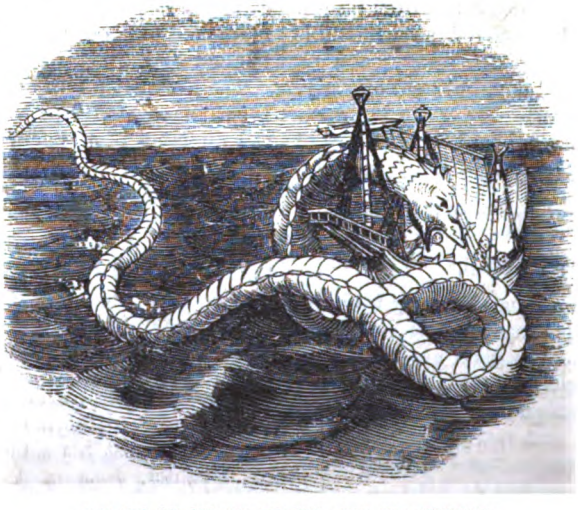


ONE EXPLANATION OF THE QUESTION OF THE SEA-SERPENT—ONLY A SEAWEED.

appeared in the arena. This was another sailor, Mr. Frederick Smith, who came forward as an eye-witness of its non-existence!

In the month of December, 1848, Mr. Smith was sailing on board the ship *Peking*, belonging to his father, when, near Moulmein, in calm weather, he saw at a certain distance "something extraordinary balancing itself on the waves, and which appeared to be an animal of immeasurable length. With our telescopes," he added, "we could, from the *Peking*, perfectly distinguish an enormous head, and a neck of monstrous size, covered with a mane, which alternately appeared and disappeared. This appearance was likewise seen by all our crew, and everybody agreed that it must be the great serpent. I took the resolution of making the closer acquaintance of this celebrated monster, and immediately ordered a boat to be lowered, with an officer and four men on board, furnished with some arms and a few fathoms of rope. I watched them attentively. The monster did not seem disturbed by their approach. At length they arrived quite close to its head. They appeared to me to hesitate; then I saw them busily unrolling the rope with which they were provided, while the monster still continued to raise its head and unfold its enormous length. Suddenly the boat began her course to regain the vessel, followed by the formidable monster. In less than half an hour the latter was hauled on board. The body appeared endowed with a certain suppleness so long as it remained suspended. But it was so covered with marine parasites of every species, that it was not until some time had elapsed we arrived at the discovery that this terrible animal was neither more nor less than a monstrous alga, upward of one hundred feet long and four feet in diameter, whose root at a distance had represented its head, while the motion communicated to it by the waves had given it the semblance of life.

"In a few days this curious alga, growing dry, spread through the ship so infectious an odor that I was compelled to have it cast into the sea. Immediately after my arrival in London, the *Dædalus* reported its encounter with the great serpent in nearly the same parts, and I cannot doubt but that it was only the floating wreck of the alga whose history I have just related. Nevertheless, this illusion is rendered so justifiable by the appearance of the object, that if I had been unable to dispatch the boat at the moment, as I did do, I should have remained all my life in the conviction that I had seen the great serpent of the sea."



FANCIES OF OLD TRAVELERS—THE SEA-SERPENT.

This relation stands in no need of comment; it explains by the most natural fact in the world the errors of many who pretended to have seen the sea-serpent, but had only seen it at a distance, and had never dared, like Mr. Smith, to seize it by the body. Mr. Smith clearly accounts for the illusion of which his comrades and other sailors had been the dupes, and which he himself, as well as his crew, experienced.

THE TOWER OF LONDON,

FORTRESS, PALACE AND PRISON, AND ITS MEMORIES.

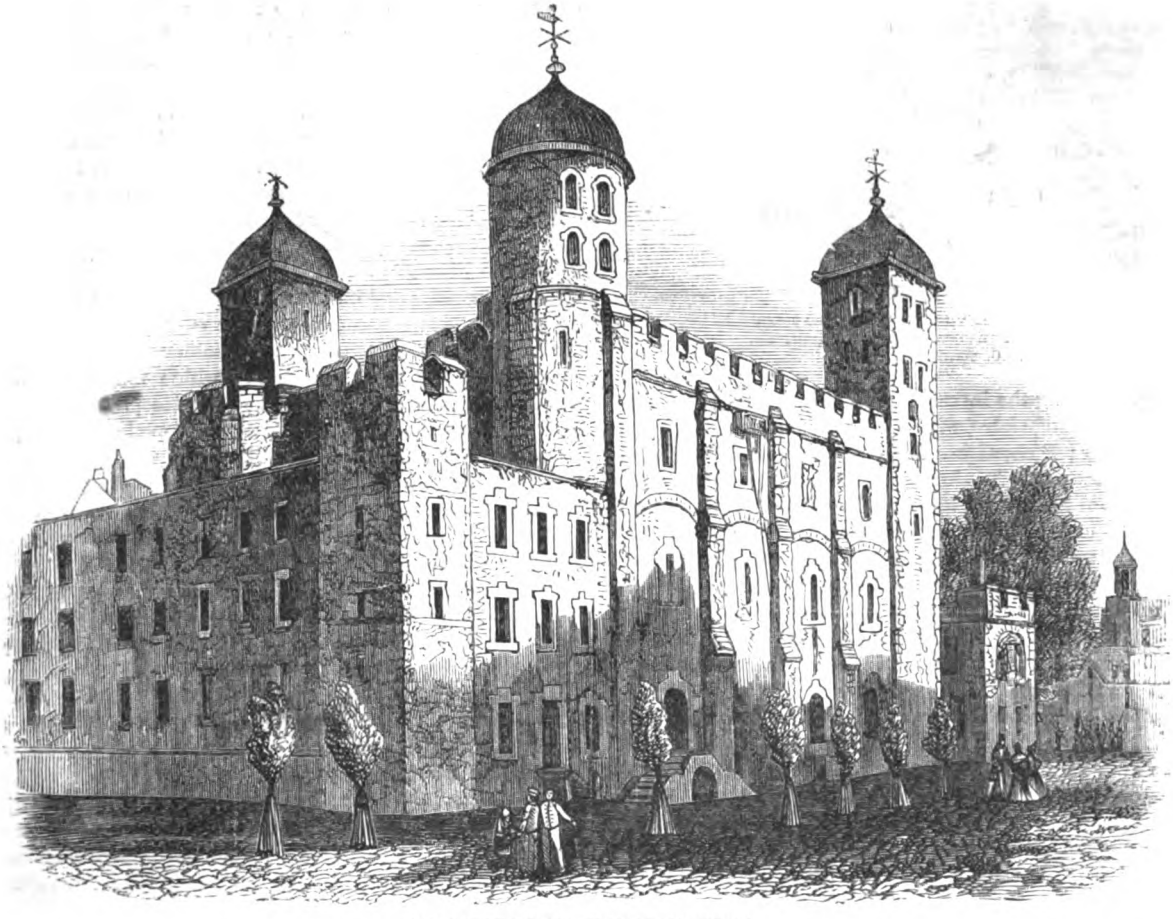
It has long been customary to carry the antiquity of this celebrated fortress, by tradition, centuries earlier than our records, and ascribe its origin to Julius Cæsar. Shakespeare has adopted this version, but in "Richard III." only gives us Buckingham's assurance that it is founded "upon record"; and Gray has embellished the idea of this antiquity:

> "Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
> With many a foul and midnight murder fed."

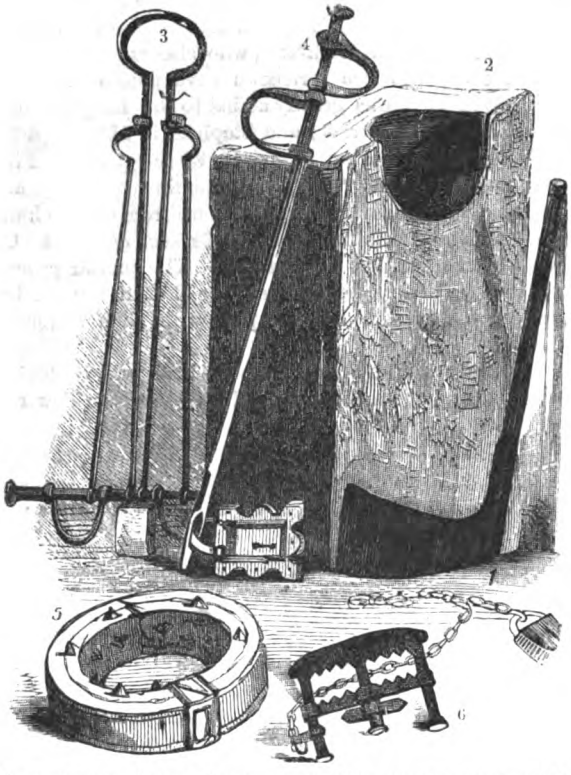
May it not be what architects term a "Julius Tower"? The tradition that the site of the Tower was anciently a Roman stronghold is, however, capable of explanation. We find a similar tradition in connection with the keeps of Kenilworth and some others of Norman date; but in connection with the Tower of London there is no visible evidence of Roman construction. Near the basement, where some alterations have been made, there seems to be a mixture of Roman tiles and bricks; and the same may be seen near the base of some of the other towers which defend the inner ward. These, however, may have been brought from the ruins of the Roman city, which stretched westward; for we are not aware that any Roman remains exist which indicate that buildings of importance were here during the occupation of London by the Romans.

The oldest portion of the fortress is the Keep, or White Tower, so named from its having been originally *white-washed*, as appears from a Latin document of the year 1241. This tower was built about 1078, for William the Conqueror, by Gundulf, Bishop of Rochester, who also erected Rochester Castle; and the two fortresses have points of resemblance. William Rufus greatly added to the Keep; Henry I. strengthened the fortress; and Stephen, in 1140, kept his Court here, with all the rude splendor of the period. Fitzstephen describes it as "the Tower Palatine, very large and very strong, whose court and walls rise up from a deep foundation. The mortar is *tempered with the blood of beasts*. On the west are two castles, well fenced." The mortar process we suspect to be less tenable than the Roman origin; but writers of history are loth to part with such attractive mettle.

Its greatest antiquity must be placed at eight centuries; and the following is a chronological record of the Tower in the several reigns. Thus, about 1190, the Regent Bishop Longchamp surrounded the fortress with an embattled stone wall and "a broade and deepe ditch"; for breaking down part of the city wall he was deposed, and besieged in the Tower, but surrendered after one night. King John held his Court here. Henry III. strengthened the White Tower, and founded the Lion Tower and other western bulwarks; and in this reign the palace-fortress was alternately held by the king and the insurgent barons. Edward I. enlarged the moat, and on the west made the last additions of military importance prior to the invention of cannon. Edward II. retired here against his subjects; and here was born his eldest daughter, Joan of the Tower. Edward III. imprisoned here many illustrious persons, including David, King of Scotland, and John, King of France, with Philip,



THE WHITE TOWER, FROM TOWER GREEN.



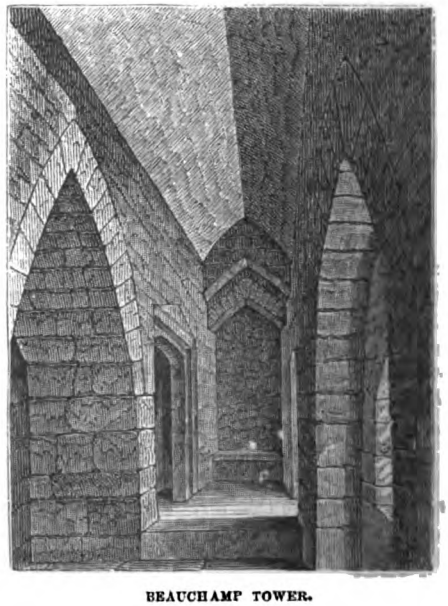
1. EXECUTIONER'S AX. 2. THE BLOCK USED AT LORD BALMERINO'S EXECUTION. 3. THE SCAVENGER'S DAUGHTER. 4. BILBOES. 5. IRON COLLAR. 6. THUMB-SCREW.

his son. During the insurrection of Wat Tyler, King Richard II. took refuge here, with his Court and nobles, six hundred persons; Richard was deposed while imprisoned here, in 1399. Edward IV. kept a magnificent Court here. In 1460 Lord Scales was besieged here by the Yorkists, and was taken and slain in endeavoring to escape by water. Henry VI., twice imprisoned in the fortress, was murdered by Richard, Duke of Gloucester, who crossed the Thames for that purpose in a small boat, at two in the afternoon of Tuesday, the 21st of May, 1471; the weapon was a knife, and the wound was in the ribs. The beheading of Lord Hastings, in 1483, by order of the Protector Gloucester, the seizure of the crown by Richard, and the murder of his nephews, Edward V. and the Duke of York, are the next events in the annals of the fortress. Henry VII. frequently resided in the Tower, where, also, his queen sought refuge from "the society of her sullen and cold-hearted husband"; the king held a splendid tournament here in 1501; his queen died here in 1503. Henry VIII. often held his Court in this fortress; here, in great pomp, Henry received all his wives previous to their espousals; here were beheaded his queens Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard. About this time (1548), an old chronicle tells us that a great fire was caused in the Tower by a Frenchman setting on fire a barrel of gunpowder, "and so was burned himself, and no more persons."

Edward VI. kept his Court in the Tower prior to his coronation; here his uncle, the Protector Somerset, was twice imprisoned before his decapitation on Tower Hill, in 1552. Lady Jane Grey entered the fortress as Queen of England, but in three weeks became here a captive with her youthful husband; both were beheaded. Queen Mary, at her Court in the Tower, first showed her Romish resolves; her sister, the Princess Elizabeth, was imprisoned here on suspicion of favoring Sir Thomas Wyat's design; she was compelled to enter at the Traitors' Gate. Queen Elizabeth did not keep her Court in the Tower, but at no period was the State prison more "constantly thronged with delinquents." James I. resided here, and delighted in combats of the wild beasts kept here. In Charles I.'s reign many leading partisans were imprisoned here; and under the government of Oliver Cromwell, and in the reigns of Charles II. and James II., the Tower was filled with prisoners, the victims of State policy, intrigues, tyranny, or crime. Almost from the Conquest, the English sovereigns, at their coronations, went in great state and procession from the Tower, through the city, to Westminster; the last observance being at the coronation of Charles II. All the domestic apartments of the ancient palace within the Tower were taken down during the reigns of James II. and William and Mary. In 1792 the garrison was increased. Several hundred men were employed in repairing the fortifications, opening the embrasures, and mounting cannon; and on the western side of the fortress a strong barrier was formed with old casks filled with earth and rubble; and the gates were closed at an early hour, and no one but the military allowed to go on the ramparts. The Tower Palace occupied the southeastern portion of the inner ward, as shown in a plan of the fortress in the reign of Elizabeth, within a century from which period much of its ancient character was obliterated.

The White Tower is a rare example of Norman architecture, but externally it has been much disfigured by casing and restorations in the architectural style of the reign of James I. The interior has been little interfered with. The council-chamber and chapel are at a considerable height above the ground of Tower-green, and are reached by two circular staircases of curious construction; one of these is on the north and the other on the west side of the White Tower; these are formed in the thickness of the masonry. Here and there are loopholes, in which may be seen the great strength of the main walls of the Keep. The council-chamber is a large apartment, now stripped of its tapestry hangings and other fittings. It was in this chamber that the Duke of Gloucester rose from the council-table and admitted a body of armed men, who, by the duke's orders, arrested Lord Hastings and other partisans of his nephew. Lord Hastings was immediately taken down the stairs and beheaded on some beams of timber which had been brought into the Tower-green for the purpose of making some repairs in the adjoining buildings; others were committed to close prisons, where they endured much suffering.

From some of the deeply-recessed windows of the White Tower we have glimpses of the little Chapel of St. Peter, in which two headless queens and a large number of persons of note who have suffered execution lie buried. Beyond the outer walls and across the moat, northward, is the site of the scaffold which was often raised on Tower Hill. Looking west-



BEAUCHAMP TOWER.

ward, within the walls of the fortress, may still be seen, at a short distance from the Chapel of St. Peter, the square space on which the scaffold was placed whereon were put to death two queens of Henry VIII., Lady Jane Grey, and others.

The arms and armor in this tower have been arranged chronologically, in several compartments appropriated to the successive periods of English history. The wall above the arches is painted with the livery colors of the royal families of England, from the Plantagenets to the Stuarts, and bearing the names and dates of the sovereigns, in gold, from Henry II. to James II.

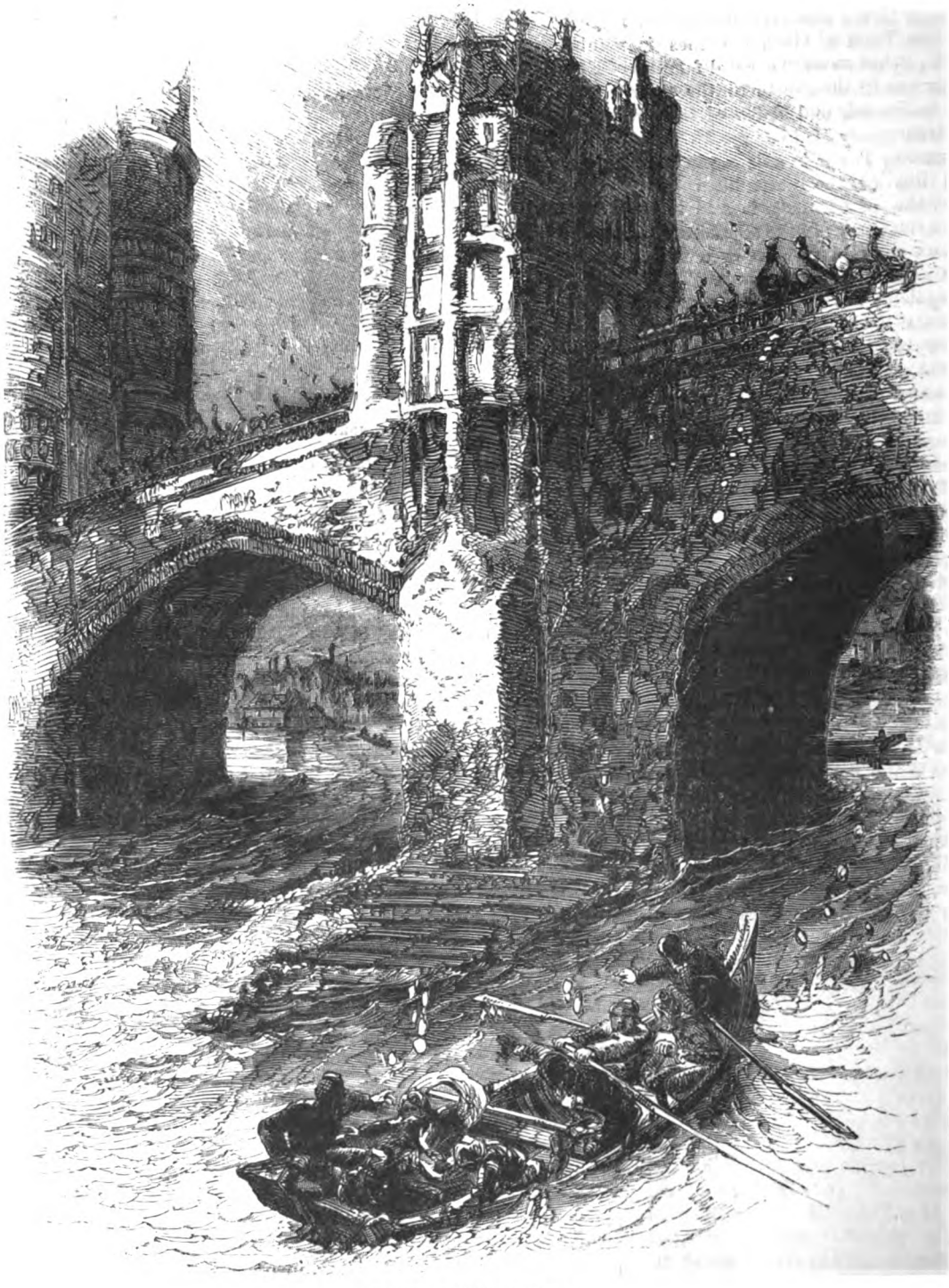
In the Bloody Tower, in a dark, windowless room, in which one of the portcullises was worked, George, Duke of Clarence, is said to have been drowned in malmsey; in the adjoining chamber the two princes are said to have been "smothered"; whence the name Bloody Tower. This has been much disputed; but in a tract *temp.* James I. we read that the above "turret our elders termed the Bloody Tower; for the bloodshed, as they say, of those infant princes of Edward IV., whom Richard III., of cursed memory (I shudder to mention it), savagely killed, two together at one time." In the latter chamber was imprisoned Colonel Hutchinson, whose wife, daughter of Sir Allen Apsley, lieutenant of the Tower, where she was born, relates the above traditions. This portion was formerly called the Garden Tower; it was built *temp.* Edward III., and is the only ancient place of security, as a State prison, in the Tower; it is entered through a small, concealed door in the inner ballium; it consists of a day-room and a bedroom, and the leads on which the prisoner was sometimes allowed to breathe the air. By this concealed door, tradition says, the murderers of the two princes brought out the dead bodies of their royal victims. It will be recollected that, in the commonly received history of this transaction, in the reign of Charles II., at the bottom of the staircase on the west side of the White Tower, was found a wooden box, in which were a quantity of bones, supposed to have been those of the youthful princes; by direction of King Charles, they were inclosed and buried in the north aisle of the chapel of Henry VII. in Westminster Abbey. Bailey, the historian of the Tower, however, believed the murder to have been committed in the White Tower, from the bones having been found there, near a door on the south side. Still, Sir Thomas More, who wrote a century and a half before these bones were found, says the bodies had been removed by a priest from the spot where they were first laid by Tyrrel, on the night of the murder, to a less dishonorable grave. This priest had removed them at the king's request; and as priest and king died suddenly, the secret of their new resting-place would account for Henry VII. being unable to find them, when it was of supreme importance for him to show that the princes were dead. The discovery of bones (every way answering to those of Edward and Richard) under the old staircase leading into the Chapel of St. John the Evangelist, in the White Tower, agrees exactly with the narrative in More. Richard might well object to the burial of his nephews in a place so public as the gateway under the Bloody Tower. The staircase of St. John's Chapel would offer him a spot which he might consider as at once secret and sacred.

ST. JOHN'S CHAPEL IN THE WHITE TOWER.

PLACE WHERE THE PRINCES WERE BURIED.

Some further light was thrown upon this subject in 1868. Adjoining the Bloody Tower is the Wakefield Tower. An opinion had long been entertained that a staircase existed in the wall between these two towers, but investigation had hitherto failed in detecting it. Between or in the thickness of the walls connecting the Bloody Tower with the Wakefield, was discovered a small passage which leads past the chamber containing the windlass for raising the portcullis, and ascends in a spiral course to the top of the ballium-wall; thence it leads into a passage which connected the Bloody Tower with the lieutenant's lodgings, and communicated immediately with the room in which the princes are traditionally said to have been murdered. At the bottom of the staircase, the stones of which were sharp and clean, was a small cell, with a chimney-flue, which (both cell and flue) were crammed with bones and earth. The bones were first said to be *human*, as might be expected; but, upon careful examination, they were found to be entirely the bones of animals, principally deer and oxen. It has been conjectured that the staircase may have been closed immediately after the murder; that the bodies were concealed in the flue, so closely adjoining, in order to escape the notice that their removal and burial elsewhere would occasion; and that both flue and stairs may have been at once closed up by Richard's own orders. The work is carefully executed, the openings being closed with stone, built up so as exactly to match the walls, and thus escape observation. At all events, it is very singular that a convenient staircase already made should be closed, thereby necessitating the formation of another, on the further side of the tower, to reach the chamber above.

Here is fresh subject for surmise, especially as to the animal bones. In front of the foot of the stairs is an arched opening, which has all the appearance of a doorway; but there is nothing left to show how it communicated with any other building, as it is at a considerable height from the ground.



ESCAPE OF QUEEN ELEANOR.

The chamber in the basement of the Bloody Tower, entered by a small door immediately behind the gate on the east side, was evidently intended for the use of the guard.

"In a chamber of the Bloody Tower," says Mr. Dixon, "occurred that strange scene when Sir Thomas Wyatt, on his way to Tower Hill for execution, was carried into Courtney's room, by Mary's command, in the hope that, on a chance of his own life being spared, he would implicate Elizabeth and Courtney in the Kentish plot. The room was full of men; many lords of the council, the lord mayor and sheriffs, gentlemen of the guard, officers of the Tower, all eager for the words on which Elizabeth's life as well as Courtney's life then hung. But the undaunted poet—a man worthy to die for such a woman—would not win his pardon by a lie. Lord Chandos, his bitter enemy, says he implored Lord Courtney to confess the truth; the sheriffs of London declared that Wyatt asked Courtney to forgive him for having

spoken of him and the Lady Elizabeth in connection with his plot. A few minutes later, with the ax gleaming close beside him, he told the people on Tower Hill that he had never accused either Elizabeth or Courtney; that he could not truly do it, as neither had known of his rising until the commotion had begun. In another moment his head was in the dust."

The Bloody Tower gateway, built in the time of Edward III., opposite Traitors' Gate, is the main entrance to the inner ward; it has massive gates and portcullis complete, at the southern end; the gates are genuine, and the portcullis is said to be the only one remaining in England fit for use. The late Duke of Wellington described this tower as the best, if not the only good place of security at the disposition of the officers of the Tower, in which State prisoners can be placed. Traitors' Gate was a small postern, with a drawbridge, fronting the Thames, as Stowe tells us, "seldom let down but for the receipt of some great persons, prisoners." "Perhaps," says Mr. Ferrey, the architect, "no part of this fortified inclosure has suffered more from improper use than the Traitors' Gate. Few people can be aware of the solemn grandeur which this water-gate must have presented in bygone times, when its architectural features were unmutilated. Gateways and barbicans to castles are usually bold and striking in their design; but a water-gate of this kind, in its perfect state, must have been quite unique. The structure consists in plan of an oblong block, each corner having an attached round turret of large dimensions. The south archway, which formed the water approach from the Thames, guarded by a portcullis, is now effectually closed by a wharf occupying the entire length of the Tower. The water originally flowed through the base of the gate-house, and extended, probably, beyond the north side of it, to the traitors' steps, as they were called. Here the superincumbent mass of the gateway is supported by an archway, spanning the entire width of the front, from turret to turret, a distance of more than sixty feet. Such an arch, I think, is not to be found in any other gateway, and is a piece of masterly construction. A staircase in the northwest turret conducts to the galleries, or wall-passages, formed on a level with the top of the archway. These passages are lighted by loopholes through the outer walls; and have a breastwork on the inner face, pierced and crenellated, so that each side of the gateway could be guarded by soldiers, commanding the space below as well as on the outside. The four angular turrets are approached by the wall passages; each turret has two tiers of chambers. They are beautifully groined, having elegant vaulting shafts, with capitals and bases. A lancet window on each side (for the rooms are octangular within) lights the apartment. No stranger on looking at the Traitors' Gate, as it is now incumbered, could possibly form any idea of its ancient dignity. The whole of the upper part is crammed with offices, and disfigured in every possible manner; and the gloom of the Traitors' Gate is now broken up by the blatant noise of steam machinery for hoisting and packing war-weapons."

RICHARD III.

As this is one of the most ancient prisons in England, so it is the most honorable (says Hatton, 1708), few criminals having the favor of being here imprisoned but the nobility, or Members of the House of Commons, who are for high misdemeanor kept in safe custody, by order of their own House, and the governor or lieutenant have their fees, viz., for a duke, £200, an inferior peer, £100, and a commoner, £50. The gentleman-porter hath for his fee such prisoner's upper garment, or compounds for it, which is commonly £30 for a peer, and £5 each for others. The yeomen-warders attend prisoners whose crimes or misdemeanors are something against the Queen (or Government) who allow the prisoners, viz., to a duke, £4, other lords, £2 4s. 5d., and to knights and gentlemen, 13s. 4d. per week, while they

are under confinement. Nothwithstanding the numerous landmarks of English history which have been swept away within the Tower walls, here and there ancient features remain to keep in memory the many innocent victims murdered here in times of despotism and tyranny, and which "pass like dark phantoms before the mind."

> "On through that gate, through which before
> Went Sidney, Russell Raleigh, Cranmer, More."
> ROGERS'S *Human Life.*

The prisoners were conveyea to Westminster for trial, and through the gate they were brought back, accompanied by the headsman and the ax. "It would seem," says Mr. Ferrey, "that the enormous size of the north archway must have been for the admission of several barges or vessels to pass within the present boundary of the gateway-walls when the outer portcullis was closed, and that the Thames once penetrated further to the north."

Mr. Dixon reminds us that—"When it was found necessary, from any cause, to carry a prisoner through the streets, the sheriffs received him from the king's lieutenants at the entrance to the city, gave a receipt for him, and took another on delivering him up at the gates of the Tower. The receipt of the governor for the body of the Duke of Monmouth—his living body—is still extant."

THE PLACE OF EXECUTION IN THE TOWER.

The Bell Tower, containing the alarm-bell of the garrison, is next in order. The Rev. Thomas Hugo, F.S.A., thus picturesquely introduces two of the illustrious tenants of this historical prison-house—this gloomy dungeon, and the scarcely less gloomy chamber immediately above it. Of course, the identification of particular prisoners with particular spots is legendary, and we can rarely adduce precise historical proof of the correctness of such views. Assuming as a fact what tradition asserts—these walls once looked upon two faces, among, doubtless, many others, whose owners possess considerable attractions for the minds of Englishmen. The first of these two was the venerable Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, who fell under the headsman's ax for denying the spiritual supremacy of Henry VIII.

The Bishop of Rochester was one of the foremost men of his age, and was for many years confessor to the king's grandmother, the Countess of Richmond; and it is supposed that her munificence toward the two universities—by founding St. John's and Christ's Colleges at Cambridge, and the professorships of divinity in both Oxford and Cambridge—was mainly owing to his pious advice and direction. He sided, as was likely, against the king in the matter of Queen Catherine, whose cause he warmly advocated, and, as also was likely, drew down upon himself the displeasure of his unscrupulous sovereign. At length, when called before the Lambeth council, and commanded to acknowledge the king's supremacy, he resolutely refused to do so, and was forthwith committed to the Tower.

"He had now reached his eightieth year, and the cold, damp dungeon into which he was thrust was not calculated to prolong his days. Perhaps his enemies desired that death should naturally remove him, and remove from them also the odium which could not fail to attach to all who should be instrumental in his more direct and manifest destruction. His constitution, however, was proof against his position, and for many months he bore his privations as became a good soldier in a cause on which his heart and soul were set. Out of his painful dungeon he wrote to Mr. Secretary Cromwell in these words: "Furthermore, I beseech you, to be good master to me in my necessity, for I have neither suit nor yet other clothes that are necessary for me to wear but that be ragged and rent shamefully. My diet also, God knoweth how slender it is at many times; and now in mine age my stomack may not away with but a few kinds of meat, which, if I want, I decay forthwith, and fall into coughs and diseases of my body, and cannot keep myself in health. And as our Lord knoweth, I have nothing left unto me to provide any better, but as my brother of his own purse layeth out for me to his great hindrance. Therefore, good Master Secretary, I beseech you to have some pity upon me, and let me have such things as are necessary for me in mine age, and especially for my health. . . . . Then shall you bind me for ever to be your poor beadsman unto Almighty God, who ever have you in his protection and custody."

This was written in the depth of a bitter Winter, for the aged writer concludes: "This, I beseech you, to grant me of your charity. And thus our Lord send you a merry Christmas, and a comfortable, to your heart's desire.—At the Tower, the 22d day of December.'"

Condemned by his peers, and brought back to the Watergate, he turned round and dismissed his escort, as though they had been a guard of honor, and he were only coming in from a feast, saying, that as he had nothing else left, he should give them his hearty thanks.

This Bell Tower, one of the safest dungeons in the stronghold, was considered as next in rank to the Bloody Tower. Elizabeth is said to have been first of all lodged in its strong room, until the murmurs of all London and the threats of Lord Howard and the fleet persuaded Mary to treat her with

some show of justice. It was the prison, as we see, of Courtney and Lady Lennox, both of the royal race, of the blood of Edward IV.

"The scene again changes, and this time a very different prisoner enters the portals of the Bell Tower. It is now the fair and blooming face of a young and noble lady, afterward the queen of this great country, then known by the name of the Princess Elizabeth. Her sister, ever sullen and suspicious, had removed her, to the danger of her life, from her home at Ashridge, in Hertfordshire, and after necessary delay at Redbourne, St. Alban's, South Mimms, and Highgate, she at length, some days after the beginning of her journey, arrived at Whitehall. Within a fortnight she was lodged in her prison in the Tower. Doubtless you know the story; but her entrance into the fortress deserves a moment's mention. The barge was directed to enter by Traitors' Gate, much to the annoyance of the fair prisoner. It rained hard (an old chronicler says), and a certain unnamed lord offered her his cloak; but she put her hand back with a good dash, and then, as she set her foot on the dreaded stairs, she cried out aloud, 'Here landeth as good a subject, being a prisoner, as ever landed at these stairs; and before Thee, O God, I speak it, having none other friend but Thee.' A few minutes afterward found her a fast prisoner, and, as tradition tells us, in the very turret to which we have drawn attention."

ANNE BOLEYN.

Walter Raleigh was thrice imprisoned in the Tower. Beauchamp Tower and the White Tower were his prison-houses; but his twelve long years of imprisonment were passed in the Bloody Tower. "It was hither that Prince Henry came to spend his hours with the great prisoner; and where he one day said to his attendants, as he rode away, that no king save his father would keep such a bird in such a cage. It was to these narrow chambers that Lady Raleigh, the bright Bessie Throgmorton of his youth, leaving all the splendors of Sherborne Castle, came to reside with her hero. Here her son Carew was born." Here Raleigh devoted much time to chemistry and pharmaceutical preparations. "He has converted," says Sir William Wade, Lieutenant of the Tower, "a little hen-house in the garden into a still-house, and here he doth spend his time all the day in distillations; . . . . he doth show himself upon the wall in his garden to the view of the people;" here Raleigh prepared his "Rare Cordial," wrote his political discourses, and commenced his famous "History of the World." He was at length liberated, but again committed to the Tower, about two months before his execution at Westminster.

Raleigh's shifting imprisonments must have been very irksome. Thus, in 1603, in the course of a few months, Raleigh was first confined in his own house, then conveyed to the Tower, next sent to Westminster jail, returned from thence to the Tower, imprisoned for between two and three months in the Fleet, and again removed to the Tower, where he remained until released thirteen years afterward, to undertake his new expedition to Guiana. Mr. Payne Collier possesses a copy of that rare tract, "A Good Speed to Virginia," 4to, 1609, with the autograph on the title-page, "W. Raleigh, Turr. Lond.;" showing that at the time this tract was published by Raleigh, he recorded himself a prisoner in the Tower of London."

Raleigh's constant study was in the pages of that Divine Book, by which, as he told the clergyman who rebuked him for his seeming lightness, on the eve of his beheadal, he had prepared himself to look fearlessly on death. His last hours were each an episode, and his acts and words have been carefully recorded.

On the morning of his execution, his keeper brought a cup of sack to him, and inquired how he was pleased with it? "As well as he who drank of St. Giles's bowl as he rode to Tyburne," answered the knight, "and said, 'it was a good drink, if a man might but tarry by it.'" "Prithee, never fear, Beeston," cried he to his old friend, Sir Hugh, who was repulsed from the scaffold by the sheriff, "I shall have a place!" A bald man, from extreme age, pressed forward

"to see him," he said, "and pray God for him." Raleigh took a richly embroidered cap from his own head, and placing it on that of the old man, said, "Take this, good friend, to remember me, for you have more need of it than I." "Farewell, my lords," was his cheerful parting to a courtly group, who affectionately took their sad leave of him, "I have a long journey before me, and I must e'en say good-bye." "Now, I am going to God," said that heroic spirit, as he trod the scaffold; and, gently touching the axe, added, "This is a sharp medicine, but it will cure all diseases." The very headsman shrank from beheading one so illustrious and brave, until the unquailing soldier addressed him, "What, dost thou fear! Strike, man!" In another moment the mighty soul had fled from its mangled tenement.

Sir Walter Raleigh perished in the sixty-sixth year of his age—a mournful monument of the proverbial mutability of fortune, and a testimony that the most brilliant capacities,

MARGARET ROPER TAKING LEAVE OF SIR THOMAS MORE.

LADY JANE GREY.

unless accompanied by moral rectitude, are insufficient and unstable. However much we may be inclined to dissent from that sweeping sentence of Dr. Lingard, that, in this catastrophe, "the provocation was great, and the punishment not understood," we can, nevertheless, coincide with that eminent historian in looking with admiration upon the magnanimous self-possession of Raleigh. We can peruse with joy that splendid panegyric uttered by the Bishop of Salisbury, who attended Sir Walter on the scaffold, and who declared that "his was the most fearless of deaths that ever was known, and the most resolute and confident, yet with reverence and conscience!" We can rejoice that the contemporary population were sufficiently dispassionate to regard that execution, according to Hume, as a deed of

"cruelty and injustice, meanness and indiscretion!" We can rejoice to hear Macaulay asserting that that decollation, "under all the circumstances, must be considered as a dastardly murder!" We can almost rejoice at that dramatic incident at Whitehall, where, several years after this imperial assassination, James was startled by the introduction of Raleigh's only surviving son, Carew, at court, and turned from him with loathing, muttering that he resembled his father's ghost! An anecdote which proves, as Miss Aikin keenly remarks, "how loudly the conscience of the king upbraided him with the sacrifice of Sir Walter." We can rejoice in these considerations, painful and lamentable as they are, because, in the indignation which they aroused against the murderer of Raleigh, we recognize the safeguard of the future illustrious; because sovereigns must tremble in their palaces, and ambassadors swallow vengeance in their cabinets, before another subject, however exalted or however base, shall suffer wrongfully for their satisfaction; before another Raleigh can perish by an ignominious punishment, deriving an additional glory to his memory out of the very abjectness and degradation of his antagonists.

The Beauchamp Tower has a most minute individual history written upon its sides. It has been fancifully said that "walls have ears." The walls of the prison-lodgings in the Tower, however, bear more direct testimony of their former occupants; for here the thoughts, sorrows, and sufferings of many a noble soul, crushed spirit, are literally cut in stone. The Beauchamp Tower has many records preserved of noteworthy persons confined upon its walls; but it is to be regretted that several of these records have been removed from the rooms where they were incised, so that the interest of the locality is marred. This tower originally derived its name from Thomas de Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, who was imprisoned here in 1397. It consists of three apartments, one above the other, besides a few small passages and cells; and in the ground-floor chamber have been discovered in the stonework secret passages for listening spies.

This room is partly below the ground, and must have been a dismal place of imprisonment. A circular staircase leads to the other apartments, in which have been confined so many eminent persons. Many of these have here endeavored to shorten the tedious hours by records, on the stone walls, of their names and sentiments; and hard must be the heart which could look unmoved at many of the memorials; they have been cleansed by an ingenious chemical process from dirt and paint. During this operation many new names have been brought to light which have for long been hidden by plaster, etc. Among these is a sculptured rebus—a *bell* inscribed TA. and Thomas above, the memorial of Dr. Abel, chaplain to Queen Catherine of Aragon. Thomas Abel was a man of learning, a great master of instrumental music, and well skilled in modern languages. He was introduced at Court, and he became domestic chaplain to Queen Catherine, wife of Henry VIII. When the validity of their marriage became a question, the affection which Dr. Abel bore toward his mistress led him into the controversy to which it gave rise, and he opposed the divorce both by words and writings. By giving into the delusion of the "Holy Maid of Kent" he incurred a misprision, and was afterward condemned and executed in Smithfield, together with others, for denying the king's supremacy, and affirming his marriage with Queen Catherine to be valid. Couplets, maxims, allegories, and spiritual truths are sometimes added.

Another sculpture, a kneeling figure, portrays Robert Bainbridge, who was imprisoned for writing a letter offensive to Queen Elizabeth. "Thomas Talbot, 1462," is the oldest inscription which has been found in the prison. Talbot was here in 1454; he had kept Henry VI. prisoner at Waddington Hall, in Lancashire.

In the State Prison room is IANE. IANE, cut in letters of Elizabethan character, which attract more attention from visitors than memorials of more elaborate design and execution. These letters are supposed to have been cut by Lord Guildford Dudley, as a solace, when he was confined in a separate prison from his unhappy wife. This is the only memorial preserved of Lady Jane Grey in the Tower.

One of the most elaborate devices is that of "John Dvdle, Earl of Warwick," tried and condemned in 1553 for endeavoring to deprive Mary of the crown; but, being reprieved, he died in his prison-room, where he had wrought upon the wall his family's cognizance, the lion and bear and ragged staff, underneath which is his name; the whole surrounded by oak-sprigs, roses, geraniums, honeysuckles, emblematic of the Christian names of his four brothers, as appears from this unfinished inscription:

"Yow that these beasts do wel behold and se,
May deme with ease wherefore here made they be
Withe borders eke wherein (there may be found)
4 brothers' names who list to serche the grovnd."

The names of the four brothers were Ambrose, Robert, Guildford, and Henry; thus, A., acorn; R., rose; G., geranium; H., honeysuckle, Others think the rose indicates Ambrose, and the oak Robert (*robur*). In another part is carved an oak-tree bearing acorns, signed R. D.; the work of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester.

The following apophthegms are curious: "I h s 1571, die 10 Aprilis. Wise men ought circumspectly to see what they do, to examine before they speake, to prove before they take in hand, to beware whose company they use, and above all things, to whom they truste. Charles Bailly." Another of Bailly's apophthegms is: "The most unhapy man in the world is he that is not pacient in adversities; for men are not killed with the adversities they have, but with ye impatience which they svffer."

Here are several devices of the Peverils, on a crucifix bearing a heart, wheatsheaves, a portrait, initials, etc. A reference to Sir Walter Scott's novels of the "Fortunes of Nigel" and "Peveril of the Peak," shows that their distinguished author had made himself acquainted with the various portions of the Tower. The lower right-hand inscription is one of several bearing the name of Peveril. The wheatsheaves are the armorial bearings of the Peverils of Derbyshire. Scott doubtless found these stones very suggestive. The room above the entrance of the Bloody Tower, in which the young princes are said to have been murdered by Richard III., agrees with the account of the place of meeting between George Heriot, his god-daughter, and Nigel. There is here a secret closet near the roof, of no seeming use, except to conceal an observer from the prisoners, which may have afforded the idea of the "lug" in which James I. ensconced himself.

These inscriptions tell their own sad stories:

"O. Lord. whic. art. of. heavn. King. Graunt. gras. and lyfe. everlastig. to. Miagh. thy. servant. in. prison. alon with . . . . Tomas Miagh." Again:

"Thomas Miagh, whiche lieth here alon,
That fayne wovld from hens be gon,
By tortyre straunge mi troth was
tryed, yet of my liberties denied. 1581, Thomas Myagh."

He was a prisoner for treason, tortured with Skevington's irons and the rack.

"Thomas Willyngar, goldsmithe. My hart is yours tel dethe." By the side is a figure of a bleeding "hart," and another of "dethe"; and "T. W." and "P. A."

"Thomas Rose,
Within this Tower strong
Kept close
By those to whom he did no wrong. May 8th, 1666."

"J. C. 1538." "Learne to feare God." "Reprens. le sage et. il. te. armera.—Take wisdom, and he shall arm you."

The memorial of Thomas Salmon, 1622, now let into the wall of the middle room, was formerly in the upper prison-lodging; it records a long captivity, and consists of a shield surrounded by a circle; above the circle the name "T. Salmon"; a crest formed of three salmons, and the date 1622; underneath the circle the motto, *Nec temere, nec timore*—"Neither rashly, nor with fear." Also a star containing the abbreviation of Christ in Greek, surrounded by the sentence, *Sic vive vt vivas*—"So live that thou mayst live." In the opposite corner are the words, *Et morire ne morieris*—"And die that thou mayst die not." Surrounding a representation of Death's head, above the device, is the enumeration of Salmon's confinement: "Close prisoner 8 moneths, 32 wekes—224 dayes, 5376 houres."

On the ground-floor is "Robart Dudley." He was the third son of John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, who was beheaded on Tower Hill in 1553, for high treason. At his death his sons were still left in confinement; Robert was, in 1554, arraigned in Guildhall for high treason, and condemned to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. He lay under this sentence till the following year, when he and his brothers were liberated by command of Queen Mary, and afterward rose in high favor at court. On the ground-floor, also, is this significant couplet:

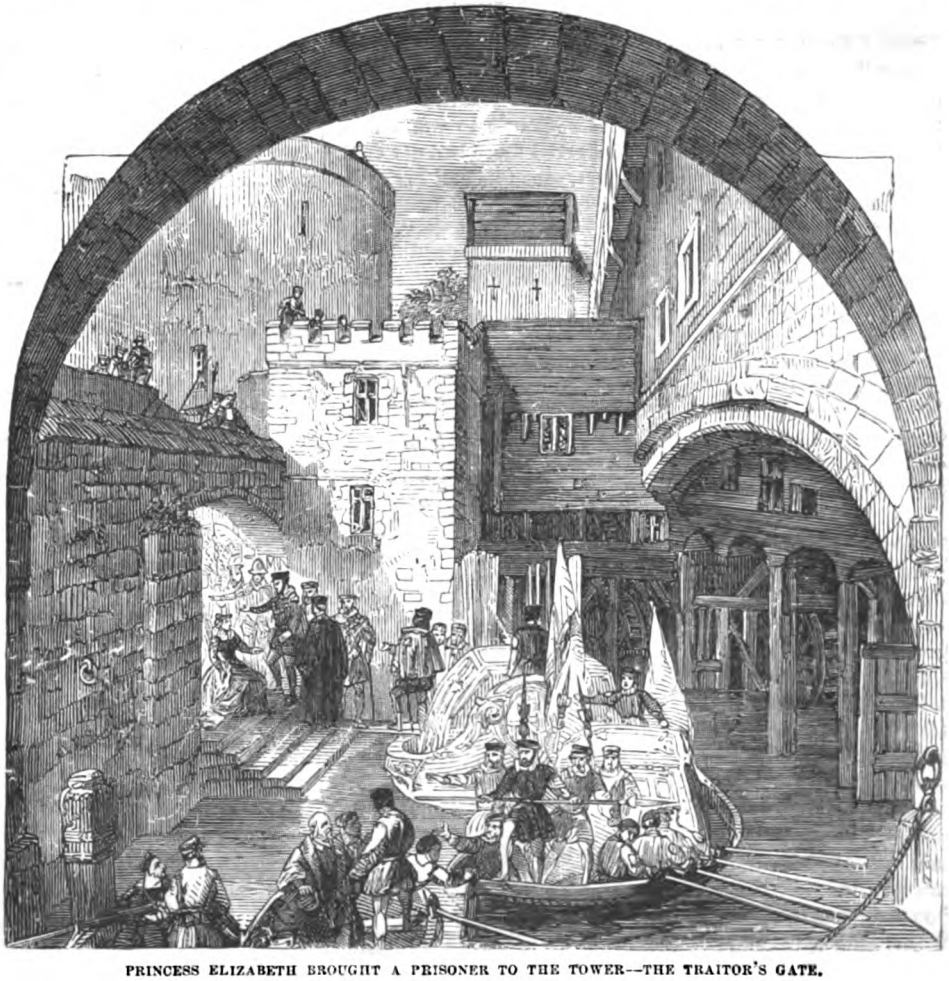
"The man whom this house cannot mend,
Hath evil becom, and worse will end."

Sir Walter Raleigh's prison was the two upper chambers.

One of the most striking personages amongst the foreign prisoners was Charles of Orleans, the brave soldier and poet-prince, who was captured at Agincourt, and remained prisoner in the Tower five-and-twenty years. Mr. Dixon, availing himself of a copy of the Prince's French Poems, nobly illuminated, in the MS. Department of the British Museum, states that one of the drawings in this MS. is of peculiar interest: in the first place, as being *the oldest view of the Tower extant;* in the second place, as fixing the exact chamber in the White Tower in which the poet was confined, and displaying dramatically the life which he led. First, we see the prince at his desk, composing his poems, with his gentlemen in attendance, and his guards on duty. Next, we observe him on a window-sill, looking outward into space. Then we have him at the foot of the White Tower, embracing the messenger who brings him the ransom. Again, we see him mounting his horse. Then we have him and his friendly messenger riding away from the Tower. Lastly, he is seated in a barge, which lusty rowers are pulling down the stream for the boat which is to carry him to France.

It is commonly stated that the Beauchamp Tower was formerly the place of confinement for State prisoners, and that Sir William Wallace and Queen Anne Boleyn were amongst its inmates. Mr. Sidney Gibson, however, maintains there to be "no historical authority for saying that the Scottish hero was ever confined in the Tower of London; and it seems certain that the unfortunate queen was a prisoner in the royal apartments, which were in a different part of the fortress." Mr. Gibson proceeds to show that when Wallace was taken, and conducted to London, he was lodged in the house of a citizen in Fenchurch Street, and next brought on horseback to Westminster, and in the Great Hall was impeached; and Holinshed says, "condemed and thereupon hanged" at Smithfield; so that "he never was a prisoner in the Tower." Queen Anne Boleyn occupied the royal apartments while she was prisoner here; Speed states that she continued to occupy the same apartments after she was condemned to death; and was beheaded on "the Green by the White Tower."

The economy of the Tower as a State prison presents a strange contrast with its magnificence as a royal palace. "The case of Sir Henry Wyatt," says Mr. Hepworth Dixon, in a paper read by him to the Archæological Institute, "father of the wit, poet, and courtier, Sir Thomas Wyatt, takes us back to the latter days of the Red and White Roses. Wyatt was a Lancastrian in politics, and under the reign of



PRINCESS ELIZABETH BROUGHT A PRISONER TO THE TOWER—THE TRAITOR'S GATE.

COLONEL BLOOD STEALING THE CROWN JEWELS.

Richard the Third he spent not a little of his time in the Tower." The Wyatt Papers say — "He was imprisoned often; once in a cold and narrow tower, where he had neither bed to lie on, nor clothes sufficient to warm him, nor meat for his mouth. He had starved there had not God, who sent a crow to feed his prophet, sent this and his country's martyr a cat, both to feed and to warm him. It was his own relation unto them from whom I had it. A cat came one day down into the dungeon unto him, and as it were, offered herself unto him. He was glad of her, laid her in his bosom to warm him, and, by making much of her won her love. After this she would come every day unto him divers times, and, when she could get one, bring him a pigeon. He complained to his keeper of his cold and short fare. The answer was, 'he durst not better it.' 'But,' said Sir Henry, 'if I can provide any, will you promise to dress it for me?' 'I may well enough,' said he, the keeper; 'you are safe for that matter;' and being urged again, promised him, and kept his promise, dressing for him, from time to time, such pigeons as the cat provided for him. Sir Henry Wyatt, in his prosperity, for this would ever make much of cats, as other men will of their spaniels or hounds; and perhaps you shall not find his picture anywhere but, like Sir Christopher Hatton with his dog, with a cat beside him.' The prisoner had this faithful cat painted, with a pigeon in his paws, offering it through the grated window of his dungeon."

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

There are few figures in history so inviting to the painter, and, we might add, also to the poet, novelist, and dramatist, as that of Lady Jane Grey. Her extreme youth, her untimely fate, her very extraordinary accomplishments, and the great issues which hung upon the attempt to place her upon the throne, unite to render her an object of deep and pathetic interest. Her attainments in learning have, if we

may credit several contemporary records, perhaps never been equaled by any of her sex at the same early age. We all remember Roger Ascham's account of finding her reading the "Phædo" of Plato in the original Greek, instead of joining her family, who were hunting in the Park at Bradgate. "Whatever I do else but learning," said the girl student, "is full of grief, trouble, fear, and wholly misliking unto me."

Sir Thomas Chalconer tells us that, although scarcely eighteen years of age when she was beheaded, Lady Jane was well versed in the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Chaldee, Arabic, French, and Italian languages; that she had a natural wit, which was improved by art and study; that she played well on several musical instruments, wrote a "curious" or remarkable hand, and was excellent at her needle; and that, notwithstanding all these rare endowments, "she was of a mild, humble, and modest spirit, and never showed an elated mind until she showed it at her death."

It is certain, also, that Lady Jane accepted the regal title with great reluctance, and only in obedience to her imperious father, the Duke of Suffolk, and her ambitious father-in-law, the Duke of Northumberland, seconded, probably, by the affectionate solicitude of her husband, Lord Guildford Dudley.

When the health of Edward VI. began to decline, Northumberland had persuaded him, from a pretended concern for the interests of religion, to bequeath the crown to Lady Jane, setting aside his sisters Mary and Elizabeth, and had also, about the same time, effected a marriage between her and his son, Lord Guildford Dudley.

ESCAPE OF THE EARL OF NITHISDALE.

On the death of Edward, her father and Northumberland, much against her own wishes, paid homage to her as queen, and had her proclaimed in London with the usual formalities. This pageantry, however, lasted only a few days; for Mary proved successful, the Duke of Northumberland was beheaded, and Lady Jane and her husband sent to the Tower.

Queen Mary would not consent to the death of Lady Jane, though urged by her ministers to do so. Sentence was, however, pronounced against her and her husband, without any immediate intention of putting it into execution, and they remained confined in the Tower. But in consequence of Wyatt's insurrection, in which Suffolk was mad enough to engage, Mary signed a warrant for their execution on February 8th, 1554. Dudley was beheaded on Tower Hill; Jane, on account of her royal blood, was allowed to suffer within the precincts of the Tower.

The judicial murder of the gentle, learned, upright and pious Sir Thomas More is one of the deepest stains on the character of Henry VIII. More suffered with the same constancy that had upheld him throughout his confinement and persecution. But his trial was invested with circumstances of sad interest, and to the very last every means were tried to shake the decision which had irritated the paltry and sensual monarch.

He was led forth on the 1st of July, 1534, clad in a coarse woolen gown, from the Tower to Westminster Hall. His gray hair, and his countenance, cheerful, though emaciated from long confinement and privations, excited a strong sympathy in his behalf.

Henry, dreading the effect of his eloquence and truthful uprightness of demeanor, had contrived that his indictment should be framed in exaggerated and verbose terms, hoping by a cloud of words to puzzle and distract the memory of the illustrious defendant. As soon as it had been read, More was informed that it was still in his power to close the proceedings, and recover the royal favor, by abjuring his former opinion. He gratefully but firmly declined this, and commenced an elaborate defense. He declared that neither by word nor deed had he interfered with the king's marriage with Anne Boleyn; and as to his having sought to deprive the king of his new title as supreme Head of the Church, he said that all he had done was to keep silence on the subject, and that silence was no treason. Rich, the Solicitor-General, whose worthy services of perjury and falsehood were afterward rewarded with a peerage, declared that the prisoner's silence was malicious.

"I have a right to be silent," replied More, "when my words are likely to be misconstrued to my injury."

Rich testified that in a private conversation in the Tower, More had said:

"The Parliament cannot make the king head of the Church, because it is a civil tribunal, without spiritual authority."

In vain did More declare that he had never uttered these words—in vain did he urge the inconsistency of such a speech with his wonted caution—in vain did he allude to the worthless character of his accusers. Although the witnesses called to substantiate Rich's evidence utterly failed to do so, the judges were there to condemn, and condemn they must, as the Duke of Norfolk duly admonished them. By a villainous act of degrading submission to the throne, a jury—doubtless carefully packed for the occasion, or else

frightened into a verdict—found the prisoner guilty, and the usual sentence for treason, to be hanged, drawn, and quartered, was passed upon him. With the ax turned toward him, and accompanied by Sir W. Kingston, the constable of the Tower, bathed in tears, he went back to his prison, amid the wondering gaze of the citizens. On the Tower wharf his favorite daughter, Margaret, twice forced her way through the guard and halberdiers, clasped him round the neck, kissed him, and sobbed aloud. He blessed and wept over her, but resumed his firm step.

To the last, however, attempts were made to shake his noble constancy; but he, who had parted from his dearest ties in this life, and whose leisure hours had been spent in meditating on the next, was not to be deterred from following the impulses of his own conscience.

When told that the king had been graciously pleased to commute his sentence to simple decapitation, he said: "God preserve my friends from such royal favors!"

On ascending the scaffold, fear was expressed that it would break down.

"Master Lieutenant," quoth More, "see me safe up; as for my coming down, let me shift for myself."

He knelt down, and after his prayers were said, turned to the executioner, with a cheerful countenance, and said to him:

"Pluck up thy spirits, man, and be not afraid to do thine office; my neck is very short: take heed, therefore, thou strike not awry, for saving of thine honesty."

His head was fixed on London Bridge by the side of his friend, Fisher. But his daughter, Margaret, after some time, obtained permission to take down her father's head; and when she died, nine years after, the head was laid upon her breast, and buried with her.

The attempt of Colonel Thomas Blood, in 1670, during the reign of Charles II., to steal the British crown, sceptre, and other regalia, from the Tower, was one of the most daring undertakings of that most daring of men. Blood, as most historical readers will remember, was a noted "Fifth Monarchy man," who had been rampant beyond all others during the Protectorate of Cromwell, and who, though spared at the Restoration, never ceased plotting against the Stuarts until he perished at last by the plague. Shortly before this extraordinary attempt to steal the royal jewels, the desperado had seized the Duke of Ormond in the street, in revenge for some real or fancied injury, carried him off, and actually arranged a rope to hang him at Tyburn, before a rescue was accomplished.

The regalia were at this time in the care of an aged man, named Talbot Edwards, who was exhibitor of the jewels, and with whom Blood first made acquaintance, disguised as a clergyman, and accompanied by a woman whom he represented as his wife, pretending that they wished to see the crown and jewels. Blood managed to become quite intimate with Edwards, and finally proposed a match between the keeper's daughter and a supposed nephew of his own. It was arranged, at Blood's suggestion, that he should bring his nephew, to be introduced to the lady, at 7 o'clock on the morning of the 9th of May, 1671; and he further asked leave to bring with him two friends to see the regalia, at the above early hour, as they must leave town in the forenoon.

At the appointed time, Edwards made ready to receive his guests, and the daughter dressed herself gayly to receive her gallant. Presently, Parson Blood, with three men, came to the jewel-house, all armed with rapier-blades in their canes, and each with a dagger and a pair of pistols. Two of his companions entered with him, and a third staid at the door, to watch. Blood told Edwards that they would not go up-stairs until his wife came, and desired him to show his friends the crown while they were waiting. No sooner had they entered the room where the jewels were kept, and the door, as usual, been shut, than they assaulted Edwards, bound and gagged him, and, on his attempting to raise an alarm, struck him on the head with a wooden mallet, rendering him quite insensible for a time. The three villains now went deliberately to work; one of them, Parrot, put the globe or orb into his pocket, Blood concealed the crown under his cloak, and the other began to file the sceptre asunder, in order that it might be put into a bag, as it was too long to carry.

They would doubtless have succeeded, but for the opportune arrival of young Mr. Edwards, accompanied by his brother-in-law, Captain Beckman. Blood and his accomplices, thus interrupted, instantly decamped with the crown and orb, leaving the sceptre, which they had not time to file. Edwards managed to free himself, gave the alarm, and the robbers were pursued and captured after a desperate struggle. Blood fought fiercely to escape, but on the crown being wrested from him, in a tone of disappointment, he exclaimed: "It was a gallant attempt, however unsuccessful, for it was for a crown!" A few of the jewels fell from the crown in the struggle, but they were recovered and replaced. Blood, with Parrot (who had the orb and the most valuable jewel of the sceptre—the balas ruby—in his pocket), were secured, and lodged in the White Tower, and three others of the party were subsequently captured. Oddly enough, for some whim of the king's, while hundreds of poor fellows were hung for embezzling goods of the value of a sixpence, Blood was not hung, but pardoned, and had a grant of land worth £500 a year made him in Ireland.

Perhaps there is nowhere—certainly not in England—a more noble and striking specimen of the grand and simple style of Norman architecture than St. John's Chapel, in the White Tower. The massive and solemn effect of its huge columns, and the absence of all minor decorations and ornament, give a peculiar character and dignity to its imposing architecture.

It is associated with many interesting historical recollections. Here it was that the forty-six noblemen and gentlemen, created Knights of the Bath by Henry IV., on his accession to the throne, performed the ancient chivalrous ceremony of watching their armor from sunset to sunrise.

Brackenburg was at his prayers in this chapel when he received Richard's message to destroy Edward V. and his brother, which execrable deed he, to his honor, refused to undertake.

Here the mortal remains of Queen Elizabeth, the White Rose of York, lay in state for some weeks previous to her splendid funeral in 1603.

The floor or body of St. John's Chapel is on the same level as the Banqueting Hall, which occupies the main story of the White Tower, while the gallery, which runs round three sides of the chapel, is entered from the Council Chamber, without communication from below. The Tower Palace, of which there is scarcely any vestige remaining, communicated with the White Tower, and this gallery was probably the place to which the English queens and their ladies resorted for the celebration of mass, unseen by the worshipers in the body of the chapel below.

The underground part of the White Tower was used for confinement of such prisoners as were to be deprived of all indulgence, and contained dungeons of the most gloomy description. At the southeast angle of these vaults there still exists a dark cell, closed by a heavy door, with no aperture for the admission of either light or air, and of such contracted dimensions and peculiar construction that the prisoner could neither stand, sit, nor lie in it at full length, but was compelled to draw himself up in a cramped, squatting position. This dungeon is known by the ominous name of

"Little Ease," and an old writer said of it that "half an hour [in it] will tame the stoutest and stubbornest stomach, and will make him have a desire to be freed from the place." In this cell Guy Fawkes was confined, previous to his examination and torture, which took place in the governor's house, in presence of the Lords of the Council.

There has lately been discovered in the vaults of the White Tower another cell, with this inscription on its walls:

> "Sacris vestibus inditus
> dum sacra mysteria
> servans, captus et in
> hoc angusto carcere
> inclusus. R. Fisher."

This was doubtless the work of the Bishop of Rochester, previously alluded to. Somewhere also in the vaults of the White Tower is the cell mentioned in several of the records as "Cold Harbor," a designation which has given rise to much discussion, from its having been applied, not only to places of confinement, but to several hamlets in different counties of England, and a now famous place in Virginia, without any apparent similarity of meaning. It is said that there are to be found in old English maps and itineraries, as many as fifteen or twenty "Cold Harbors," but whether they were ever places of confinement it is vain now to conjecture.

Among the memorials of the past preserved in the Tower, are the headsman's mask, ax, and block used in the decapitation of so many noble and illustrious victims. More than a century has now elapsed since a so-called traitor's head fell from the block; the last persons so executed being Lords Balmerino, Kilmarnock, and Lovat, beheaded for participation in the last Stuart attempt, in 1745, to regain the crown.

Visitors to the Tower never fail to examine with curious interest these dread instruments of death; and, thinking of the many great victims who, in the long period of English history, perished, often unjustly, in this way, the shades of More, Fisher, Lady Jane Grey, Raleigh, Anne Boleyn, Charles I., and all the headless host, seem to rise from the dust and people the very air about.

From a fortress so strongly fenced and so closely guarded as the Tower, it would seem the height of folly to attempt escape. Yet such attempts have frequently been made, and in several instances proved successful.

Ralph Flambard, Bishop of Durham and minister to William Rufus, greatly assisted in building the Tower, and, strangely enough, was the first person known to have been imprisoned therein. He was confined in the White Tower, August 18th, 1100, and two shillings daily, then a large sum, was allowed for his subsistence. Making his keepers drunk, and obtaining a rope in a flagon, he let himself down from the window of the south gallery, February 4th, 1101, taking his pastoral staff with him. The rope broke, and he was injured in falling, but he managed to escape to Normandy, however. He lived to recover his see, and was the architect of several most remarkable buildings.

HENRY LAURENS.

The escape of Queen Eleanor, of which we present an illustration, occurred in 1173. She was the wife of Henry II., of England, and in her own right, Countess of Poitou and Duchess of Guienne. She had been the wife of Louis VII., King of France, and within six weeks after her divorce from her first husband married the English King. The latter part of their married life was a deplorable scene of family discord and contention. Having joined her son, Prince Henry, in his rebellion against the King, she was confined in the Tower, but succeeded in eluding her guards and escaped from the fortress by the River Gate. In attempting to rejoin her sons, who had fled to France, she was captured, disguised in male attire, and brought back and kept in confinement until her husband's death in 1189. She was afterward regent of the kingdom during Richard I.'s expedition to the Holy Land.

The escape of the Earl of Nithisdale, one of the Jacobite peers sentenced to execution for participating in the Stuart rebellion of 1715, was due to the devotion, courage, and self-reliance of his noble wife. When every effort to avert the doom of death had failed, she determined to effect his escape from the Tower, and, with no other assistance than that of two female friends, she succeeded in deceiving the guards, and leading her husband out in the disguise of an old woman. After remaining concealed in London for some time, the Earl made his way to the Continent, where his

faithful wife soon joined him. The success of this attempt led to increased precautions against the escape of prisoners, yet, notwithstanding this, but a few weeks later, a party of seven Jacobite gentlemen, under the leadership of Brigadier McIntosh, succeeded in escaping from the Tower. McIntosh was a rugged old Highlandman, fully sixty years of age, and his snowy hair and beard gave him quite a patriarchal appearance. His great strength proved of no little service in forcing locks and bars, and it is related that, having knocked several of the guard senseless by mighty blows with his fists, he was heard to mutter to himself: "It's a tammed shame that an honest man should have as much trouble to get out of prison as if he was a false thief."

Although two or three of the party were recaptured, McIntosh and several of his friends succeeded in reaching the Continent, where they could laugh at the baffled rage of the Hanoverian party.

In the long list of tenants of this gloomy prison-house, America is not wholly unrepresented. Besides Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Harry Vane, Rev. Hugh Peters, and William Penn, who, if not natives of the New World, were among its founders and dignitaries, at least one native American has been a prisoner in the Tower of London.

INSTALLATION OF A NEW CONSTABLE OF THE TOWER—INSPECTING THE "BEEF-EATERS."

Henry Laurens, of South Carolina, President of the Continental Congress in 1776, sent as Minister to Holland in 1779, was captured on his way thither by a British frigate. His papers affording conclusive evidence of his mission, he was sent to London, and closely imprisoned in the Tower. His incarceration continued for nearly fifteen months, during which time he suffered much privation, and his health finally became completely broken. He was eventually released in March, 1782, by the termination of the war.

Raleigh's imprisonment and execution we have already referred to.

Sir Harry Vane was the son of King Charles I.'s controller of the household, Sir Henry Vane the elder, and became a believer in the doctrines of Calvin at an early age. Contracting an aversion to the government and the liturgy of the Church of England, he went for conscience' sake, in 1635, to the infant colony of New England. He was but three-and-twenty when he reached Massachusetts, yet scarcely three months passed ere he had acquired such an influence among the politicians of the little Commonwealth, that his voice was listened to on every important question. In May, 1636, he was elected Governor, and his administration was in many respects wise and prudent; but his peculiar religious views brought him into conflict with both magistrates and people, and he returned to England in 1637. His embarkation was attended with military honors, showing that, notwithstanding special grounds of difference, he was regarded with respect.

After his return to England, Vane became a leader of the Puritans, and, under the Commonwealth was a member of the Council of State. Subsequently he quarreled with Cromwell, and was imprisoned for a time. At the Restoration he was committed to the Tower, and, finally, beheaded on Tower Hill, June 14, 1662, for alleged complicity in an insurrection of the Fifth Monarchy Men.

Rev. Hugh Peters was a dissenting clergyman who accompanied Vane to New England in 1635. In 1636 he succeeded Roger Williams as pastor of the church in Salem. In 1638 he assisted in collecting and revising the colonial laws. Returning to England in 1641, he joined the Parliamentary party, and became a preacher in the army, and afterward chaplain to Oliver Cromwell. It was alleged that he was one of the masked persons who stood upon the scaffold when Charles I. was beheaded. After the Restoration he was committed to the Tower and indicted for high treason as having been concerned in the death of the king. He was executed on October 16, 1660.

A RACE AGAINST TIME.—"I STAND UP IN THE WAGON; I URGE TO GREATER SPEED; I WAVE MY SCARF AND HAND."

William Penn was confined in the Tower for about nine months, in 1668, his offense being the publication of a treatise in which he boldly attacked the commonly received doctrine of the Trinity.

No existing records show the exact place of confinement of either Sir Harry Vane, Peters, Penn or Laurens, but it is believed that the Bloody Tower was the scene of the latter's imprisonment, while it is probable that the three former were confined in the Beauchamp Tower.

The custody of the Tower is intrusted to a corps of veteran soldiers, officially styled "Yeomen Wardens," but better known as "Beef-eaters" (a corruption of *buffetiers*), who still wear the quaint costume prescribed for them by Henry VIII. This force is commanded by the "Constable of the Tower" and his lieutenant, the latter having his residence in the Bell Tower. The post of constable is usually filled by some distinguished officer of the army, who is incapacitated by wounds or infirmity for active service.

The installation of a new Constable of the Tower is attended with much pomp and ceremony. The constable, after receiving the keys, visits every part of the fortress, is introduced to the officers of the garrison, and formally inspects the "Beef-eaters." Large barracks have been erected within the Tower walls, affording accommodation for a garrison of 8,000 men, and usually fully occupied. The former banqueting hall and the council chamber are now used as an armory, containing 60,000 rifles, while St. John's Chapel has been converted into a record and archive office.

The Tower may be visited at stated hours daily, on payment of a small fee, which secures the attendance of a warder, who recounts the legendary history of each apartment, and exhibits the headsman's ax, the block, and other relics of the past invested with a fearful interest.

It is now many years since the Tower has been used as a place of confinement for prisoners of state, and there is little likelihood that it will ever again be so employed; but, although of small importance as a fortress, as a memorial of England's past it is of incalculable value, and we may be sure that the vandal hand of modern improvement will long spare the gray old walls and battlements that frown upon the busy Thames.

A RACE AGAINST TIME.

THE SWITCH-TENDER'S STORY.

DREAMS are not always true. Nor, on the other hand, are they always false—a fact within the observation, if not experience, of everybody. Of course I do not refer to day-dreams, nor the fancies conjured up by a disordered stomach.

Let me transcribe a page or two of my own experience, and judge for yourself whether shadows of the impending future can be projected in dreams.

I had been stationed on the main line of the great Central Railway for something more than a year, attending to all the day and night duties at that point with such an unfailing regularity, that no thought of possible accident had ever occurred to me.

The duties were not especially arduous, but the responsibility was far greater. There was an express, day and night, both ways, for which the main line had to be always clear; a local express each way, which ran on the turnout, and waited for the through train to pass; a mail train night and morning, which had right of way; one ordinary passenger, and half a dozen, perhaps, accommodation and freight.

To see that the main line was always closed at the proper moment, that the turnout was always ready when it should be, that the branch where the local made up was open, and, in short, that everything was in condition for prompt and satisfactory working, kept me almost constantly at my post, though, as I have already said, the duties were not especially arduous.

In order to be handy to my business, I lived in a cottage close by, from the open door of which, looking eastward, I could see any coming train for a mile away, and notice whether the signals for "danger" or "safety" were in their proper positions.

One morning, just after the local had made up and gone, my wife came running to me with an alarmed face.

Our little girl was missing. She had seen her only a few minutes before the departure of the train, and had made a hasty search for her as soon as she discovered her absence. She feared she knew not what.

I calmed her with a few brief words, and, hurrying around to the station-building, began a careful examination of every possible place where I deemed it likely the child might be. (She was only five years old.) The search resulted in my finding her fast asleep on the sunny side of a pile of railroad ties, with her doll, half as large as herself, lying beside her.

That night I had a singular dream.

I thought I was in the middle of a vast plain, through which stretched, broad and clear before me, the double track of a main line. Like ours, yet unlike, for every few rods I could see open switches and blood-red signals, that gave me an agony of apprehension. As I looked again at the line, my eyes fell upon an object—a small form lying upon one of the rails. My child! With a mighty effort I awoke, turned over, and went to sleep, and dreamed the same thing again, with the addition that I seemed mounted on a winged horse, and riding for life to close the switches.

Again I awoke, bathed in perspiration, and aroused myself sufficiently to get up and visit my little darling's crib, of course to find her safe. I walked the door in my stocking-feet for a while; looked at the clock, and again turned in: *to dream for the third time the same thing;* to start suddenly and broadly awake, as if the voice which roused the Thane of Cawdor had hissed in my ear, as in his—"*Sleep no more!*"

To awake, and find the first gleam of the incoming day glowing grayly on the eastern wall.

However, a visit to all those switches—mine, and not those of the dream—a dash, headforemost, into a cool, deep, running stream near, and a warm breakfast, seemed to clear away whatever remained of the lingering effects of my nocturnal vision, and I felt like myself once more.

Between the passage of the down mail, which stopped, and the through express, which did not, there was an interval of an hour and a half, that was essentially my own. But that morning a dispatch had come for one of the directors who lived three miles to the south of us, and, as it so happened, the agent, who was busy, requested me to take it, offering me the use of his fast mare, which stood in harness under the shed—an animal remarkable for its speed and endurance, as I ascertained thereafter.

I had been to the director's house on one or two similar occasions, and neither the agent nor myself deemed the time necessary to go and come any consideration when an hour and a half was at my disposal. Besides, had such a course been necessary, he could have taken the keys and acted for me. But there was no thought of that.

I drove leisurely over, enjoying the ride much, for the mayor, "Fanny," was in excellent spirits, and the air was clear and bracing.

I had delivered the dispatch, received a brief word of thanks, and was already turning homeward, when the director came himself toward the paling, calling out to me by name.

I reined up.

"There is some mistake here, Jennings," he said, with some excitement, waving the despatch. "This should not have been sent to me, but to our agent." On reflection—"He knows the contents, I suppose?"

On reflection, *I* couldn't say, and so stated.

"Then go back to your post at once and give it to him. a special train of excursionists for Hamstead Beach will pass at 9:30. Look out for it!"

He turned leisurely and sauntered up the walk toward the house, while with a word I started the mare into a trot.

A special train at half-past nine!

I drew a taut rein with my right hand, and took my watch from my pocket with my trembling left.

Nine twenty-two! Three miles of straight road—less, perhaps, a quarter of a mile of detour to the station, when I should reach the track—and the main line open to me westward for the passage out of the mail! Three miles, and eight minutes in which to accomplish it!

In my youth I had known something about horses, and that knowledge did not fail me now. I drew out the long whip—seldom used—and touched the mare quietly on the flank.

How can I describe that ride?

I have been where charger met charger in the swirl and dust of battle, and men and horses have gone down together, but in that there was fellowship—association. In this—but no words can fitly describe the fierce emotions of that solitary ride against time, where hundreds of innocent lives—all unconscious of the peril toward which they were speeding—hung trembling in the balance.

I recall now the tempest which swayed my shrinking soul, as, outwardly calm and rigidly erect, with every muscle strong as steel, I held the mare firmly up to her work, and, by voice and touch, electrified the noble animal with almost human consciousness of the necessities and peril of the occasion.

Trees, houses, fences, gardens—sometimes men, staring in wild-eyed astonishment—flew past in one unbroken flight. My hat was off, my hair and beard streaming in the wind; my lips compressed, save when emitting low cries of encouragement to the noble mare; and thus I reached a low rise of ground commanding a view of the line for a mile or more on either hand.

Up to this moment, from the time I had drawn taut rein and glanced at my watch, this point had been the objective goal for which I was riding.

If I could reach it before the whistle blew at the crossing below, there would be hope. If not, I shuddered at the alternative.

I recalled afterward, and many times, how a thought of my dream—a long line of switches—swept across me then!—how my eyes, for the first time, swerved from their steady gaze at my horse's head, and flashed a glance up and down the whole visible line for the coming special:

Not in sight—thank God!

Stay!—there is smoke on the horizon.

But there is no stay in the wild rush of our onward course. With as unflinching nerve as when she started, the

gallant mare stretches away down the gentle declivity, while every moment the distance lessens, and the on-coming train gets larger and noisier as it nears us.

I stand up in the wagon; I urge to greater speed; I wave scarf and hand; I shout, but my voice is beyond my control. Ha! Joy unutterable! I am seen!

A whistle—the agent runs out with a red flag—two whistles! Down brakes! The train is saved, and comes to a halt not a dozen yards from the open switch. It was time.

(Time—as they say in the racing-calendar—seven minutes and a half. This I confirmed afterward.)

I complete the last quarter of the detour to the station more leisurely, but am in time to receive from the arms of the agent my sleepy little girl, whom he has snatched from the shadow of that misplaced switch, where she was lying fast asleep, with her golden curls directly on the rail.

That dream again! Shall I ever be thankful enough?

I am an older man now, and have other and higher interests in railroads, but not in that line. That experience was too much for me. I left soon after, and my fortunes greatly improved.

My golden-haired little darling is now a woman, and happily married, and has a little darling of her own, just beginning to walk.

And if you would like to see the gallant mare, Fanny, that won the *Race against Time*, and an affectionate place in my remembrance evermore, come out to the orchard, and you will see her enjoying a comfortable old age, petted and caressed by the whole family. So I end as I began:

Dreams are not always true.

Nor, on the other hand, are they always false.

THE MOCK PEARLS OF HISTORY.

HAYWARD (translator of *Faust*), in his article on "Pearls and Mock Pearls of History," says:

"We are gravely told, on historical authority, by Moore, in a note to one of his Irish melodies, that during the reign of Brian, King of Munster, a young lady of great beauty, richly dressed, and adorned with jewels, undertook a journey from one end of the kingdom to another, with a wand in her hand, at the top of which was a ring of exceedingly great value; and such was the perfection of the laws and the government, that no attempt was made upon her honor, nor was she robbed of her clothes and jewels. Precisely the same story is told of Alfred of Frothi, King of Denmark, and of Rollo, Duke of Normandy."

Another romantic anecdote, fluctuating between two or more sets of actors, is an episode in the amours of Emma, the alleged daughter of Charlemagne, who, finding that the snow had fallen rather thickly during a nightly interview with her lover, Eginhard, took him upon her shoulders, and carried him some distance from her bower, to prevent his footsteps from being traced. Unluckily, Charlemagne had no daughter named Emma or Imma, and a hundred years before the appearance of the chronicle which records the adventure it had been related in print of a German emperor and a damsel unknown.

The story of Canute commanding the waves to roll back rests on the authority of Henry of Huntingdon, who wrote about a hundred years after the Danish monarch.

"As for the great number of stories with which the *ana* are stuffed," says Voltaire, "including all those humorous replies attributed to Charles the Fifth and Henry the Fourth, to a hundred modern princes, you find them in Athenæus and in our old authors." Dionysius the Tyrant, we are told by Diogenes of Laerte, treated his friends like vases full of good liquor, which he broke when he had emptied them. This is precisely what Cardinal Retz says of Madame de Chevreuse's treatment of her lovers.

There is a story of Sully's meeting a young lady, vailed, and dressed in green, on the back stairs leading to Henry's apartment, and being asked by the king whether he had not been told that his Majesty had a fever and could not receive that morning—"Yes, sire, but the fever is gone; I have just met it on the staircase, dressed in green." This story is told of Demetrius and his father.

The lesson of perseverance in adversity taught by the spider to Robert Bruce is said to have been taught by the same insect to Tamerlane. "When Columbus," said Voltaire, "promised a new hemisphere, people maintained that it did not exist; and when he had discovered it, that it had been known a long time." It was to confute such detractors that he resorted to the illustration of the egg, already employed by Brunelleschi when his merit in raising the cupola of the cathedral of Florence was contested. The anecdote of Southampton reading "The Faery Queen," while Spenser was waiting in the ante-chamber, may pair off with one of Louis XIV. As this munificent monarch was going over the improvements of Versailles with Le Notre, the sight of each fresh beauty of capability tempts him to some fresh extravagance, till the architect cries out that if their promenade is continued in this fashion it will end in the bankruptcy of the State. Southampton, after sending first twenty and then fifty guineas, on coming to one fine passage after another, exclaims: "Turn the fellow out of the house, or I shall be ruined."

THE SOUTH SEA MANIA.

IN 1720 a great number of the English people indulged in a mania which, even in these days of gigantic speculations, is looked upon with wonder. In that year a number of men, some rich, and others mere speculators, concocted a scheme to be called the South Sea Company. This, they said, was to be the richest company the world ever saw, every £100 stock being guaranteed to produce a large income to the stockholders.

Exchange Alley was the seat of the gambling fever; it was blocked up every day by crowds, as were Cornhill and Lombard Streets with carriages.

On the day the Bill was passed by Parliament, the shares were 310; next day they fell to 290. Within five days after, the directors opened their books for a subscription of a million, at the rate of £300 for every £100 capital; and this first subscription soon exceeded £2,000,000 of original stock. In a few days the stock advanced to 340, and the subscriptions were sold for double the price of the first payment. Then the directors announced a midsummer dividend of 10 per cent. upon all subscriptions. A second subscription of £1,000,000 at 400 per cent. was then opened, and in a few hours £1,500,000 was subscribed for.

Innumerable bubble companies started up, by which 1,500,000 pounds sterling was won and lost in a short time. The absurdity of the schemes was monstrous. One was "a company for carrying on an undertaking of great advantage, but nobody to know where it is." In all these bubbles, persons of both sexes alike engaged—the men meeting their brokers at taverns and coffee-houses, and the ladies at the shops of milliners and haberdashers; and, in Exchange Alley, shares in the same bubble were sold, at the same instant, ten per cent. higher at one end of the Alley than the other. Yet the South Sea stock was quoted at 550, and in four days it rose to 890; then fell to 600; but was finally raised to 1,000 per cent., and then fell to 700. The alarm now increased, and, in a few days, the price fell to 400. This occasioned a great run upon the bank, which was saved by

THE EASTER POURING—A POLISH AND HUNGARIAN CUSTOM.

the intervention of a holiday; but the South Sea Company was wrecked, and its stock fell to 150.

The Government were now implored to punish the directors, though the ministers were far from blameless, and the nation was as culpable as the Company. It was gravely recommended in Parliament that the people, having no law to punish the directors, should treat them like Roman parricides—tie them in sacks, and throw them into the Thames!

The cry out-of-doors for justice was equally loud. Mr. Aislabie, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Mr. Craggs, were openly accused. Five directors, including Mr. Edward Gibbon, the grandfather of the celebrated historian, were ordered to the custody of the Black Rod. Meanwhile, Knight, the treasurer of the company, taking with him the books and documents, and secrets of the directors, escaped, disguised, in a boat on the Thames, and was conveyed thence to Calais in a vessel hired for the purpose. Two thousand pounds reward was, by royal proclamation, offered for his apprehension. The doors of the House of Commons were locked, the keys were placed upon the table, and the inquiry proceeded. The South Sea directors and officers were secured; their papers were seized, and such as were Members of Parliament were expelled the House, and taken into custody. Our illustration is a faithful transcript of a scene of daily occurrence in Change Alley, a narrow court leading from Cornhill, and where the once famous Garraway's coffee-house is situated. This renowned resort still exists, with very little alteration. As our readers will perceive from the sketch, the fair sex was equally bitten with this madness for speculation. Women of rank waited half the day, and strove with all their blandishments to secure a preference.

A hunchback made a large sum of money by letting out his hump as a writing-desk to the various brokers and dealers. In a word, it was a repetition of the Mississippi bubble, the calamitous effect of which did not seem to teach wisdom, although almost contemporaneous.

THE EASTER POURING.—A POLISH AND HUNGARIAN CUSTOM.

The great holidays of the Christian year were formerly celebrated in Europe with strange rites peculiar to each country, and springing, doubtless, from the pagan ideas of their remote ancestors. In England, Easter was famous for its lifting, which some would connect, remotely at least, with the Resurrection.

In Hungary and Poland, the land of Sclave and Magyar, there is a custom shown forth in our illustration, and a custom to excite the wrath of all of the fair sex, strong-minded or not.

On Easter Monday morning, while in other parts the young hopefuls are innocently cracking eggs, a party of young Poles will sally forth and call at the houses of their sweethearts, in the hope of catching them out of doors, so as to greet them by pouring a pitcher of water over their heads. If the girl has unluckily put on her best for church, she is no willing sufferer; but if suspicious of any such

attention, and rather anxious to have her lover declare himself, she will scream and fight, it is true, but always manage to be on hand, and to wear something warranted to wash. If over-giddy, she may risk even her finery, though her indignant mother comes to the rescue with the housewife's arm offensive, a stout broom, to the great amusement of the offender's comrades, if not to his serious detriment.

The origin of this custom is, like many others, involved in obscurity, and must be left to the researches of the learned pundits of our anthropological, ethnological, and similar societies. It would seem, however, that in days of more gallantry and deference, the young lover on this day showed his preference by pouring on his beloved's head some perfumed water or oil, and the rude form of the present custom is only an additional proof of the downward tendency of the day.

THE SOUTH SEA MANIA.—SEE PAGE 435.

A RHINOCEROS ON THE RAMPAGE.

I WAS lost. That was all that I could feel, and I can tell you the feeling was horrible.

I had ridden out in the morning from my friend Brookes's house to shoot antelopes, and the necessity of scouring a strange country, after a scarce species of game, had led me on, further and further, generally at a rapid pace, till at last I had sighted a drove of antelopes.

It was in the far northeastern corner of the Province of Oude, and the country toward which I had been riding was almost uninhabited for miles, save by the wandering wild beasts of the field.

I had tied my horse to a tree, and commenced to stalk the antelopes with great caution. In order to do this, it was necessary to make a large detour, and that on foot under a hot sun. But I was an ardent sportsman, and the heat affected me but little, compared with the ambition of bagging a rare antelope.

But the animals themselves were very provoking.

Twice I had almost got within shot of them, and well to leeward, when something startled them on the opposite side, and away they went, up-wind, as is the habit of their kind, and were almost out of sight before I had done swearing at the luck.

But I was bound not to be disappointed. I had worked myself into a perfect frenzy of determination. Have one of those antelopes I would, if it took me all day to get within range.

And it *did* take me all day.

I kept steadily to leeward all the time, and plodded on, never recking of the scorching Indian sun that shone down, almost perpendicularly, overhead. As soon as I got closer to the wary game, I resumed my old stalking tactics, gliding from cover to cover with the utmost caution, and at last my efforts were crowned with success.

It was not very far from sunset when this happened.

The country, even to me, almost unobservant of anything but the game, had assumed an unfamiliar aspect. An open, rolling expanse of ground, covered with long, coarse *surput* grass, and dotted with patches of scrubby cover here and there, had replaced the jungle around Brookes's solitary shooting-box. About a quarter of a mile ahead of the antelopes, I could see the shimmering of a large sheet of water, and troops of animals were to be dimly descried trooping toward it to drink. It was a veritable hunter's paradise, as far as game went.

But my immediate objects, the antelopes, were at last within gunshot, and I hastened to take advantage of the fact. I rested my gun carefully in the fork of a bush, and waited for an instant for my nerves to become steady. Then I took a long and careful aim at the shoulder of the nearest antelope, and pulled the trigger.

The sharp, whip-like report of the Henry rifle echoed over the silent landscape for miles, almost startling myself, so accustomed had I become to the stillness.

The antelope I had aimed at leaped almost upright in the air, and fell on the grass, kicking convulsively. The rest of the herd started simultaneously, and stood gazing, appalled and bewildered for an instant. I took advantage of their irresolution to reverse the lever of my rifle and fire one more shot. A second antelope fell on its knees; but, being only wounded, leaped up again, and away sped the herd like the wind.

I was triumphant at last.

I advanced to inspect my game, and found that I had shot a very beautiful buck of a rare species. Before I did anything else, I drew my knife, and at once commenced to "gralloch" the animal, in Highland phrase—that is, to disembowel it, so as to render it lighter to carry.

Then for the first time I looked round me.

The country was perfectly strange!

I had hunted all the land for a circuit of twenty miles around Brookes's shooting-box, during the last month, and flattered myself that I knew every foot of it. But I had never been *here* before. Where was my horse?

I had tied him up under a spreading *burghut* tree, where there was ample shade for a circuit of several hundred square feet. Where was that tree? I could surely see it.

I scanned the horizon on all sides.

In vain!

The huge *burghut*, with its stem of nearly a hundred feet in height, had totally disappeared!

Where was I, then?

I looked at the sun. It was within half an hour of setting. I must do something before darkness overtook me, all alone.

But what?

I could not answer the question. I had heard of people, lost on the prairie, or in the jungle, wandering in circles for days without knowing where they were. Was that to be *my* fate?

No. I made up my mind to that. Luckily, I was of a remarkably cool temperament, and little apt to do anything under excitement. I reflected carefully, even as the sun was sinking, and finally resolved to spend the night where I was, and start fresh in the morning.

I could have no lack of food, for I had killed an antelope, and there was plenty of water out yonder. I took the two hind-quarters of the antelope and the skin of the whole body, and walked toward the lagoon.

Just as the sun set, the moon rose, and cast her light aslant over the surface of the placid waters.

On my side of the lagoon there seemed to be but few animals, but on the opposite shore I could see herds of the graceful axis deer, with its branching horns and spotted hide, and stolid buffaloes coming down to drink.

I made my preparations to pass the night under a spreading *peepul* tree, not far from the water, and soon made myself comfortable, like an old campaigner.

Being a smoker, I was never without matches, and one of these was soon employed to kindle a fire. Dry wood was in abundance, where every bush was almost burnt up, and I soon had a savory broil of slices of antelope-venison for supper.

I can assure you I made an excellent supper, too. The long jaunt I had had during the day had given me a ravenous appetite, and it was not until I had put away three or four pounds of venison that I was content to cry "enough."

For my beverage there was the broad lagoon, and in default of any drinking utensil whatever—even my hunting-cup remaining on the saddle with my horse—I was fain to imitate the example of the animals, and quench my thirst on all fours.

But to a thirsty man water is welcome under any form, and I made no objection.

Supper over, I pulled out my cigar-case and lighted a cheroot, after which I sat down under the *peepul* tree to reflect on my position.

It was not so bad yet. I had plenty of ammunition, and the country was full of game. I could surely live well enough till I found my way back to Tom Brookes's house.

As I thought of the ammunition, I suddenly remembered that I had left my pouch on the saddle! I started. I could

not help it. I had not a round left, except what was in the rifle. But that was my old "Sweet Sixteen," and I had loaded her up in the morning. I remembered that.

I had fired away two shots, consequently I had fourteen left!

Fourteen shots between me and death! Well, it ought to be enough. I had heard of men saving themselves on one. Anyway, it was of no use to cry over spilt milk. I had got into a scrape, and I must keep cool to get out of it.

As I was immersed in these reflections the moon had risen gradually, and by this time was shining clear and bright, and quite high in the sky, I thought that I had better go to bed. My couch was of the simplest. It was only the skin of the antelope which I laid under me to break the chill of the ground. The night felt cold, from the contrast to the heat of the day, but I could not help myself, so I dragged the skin close to the embers of the fire, and soon fell asleep, lulled by its pleasant warmth.

How long I had slept I know not, but the moon was almost perpendicular when I awoke, and it was as bright as day. A sudden harsh scream was the cause of my rousing up. I knew it well.

It was the trumpet of an elephant!

Instinctively I bounded to my feet, and looked around me in consternation. I was in the midst of a herd of wild elephants!

The danger of my position flashed on me in an instant. The wild elephant is a dangerous brute at the best of times, but at night, and in herds, he tramples over everything, and feels more at home and free from danger than in the day, apparently.

But these elephants did not seem to be aware of my presence. They were evidently excited about something else, and had not observed me, asleep in the shadow of the *peepul*.

They were rushing about in the open ground, most of those I could see being females, as I knew by the absence of tusks, and some sort of contest seemed to be going on among them. What it was I could not see at first.

At last a chorus of trumpetings and vicious, pig-like squeals broke out from the centre of the moving mass, and I saw the female elephants scatter right and left in dismay.

Then I discerned a terrible conflict.

A huge bull elephant rushed forward, with his trunk curled up tightly behind the long, formidable tusks, out of harm's way, striving to pierce a strange antagonist.

A long, low, uncouth-looking beast, of some five feet in height at the shoulder, and shaped much like an immense hog, was running at full tilt at the old elephant.

The short, upright horn on the snout, the contour of the animal, and the loose folds of skin that covered his ribs, proclaimed that most dangerous of all animals, the Indian rhinoceros.

If it had been alone and I had met it, I should have counted myself lost, such is the sullen and vindictive nature of this horrible beast. It is the only animal known that will attack man habitually, wherever met, and all the other wild beasts of India fear and avoid it.

But for the present the attention of the rhinoceros was fully engaged. Besides the old bull now charging at him, another younger one was skulking around to take him in the rear, and a third lay close by, with his entrails gushing out of a frightful wound inflicted by the deadly horn.

As I looked, the old bull elephant made his charge, that seemed as if it would carry everything before it.

But the rhinoceros, with surprising agility for a creature of such unwieldy appearance, leaped actively to one side, and running around, tried hard to get in at the unprotected flank of the elephant. The latter as sharply threw his hind-quarters around, and received the pig-like brute on his tusks. But, deprived of the impetus of his charge, he was unable to pierce the tough hide of the rhinoceros, which is thick enough to turn a leaden bullet at close quarters.

Then the two stood head to head for some minutes, the rhinoceros striving to wriggle his way between the forelegs of the elephant, to use his horn with effect. The elephant, on his part, strove hard to pin the rhinoceros to the earth, but in vain.

Presently I noticed the second elephant. He was charging, and close to the rhinoceros. The latter saw him too, and suddenly broke away from his first antagonist, rushing to meet the second. The young bull charged gallantly, but he was not up to the tricks of his wily antagonist. The rhinoceros swerved, as he came, and the excited elephant missed his mark, lumbering past in vain effort. Not so the rhinoceros. As quick as thought he rushed in at the unguarded side of his heedless foe, and I could see him working away at the elephant's side, like a pig rooting. The elephant gave a hoarse roar of pain, and tried to turn, but the active rhinoceros was too quick for him, and he fell down, helpless and dying.

And now came the turn of the old bull. Cautious and wary, he watched his opportunity, and suddenly rushed at the rhinoceros from the side. The latter, owing to his engrossment with his other enemy, and his somewhat defective vision, did not see him till too late.

The great bull elephant thundered on like an avalanche, and in an instant more the terrible tusks, nearly seven feet in length in the clear, as I judged, were buried in the side of the redoubtable rhinoceros.

A shrill squeal of pain from the latter, and he tried in vain to extricate himself. The battle was over. He had slain two elephants, and died game himself.

I cannot tell you the absorbing interest with which I had watched this curious conflict. True, I was an unwilling spectator, for I did not dare to move out of the shadow of the tree, for fear of attracting notice. Now, however, an idea struck me.

Excited and furious as the old bull elephant was, it was probable that the flush of his victory might make him tenfold more dangerous to me.

The battle had moved so close to me, during the vicissitudes of its varying fortune, that the last elephant, in his fall, had almost brushed the foliage of a bush I stood behind.

My resolution was taken in an instant. I must kill the old bull, or be killed myself, almost inevitably. He was not ten feet from me, and striving to pull clear from the body of the rhinoceros, which he had pinned into the very ground.

I ran round the fallen elephant, and before the bull elephant could draw clear, I stood almost touching his temple with my rifle.

One flash! It was enough! Struck through the brain, the old bull dropped instantaneously, and I was safe!

The female elephants, panic-stricken at the noise and the flash, scattered in all directions in dismay.

In five minutes I was alone!

I was not further disturbed that night. In the morning I began my search for my horse, and by following back my own trail at last found him, considerably gaunted by his long fast.

Starting on a search for my host's mansion, I soon came across some shikkarees, who had been sent to look for me, and we revisited the scene of my strange experience of the night before.

I was the richer by three handsome pairs of tusks for my adventure, but for long after I would start up in my sleep, expecting to be again aroused by the sight of another such strange fight.

A RHINOCEROS ON THE RAMPAGE.—"THE RHINOCEROS RUSHED IN AT THE UNGUARDED SIDE OF HIS FOE, AND I COULD SEE HIM WORKING AWAY AT THE ELEPHANT'S SIDE, LIKE A PIG ROOTING. THE ELEPHANT GAVE A HOARSE ROAR OF PAIN.—SEE PAGE 438.

FRANK AMORY'S LOVE AFFAIR.—"HE DROPPED ON ONE KNEE BESIDE HER."

FRANK AMORY'S LOVE AFFAIR.

If there was anything on the face of the earth in which he took the slightest interest, he had educated himself completely beyond the expression of it.

He sauntered into the theatre that night, not because he expected to be entertained, or cared anything about the opera, but just because it was a part of that "burden of life" which seemed to be so heavy on his shoulders. A big, handsome, blonde cumberer of the ground, too lazy, apparently, to open his eyes.

And there he saw *her*. She wore gold-color and scarlet, put together in some vivid, torrid way. She had lustrous black hair, and that opaque-white complexion, into which the color rarely comes, but when it does, burns deep and steady, like carnation. Her eyes were gray, grave, deep, and wide-open with serene apparent wonder at the world and its ways. Afterward, when he came to know her, he learned that that look was one of the chief weapons with which she went about conquering.

There were a great many glasses directed toward her box, but no one seemed to know her, or her party. If Frank Amory had wanted an introduction to the Sphinx, or one of Macbeth's witches, or the Queen of Ashantee—if there is one—somebody would have started up, glad to perform the ceremony. But this brilliantly attired young woman was quite beyond his reach.

A week went by, and he had not another glimpse of this new phantom of delight; not that he opened his lips about her, or raised his eyelids a line higher, as he lounged about the fashionable promenades. But he thought of her face almost constantly.

At the end of seven days, Allen Palmer wanted him to go out with him (Palmer) to the uncle's house, which was all the home that young man knew. Amory accepted the invitation. They reached the station an hour behind time. There were no teams there, and the two walked over the country road, in a fine, drizzling rain. When they reached the house, it was ablaze with lights, and there was a sound of dance-music.

"Nobody expects us—confound it! There's been a mistake."

Then Palmer led the way, through the dripping October shrubbery, to the side of the house. He opened a small door in blank darkness, and pushed his friend in.

"Go up-stairs, and wait for me."

Amory heard his steps going on.

There was a staircase, as he found by stumbling over the last step. He began to ascend slowly, wondering somewhat what the end was to be. But just above him came the hurried rustle of garments. He heard the sound of a misstep, a suppressed cry, and something, struggling and breathing, came hurling down against him. The stairs were uncarpeted, polished and slippery. He grasped the falling creature, lost his own balance, and the two landed with a crash in the black passage below.

Amory lay perfectly still, partly stunned, partly wondering what next. The woman in his arms disengaged herself, and rose without a word. Then a door opened, a light came, and before Frank Amory's bewildered eyes stood his gold-and-scarlet divinity of the theatre, somewhat out of breath, and a good deal amazed.

"Are you hurt?" Allen's voice asked, and then introduced an exclamation-point: "Miss Josselyn! I thought you were in Egypt!"

"*I* thought I was a minute ago, from the darkness. Hadn't we better get this gentleman on his feet?" dryly.

There they stood, one on either side, looking down on the prostrate hero. Amory lay on his back, gazing serenely upward, trying to comprehend what had happened.

Nothing tragic or even interesting came of it. He managed to get to his room presently, and there he achieved an evening toilet, and went down, rather pale, into a brilliant room, full of people. There he was formally presented to Miss Josselyn, and bowed with as stately, ceremonious reverence, as though that downfall in the dark had belonged in some other man's history.

She hoped he was not hurt; was regretful, concerned, and grateful; vexed with her own carelessness and awkwardness, in the most courteous way imaginable; and through it all, managed to make him feel as if he had been guilty of the most intolerable insolence in breaking her fall.

He was not used to that sort of thing. Women had spoiled him ever since his first mustache had cast its shadow before. And, to make matters worse, Allen Palmer came, and carried her off before his very eyes, with the freedom of a friend, and the devotion of a lover.

I am ashamed to say that Frank Amory betook himself to a corner, and sulked. She might have broken her neck, and—he almost wished she had, watching her queening it among the other women. Perhaps she divined something of his occupation. She came up on somebody's arm, presently.

"Won't you make room for me in your corner, Mr. Amory? I'm a little unsteady after that fall, I think. I'm not quite equal to dancing or walking about."

And across her face shone that wonderful smile, which every man worth winning saw once or twice.

He had her all to himself for three-quarters of an hour. The beautiful, sculptured face bore his closest scrutiny, the childlike, steady eyes had not one of the coquette glances he had grown used to.

LAURA JOSSELYN.

They talked everything, from art literature down to the Paris siege, and she never said a word too much. She had heard Parepa in opera, once, she said.

"I saw you. You wore some wonderful tropical thing."

"Oh, Mr. Amory! remember that I had spent a year among the heathen, and had half forgotten Puritan proprieties. Don't remember me, please, by that dreadful dress."

"It was the most beautiful thing I ever saw in my life, except this," he said, stoutly, glancing down at her drapery.

"This" was a heavy black silk, quite up to her throat, with a long, plain skirt, trailing as only Paris skirts do.

She laughed out, as not another woman he knew would have dared to do—a sweet, pleased, sincere little laugh, which made the others near by turn their heads. But that she did not notice.

Then, Palmer came up.

"Amory, you unconscionable wretch! Miss Josselyn, you'll have to go and tell Mrs. Brown about the Pyramids. She's waiting for you, like a great yellow-and-black spider."

She made a queer little grimace at Amory over her shoulder, as she moved away. He got himself up to his room, immediately, and smoked several meditative cigars out of the window before Palmer came up.

"So, you like her?" that young man said. "She used to be a great belle—and a great coquette, her friends say—before she went abroad."

"Coquette! She is the most unaffected, straightforward girl I ever met. She has read and thought and seen—everything, I believe, and is as unconscious as a child!"

Palmer gave a mental whistle.

"Laura Josselyn unconscious! and Frank Amory raving about her! May heaven have mercy on him!" after which pious internal ejaculation, he said a few irrelevant things, and took himself off.

Amory's ecstatics had somewhat cooled down in the next morning's daylight. He was stiff, and his ankle pained him; but Miss Josselyn's garnet cashmere morning-robe might have been worn by a goddess. He had been used to tasteful dressing all his life, but this woman's style touched perfection.

There was no denying it, Frank Amory was hard hit. The later in life that sort of thing comes, the harder it is to get through with. He had seen a good deal of the sex, and in the face of it all—after an hour's contemplation from across a theatre, and another half-hour of evening chat—was willing to swear that there was none like her.

She was rather quiet this morning—withdrawn again to those heights from which she had frozen him when she thanked him last night. He did not sulk now—only waited, humbly and patiently, for the mood to change. The other ladies in the house affirmed, privately, that Frank Amory was more unbearably indolent and careless than ever.

But by night his foot was so bad that he saw the necessity of active measures. Miss Josselyn had not vouchsafed him ten words—not haughty silence, but just a little touch of soberness, and he was no more necessary to her than any other human being.

He was sorry to go, but he felt that he must get back to the city before he was quite reduced to helplessness. Allen was to drive him to the station, send back the phaeton, and go on with him to his destination. He managed it all very quietly, not having a taste for lamentations; but after they were seated in the carriage, Miss Josselyn came running down the steps.

"Mr. Palmer says you are going away because you are growing lame. I am so *very* sorry. It was all my fault;" and she reached up her hand to him.

He took it in both his, and then—great idiot!—bent his head, and touched his lips to the white, ringless fingers, as reverently as if she had been a crowned and robed queen.

"Go into the house, Laura!" Allen said, peremptorily, from the other side. "You are getting your death out here, bareheaded."

The girl looked up for an instant, with a flash in her wide eyes, then the color rose into her cheeks, and she turned, and, without another word, walked slowly up the steps, her head just bent, in a little, unconscious droop, that gave the most exquisite curve to her throat and poise to her shoulders.

In his own soul, Allen anathematized himself.

"I've done it now. That last touch of humility was absolute perfection."

There was silence as they spun over the road.

"You think I'm a brute?" he said, at last.

"Yes," Amory answered, with sufficiently concise directness.

"You see, I have some right. I am——"

"We will not discuss the matter, if you please."

There were not a dozen sentences more uttered till Palmer saw him comfortably settled in his rooms. There he lay for two or three days, with a bandaged ankle, and quarreled with himself for having fallen out with his friend—his only means of communicating with his divinity.

But there was a new light cast on the matter presently.

"So you've been out to Palmer's. Then you saw Laura Josselyn. She is a forty-fourth cousin, or something, of Allen's. They were engaged before she went away, but I fancy there was some sort of misunderstanding. At all events, he didn't expect her back so soon. She had been home a week before he knew; but it's all right now, report says."

That explained it all. Amory laughed—a grim little laugh—at the position of affairs.

"Rather rough, kissing a woman's hand, before the face and eyes of her husband that is to be."

Then—as other men have done—he forswore all belief in women's truthfulness, henceforth and for ever—a little more bitterly than was needful, perhaps—and wrote to Palmer:

"Pardon me, my dear fellow; I did not understand. I do now. You should have told me more."

So that Allen thought he had come to his senses, particularly as his relapse into his old, listless ways was more complete than ever. They never mentioned Miss Josselyn's name, only as it came casually into their talk.

But Amory did not forget her. His ankle was a perpetual reminder, if there had been nothing else. It was treacherous and troublesome all the Fall. Once or twice he had to choose between a crutch and staying in the house. Dancing was at an end, or much walking.

They were all in the city—the Palmers and Miss Josselyn with them. She was a ward of the older man's, and Frank's home was in the same house during the Winter. Amory never sought her—once or twice he fancied she came a little out of her own way to speak a kindly word, or offer some little attention—but then, as she had said, she felt herself responsible for the accident.

I said he had forsworn belief in woman. He thought he had; but, in the quiet of reflection, he exonerated her from blame in that twenty hours' long affair. He had behaved like a hopeless simpleton. She stood as high above that implied character of coquette as any white-winged angel. He watched her with what he thought were critical, unprejudiced eyes, and did not wonder that men raved about her. Allen was cooler than most—he could afford to be—but his admiration was almost unbounded. Not that he ever put it in words, but Amory had grown keen at divining states of mind.

On the whole, the next three months were not entirely a success for Frank Amory. He was suffering bodily pain, and an unnamed, vague discomfort that took such lazy comfort as he had once known out of living. He began to realize the difference between amateur misanthropy and the genuine thing.

Then fate introduced a diversion. The Palmers had gone to Washington, Miss Josselyn was stopping with Kate Manning, and Allen had taken up temporary quarters at a hotel. There came a week of warm, bright, calm days, the usual January cessation of hostilities. Allen proposed to Amory to go by rail to New York, and sail up the new yacht in which he had been lately investing.

Of course, it was an absurd thing for men to do—but human nature is occasionally capable of absurdities. They undertook the voyage, were capsized, and came to grief generally. Amory had a chance to see that life looked worth living, after all, as he floated, half-frozen, on the bottom of the upside-down craft. At all events, he would "fain die a dry death." And then he fainted, or somehow lost his consciousness, and, when he came back, Frank was gone, and he was alone. After that, a century or so of torpid suffering passed before a steamer picked him up.

He landed in the home harbor just as evening was setting in. It was his business to go and tell Laura Josselyn what had happened before the news reached her in any other way. He walked straight up to the Mannings'. The servant stared at him—he was wild-eyed and haggard, and wore another man's clothes, but they knew his face, and admitted him without scruple. He turned down the gas, in the room in which he waited, to the merest blue point. She should not be shocked at his looks.

It was not a comfortable five minutes. He began to realize how women feel when they clutch their throats and sob. Then she came. His voice assured her of his presence in the darkness.

"I'm sorry you have been left in a dark room. It was very careless in James."

"James is not to blame. I turned down the gas myself. Miss Josselyn, I have something to tell you, and you will hear it better, at least I can tell it better, in the dark. Will you come and sit here by the window?"

The gaslight from the street shone over her. She was dressed for a dinner party, and the light glinted off her silken dress and the jewels she wore. He could see her face dimly —white, serene, and sweet. The full moon was sliding up behind the dark church. When her lower rim should touch the ridge of the roof, he would speak.

There was utter silence in the room. Whatever fancies stirred her heart-beats, her face and her motionless attitude told nothing.

The great white shield slipped up into the purple dark, lingered an instant, apparently, against the sharp line which marked Amory's last instant of respite, and then swung clear.

"Miss Josselyn," he began, "I have bitter news to break to you. Allen and I left New York in the yacht. She capsized. A steamer took me off and brought me here—alone!"

There, it was out. She stirred a little, not seeming to comprehend.

"And Allen?"

"He was drowned, I fear," speaking very slowly. "I fainted, and when I recovered he was gone."

She drew in her breath with a deep, sobbing inspiration. He rose and stood by her chair; not touching her, not speaking; but filled with a pity so profound that he could have died for her.

"Drowned! Oh, Mr. Amory. Poor Kate! How can I tell her?"

"Kate?" he said, a vague wonder in his voice.

"Miss Manning. They were to be married in the Spring."

He stood perfectly still—his brain in a whirl. Married! That meant that Laura Josselyn was free. That put everything else out of his mind. He was too stunned to more than just comprehend that one bare idea. He dropped on one knee beside her, and laid his cheek against her hand, showing white on the dark cushions of her chair.

"Laura, I thought it was you he was to marry," and then his voice failed.

There was perfect stillness in the room. I doubt if she comprehended what was passing in his mind. It is a question if he could himself have told. It was like a corner of chaos. He had fancied himself indifferent, or, at least, with a leaning to the chilly side, if he could not quite plead guiltless of interest. And now, in this sudden change of affairs, his love had sprung up full-grown, and was mightier than he.

She laid her hand lightly on his head at last. He felt the touch through every nerve, and a long sigh—almost a sob—broke over his lips. Then, realizing how desperately uncomfortable his position was growing, he rose.

"Forgive me," he said. "It was all so sudden."

She answered him dreamily.

"You must go; I think I shall have to tell Kate. She must not go out to-night."

I think she had not in the least understood what was involved in this act of a minute ago. Certainly she did not know what that instant's touch had been to him. Womanlike, the near trouble stood between her and everything else. Allen Palmer had been a dear friend, and she must tell his betrothed friend that he was dead.

All the next day he was in a maze. At dusk he set out for the house, dreading the interview with the Mannings, but feeling that they would expect it. At the street-corner a tall figure confronted him, and stood mute and staring.

"Palmer! You, man, or your wraith?"

"Amory! The deuce!"

That was what they said together. Somehow, explanations made themselves. After Amory fainted, Palmer had started to swim to the nearest point of rocks. He was sure to die where he was—help might be possible there—but midway his strength gave out. A floating bit of timber saved him till a boat picked him up. Then, when he could talk, and the fishermen went back to the wrecked yacht, the hull was floating tenantless. He had but just reached the city, and was going up to the house.

They went together, and there was a scene, as there always is when dead people come back to life again. When it had somewhat subsided, and Kate and Allen were having a small private scene of their own, Amory and Miss Josselyn found themselves *tête-à-tête*.

Telling this girl that he loved her was no such easy matter as he had fancied. She was fluttered by what had happened. She was not thinking of him, evidently. The words came hard.

"Miss Josselyn, will you let me tell you to-night, what I only knew last night, that I had the right to say I love you."

She was standing with her face half turned away. She did not move when she answered, and her voice had not one shade of emotion in it.

"Mr. Amory, I am very sorry you have said this. I have promised to marry Ward Stewart."

A minute of silence. Amory broke it.

"That is all, then. Good-night."

He was at the door, and she called to him:

"Tell me you are not angry. I am so sorry."

FRANK AMORY'S LOVE AFFAIR.—"MISS JOSSELYN, LINGERING OUT THE LAST SUMMER SUNSHINE BY THE SEASHORE, RECEIVED ONE OF THOSE YELLOW-ENVELOPED MESSAGES THAT HAVE QUICKENED SO MANY HEART-BEATS."—SEE PAGE 441.

He was at at her feet in an instant.

"Pity me," he half sobbed. "I never loved a woman before."

She had no words. She bent forward a little, mutely clasping the hands that held hers. Then steps came—he rose to his feet. He was very pale in the faint light.

"Kiss me, Laura," he whispered, hoarsely; and, with every tinge of color vanished from her own cheeks and lips, she did it.

Amory went home, and tossed about till daylight. After that he fell asleep—slept like a stone till near noon, and woke up with a sense that the world had gone to pieces since yesterday. This horrible waking up to the ruins! Every one goes through the experience a few times in life, and no repetition ever makes it easier to bear. This was Frank Amory's first time, and he thought, accordingly, that other people's solar systems must have plunged into chaos too.

But, by-and-by, some men, with whom he had promised to go somewhere or do something, came in; and he dressed, and went and found that affairs went much as usual.

There was nothing morbid or affected in him. That inertia of his was constitutional, and he dropped back into it, as one always does into habit. Nobody noticed that anything was wrong, except Allen Palmer. He and Kate talked about it a little.

"She's never had a chance to refuse him. I thought he was smitten with her at first, and now they scarcely speak."

But speculation reached no further. These two did not "babble their affairs," sleeping or waking. Only Amory felt the days grow flatter, staler, more unprofitable. Never having been in earnest before, he did not know the symptoms, and thought some horrible thing had happened to him.

In April, Kate Manning and Allen Palmer were married. Laura Josselyn was first bridesmaid; Frank Amory performing the corresponding duties for the gentleman. He saw more of her in those few days than in all the weeks since that evening of wretched memory. She was sweet—lovely—absorbed in the coming ceremony. There were just a few words about her absent lover one night. Somebody, with a faculty for making blunders, said that they expected to see Mr. Stewart in Amory's place.

She did not raise her eyes. Amory looked steadily in her face. Kate answered for her.

"Ask Ward Stewart to take place in a wedding! I should as soon think of asking the man in the moon. I don't know how he will get through his own."

Later, Amory found Laura alone."

"When are you to be married?" he said, abruptly.

"Not till Fall," she said, quietly. "Mr. Amory, I wish you would go away from here for a while."

"From this room, or from the town, do you mean?"

"Out of town. I do not think you are quite happy. I am sorry, and, oh, if you would only go away."

"I will go."

And the day after the ceremony he vanished from the knowledge of his friends.

Very few knew what became of him during the next four months. Miss Josselyn did her duty in her station. That duty appeared to be making the greatest possible idiots of the greatest possible number of men. That she did to perfection. What she had been before she went abroad, she was now on her return, with the difference of greater perfection in her tactics. Ward Stewart, who would have gone to purgatory sooner than to one of the fashionable watering-places, smiled with a little touch of sarcasm when he heard of her proceedings. They corresponded, this oddly matched pair. He wrote little, spicy, epigrammatic epistles; she replied with three pages of dashing, highly adjectived narrative. And each trusted the other as two people in love never did since the world began.

Who knows a woman's heart? Not herself, surely. I think that through all these weeks Laura Josselyn never

FRANK AMORY'S LOVE AFFAIR.—'SHE WENT, AND THIS TIME SHE KNELT BESIDE HIM."

THE BUTTERCUP VERDICT.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

closed her eyes at night without thinking of Frank Amory, and immediately after assuring herself that she cared as little for him as for—the blank was filled with a great variety of names, usually with that of the last man who was swearing to himself or his friends that Laura Josselyn was transparent simplicity itself.

And he? Ah, well, for once in a thousand cases he told himself the truth. He loved her; he did not believe he should love any one else. Notwithstanding which, when an old friend of his father's died in the Southern town where he was staying, and left his baby-faced daughter of seventeen utterly unprovided for, he asked her to marry him, and she said she would.

That was in September. He had not heard a word from Miss Josselyn since the night he had said good-by in a crush of people and a flare of gaslight. In three weeks after he had promised to care for the orphan, they were married. The wedding was quiet and private, as the circumstances made proper. No one but the very few people interested in the girl's welfare knew anything about it.

One day there was a displaced rail on one of the great routes of travel. And that day the railroad company found the cost of a new engine and several cars added to the wrong side of their accounts. Also numerous prospective suits for damages.

The next day Miss Josselyn, lingering out the last Summer sunshine by the seashore, received one of those yellow-enveloped messages that have quickened so many heart-beats. Allen Palmer called her home. Frank Amory had been injured in a railroad accident, and was dying.

She went at once. Allen met her at the station.

"He is not——?"

She could not finish the question.

"No; but he will not know you. He asked for you when he was first brought in; that was all."

It was true. He did not know her then, nor for days. But he lived in spite of all. Ward Stewart came the next day, his arm in a sling, made necessary in the same disaster. He looked at Laura curiously when he saw her beside Amory. But there was not a word said. Every one seemed to have a sense of *something* coming. If the man died, it would end; if he lived—and then there was a pause.

She spent all her time beside him, waiting for the first glance of recognition. I do not know that she thought much about the future. That was in the days when no one was certain how the balance would turn. But one day Stewart came, and, almost by force, took her out for a drive.

"Laura," he said, very steadily, when they were quite alone, miles out of the city, "if Frank Amory gets through with this, I suppose I shall have to wear the willow."

She did not speak.

"Dear girl," he went on, "remember that I haven't known you all these years for nothing. I shall keep you for a friend, if I may not have you for a wife."

And then he kissed her lips and eyelids with more tenderness than he had ever before put into a caress, and in a half-minute more they were whirling over the smooth road at racing pace.

That very night Amory opened his eyes. Now that it had come, Laura shrunk into the shadow out of sight. Kate Palmer bent over him.

"What is it, Frank? Do you know me?"

"What has become of Mary?" he gasped.

"Who is Mary?"

"My wife. She was with me."

The two women gazed at each other aghast. That planned romance of Mrs. Palmer's dropped into the background with magic rapidity.

But two weeks afterward they showed Amory the watch and trinkets of the woman who had been found dead beside him, and he knew that his charge was over, ended for this life.

One day, in the sad sunshine of the late Fall, he sat listlessly watching the shadows, and thinking drearily of what his life had been—would be. Miss Josselyn, sewing, by the window, was as silent as he. All at once some impulse spoke the question:

"Where is Ward Stuart?"

"Gone to Italy. He sailed yesterday."

He looked faint surprise. All his emotions were faint in these days. Then he told her his story with as little emphasis as if it had been another man's.

She heard it very calmly.

"Ah," she said, "our lives are ordered for us—that is one comfort;" and then surprised herself by breaking down and crying.

"Laura," he said, brokenly, "I can't come to you; will you come here?"

She went, and this time *she* knelt beside him.

"I love you," she said. "*She* had no right to you."

What is the need of going on? They were married in six months. There was no one to be shocked by his short widowhood, and both were sure that time would make little difference in their loving. And, so far, it has not.

THE BUTTERCUP'S VERDICT.

We have all seen the buttercup, the little golden button sparkling so brightly on the greensward on which it has chosen to pass its brief existence. We all know the simple faith with which children hold it beneath each other's chins, and gauge their playmates' fondness for butter. In this case, however, its clairvoyant virtues are supposed to aid in answering another and more important question. "Do you love him? Do you love him not?" we can hear the little girl ask, as she eagerly watches the golden reflection on her sister's rosy cheek. The latter seems absorbed in a reverie, in which she doubtless asks the same question of her own heart, whose pulsations answer in a language she has not as yet learned to read aright.

THE GIRLS OF MANILLA.

A midshipman writes of a ball in Manilla as follows: Promptly at eight o'clock we drove into the widow's basement; we ascended the stone stairway, and a scene of splendor, brilliant colors, and black eyes burst upon our view. The Mestiza girls were sitting in a row on one side of the room, about forty of them; some decked in gay plumage, yellow, pink, and green being prominent colors, others dressed in sombre hues; they were mostly very pretty, with lithe, graceful figures, and eyes as black as coal. The gentlemen hovered near the doors of the grand sala, like hawks eying chickens; at the first note of the music they all made a pounce for partners.

As I saw that pouncing was the go, I made a dive for a pretty yellow-and-green, rattled off a sentence from the fifteenth lesson in Ollendorf, "Will you do me the favor to *bailar conmigo?*" and started off on a dance I had never seen before, but which was easy to learn; it was the *Habanera*, a sort of walking embrace to slow music; you make a step to the right, rise on your toes, step to the left, rise, swing round, step to the right, and so on; then, when you wish to balance, you wink at some fellow, stop in front of him and go through the ladies' chain, then clasp your partner's waist and take the other lady's right hand; the other fellow does

the same, and now with the music you sway up to the centre, sway back, and revolve in an elliptic at the same time, after the manner of the planets. After swaying six times, you drop the other lady's hand, and gradually sail off again with the step and turn.

The girls cling quite closely and gaze up occasionally, Spanish fashion. Whenever the couples ran against each other, the girls sang out with a sharp little "Hi!" which was very amusing. They have a great way of kissing each other all the evening, and the fanciest kisses I ever saw; first, both kiss to starboard, and then to port. The first time I noticed it, a young damsel kissed my partner good-by as she started to dance with me. I was astonished, and said we were not going far, which made them laugh. I found that the girls in contiguous seats kissed good-by before every dance, as if to say, "You will elope this time, sure."

When the time for supper came, I fell into the line, and escorted a blooming Philippina to the table. I asked a resident American what I should help her to, and he said, emphatically, "Ham and turkey! Give her plenty of ham and turkey!" I gave her a full plate, which she soon dispatched and called for more. Everybody ate ham and turkey. The gentlemen acted as waiters, and afterward sat down together. Spaniards are terrible eaters. And no wonder, on this occasion, for they came to the ball at eight o'clock and danced until five A. M.

TOMMY'S CLEVER TRICK.

Tom was a noble, handsome cat,
And, as before the fire he sat,
Washing his whiskered nose,
Who would have guessed such dreadful claws
Were hid beneath those velvet paws,
To scratch us if he chose?

His fur was always soft and sleek,
And then he looked too grave and meek
To scratch, or fight, or steal.
You seldom saw him frisk or play—
He sat before the fire all day,
Curled round just like a wheel.

He was so lazy, that the mice
Would scamper from him in a trice;
And then he was so fat.
But Tom, although he looked so grave,
Was sometimes tempted to behave
Just like a naughty cat.

The milk or cream was often missed,
And Tommy's mistress never guessed
That he could be the thief.
Betsy declared she did not know
Where upon earth the milk could go;
It was beyond belief.

The milk-jug had a narrow neck,
And there was not a single speck
Of milk or cream about;
But Tom had learnt a clever trick,
And Betsy, though she was so quick,
Could never find it out.

It happened on a certain day
The milk-jug stood upon the tray,
And tea was rather late;
And Tom, who always had his share,
Jumped on the table from a chair,
He really could not wait.

The narrow neck ne'er puzzled him;
The milk was far below the brim,
But Tom knew what to do;
Down in the milk he dipped his paw,
With wondering eyes his mistress saw
The open window through.

Tom licked his milky paw, and then
He quickly popped it in again,
As if it were a spoon;
And as he drew it in and out,
Though not a drop was splashed about,
The milk was soon quite gone.

In walked his mistress. Tom fled
Beneath the couch to hide his head,
And trembled as he sat.
"Oh, Tommy," said his mistress kind,
"You've drank the milk, but never mind,
You are a clever cat."

Betsy came in with mirth and fun,
Her mistress told what Tom had done,
And Betsy laughed outright.
But then she wished to fetch a stick,
And beat him for his naughty trick;
She said 'twould serve him right.

"No, Betsy, no, it must not be,
He drank the milk so cleverly;
We will forgive him that.
Another time we must not leave
Temptation here to make him thieve,
For he is but a cat.'

So never after, from that day,
Did Betsy leave upon the tray
The milk to vanish so;
But sometimes, when the tea was o'er,
The jug was placed upon the floor,
Tom's clever trick to show.

With eager eyes the children saw,
As in and out he dipped his paw,
How soon the milk was gone;
And then they laughed right merrily,
And clapped their hands with childish glee,
It was such famous fun.

Then Tommy's mistress shook her head,
And with grave voice she gently said,
"Poor pussy does not know;
But children who are taught to feel
How very wrong it is to steal,
Must never pilfer so.

"'Tis quite as bad to take away,
The milk or sugar from the tray
As money from the purse;
And children who can be so sly,
When they grow older, by-and-by,
May perhaps do something worse."

NAPOLEON'S MANNERS.

Macaulay, in comparing Napoleon to Cæsar, very rightly says that Cæsar was greatly his superior in one point—he was a perfect gentleman. Talleyrand wittily expressed nearly the same thing when he said of Napoleon, "What a pity that such a great man should have been so badly brought up."

If we may judge, not from the reports of his enemies, but from the disclosures of his most faithful and devoted servitors, Napoleon treated those who were admitted into his intimacy with a familiarity that no man who had any self-respect would have tolerated for a minute. Meneval, his former secretary, represents him as pulling the ears of his interlocutors, sometimes hard enough to make the blood flow, giving them a slap on the cheek, at times even sitting on their knees. These acts of graciousness were marks of special kindness with him, and men of the highest rank were proud of such tokens of favor. Such habits were calculated to produce stiffness in his manners with strangers. He was too familiar when he wished to please, and too stiffly declamatory when he wished to command respect.

As to his body, the fatigues of war had strengthened his iron constitution, and given him a stoutness bordering upon *embonpoint*. Napoleon acknowledged that he never was better than during his hard campaigns, in which he often rode thirty leagues a day over the snow. The agitations of war may be said to have become needful to his temperament, a necessity for his health, and in some sort the indispensable aliment of that immense activity which was the predominant characteristic of his nature. He literally lived on what would have killed others. War gave him both sleep and appetite. A great deal of the Corsican still remained in him. He had passed through the refined civilization, the kind of philosophical chaos, of the eighteenth century, appropriating to himself with a wonderful faculty of assimilation all that could be of service to him; he had turned to account its ideas, adopted its forms and language, but in reality the primitive man had been but little modified. He had retained even certain superstitions of his countrymen, which were like stamps of his origin.

He, whose only religion was faith, more often affected than real, in his star, was sometimes seen, says Meneval, suddenly to make an involuntary sign of the cross on the announcement of some great danger or some grave event. And the *naif* secretary adds, in order to give a philosophical turn to the fact, that this gesture might be interpreted by the expression, "Almighty God!" Under this apparent good-nature, too, and his feline gracefulness of manner when he wished to appear kind, was hid the old harshness and insurmountable mistrust of the islander always on his guard against his enemies. It was noticed that during the nineteen days that the two emperors spent together, in the midst of effusions of the tenderest friendship, Alexander took his meals every day with Napoleon, but Napoleon never once broke bread with Alexander.

"TOMMY'S CLEVER TRICK."—SEE POEM ON PAGE 447.

THE AAL FOSS RAPIDS, ON THE OXEA, IN NORWAY.

A SPORTSMAN, one of a party who visited the river to enjoy salmon-fishing that no stream in this country would approach, thus describes these picturesque rapids:

The rapids of Oxea are perfectly safe. It is impossible that an accident can happen in them, except from carelessness; for the water, though swift, is everywhere deep. The stream falls with some force over a slanting ledge of smooth, slaty rock some three or four hundred yards long, or perhaps more, and acquires in its slide considerable velocity; but the bottom is smooth, and the surface nowhere broken by sunken rocks. The stream, therefore, is a steady current, surging up against the numerous islands which dot the river, as if they had been pieces of a ruined bridge. Each of these was created with its half-dozen or so of ash or birch, which looked as if it was they that were in motion, and not the clear stream that was racing past them.

The passage was a sheer trial of strength, requiring no great amount of pilotage, or local experience, or even skill. The ropes were got out and made fast to two or three thwarts, to take off the strain; the boats were lightened of their living incumbrances, except so far as their steersmen were concerned, and were then tracked by main force, one by one, every one of the party lending a hand.

The principal difficulty arose from the uncertainty of the footing among the crags, and the gnarled ash-trees that every here and there shot almost horizontally from between the fissures of the rock, dipping their branches into the stream. These rendered it necessary every now and then to make fast the boat to the tree itself, and then to float down a line to it from some point above the obstacle, for the river fortunately ran in a curve to that place. Thus, by giving a broad sheer into the stream, while the rest of the party hauled upon the rope, the boat would swing clear of the impediment. But all this was very hard work, and, as the sun was now high in heaven, very hot work; and, moreover, it had to be repeated three times before all the boats were in safety. Fully as much justice was done to breakfast as had been done to supper on the preceding evening; and most luxurious was the hour's rest which succeeded it.

The remaining part of the voyage was easy; there was a sharp current, no doubt too sharp, for anything to speak of to be done with the flies; but it was all plain traveling, and, with an occasional help from the ropes, before noon their destination had been reached.

This was the foot of a low fall, or something between a fall and a rapid, called "The Aal Foss," in the middle of which was a picturesque, rocky island, covered with trees, and on the left bank an equally picturesque peninsula, which was destined to be the headquarters of the expedition.

THE AAL FOSS RAPIDS, ON THE OXEA, IN NORWAY.

WIFE IN NAME ONLY.

By the Author of "Dora Thorne," "On her Wedding-Morn," "Redeemed by Love," "A Woman's War," etc., etc.

Chapter VI.

(Continued.)

The Arleighs of Beechgrove had for many generations been one of the wealthiest as well as one of the noblest families in England. To the lot of the only living descendant of the race, Norman, Lord Arleigh, who had succeeded his father at the early age of twenty, all this good gift of fame, fortune and wealth had now fallen. He had inherited also the far-famed Arleigh beauty. He had clear-cut features, a fair skin, a fine, manly frame, a broad chest, an erect, military bearing; he had dark hair and eyes, with straight, clear brows, and a fine, handsome mouth, shaded by a dark mustache. Looking at him, it was easy to understand his character. There was pride in the dark eyes, in the handsome face, in the high-bred manner and bearing, but not pride of a common kind.

In accordance with his late father's wish, he had gone through the usual course of studies. He had been to Eton and to Oxford; he had made the usual continental tour; and now he had returned to live as the Arleighs had done before him—a king on his own estate. There was just one thing in his life that had not pleased him. His mother, Lady Arleigh, had always evinced the greatest affection for her cousin, the gentle Lady L'Estrange. She had paid long visits to Verdun Royal, always taking her son with her; and his earliest recollection was of his mother and Lady L'Estrange sitting side by side planning the marriage of their two children, Philippa and Norman. He could even remember many of his mother's pet phrases—"So suitable," "A perfect marriage," "The desire of my heart." He could remember the many references made to it, such as "When Philippa lives at the Abbey," "When Philippa is Lady Arleigh." All his mother's thoughts and ideas seemed to begin and end there. He had been taught, half seriously, half in jest, to call Philippa his little wife, to pay her every attention, to present her with jewels and with flowers, to make her his chief study. While he was still a boy he had only laughed at it.

Philippa was a beautiful, high-spirited girl. Her vivacity and animation amused him. He had spoken the truth in saying that he had met no one he liked better than his old friend. He had seen beautiful girls, lovely women, but he had not fallen in love. Indeed, love with the Arleighs was a serious matter. They did not look lightly upon it. Norman Lord Arleigh had not fallen in love, but he had begun to think very seriously about Philippa L'Estrange. He had been fond of her as a child, with the kind of affection that often exists between children. He had called her his "little wife" in jest, not in earnest. He had listened to the discussions between the two ladies as he would have listened had they been talking about adding a new wing to the house. It was not until he came to the years of manhood that he began to see how serious the whole matter was. Then he remembered with infinite satisfaction that there had been nothing binding, that he had never even mentioned the word "love" to Philippa L'Estrange, that he had never made love to her, that the whole matter was merely a something that had arisen in the imagination of the two ladies.

He was not in the least degree in love with Philippa. She was a brunette—he preferred a blonde; brunette beauty had no charm for him. He liked gentle, fair-haired women, tender of heart and soul—brilliancy did not charm him. Even when, previously to going abroad, he had gone down to Verdun Royal to say good-by, there was not the least approach to love in his heart. He had thought Philippa

very charming and very picturesque as she stood under the lilac-trees; he had said truly that he should never see a lilac without thinking of her as she stood there. But that had not meant that he loved her.

He had bent down, as he considered himself in courtesy bound, to kiss her face when he bade her adieu; but it was no lover's kiss that fell so lightly on her lips. He realized to himself most fully the fact that, although he liked Philippa, retained his boyish admiration for her, cared a great deal for her, and felt that she stood in the place of a sister to him, he did not love her.

But about Philippa herself? He was not vain; the proud, stately Lord Arleigh knew nothing of vanity. He could not think that the childish folly had taken deep root in her heart—he would not believe it. She had been a child like himself; perhaps, even, she had forgotten the nonsense more completely than he himself had. On his return to England, the first thing that he heard when he reached London was that his old friend and playfellow—the girl he had called his little wife—was the belle of the season, with half London at her feet.

Chapter VII.

ORD ARLEIGH had been so accustomed to think of Philippa as a child, that he could with difficulty imagine the fact that she was now a lovely girl, and one of the wealthiest heiresses in London. He felt some curiosity about her. How would she greet him? How would she receive him? He wrote to her at once, asking permission to visit her; and he came away from that visit with his eyes a little dazzled, his brain somewhat dazed, but his heart untouched. His fancy was somewhat disturbed by the haunting memory of dark, splendid eyes, lighted with fire and passion, and a bright, radiant face and scarlet lips—by a *mélange* of amber, lace, and perfume—but his heart was untouched. She was beautiful beyond his fairest dream of woman—he owned that to himself—but it was not the kind of beauty that he admired; it was too vivid, too highly colored, too brilliant. He preferred the pure, sweet lily to the queenly rose. Still, he said to himself that he had never seen a face or figure like Miss L'Estrange's. No wonder that she had half London at her feet!

He was pleased with her kind reception of him, although he had not read her welcome aright; he was too true a gentleman even to think that it was love which shone in her eyes and trembled on her lips—love which made her voice falter and die away—love which caused her to exert every art and grace of which she was mistress, to fascinate him. He was delighted with her—his heart grew warm under the charm of her words; but he never dreamed of love.

He had said to himself that there must be no renewal of the childish nonsense of early days—that he must be careful not to allude to it; to do so would be in bad taste. Not that he was vain enough to think she would attach any importance to it even if he did so; but he was one of nature's gentlemen, and he would have scorned to exaggerate or to say one word more than he meant. Her welcome had been most graceful, most kind—the beautiful face had softened and changed completely for him. She had devoted herself entirely to him; nothing in all the wide world had seemed to her of the least interest except himself and his affairs—books, music, pictures, even herself, her own triumphs, were all as nothing when compared with him. He would have been less than mortal not to have been both pleased and flattered.

Pressed so earnestly to return to dinner, he had promised to do so; and evening, the sweet-scented May evening, found him once more at Hyde Park. If anything, Philippa looked even more lovely. She wore her favorite colors—amber and white—a dress of rich amber brocade trimmed with white lace; the queenly head was circled with diamonds; jewels like fire gleamed on the white breast; there was a cluster of choice flowers in her bodice. He had seen her hitherto as a girl; now he was to see her as the high-bred hostess, the mistress of a magnificent mansion.

He owned to himself that she was simply perfect. He had seen nothing in better taste, although he had been on intimate terms with the great ones of the earth. As he watched her, he thought to himself that, high and brilliant as was her station, it was yet not high enough for her. She flung a charm so magical around her that he was insensibly attracted by it; yet he was not the least in love—nothing was further from his thoughts. He could not help seeing that, after a fashion, she treated him differently from her other guests. He could not have told why or how; he felt only a certain subtle difference; her voice seemed to take another tone in addressing him, her face another expression, as though she regarded him as one quite apart from all others.

The dinner-party was a success, as was every kind of entertainment with which Philippa L'Estrange was concerned. When the visitors rose to take their leave, Norman rose also. She was standing near him.

"Do not go yet, Norman," she said; "it is quite early. Stay, and I will sing to you."

She spoke in so low a tone of voice that no one else heard her. He was quite willing. Where could he feel more at home than in this charming drawing-room, with this beautiful girl, his old friend and playmate?

She bade adieu to her visitors, and then turned to him with such a smile as might have lost or won Troy.

"I thought they would never go," she said; "and it seems to me that I have barely exchanged one word with you yet, Norman."

"We have talked many hours," he returned, laughing.

"Ah, you count time by the old fashion, hours and minutes! I forget it when I am talking to one I—to an old friend like you."

"You are enthusiastic," said Lord Arleigh, wondering at the light on the splendid face.

"Nay, I am constant," she rejoined.

And for a few minutes after that silence reigned between them. Philippa was the first to break it.

"Do you remember," she asked, "that you used to praise my voice, and prophesy that I should sing well?"

"Yes, I remember," he replied.

"I have worked hard at my music," she continued, "in the hope of pleasing you."

"In the hope of pleasing me?" he interrogated. "It was kind of you to think so much of me."

"Of whom should I think if not of you?' she inquired.

There were both love and reproach in her voice—he heard neither. Had he been as vain as he was proud, he would have been quicker to detect her love for himself.

The windows had been opened because the evening air was so clear and sweet; it came in now, and seemed to give to the flowers a sweeter fragrance. Lord Arleigh drew his chair to the piano.

"I want you only to listen," she said. "You will have no turning-over to do for me; the songs I love best I know by heart. Shut your eyes, Norman, and dream."

"I shall dream more vividly if I keep them open and look at you," he returned.

Then in a few minutes he began to think he must be in dream-land—the rich, sweet voice, so clear, so soft, so low, was filling the room with sweetest music. It was like no human voice that he remembered, seductive, full of passion and tenderness—a voice that told its own story, that told of its owner's power and charm—a voice that carried away the hearts of the listeners irresistibly, as the strong current carries the leaflet.

She sang of love, mighty, irresistible love, the king before whom all bow down; and, as she sang, he looked at her. The soft, pearly light of the lamps fell on her glorious face, and seemed to render it more beautiful. He wondered what spell was fast falling over him, for he saw nothing but Philippa's face, heard nothing but the music that seemed to steep his senses as in a dream.

How fatally, wondrously lovely she was, this siren who sang to him of love until every sense was full of silent ecstacy, until his face flushed, and his heart beat fast. Suddenly his eyes met hers; the scarlet lips trembled, the white fingers grew unsteady; her eyelids drooped, and the sweet music stopped.

"You should not look at me, Norman," she said, "when I sing; it embarrasses me."

"You should contrive to look a little less beautiful, then, Philippa," he rejoined. "What was that last song?"

"It is a new one," she replied, "called 'My Queen.'"

"I should like to read the words," said Lord Arleigh.

In a few minutes she had found it for him, and they bent over the printed page together; her dark hair touched his cheek, the perfume from the white lilies she wore seemed to entrance him; he could not understand the spell that lay over him.

"Is it not beautiful?" she said.

"Yes, beautiful, but ideal; few women, I think, would equal this poet's queen."

"You do not know—you cannot tell, Norman. I think any woman who loves, and loves truly, becomes a queen.'

He looked at her, wondering at the passion in her voice—wondering at the expression on her beautiful face.

"You are incredulous," she said; "but it is true. Love is woman's dominion; let her but once enter it, and she becomes a queen; her heart and soul grow grander, the light of love crowns her. It is the real diadem of womanhood. Norman, she knows no other."

He drew back startled; her words seemed to rouse him into sudden consciousness. She was quick enough to see it, and, with the *distrait* manner of a true woman of the world, quickly changed the subject. She asked some trifling question about Beechgrove, and then said, suddenly:

"I should like to see that fine old place of yours, Norman. I was only ten when mamma took me there the last time; that was rather too young to appreciate its treasures. I should like to see it again."

"I hope you will see it, Philippa; I have many curiosities to show you. I have sent home treasures from every great city I have visited."

She looked at him half wonderingly, half wistfully, but he said no more. Could it be that he had no thought of ever asking her to be mistress and queen of this house of his?"

"You must have a party in the Autumn," she said. "Lady Peters and I must be amongst your guests."

"That will be an honor. I shall keep you to your word, Philippa." And then he rose to go.

The dark, wistful eyes followed him. She drew a little nearer to him as he held out his hand to say good-night.

"You are quite sure, Norman, that you are pleased to see me again?" she interrogated, gently.

"Pleased! Why, Philippa, of course I am! What a strange question!"

"Because," she said, "there seems to be a cloud—a shadow—between us that I do not remember to have existed before."

"We are both older," he explained; "and the familiarity of childhood cannot exist when childhood ceases to be."

"I would rather be a child forever than that you should change to me," she said quickly.

"I think," he returned, gravely, "that the only change in me is that I admire you more than I have ever done."

And these words filled her with the keenest sense of rapture; yet they were but commonplace enough, if she had only realized it.

Chapter VIII.

Lord Arleigh raised his hat from his brow, and stood for a few minutes bareheaded in the starlight. He felt like a man who had been in the stifling atmosphere of a conservatory; warmth and perfume had dazed him. How beautiful Philippa was—how bewildering! What a nameless, wondrous charm there was about her. No wonder that half London was at her feet, and that her smiles were eagerly sought. He was not the least in love with her; admiration, homage, liking, but not love—anything but that—filled him; yet he dreamed of her, thought of her, compared her face with others that he had seen—all simply because her beauty had dazed him.

"I can believe now in the sirens of old," he said to himself; "they must have had just such dark, glowing eyes, such rich, sweet voices, and beautiful faces. I should pity the man who hopelessly loved Philippa L'Estrange. And, if she ever loves any one, it will be easy for her to win; who could resist her?"

How little he dreamed that the whole passionate love of her heart was given to himself—that to win from him one word of love, a single token of affection, she would have given all that she had in the world!

On the day following he received a note; it said simply:

"Dear Norman: Can you join me in a ride? I have a new horse which they tell me is too spirited. I shall not be afraid to try it if you are with me. Yours, Philippa."

He could not refuse—indeed, he never thought of refusing—why should he? The beautiful girl who asked this kindness from him was his old friend and playfellow. He hastened to Verdun House, and found Philippa waiting for him.

"I knew you would come," she said. "Lady Peters said you would be engaged. I thought differently."

"You did well to trust me," he returned, laughingly; "it would require a very pressing engagement to keep me from the pleasure of attending you."

He had thought her perfect on the previous evening, in the glitter of jewels and the gorgeous costume of amber and white; yet, if possible, she looked even better on this morning. Her riding-habit was neat and plain, fitting close to the perfect figure, showing every gracious line and curve.

Philippa L'Estrange possessed that rare accomplishment among women, a graceful "seat" on horseback. Lord Arleigh could not help noticing the admiring glances cast on her as they entered the Park together. He saw how completely she was queen of society. Unusual homage followed her. She was the observed of all observers; all the men seemed to pause and look at her. Lord Arleigh heard repeatedly, as they rode along, the question, "Who is that beautiful girl?" Every one of note or distinction contrived to speak to her. The Prince of Auboine, at that time the most *feted* guest in England, could scarcely leave her. Yet,

in the midst of all, Lord Arleigh saw that she turned to him as the sunflower to the sun. No matter with whom she was conversing, she never for one moment forgot him, never seemed inattentive, listened to him, smiled her brightest on him, while the May sun shone, and the white hawthorn flowers fell on the grass—while the birds chirped merrily, and crowds of bright, happy people passed to and fro.

"How true she is to her old friends!" thought Lord Arleigh, when he s that even a prince could not take her attention from him.

So they rode on through the sunlit air—he fancy free, she loving him every moment with deeper, truer, warmer love.

"I should be so glad, Norman," she said to him, "if you would give me a few riding-lessons. I am sure I need them."

He looked at the graceful figure, at the little hands that held the reins so deftly.

"I do not see what there is to teach you," he observed; "I have never seen any one ride better."

"Still, I should be glad of some little instruction from you," she said. "I always liked riding with you, Norman."

"I shall be only too pleased to ride with you every day when I am in town," he told her; and, though he spoke kindly, with smiling lips, there was no warmth of love in his tone.

The day was very warm—the sun had in it all the heat of June. When they reached Verdun House, Philippa said:

"You will come in for a short time, Norman? You look warm and tired. William—the butler—is famous for his claret-cup."

He murmured something about being not fatigued, but disinclined for conversation.

"You will not see any one," she said; "you shall come to my own particular little room, where no one dares enter, and we will have a quiet conversation there."

It seemed quite useless to resist her. She had a true siren power of fascination. The next minute saw him seated in the cool, shady boudoir, where the mellow light came in, rose-filtered through the silken blinds, and the perfumed air was sweet. Lady Peters, full of solicitude, was there, with the iced claret-cup, thinking he was tired and warm. It was so like home that he could not help feeling happy.

Presently Lady Peters retired for a few minutes, and in came Philippa. She had changed her riding-costume for a white silk *négligé* that fell round her in loose, graceful folds. She wore no flowers, jewels, or ribbons, but the dark masses of her hair were unfastened, and hung round the white neck; there was a warm, bright flush on her face, with the least touch of languor in her manner. She threw herself back in her lounging-chair, saying, with a dreamy smile:

"You see that I make no stranger of you, Norman."

From beneath the white silken folds peeped a tiny embroidered slipper; a jeweled fan lay near her, and with it she gently stirred the perfumed air. He watched her with admiring eyes.

"You look like a picture that I have seen, Philippa," he said.

"What picture?" she asked, with a smile.

"I cannot tell you, but I am quite sure that I have seen one like you. What picture would you care to resemble?"

A sudden gleam of light came into her dark eyes.

"The one under which you would write 'My Queen,'" she said, hurriedly.

He did not understand.

"I think every one with an eye to beauty would call you 'queen,'" he observed, lightly. The graver meaning of her speech had quite escaped him.

Then Lady Peters returned, and the conversation changed.

"We are going to hear an *opera bouffe* to night," said Philippa, when Lord Arleigh was leaving. "Will you come and be our escort?"

"You will have a box filled with noisy chatterers all night," he remarked, laughingly.

"They shall all make room for you, Norman, if you will come," she said. "It is 'La Grande Duchesse,' with the far-famed Madame Schneider as *Her Grace of Gerolstein*."

"I have never heard it yet," returned Lord Arleigh. "I cannot say that I have any great admiration for that school of music; but, if you wish it, I will go, Philippa."

"It will increase my enjoyment a hundredfold," she said, gently, "if you go."

"How can I refuse, when you say that? I will be here punctually," he promised; and again the thought crossed his mind how true she was to her old friends—how indifferent to new ones!

On that evening Philippa changed her customary style of dress—it was no longer the favorite amber, so rich in hue and in texture, but white, gleaming silk, relieved by dashes of crimson. A more artistic or beautiful dress could not have been designed. She wore crimson roses in her dark hair, and a cluster of crimson roses on her white breast. Her bouquet was of the same odorous flowers.

In the theatre Lord Arleigh noticed that Philippa attracted more attention than any one else, even though the house was crowded; he saw opera-glasses turned constantly toward her beautiful face.

Miss L'Estrange kept her word, saying but little to those who would fain have engrossed her whole attention—that was given to Lord Arleigh. She watched his face keenly throughout the performance. He did not evince any great interest in it.

"You do not care for 'La Grande Duchesse'?" she said, suddenly.

"No—frankly, I do not," he replied.

"Tell me why?" said Philippa.

"Can you ask me to do so, Philippa?" he returned, surprised; and then he added, "I will tell you. First of all, despite the taking music, it is a performance to which I should not care to bring my wife or sister."

"Tell me why," she said again.

"It lowers my idea of womanhood. I could not forgive the woman, let her be duchess or peasant, who could show any man such great love, who could lay herself out so deliberately to win a man."

She looked at him gravely. He continued:

"Beauty is very charming, I grant—as are grace and talent; but the chief charm to me of a woman is her modesty; just as the great charm of a lily is its whiteness. Do you not agree with me, Philippa?"

"Yes," she replied, "most certainly I do; but, Norman, you are hard upon us. Suppose that a woman loves a man ever so truly—she must not make any sign?"

"Any sign she might make would most certainly, in my opinion, lessen her greatest charm," he said.

"But," she persisted, "do you not think that that is rather hard? Why must a woman never evince a preference for the man she loves?"

"Woman should be wooed—never be the wooer," said Lord Arleigh.

"Again I say you are hard, Norman. According to you, a woman is to break her heart in silence and sorrow for a man, rather than give him the least idea that she cares for him."

"I should say there is a happy medium between the Duchess of Gerolstein and a broken heart. Neither men nor women can help their peculiar disposition, but in my

opinion, a man never cares less for a woman than when he sees that she wants to win his liking."

He spoke with such perfect freedom from all consciousness, that she knew the words could not be intended for her; nevertheless, she had learnt a lesson from them.

"I am like yourself, Norman," she said—"I do not care for the play at all; we will go home;" and they left the house before the Grand Duchess had played her part.

Chapter IX.

PHILIPPA L'ESTRANGE long and earnestly thought over her last conversation with Lord Arleigh. She had always loved him; but the chances are that, if he had been devoted to her on his return, if he had wooed her as others did, she would have been less *empressée*. As it was, he was the only man she had not conquered, the only one who resisted her, on whom her fascinations fell without producing a magical effect. She could not say she had conquered her world while he was unsubdued. Yet how was it? She asked herself that question a hundred times each day. She was no coquette, no flirt, yet she knew she had but to smile on a man to bring him at once to her feet; she had but to make the most trifling advance, and she could do what she would. The Duke of Mornton had twice repeated his offer of marriage—she had refused him. The Marquis of Langland, the great match of the day, had made her an offer, which she had declined, The Italian Prince Cetti would have given his possessions to have taken her back with him to his own sunny land, but she had refused to go. No woman in England had better offers of marriage; but she had refused them all. How was it that, when others sighed so deeply and vainly at her feet, Lord Arleigh alone stood aloof?

Of what use were her beauty, wit, grace, wealth, and talent, if she could not win him? For the first time she became solicitous about her beauty, comparing it with that of other women, always being compelled, in the end, to own that she excelled. If Lord Arleigh talked or danced with or showed attention to any lady, she would critically examine her claim to interest, whether she was beautiful, mentally gifted, graceful. But Philippa detected another thing—if Lord Arleigh did not love her, it was at least certain that he loved no one else.

The whole world was spoiled for her because she had not this man's love. She desired it. Her beauty, her wealth, her talents, her grace, were all as nothing, because with them she could not win him. Then, again, she asked herself, could it be that she could not win him? What had men told her? That her beauty was irresistible. It might be that he did not care for her, that he intended to carry out his mother's favorite scheme, but that he was in no hurry; that he wanted her and himself to see plenty of life first. It was easier, after all, to believe that than to think that she had completely failed to win him. She would be quite satisfied if it were so, although it was certainly not flattering to her that he should be willing to wait so long; but, if he would only speak—if he would only say the few words that would set her mind quite at ease—she would be content.

Why did he not love her? She was fair, young, endowed with great gifts; she had wealth, position; she had the claim upon him that his mother and hers had wished the alliance. Why did she fail? Why did he not love her? It seemed to her that she was the one person in all the world to whom he would naturally turn—that, above all others, he would select her for his wife; yet he did not evince the least idea of so doing. Why was it?

Since that night when he had so frankly told her his ideas about women, she had been most careful, most reserved.

"If he likes reserve and indifference," she said to herself, "he shall have plenty of it." Yet it was at the same time so mixed with kindness, with thoughtful consideration for him, that the wonder was that he did not succumb. "I must find out," she said to herself, "whether he does really care for me." How to do so she did not quite know—but woman's wits are proverbially keen.

The more she saw of him the better she liked him—his single-mindedness, his chivalry, his faith in women, and his respect for them, were greater than she had seen in any other; and she loved him for these qualities. The more she contrasted him with others, the greater, deeper, and wider grew her love. It must be that in time he would care for her.

The Duchess of Aytoun gave a grand ball, to which, as belle of the season, Philippa was invited.

"Shall you go?" she asked of Lord Arleigh.

"I have scarcely decided," he replied.

"Do go, Norman; I like waltzing, but I do not care to waltz with every one. Do go, that I may dance with you."

"You do not mind waltzing with me, then?" he said.

The glance she gave him was answer sufficient. He could not help feeling flattered.

"I shall be there, Philippa," he said; and then she promised herself than on that evening she would try to discover what his sentiments were with regard to her.

She took great pains with her toilet; she did not wish to startle, but to attract—and the two things were very different. Her dress looked brilliant, being of a silvery texture; the trimming was composed of small fern-leaves; a *parure* of fine diamonds crowned her head.

The effect of the dress was striking, and Philippa herself had never looked more lovely. There was a flush of rose-color on her face, a light in her eyes. If ever woman's face told a story, hers did—if ever love softened, made more tender and pure any face on earth, it was hers.

After her toilet was complete, she stood for a few minutes looking in her mirror. The tall, stately figure in the glorious dress was perfect; the face, framed in shining masses of dark hair, was perfect too.

"If I can but win one word from him!" she thought. "If I can but remind him of those childish days when he used to call me his little wife!"

She no sooner made her appearance in the ball-room than, as was usual, she was surrounded by a little court of admirers—the Duke of Mornton first amongst them. They little guessed that they owed her complacent reception of their compliments to the fact that she was not even attending to them, but with her whole soul in her eyes was watching for Lord Arleigh's arrival. The duke even flattered himself that he was making some progress, because at some chance word from him, the beautiful face flushed a deep crimson. How was he to know that Lord Arleigh had at that moment entered the room?

The latter could not help feeling pleased and flattered at the way in which Philippa received him. He was but mortal, and he could not help seeing the dark eyes shine, the scarlet lips tremble, the whole face soften. Presently, she placed her hand on his arm, and walked away with him.

"I was growing impatient, Norman," she said; and then, remembering his criticisms on the wooing of women, she hastened to add—"impatient at the want of novelty; it seems to me that in London ball-rooms all the men talk in the same fashion."

Lord Arleigh laughed.

"What are they to do, Philippa?" he asked. "They have each one the same duties to perform—to please their partners and amuse themselves. You would not have a 'hapless lordling' talk about science or metaphysics while he danced, would you?"

"No; but they might find some intelligent remarks to make. You talk well, Norman, and listening to you makes me impatient with others."

"You are very kind," he said, and he took the pretty tablets from her hand.

"You have saved every waltz for me, Philippa. I shall expect to have a dozen duels on my hands before morning."

"This is my favorite," she said, as the music of the irresistible "Blue Danube" filled the room.

Then it seemed to her that they floated away into another sphere. His arm was round her, his eyes smiling down into hers. With youth, music, beauty, love, there was nothing wanting to complete the charm.

When it was over, he asked her if she would rest.

"No," said Philippa; "I heard the playing of a fountain in the fernery. I should like to go there."

They went through the magnificent suite of rooms, and then through the conservatory into the dim, beautiful fernery, where the lamps glowed like stars, and the cool, rippling water fell with a musical rhythm into the deep basin below. They could hear the distant sound of music from the ball-room. It was a time when love, if it lay in a man's heart, would spring into sweet, sudden life.

"If he loves me," she said to herself, "he will tell me so now."

"I like this better than the ball-room, Norman," she said.

"By the way, you have not told me if you like my dress?" she added, anxious to bring him to the one subject she had at heart. "Do you remember that when we were children, Norman, you used to criticise my dress?"

"Did I? It was very rude of me. I should not venture to criticise anything so marvelous now. It is a wonderful dress, Philippa: in the light, it looks like moonbeams; in the shade, like snow. Do you suppose I should ever have the courage to criticise anything so beautiful?"

"Do you really like it, Norman—without flattery?"

"I never flatter, Philippa, not even in jest; you should know that."

"I have never heard you flatter," she acknowledged. "I took pains with my toilet, Norman, to please you, and if it does so I am well content."

"There is another waltz," said Lord Arleigh; "we will go back to the ballroom."

"Make him love me!" she said to herself, with bitter disdain. "I might as well wish for one of the stars as for his love—it seems just as far off."

Chapter X.

Lord Arleigh did not go to Beechgrove as he had intended. He found so many old friends and so many engagements in London that he was not inclined to leave it. Then, too, he began to notice many little things which made him feel uncomfortable. He began to perceive that people considered him, in some kind of way, as belonging to Miss L'Estrange: no matter how many surrounded her, when he entered a room they were seen one by one to disappear until he was left alone by her side. At first he believed this to be accidental; after a time he knew that it must be purposely done.

Miss L'Estrange, too, appeared to see and hear only him. If any one wanted to win a gracious smile from her lovely lips, he had but to make way for Lord Arleigh; if any one wanted a kind word, or a kind glance from the beautiful eyes, he had but to praise Lord Arleigh. People soon perceived all this. The last to discover it was Lord Arleigh himself. It dawned but slowly upon him. He began to perceive, also, that Philippa, after a fashion of her own, appropriated him. She looked upon it as a settled arrangement that he should ride with her every day—that every day he must either lunch or dine with them—that he must be her escort to theatre and ball. If he at times pleaded other engagements, she would look at him with an air of childlike wonder, and say:

"They cannot have so great a claim upon you as I have, Norman?"

Then he was disconcerted, and knew not what to answer. It was true there was no one with so great a claim—it seemed to have been handed down from his mother to him.

His eyes were still further opened one day, when a large and fashionable crowd had gathered at Lady Dalton's garden party. Philippa was, as heretofore, the belle, looking more than usually lovely in a light gossamer dress of white and pink. She was surrounded by admirers. Lord Arleigh stood with a group of gentlemen under a great, spreading beech-tree.

"How beautiful she is, that Miss L'Estrange!" said one—Sir Alfred Martindale. "I can believe in the siege of Troy when I look at her; and I think it is just as well for mankind that such lovely women are rare."

"If ever there was a human moth," observed another, "it is that unfortunate Duke of Mornton. I have seen some desperate cases in my time, but none so desperate as his."

Lord Arleigh laughed. They were all intimate friends.

"The Duke of Mornton is a great friend of mine," he said. "I can only hope that he may be saved from the ultimate fate of a moth, and that Miss L'Estrange will take pity on him."

He could not help seeing that the three gentlemen looked up with an expression of utter wonder.

"Do you mean," asked Sir Alfred, "that you hope Miss L'Estrange will marry the duke?"

"I do not think she could do better," replied Lord Arleigh.

"You are the last man in London I should have expected to hear say so," said Sir Alfred, quietly.

"Am I? Pray, may I ask why?"

"Yes, if you will acquit me of all intentional rudeness in my reply. I repeat that you are the last man in London whom I should have expected to hear make such a remark, for the simple reason that every one believes you are going to marry Miss L'Estrange yourself."

Lord Arleigh's face flushed hotly.

"Then 'every one,' as you put it, Sir Alfred, takes a great liberty—an unauthorized liberty—with the name of a very charming lady. Miss L'Estrange and myself were much together when children—our mothers were distantly related, and at the present time we are—excellent friends."

"I am sorry," returned Sir Alfred, "if I have said anything to annoy you. I thought the fact was as evident as the sun at noonday; every one in London believes it."

"Then people take an unwarrantable liberty with the lady's name," said Lord Arleigh.

Some one else remarked, with a slightly impertinent drawl, that he did not believe Miss L'Estrange would consider it a liberty. A flash from Lord Arleigh's dark eyes silenced him.

A few minutes afterward Lord Arleigh found the Duchess of Aytoun and Philippa seated beneath a large acacia-tree. Captain Gresham, a great favorite in the London world, was by Philippa's side. The duchess, with a charming gesture of invitation, made room for Lord Arleigh by her side. The gallant captain did not often find an opportunity of making

love to the belle of the season. Now that he had found it, he was determined not to lose it—not for fifty Lord Arleighs. So, while the duchess talked to the new-comer, he relentlessly pursued his conversation with Miss L'Estrange.

There was but one music in the world for her, and that was the music of Lord Arleigh's voice. Nothing could ever drown that for her. The band was playing, the captain talking, the duchess conversing, in her gay, animated fashion; but above all, clearly and distinctly, Philippa heard every word that fell from Lord Arleigh's lips, although he did not know it. He believed that she was, as she seemed to be, listening to the captain.

"I have pleasing news concerning you, Lord Arleigh," said the duchess. "I wonder if I may congratulate you?"

"What is it? I do not know of anything very interesting concerning myself," he remarked—"nothing, I am sure, that calls for congratulation."

"You are modest," said the duchess; "but I have certainly heard, and on good authority, too, that you are about to be married."

"I can only say I was not in the least aware of it," he replied.

The duchess raised her parasol, and looked keenly at him.

"Pray pardon me," she continued; "do not think that it is from mere curiosity that I ask the question. Is there really no truth in the report?"

"None whatever," he replied. "I have no more idea of being married than I have of sailing this moment for the Cape."

"It is strange," said the duchess, musingly; "I had the information from such good authority, too."

"There can be no better authority on the subject," said Lord Arleigh, laughingly, "than myself."

"No, I admit that. Well, as the ice is broken, Lord Arleigh, and we are old friends, I may ask, why do you not marry?"

"Simply, because of marriage, and of love that ends in marriage, I have not thought," he answered, lightly.

"It is time for you to begin," observed the duchess; "my own impression is that a man does no good in the world until he is married." And then she added, "I suppose you have an ideal of womanhood?"

Lord Arleigh's face flushed.

"Yes," he acknowledged, "I have an ideal of my own, derived from poetry I have read, from pictures I have seen—an ideal of perfect grace, loveliness, and purity. When I meet that ideal, I shall meet my fate."

"Then you have never yet seen the woman you would like to marry?" pursued the duchess.

"No," he answered, quite seriously; "strange to say, although I have seen some of the fairest and noblest types of womanhood, I have not yet met with my ideal."

They were disturbed by a sudden movement—the flowers that Philippa held in her hand had fallen to the ground.

Chapter XI.

Captain Gresham sprang forward to lift the flowers which Miss L'Estrange had dropped.

"Nay," she said, "Never mind them. A fresh flower is very nice. A flower that has once been in the dust has lost its beauty."

There was no trace of pain in the clear voice; it was rich and musical. Philippa L'Estrange, seated in the bright sunshine, heard the words that were to her as a death-warrant, yet made no sign.

"I have not yet met with my ideal," Lord Arleigh had said.

Captain Gresham picked up some of the fallen flowers.

"A dead flower from your hand, Miss L'Estrange," he observed, "is worth a whole gardenful of living ones from any one else."

She laughed again that sweet, musical laugh which seemed to come only from a happy heart; and then she looked round, The Duchess of Aytoun and Lord Arleigh were still in deep converse. Miss L'Estrange turned to Captain Gresham.

"I have been told," she said, "that there are some beautiful white hyacinths here; they are my favorite flowers. Shall we find them?"

He was only too pleased. She bade a laughing adieu to the duchess, and smiled at Lord Arleigh. There was no trace of pain or of sadness in her voice or face. They went away together, and Lord Arleigh never even dreamed that she had heard his remarks.

Then the duchess left him, and he sat under the spreading beech alone. His thoughts were not of the pleasantest nature; he did not like the general belief in his approaching marriage; it was fair neither to himself nor to Philippa—yet how was he to put an end to such gossip? Another idea occurred to him. Could it be possible that Philippa herself shared the idea? He would not believe it. Yet many things made him pause and think. She certainly evinced great preference for his society; she was never so happy as when with him. She would give up any engagement, any promised gaiety or pleasure, to be with him. She dressed to please him; she consulted him on most things; she seemed to identify her interests with his. But all this might be the result of their old friendship—it might have nothing to do with love.

Could it be possible that she still remembered the childish nonsense that had passed between them—that she considered either herself or him bound by the foolish tie that neither of them had contracted? Could it be possible that she regarded herself as engaged to him? The bare idea of it seemed absurd to him; he could not believe it. Yet many little things that he could not explain to himself made him feel uncomfortable and anxious. Could it be that she, the most beautiful and certainly the most popular woman in London, cared so much for him as to hold him by so slender a tie as their past childish nonsense?

He reproached himself for the thought; yet, do what he would, he could not drive it away. The suspicion haunted him; it made him miserable. If it was really so, what was he to do?

He was a gentleman, not a coxcomb. He could not go to this fair woman and ask her if it was really true that she loved him, if she really cared for him, if she held him by a tie contracted in childhood? He could not do it. He had not sufficient vanity. Why should he think that Philippa, who had some of the noblest men in England at her feet—why should he think that she would renounce all her brilliant prospects for him? Yet, if the mistake had really occurred—if she really thought the childish nonsense binding—if she really believed that he was to make her his wife—it was high time that she was undeceived, that she knew the truth.

And the truth was that, although he had a great liking, a kindly affection for her, he was not in love with her. He admired her beauty—nay, he went further: he thought her the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, the most gifted, the most graceful. But he was not in love with her—never would be. She was not his type of woman, not his ideal. If she had been his sister, he would have loved her exceedingly—a brotherly affection was what he felt for her.

Yet how could he go to this fair woman with the ungracious words that he did not love her, and had no thought of marrying her? His face flushed hotly at the thought—there was something in it against which his whole manhood

rose in hot rebellion. Still, it must be done; there must be no such shadow between them as this—there must be no such fatal mistake. If the report of their approaching marriage were allowed to remain much longer uncontradicted, why, then he would be in honor compelled to fulfill public expectation; and this he had no intention, no desire to do. The only thing, therefore, was to speak plainly to her.

How he hated the thought! How he loathed the idea! It seemed to him most unmanly, most ignoble—and yet there was no help for it. There was one gleam of comfort for him, and only one. She was so quick, so keen, that she would be sure to understand him at once, without his entering into any long explanation. Few words would suffice, and those words he must choose as best he could. If it were possible, he would speak to her to-day—the sooner the better—and then all uncertainty would be ended. It seemed to him, as he pondered these things, that a cloud had fallen over the sunshine. In his heart he blamed the folly of that good mother who had been the cause of all this anxiety.

"Such matters are always best left alone," he said to himself. "If I should ever have children of my own, I will never interfere with their love affairs."

Think as he would, ponder as he would, it was no easy task that lay before him—to tell her in so many words that he did not love her. Surely no man had ever had anything so ungracious to do before.

He looked round the grounds, and presently saw her the centre of a brilliant group near the lake. The Duke of Ashwood was by her side, the *élite* of the guests had gathered round her. She—beautiful, bright, animated—was talking, as he could see, with her usual grace and ease. It struck him suddenly as absurd that this beautiful woman should care—as people said she did—for him.

Let him get it all over. He longed to see the bright face smile on him with sisterly kindness, and to feel himself at ease with her; he longed to have all misunderstanding done away with.

He went up to the little group, and again the same peculiarity struck him—they all made way for him—even the Duke of Ashwood, although he did it with a frown on his face and an angry look in his eyes. Each one seemed to consider that he had some special right to be by the side of the beautiful Miss L'Estrange; and she, as usual when he was present, saw and heard no one else.

It was high time the world was disabused. Did she herself join in the popular belief? He could not tell. He looked at the bright face; the dark eyes met his, but he read no secret in them.

"Philippa," he said, suddenly, "the water looks very tempting—would you like a row?"

"Above everything else," she replied. And they went off in the little pleasure-boat together.

It was a miniature lake, tall trees bordering it and dipping their green branches into the water. The sun shone on the feathered spray that fell from the sculls, the white swans raised their graceful heads as the little boat passed by, and Philippa lay back languidly, watching the shadows of the trees. Suddenly an idea seemed to occur to her. She looked at Lord Arleigh.

"Norman," she said, "let the boat drift—I want to talk to you, and I cannot while you are rowing."

He rested on his sculls, and the boat drifted under the drooping branches of a willow-tree. He never forgot the picture that then presented itself—the clear deep water, the green trees, and the beautiful face looking at him.

"Norman," she said, in a clear, low voice. "I want to tell you that I overheard all that you said to the Duchess of Aytoun. I could not help it—I was so near to you."

She was taking the difficulty into her own hands! He felt most thankful.

"Did you, Philippa? I thought you were engrossed with the gallant captain."

"Did you really and in truth mean what you said to her?" she asked.

"Certainly; you know me well enough to be quite sure that I never say what I do not mean."

"You have never yet seen the woman whom you would ask to be your wife?" she said.

There was a brief silence, and then he replied:

"No, in all truth, I have not, Philippa."

A little bird was singing on a swaying bough just above them—to the last day of her life it seemed to her that she remembered the notes. The sultry silence seemed to deepen. She broke it.

"But, Norman," she said, in a low voice, "have you not seen me?"

He tried to laugh, to hide his embarrassment, but it was a failure.

"I have seen you—and I admire you. I have all the affection of a brother for you, Philippa"—and then he paused abruptly.

"But," she supplied, "you have never thought of making me your wife? Speak to me quite frankly, Norman."

"No, Philippa, I have not."

"As matters stand between us, they require explanation," she said; and he saw her lips grow pale. "It is not pleasant for me to have to mention it, but I must do it. Norman, do you quite forget what we were taught to believe when we were children—that our lives were to be passed together?"

"My dearest Philippa, pray spare yourself and me. I did not know that you even remembered that childish nonsense."

She raised her dark eyes to his face, and there was something in them before which he shrank as one who feels pain.

"One word, Norman—only one word. That past which has been so much to me—that past in which I have lived, even more than in the present or the future—am I to look upon it as what you call nonsense?"

He took her hand in his.

"My dear Philippa," he said, "I hate myself for what I have to say—it makes me detest even the sound of my own voice. Yet you are right—there is nothing for us but perfect frankness; anything else would be foolish. Neither your mother nor mine had any right to bind us. Such things never answer, never prosper. I cannot myself imagine how they, usually so sensible, came in this instance to disregard all dictates of common sense. I have always looked upon the arrangement as mere nonsense, and I hope you have done the same. You are free as air—and so am I."

She made no answer, but, after a few minutes, when she had regained her self-possession, she said:

"The sun is warm on the water—I think we had better return;" and, as they went back, she spoke to him carelessly about the new rage for garden-parties.

"Does she care or not?" thought Lord Arleigh to himself. "Is she pleased or not? I cannot tell; the ways of women are inscrutable. Yet a strange idea haunts me—an uncomfortable suspicion."

As he watched her, there seemed to him no trace of anything but light-hearted mirth and happiness about her. She laughed and talked; she was the centre of attraction, the life of the *fête*. When he spoke to her, she had a careless jest, a laughing word for him; yet he could not divest himself of the idea that there was something behind all this. Was it his fancy, or did the dark eyes wear every now and then an expression of anguish? Was it his fancy, or did it

really happen that when she believed herself unobserved, the light died out of her face?

He was uncomfortable, without knowing why—haunted by a vague, miserable suspicion he could not explain, by a presentiment he could not understand—compelled against his will to watch her, yet unable to detect anything in her words and manner that justified his doing so. It had been arranged that after the *fête* he should return to Verdun House with Lady Peters and Philippa. He had half promised to dine and spend the evening there, but now he wondered if that arrangement would be agreeable to Philippa. He felt that some degree of restraint had arisen between them.

He was thinking what excuse he could frame, when Philippa sent for him. He looked into the fresh, young face; there was no cloud on it.

"Norman," she said, "I find that Lady Peters has asked Miss Byrton to join us at dinner—will you come now? It has been a charming day, but I must own that the warmth of the sun has tired me."

Her tone of voice was so calm, so unruffled, he could have laughed at himself for his suspicions, his fears.

"I am quite ready," he replied. "If you would like the carriage ordered, we will go at once."

THE SISTERS.

He noticed her going home more particularly than he had ever done before. She was a trifle paler, and there was a languid expression in her dark eyes which might arise from fatigue; but she talked lightly as usual. If anything, she was even kinder to him than usual, never evincing the least consciousness of what had happened. Could it have been a dream? Never was man so puzzled as Lord Arleigh.

They talked after dinner about a grand fancy ball that

Miss Byrton intended giving at her mansion in Grosvenor Square. She was one of those who believed implicitly in the engagement between Lord Arleigh and Miss L'Estrange.

"I have a Waverley quadrille already formed," said Miss Byrton—"that is *de rigueur*. There could not be a fancy ball without a Waverley quadrille. How I should like two Shakespearean ones! I thought of having one from 'As You Like It' and another from 'Romeo and Juliet'; and, Miss L'Estrange, I wish you would come as *Juliet*. It seems rude even to suggest a character to any one with such perfect taste as yours—still I should like a beautiful *Juliet*—*Juliet* in white satin and glimmer of pearls."

"I am quite willing," returned Philippa. "*Juliet* is one of my favorite heroines. How many *Romeos* will you have?"

"Only one, if I can so manage it," returned Miss Byrton—"and that will be Lord Arleigh."

She looked at him as she spoke; he shook his head laughingly.

"No—I yield to no one in reverence for the creations of the great poet," he said; "but, to tell the truth, I do not remember that the character of *Romeo* ever had any great charm for me."

"Why not?" asked Miss Byrton.

"I cannot tell you; I am very much afraid that I prefer *Othello*—the noble Moor. Perhaps it is because sentiment has not any great attraction for me. I do not think I could ever kill myself for love. I should make a sorry *Romeo*, Miss Byrton."

With a puzzled face, she looked from him to Miss L'Estrange.

"You surprise me," she said, quietly. "I should have thought *Romeo* a character above all others to please you."

Philippa had listened with a smile—nothing had escaped her. Looking up, she said, with a bright laugh:

"I cannot compliment you on being a good judge of character, Miss Byrton. It may be, perhaps, that you have not known Lord Arleigh well enough. But he is the last person in the world to make a good *Romeo*. I know but one character in Shakespeare's plays that would suit him."

"And that?" interrogated Lord Arleigh.

"That," replied Philippa, "is *Petruchio*;" and amidst a general laugh the conversation ended.

Miss Byrton was the first to take her departure. Lord Arleigh lingered for some little time—he was still unconvinced. The wretched, half-formed suspicion that there was something hidden beneath Philippa's manner still pursued him; he wanted to see if she was the same to him. There was indeed no perceptible difference. She leaned back in her favorite chair with an air of relief, as though she were tired of visitors.

"Now let us talk about the *fête*, Norman," she said. "You are the only one I care to talk with about my neighbors."

So for half an hour they discussed the *fête*, the dresses, the music, the different flirtations—Philippa, in her usual bright, laughing, half-sarcastic fashion, with the keen sense of humor that was peculiar to her. Lord Arleigh could not see that there was any effort in her conversation; he could not see the least shadow on her brightness; at heart, he was thankful.

When he was going away, she asked him about riding on the morrow, just as usual. He could not see the slightest difference in her manner. That unpleasant little conversation on the lake might never have taken place, for all the remembrance of it that seemed to trouble her. Then, when he rose to take his leave, she held out her hand with a bright, amused expression.

"Good night, Petruchio," she said. "I am pleased at the name I have found for you."

"I am not so sure that it is appropriate," he rejoined. "I think, on the whole, I would rather love a *Juliet* than tame a shrew."

"It may be in the book of fate that you will do both," she observed; and they parted, laughing at the idea.

To the last the light shone in her eyes, and the scarlet lips were wreathed in smiles; but when the door had closed behind him and she was alone, the haggard, terrible change that fell over the young face was painful to see. The light, the youth, the beauty, seemed all to fade from it; it grew white, stricken, as though the pains of death were upon her. She clasped her hands as one who had lost all hope.

"How am I to bear it?" she cried. "What am I to do?"

She looked round her with the bewildered air of one who had lost her way—with the dazed appearance of one from beneath whose feet the plank of safety had been withdrawn. It was all over—life was all over; the love that had been her life was suddenly taken from her. Her hope was dead—the past in which she had lived was all a blank—he did not love her.

She said the words over and over again to herself. He did not love her, this man to whom she had given the passionate love of her whole heart and soul—he did not love her, and never intended to ask her to be his wife.

Why, she had lived for this! This love, lying now in ruins around her, had been her existence. Standing there, in the first full pain of her despair, she realized what that love had been—her life, her hope, her world. She had lived in it; she had known no other wish, no other desire. It had been her all; and now it was less than nothing.

"How am I to live and bear it?" she asked herself again; and the only answer that came to her was the dull echo of her own despair.

That night, while the sweet flowers slept under the light of the stars, and the little birds rested in the deep shade of the trees—while the night-wind whispered low, and the moon sailed through the sky—Philippa L'Estrange, the belle of the season, one of the most beautiful women in London, one of the wealthiest heiresses in England, wept through the long hours—wept for the overthrow of her hope and her love, wept for the life that lay in ruins around her.

She was of dauntless courage—she knew no fear; but she did tremble and quail before the future stretching out before her—the future that was to have no love, and was to be spent without him.

How was she to bear it? She had known no other hope in life, no other dream. What had been childish nonsense to him, had been to her a serious and exquisite reality. He had either forgotten it or had thought of it only with annoyance; she had made it the very corner-stone of her life.

It was not only a blow of the keenest and cruelest kind to her affections, but it was the cruelest blow her vanity could have possibly received. To think that she, who had more admirers at her feet than any other woman in London, should have tried so hard to win this one, and have failed—that her beauty, her grace, her wit, her talent, should all have been lavished upon him, and lavished in vain!

Why had she failed so completely? Why had she not won his love? It was given to no other—at least she had the consolation of knowing that. He had talked about his ideal, but he had not found it; he had his own ideal of womanhood, but he had not met with it.

"Are other women fairer, more lovable than I am?" she asked herself. "Why should another win where I have failed?"

So, through the long hours of the starlit night, she lamented the love and the wreck of her life, she mourned for the hope that could never live again, while her name was on

the lips of men who praised her as the queen of beauty, and fair women envied her as one who had but to will and to win.

She would have given her whole fortune to win his love—not once, but a hundred times over.

It seemed to her a cruel mockery of fate that she, who had everything the world could give—beauty, health, wealth, fortune—should ask but this one gift, and that it should be refused her.

She watched the stars until they faded from the skies, and then she buried her face in her pillow, and sobbed herself to sleep.

Chapter XII.

IT was when the sun, shining into her room, reached her, that an idea occurred to Philippa which was like the up-springing of new life to her. All was not yet lost. He did not love her—he had not thought of making her his wife; but it did not follow that he would never do so. What had not patience and perseverance accomplished before now? What had not love won?

He had acknowledged that she was beautiful; he had owned to her often how much he admired her. So much granted, was it impossible that he should learn to love her? She told herself that she would take courage—that she would persevere—that her great love must in time prevail, and that she would devote her life unweariedly to it.

She would carefully hide all traces of pique or annoyance. She would never let him find her dull or unhappy. Men liked to be amused. She would do her best to entertain him; he should never have a moment's vacancy in her society. She would find sparkling anecdotes, repartees, witty, humorous stories, to amuse him. He liked her singing; she would cultivate it more and more. She would study him, dress for him, live for him, and him alone; she would have no other end, aim, thought, or desire. She would herself be the source of all his amusements, so that he should look for the every-day pleasures of his life to her—and, such being the case, she would win him; she felt sure of it. Why had she been so hopeless, so despairing? There was no real cause for it. Perhaps, after all, he had looked upon the whole affair, not as a solemn engagement, but as a childish farce. Perhaps he had never really thought of her as his wife; but there would be an end to that thoughtlessness now. What had passed on the previous day would arouse his attention; he could never know the same indifference again.

So she rose with renewed hope. She shrank from the look of her face in the glass. "Cold water and fresh air," she said to herself, with a smile, "will soon remedy such paleness." And thus on that very day began for her the new life—the life in which, no longer sure of his love, she was to try to win it.

He would have loved her had he been able; but his own words were true—"Love is fate."

There was nothing in common between them—no sympathy—none of those mystical chords that, once touched, set two human hearts throbbing, and never rest until they are one. He could not have been fonder of her than he was, in a brotherly sense; but, as for lover's love, from the first day he had seen her, a beautiful, dark-eyed child, until the last, he had never felt the least semblance of it.

It was a story of failure. She strove as perhaps woman never before had striven, and she succeeded in winning his truest admiration, his warmest friendship; he felt more at home with her than with any one else in the wide world. But there it ended—she won no more.

It was not his fault; it was simply because the electric spark called love had never been and never could be elicited between his soul and hers. He would have done anything for her—he was her truest, best friend; but he was not her lover.

She hoped against hope. Each day she counted the kind words he had said to her; she noted every glance, every look, every expression. But she could not find that she made any progress—nothing that indicated any change from brotherly friendship to love. Still, she hoped against hope; and, but for this living fountain of hope, the chances are that she would have died of a broken heart.

Then the season ended. She went back to Verdun Royal with Lady Peters, and Lord Arleigh went to Beechgrove. They wrote to each other at Christmas, and met at Calverley, the seat of Lord Rineham. She contrived, even when away from him, to fill his life. She was always consulting him on matters of interest to her; she sought his advice continually, and about everything, from the renewal of a lease to the making of a new acquaintance. "I cannot do wrong," she would say to him, "if I follow your advice." He was pleased and happy to be able to help the daughter of his mother's dearest friend.

Her manner completely deceived him. If she had evinced the least pique or discontent—if she had, by word or look, shown the least resentment—he would have suspected that she cared for him, and would have been on his guard. As it was, he would not have believed any one who had told him she loved him.

The explanation had been made; there was no longer even a shadow between them; they both understood that the weak, nonsensical tie was broken. That they were the dearest of friends, and quite happy, would have been Lord Arleigh's notion of matters. Philippa L'Estrange might have told a different story.

The proposed party at Beechgrove did not come off. There were some repairs needed in the eastern wing, and Lord Arleigh himself had so many engagements that no time could be found for it; but when the season came round Philippa and he met again.

By this time some of Miss L'Estrange's admirers had come to the conclusion that there was no truth in the report of the engagement between herself and Lord Arleigh. Amongst these was his Grace the Duke of Hazlewood. He loved the beautiful, queenly girl, who had so disdainfully refused his coronet—the very refusal had made him care more than ever for her. He was worldly-wise enough to know that there were few women in London who would have refused him; and he said to himself that, if she would not marry him, he would go unmarried to his grave. He was one of the first to feel sure that there was no truth in the rumor that had grieved him so the previous year. Miss L'Estrange and Lord Arleigh were by force of circumstances great friends—nothing more; and this season he determined to make a friend of the man whom he had detested as a rival.

When the Duke of Hazlewood made up his mind, he generally accomplished his desire; he sought Lord Arleigh with such assiduity, he made himself so pleasant and agreeable to him, that the master of Beechgrove soon showed him his most cordial and sincere liking. Then they became warm friends. The duke confided in Lord Arleigh—he told him the whole story of his love for Miss L'Estrange.

"I know," he said, "that no one has so much influence over her as you. I do not believe in the absurd stories told about an engagement between you, but I see plainly that

she is your friend, and that you are hers; and I want you to use your influence with her in my favor."

Lord Arleigh promised to do so—and he intended to keep his promise; they were on such intimate and friendly terms that he could venture upon saying anything of that kind to her. She would not be displeased—on the contrary, she would like his advice; it might even be that before now she had wished to ask for it, but had not liked to do so—so completely did these two play at cross-purposes and misunderstand each other.

It was easier to say to himself that he would speak to her as the duke wished than to do it. He saw that any allusion to her lovers or admirers made her ill at ease—she did not like it; even his laughing comments on the homage paid to her did not please her.

"I do not like lovers," she said to him one day, "and I am tired of admirers—I prefer friends."

"But," he opposed, laughingly, "if all that wise men and philosophers tell us is correct, there are no true friends."

He never forgot the light that shone in her face as she raised it to his.

"I do not believe that," she returned; "there are true friends—you are one to me."

The tenderness of her manner struck him forcibly. Something kinder and softer stirred in his heart than had ever stirred before for her; he raised her hand to his lips and kissed it.

"You are right, Philippa," he said. "If ever a woman had a true, stanch friend, I am and will be one to you."

From her heart to her lips rose the words, "Shall you never be more?" Perhaps even her eyes asked the question more eloquently than her lips could have done, for his face flushed, and she turned away with some slight embarrassment.

"I shall try to keep your friendship," she said; "but that will be easily done, Norman."

"Yes," he replied; "one of the traditions of our house is 'truth in friendship, trust in love, honor in war.' To be a true friend and a noble foe is characteristic of the Arleighs."

"I hope you will never be a foe of mine," she rejoined, laughingly.

And that evening, thinking over the events of the day, she flattered herself that she had made some little progress after all.

Chapter XIII.

THE opportunity that Lord Arleigh looked for came at last. Philippa had some reason to doubt the honesty of a man whom she had been employing as agent. She was kind of heart, and did not wish to punish him, yet she felt sure that he had not done his duty by her. To speak to her solicitors about it would be, she felt, injurious to him, whether innocent or guilty. If innocent, it would create a prejudice against him; if guilty, they would wish to punish him. She resolved upon laying the matter before Lord Arleigh, and seeing what he thought of it.

He listened very patiently, examined the affair, and then told her that he believed she had been robbed.

"What shall I do?" she asked, looking at him earnestly.

"I know what you ought to do, Philippa. You ought to punish him."

"But he has a wife, Norman, and innocent little children; in exposing him I shall punish them, and they are innocent."

"That is one of the strangest of all universal laws to me," said Lord Arleigh—"why the innocent always do, and always must, suffer for the guilty; it is one of the mysteries I shall never understand. Common sense tells me that you ought to expose this man—that he ought to be punished for what he has done. Yet, if you do, his wife and children will be dragged down into an abyss of misery. Suppose you make a compromise of matters, and lecture him well."

He was half smiling as he spoke, but she took every word in serious earnest.

"Philippa," he continued, "why do you not marry? A husband would save you all this trouble; he would attend to your affairs, and shield you from annoyances of this kind."

"The answer to your question, 'Why do I not marry?' would form a long story," she replied, and then she turned the conversation.

But he was determined to keep his word, and plead with her for the duke. Another opportunity came that evening. It was Lady Peters's birthday, and Philippa had invited some of her most intimate friends, not young people, but those with whom she thought her *chaperon* would enjoy herself best. The result was a very pleasant dinner-party, followed by a very pleasant evening. Lord Arleigh could not be absent, for it was, in some measure, a family *fête*.

The guests did not remain very late, but Lady Peters, professing herself tired with the exertion she had made, lay down on a couch, and was soon asleep. Philippa stood by the window, with the rose-silk hangings drawn.

"Come out on the balcony," she said to Lord Arleigh—"the room is very warm."

It was night, but the darkness was silver-gray, not black. The sky above was bright with the gleam of a thousand stars, the moon was shining behind some silvery clouds, the great masses of foliage in the park were just stirred with the whisper of the night, and sweetest odors came from heliotrope and mignonette; the brooding silence of the Summer night lay over the land.

Philippa sat down, and Lord Arleigh stood by her side.

The moonlight, falling on her beautiful face, softened it into wondrous loveliness—it was pale, refined, with depths of passion in the dark eyes, and tender, tremulous smiles on the scarlet lips. She wore some material of white and gold. A thin scarf was thrown carelessly over her white shoulders. When the wind stirred, it blew the scarf against her face.

She might have been the very goddess of love, she looked so fair, out in the starlight. If there had been one particle of love in Lord Arleigh's heart, that hour and scene must have called it into life. For a time they sat in perfect silence. Her head was thrown back against a pillar, round which red roses clustered and clung, and the light of the stars fell full upon her face; the dark eyes were full of radiance.

"How beautiful it is, Norman!" she said, suddenly. "What music has ever equaled the whispers of the night-wind? It seems a sad pity, after all, that we are obliged to lead such conventional lives, and spend the greater part of them in warm, close rooms."

"You have a great love for out-of-door freedom," he remarked, laughingly.

"Yes, I love the fresh air. I think, if any one asked me what I loved best on earth, I should say the wind. I love it in all its moods—rough, caressing, tender, impetuous, calm, stormy. It is always beautiful. Listen to it now, just sighing in the branches of those tall trees. Could any music be sweeter or softer?"

"No," he replied; and then added. "The time and the

scene embolden me, Philippa; there is something that I wish to say to you—something that I have long wished to say. Will you hear it now?"

A tremor like that of the leaves in the wind seemed to pass over her. There was a startled expression in her dark eyes, a quiver of the crimson lips. Was it coming at last—this for which she had longed all her life? She controlled all outward signs of emotion, and turned to him quite calmly.

"I am always ready to listen to you, Norman, and to hear what you have to say."

"You see, Philippa, the starlight makes me bold. If we were in that brilliantly lighted drawing-room of yours, I should probably hesitate long before speaking plainly, as I am going to do now."

He saw her clasp her hands tightly, but he had no key to what was passing in her mind. He drew nearer to her.

"You know, Philippa," he began, "that I have always been fond of you. I have always taken the same interest in you that I should have taken in a dearly loved sister of my own, if Heaven had given me one."

She murmured some few words which he did not hear.

"I am going to speak to you now," he continued, "just as though you were my own sister; have I your permission to do so, Philippa?"

"Yes," she replied.

"And you promise not to be angry about anything I may say?"

"I could never be angry with you, Norman," she answered.

"Then I want you to tell me why you will not marry the Duke of Hazlewood. You have treated me as your brother and your friend. The question might seem impertinent from another; from me it will not appear impertinent, nor curious—simply true and kindly interest. Why will you not marry him, Philippa?"

A quick, sharp spasm of pain passed over her face. She was silent for a minute before she answered him, and then she said:

"The reason is very simple, Norman—because I do not love him."

"That is certainly a strong reason; but, Philippa, let me ask you now another question. Why do you not love him?"

She could have retorted, "Why do you not love me?" but prudence forbade it.

"I cannot tell you. I have heard you say love is fate. I should imagine it must be because the Duke of Hazlewood is not my fate."

He did not know what answer to make to that, it was so entirely his own way of thinking.

"But, Philippa," he resumed, after a pause, "do you not think that you might love him if you tried?"

"I have never thought about it," was the quiet reply.

Lord Arleigh continued:

"In my idea, he is one of the most charming men in England; I have never seen a more perfect type of what an Englishman should be—he is noble, generous, brave, chivalrous. What fault do you find with him, Philippa?"

"I?" she asked, looking up at him in wonder. "My dear Norman, I have never found fault with the duke in my life."

"Then why can you not love him?"

"That is a very different thing. I find no fault with him; on the contrary, I agree with you that he is one of the noblest of men; yet, I have never thought of marrying him."

"But, Philippa"—and with kindly impressiveness he laid one hand on her shoulder—"why do you not think of marrying him? Between you and myself there can be no compliments, no flattery. I tell you that of all the women in England you are the one most fitted to be Duchess of Hazlewood—and you would be a beautiful duchess, too. Think of the position you would occupy—second only to royalty. I should like to see you in such a position—you would fill it grandly. Think of the power, the influence, the enormous amount of good you could do. Think of it all, Philippa."

He did not see the sudden, sharp quiver of pain that passed over the beautiful face, nor how pale it grew in the starlight.

"I am thinking," she answered, quietly—"I am listening attentively to all that you say."

She drew the light scarf more closely around her shoulders, and shuddered as though a chill breeze had passed over her.

"Are you cold, dear?" he asked, kindly.

"Cold! How could I be, on this warm, starlit night? Go on, Norman; let me hear all that you have to say."

"I am trying to persuade you to accept what seems to me one of the happiest lots ever offered to woman. I want to see you the Duke of Hazlewood's wife. I cannot imagine any man more calculated to win a woman's love, or to please her fancy, than he is. He is young, handsome, noble in face and figure as he is in heart and soul; and he is clever and gifted."

"Yes," she allowed, slowly; "he is all that, Norman."

"And he loves you so well, Philippa; I have never seen a man more devoted. How many years has he loved you now—two or three? And he tells me that he shall go unmarried to his grave, unless you consent to be his wife."

"Did he tell you that? He must indeed be attached to me," she observed. "Norman, did he ask you to say all this to me?"

"He asked me to plead his cause," replied Lord Arleigh.

"Why did he ask you to do so?"

"Because—believing us to be what we really are, Philippa, tried and true friends—he thought I should have some influence with you."

"Clever duke!" she said. "Norman, are you well versed in modern poetry?"

He looked up in blank surprise at the question—it was so totally unexpected.

"In modern poetry?' he repeated. "Yes, I think I am. Why, Philippa?"

"I will tell you why," she said, turning her beautiful face to him. "If you will be patient, I will tell you why."

She was silent for a few minutes, and then Lord Arleigh said:

"I am patient enough, Philippa; will you tell me why?"

The dark eyes raised to his had in them a strange light—a strange depth of passion.

"I want to know if you remember the beautiful story of Priscilla, the Puritan maiden," she said, in a tremulous voice; "Priscilla, the loveliest maiden of Plymouth?"

"You mean the story of Miles Standish," he corrected. "Yes, I remember it, Philippa."

"That which a Puritan maiden could do, and all posterity sing her praises for it, surely I—a woman of the world—may do without blame. Do you remember, Norman, when John Alden goes to her to do the wooing which the stanch soldier does not do for himself—do you remember her answer? Let me give you the verse:

'But, as he warmed and glowed in his simple and eloquent language,
Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his rival,
Archly the maiden smiled, and, with eyes overrunning with laughter,
Said, in a tremulous voice, Why don't you speak for yourself, John?'"

The sweet, musical voice died away in the starlight, the wind stirred the crimson roses—silence, solemn and deep, fell over Lord Arleigh and his companion. Philippa broke it.

"Surely you, in common with all of us, admire the Puritan maiden, Norman?"

"Yes, I do admire her," he answered; "she is one of my favorite heroines."

"So she is of mine; and I love her the more for the womanly outburst of honest truth that triumphed over all conventionality. Norman, what she, 'the loveliest maiden in Plymouth,' the beloved of Miles Standish, said to John Alden, I say to you—'Why don't you speak for yourself?'"

There was infinite tenderness in his face as he bent over her—infinite pain in his voice as he spoke to her.

"John Alden loved Priscilla," he said, slowly—"she was the one woman in all the world for him—his ideal—his fate, but I—oh, Philippa, how I hate myself because I cannot answer you differently! You are my friend, my sister, but not the woman I must love as my wife."

"When you urged me a few minutes since to marry your friend, you asked me why I could not love him, seeing that he had all lovable qualities. Norman, why can you not love me?"

"I can answer you only in the same words—I do not know. I love you with as true an affection as ever man gave to woman; but I have not for you a lover's love. I cannot tell why, for you are one of the fairest of fair women."

"Fair, but not your 'ideal woman,'" she said, gently.

"No, not my 'ideal woman,'" he returned—"my sister, my friend—not my love."

"I am to blame," she said, proudly; "but again I must plead that I am like Priscilla. While you are pleading the case of another, the truth comes uppermost; you must forgive me for speaking so forcibly—as the poem says:

'There are moments in life when the heart is so full of emotions,
That if, by chance, it be shaken, or into its depths, like a pebble,
Drops some careless word, it overflows, and its secret,
Spilt on the ground like water, can never be gathered together.'"

"My dearest Philippa, you have not been to blame," he said; "you judge yourself too hardly always."

"It is the fate of a woman to be silent," she said again. "Still, I am glad that I have spoken. Norman, will you tell me what your ideal woman is like, that I may know her when I see her."

"Nay," he objected, gently, "let us talk of something else."

But she persisted.

"Tell me," she urged, "that I may know in what she differs from me."

"I do not know that I can tell you," he replied. "I have not thought much of the matter."

"But, if any one asked you to describe your ideal of what a woman should be, you could do it," she pursued.

"Perhaps so, but at best it would be but an imperfect sketch. She must be young, fair, gentle, pure, tender of heart, noble in soul, with a kind of shy, sweet grace; frank, yet not outspoken; free from all affectation, yet with nothing unwomanly; a mixture of child and woman. If I love an ideal, it is something like that."

"And she must be fair, like all the Ladies Arleigh, with eyes like the hyacinth and hair tinged with gold, I suppose, Norman?"

"Yes; I saw a picture once in Rome that realized my notion of true womanly loveliness. It was a very fair face, with something of the innocent wonder of a child mixed with the dawning love and passion of noblest womanhood."

"You admire an *ingénue*. We have both our tastes; mine, if I were a man, would incline more to the brilliant and handsome."

She would have added more, but at that moment Lady Peters drew aside the silk hangings.

"My dear children," she said, "I should ill play my part of *chaperon* if I did not remind you of the hour. We have been celebrating my birthday, but my birthday is past and gone—it is after midnight."

Lord Arleigh looked up in wonder.

"After midnight? Impossible! Yet I declare my watch proves that it is. It is all the fault of the starlight, Lady Peters; you must blame that."

Lady Peters went out to them.

"I do not wonder at your lingering here," she said. "How calm and sweet the night is! It reminds me of the night in "Romeo and Juliet." It was such a night Jessica——"

Philippa held up her hands in horror.

"No more poetry to-night, dear Lady Peters; we have had more than enough."

"Is that true, Lord Arleigh? Have you really had more than enough?"

"I have not found it so," he replied. "However, I must go. I wish time would sometimes stand still; all pleasant hours end so soon. Good-night, Lady Peters."

But that most discreet of *chaperons* had already re-entered the drawing-room—it was no part of her business to be present when the two friends said good-night.

"Good-night, Philippa, my sister—my friend," he said.

Even by the faint starlight he saw a change pass over her face.

"Good-night," she responded. "I have more to say to you, but Lady Peters will be horrified if you remain any longer. You will call to-morrow, and then I can finish my conversation?"

"I will come," he replied, gravely.

He waited a moment to see if she would pass into the drawing-room before him, but she turned away and leaned her arms on the stone balustrade.

It was nearly half an hour afterward when Lady Peters once more drew aside the hangings.

"Philippa," she said, gently, "you will take cold out there."

She wondered why the girl paused some few moments before answering; then Miss L'Estrange said, in a low, calm voice: "Do not wait for me, Lady Peters; I am thinking, and do not wish to be interrupted."

But Lady Peters did not seem quite satisfied.

"I do not like to leave you sitting there," she said; "the servants will think it strange."

"Their thoughts do not concern me," she returned, haughtily. "Good-night, Lady Peters; do not interrupt me again, if you please." And the good-tempered *chaperon* went away, thinking to herself that perhaps she had done wrong in interrupting the *tête-à-tête*.

"Still, I did it for the best," she said to herself; "and servants will talk."

Philippa L'Estrange did not move. Lady Peters thought she spoke in a calm, proud voice. She would have been surprised could she have seen the beautiful face all wet with tears; for Philippa had laid her head on the cold stone, and was weeping such tears as women weep but once in life. She sat there, not striving to subdue the tempest of emotion that shook her, giving full vent to her passion of grief, stretching out her hands and crying to her lost love.

It was all over now. She had stepped down from the proud height of her glorious womanhood to ask for his love, and he had told her that he had none to give her. She had thrown aside her pride, her delicacy. She had let him read the guarded secret of her heart, only to hear his reply—that she was not his ideal of womanhood. She had asked for bread—he had given her a stone. She had lavished her love at his feet—he had coolly stepped aside. She had lowered her pride, humiliated herself, all in vain.

"No woman," she said to herself, "would ever pardon such a slight or forgive such a wrong."

At first she wept as though her heart would break—tears fell like rain from her eyes, tears that seemed to burn as they fell; then, after a time, pride rose and gained the ascendancy. She, the courted, beautiful woman, to be so humiliated, so slighted! She, for whose smile the noblest in the land asked in vain, to have her almost offered love so coldly refused! She, the very queen of love and beauty, to be so spurned!

When the passion of grief had subsided, when the hot, angry glow of wounded pride had died away, she raised her face to the night-skies.

"I swear," she said, "that I will be revenged—that I will take such vengeance on him as will bring his pride down far lower than he has brought mine. I will never forgive him. I have loved him with a devotion passing the love of woman. I will hate more than I have loved him. I would have given my life to make him happy. I now consecrate it to vengeance. I swear to take such revenge on him as shall bring the name of Arleigh low indeed."

And that vow she intended to keep.

"If ever I forget what has passed here," she said to herself, "may Heaven forget me!"

To her servants she had never seemed colder or haughtier than on this night, when she kept them waiting while she registered her vow.

What shape was her vengeance to take?

"I shall find out," she thought. "It will all come in time."

(To be continued.)

DUTCH PATIENCE.

There is no field of human enterprise in which their success has not been, at one time or another, notable. At the bottom of it all—apparently at the bottom of the character on which their success has been founded—we find their traditional jealousy of every acre of water which covers good land. Neglecting the poorer lands, they have dived into the fertile deposits lying under water and peat, and sought there a wealth that no other soil can equal. Seeking this, they have become patient, long-enduring, sturdy, hardy, and resolute. If a lake is to be drained, they sit quietly down and count the cost, the time, and the interest that time will add to the cost, and then devise the means for the most effectual performance of the work; this done, the undertaking proceeds with the regularity and persistence of the work of ants. If obstacles cannot be made auxiliaries they are overcome. The clamors of dissatisfied people are idle, not as the wind—for the wind is not idle in Holland—but they pass unheeded, and steadily, day by day, the toiling goes on until the end is gained, and a new territory has been added to the earth's domain.

A Milan newspaper states that some thieves, who had concealed themselves in the Duomo, carried off a part of the jewels with which the statue of the Virgin was ornamented. But the robbers were taken in, as the stones were false.

TO A WILD DEER;

In the Forest of Dalness, Glen-etive, Argyleshire.

Fit couch of repose for a pilgrim like thee!
Magnificent prison, inclosing the free!
With rock-wall encircled, with precipice crown'd—
Which, awoke by the sun, thou can'st clear at a bound.
'Mid the fern and the heather kind Nature doth keep
One bright spot of green for her favorite's sleep;
And close to that covert, as clear as the skies
When their blue depths are cloudless, a little lake lies,
Where the creature at rest can his image behold,
Looking up through the radiance, as bright and as bold!
How lonesome! how wild! yet the wildness is rife
With the stir of enjoyment—the spirit of life.
The glad fish leaps up in the heart of the lake,
Whose depths, at the sullen plunge, sullenly quake!
Elate on the fern-branch the grasshopper sings,
And away in the midst of his roundelay springs;
'Mid the flowers of the heath, not more bright than himself,
The wild bee is busy, a musical elf—
Then starts from his labor, unwearied and gay,
And circling his antlers, booms far, far away.
While high up the mountains, in silence remote,
The cuckoo unseen is repeating his note;
The mellowing echo, on watch in the skies,
Like a voice from the loftier climate replies.
With wide-spreading antlers, a guard to his breast,
There lies the wild creature, e'en stately in rest!
'Mid the grandeur of Nature, composed and serene
And proud in his heart of the mountainous scene,
He lifts his calm eye to the eagle and raven,
At noon sinking down on smooth wings to their haven;
As if in his soul the bold animal smiled
To his friends of the sky, the joint-heirs of the wild.

Yes! fierce looks thy nature, e'en hushed in repose—
In the depths of thy desert, regardless of foes.
Thy bold antlers call on the hunter afar,
With a haughty defiance to come to the war!
No outrage is war to a creature like thee!
The bugle-horn fills thy wild spirit with glee,
As thou bearest thy neck on the wings of the wind,
And the laggardly gaze-hound is toiling behind.
In the beams of thy forehead that glitter with death—
In feet that draw power from the touch of the heath—
In the wide-raging torrent that lends thee its roar—
In the cliff that, once trod, must be trodden no more—
Thy trust, 'mid the dangers that threaten thy reign!
But what if the stag on the mountain be slain?
On the brink of the rock—lo! he standeth at bay,
Like a victor that falls at the close of the day;
While hunter and hound in their terror retreat
From the death that is spurn'd from his furious feet;
And his last cry of anger comes back from the skies,
As Nature's fierce son in the wilderness dies.

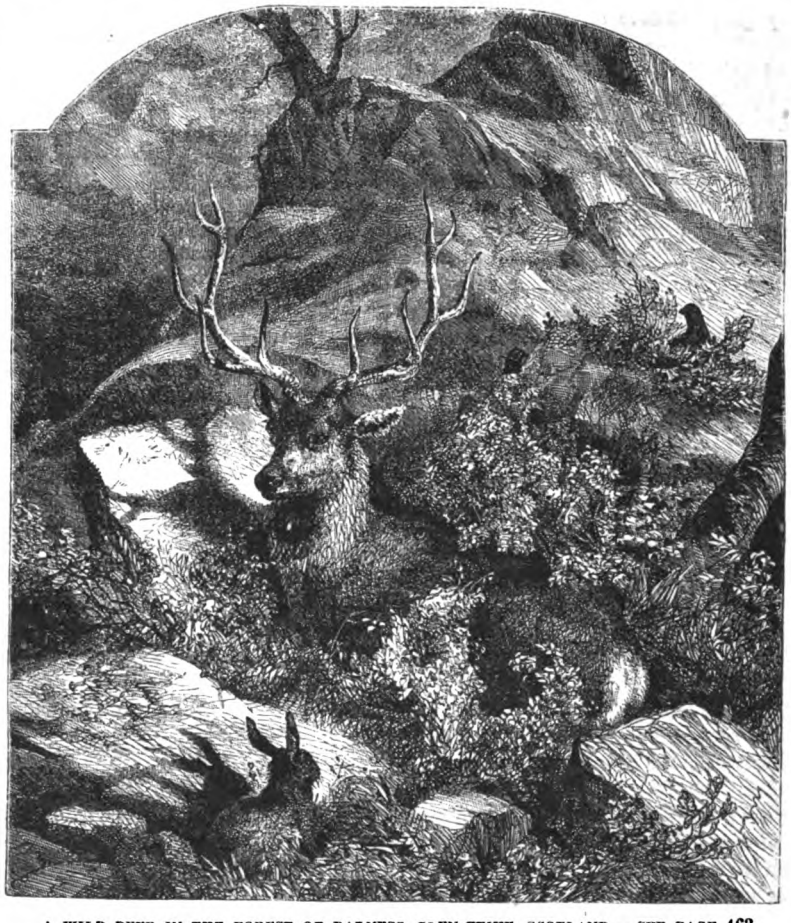
CHINAMANIA.

The now moribund "season" of 1875 will be remembered as having been distinguished, among other fashionable frivolities, by the persistent continuance of the acute Chinamania which afflicted its immediate predecessors. The malady, indeed, seems rather to increase than to diminish in its intensity; and it is as well to watch the progress of the disease, for the reason that, if any faith is to be placed in such historical precedents as the Dutch tulip madness, the South Sea and Mississippi frenzies, and the Roxburghe Club book craze, a crisis in the distemper is imminent. Then will come collapse, and after that we may hope for reaction, and the setting in of a healthier state of mind.

The most recent and overt spasm of ceramic *amentia* was at the Hooton Hall sale, near Chester; and although the attendance of buyers was limited, and those buyers were mainly "in the trade," the biddings were, it is said, "on the

whole satisfactory." A punch-bowl in old Derby was sold for £42—forty years ago it would probably have fetched as many shillings. Four candlesticks of Capo di Monte—a by no means artistic and very *rococo* ware—were knocked down for £84; had they been of sterling silver they would have been dear at the price. For a Battersea enameled casket, adorned with landscape, cattle, and figures, 118 guineas was bid. A pair of pugs fetched 31 guineas; a centre vase and cover realized 161 guineas. For a circular Gubbio dish of majolica, twelve inches in diameter, 226 guineas was paid. A collector, wise in his generation, secured a parcel-gilt cup and cover, attributable to Benvenuto Cellini, for 270 guineas; and we congratulate him on his purchase. He has got value, and probably more.

As for the ceramic craze, it has spread, we are sorry to say, from country manor-house sales and West-end auctions—from St. James's and Oxford Street and Holborn—into the once sequestered regions of Gray's Inn-lane and the Brompton Road, where *bric-à-brac* hunters of moderate means were once enabled to pick up really artistic bits of rare old china at very moderate prices. The smaller dealers, all over London, are now quite as well aware as the large ones of the prevalence of "moody madness laughing wild amidst severest woe," and are demanding woful prices for Dresden and majolica, the genuineness of which is sometimes open to more than a doubt. A slight *planche de salut* is afforded to the unhappy collector when the pawnbrokers choose to put any good porcelain in their windows; for the landlords of the "Lombard Arms" are, above all things, anxious to realize, and are generally open to a fair offer for unredeemed pledges.



A WILD DEER IN THE FOREST OF DALNESS, GLEN-ETIVE, SCOTLAND.—SEE PAGE 463.

NEEDLEWORK IN FRENCH CONVENTS.

France, as every one well knows, is pre-eminently the land of fine linen. From a child's pinafore to a cardinal's surplice, every article of wearing apparel that linen can be turned into is the object of the greatest care and elaboration; and few English women quit French territory without providing themselves with choice specimens of French *lingerie*.

To understand, however, the enormous labor bestowed upon that portion of female dress, it is necessary to see a *trousseau* in hand, and to see this it is necessary to enter a convent. We enter, then, a large, airy, whitewashed room, with a crucifix over the mantelpiece and religious mottoes painted on the walls. It has large windows on each side, and seldom any kind of curtain to keep off the dazzling light of midday Summer. Sitting on high benches without backs are twenty, thirty, fifty girls, as the case may be, of all ages, from four and a half to twenty-one, busy plying their needles. At each end of the room presides a sister, and her quaint nun's garb is the only break in the prevailing monotony—a large, bare, over-lighted room, rows of little children and young girls in white caps, blue checked dresses, and white aprons, who stitch away silently, almost automatically, while the bright Summer hours pass away. As we enter they rise, and remain standing while we inspect the work. The sister takes us from one little needlewoman to another, proudly exhibiting the stitches or folds of embroidery she has in hand. Their garments are produced, and we gaze in wonder, first at the elaborate piece of needle-work, and then at the feeble-looking workers who had produced it. In one instance a visitor and his little girl were of the party, when the comic and the pathetic were combined, the sister, with ingenious simplicity, offering for his inspection articles of female apparel generally supposed mysterious to the other sex; while it was touching to see the wistful look of those orphan children—children, did we say?—of those living machines—at the happy little girl who had for five minutes quitted the world of sport and sunshine and flowers for this dreary prison. These orphans are waifs and strays collected from Paris and the neighboring country, and, inspecting them narrowly, it was easy to see by their weak eyes, narrow chests, and stooping shoulders how much their unnatural life was telling upon a physique already but too predisposed to sickness and debility.

Man is designed for an active being, and his spirit, ever restless, if not employed upon worthy and dignified objects, will often rather engage in mean and low pursuits than suffer the tedious and listless feelings connected with indolence; and knowledge is no less necessary in strengthening the mind than in preserving the purity of the affections and the heart.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon.

LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON, generally known as L. E. L., was an English poetess, formerly of considerable popularity. At the early age of thirteen, she displayed a vivid and inventive imagination, and produced several small poems.

Her father was an army agent, and resided at Brompton, where he had for a neighbor Mr. Jerdan, the editor of the *Literary Gazette*. She submitted some of her poetical effusions to that gentleman, who published them in his journal, in 1820. These first efforts were soon followed by others in the same paper, and were received with a considerable amount of attention.

LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON.

Her father dying soon after, and leaving his family in reduced circumstances, Miss Landon devoted herself to literature, as a means of support for herself and assistance to her relatives.

Her poems in the *Literary Gazette*, signed L. E. L., were then eagerly looked for, and excited great admiration. She likewise wrote criticisms of poetry and works of fiction for the *Gazette*, and, as Mr. Jerdan afterward stated, her labors for the print were little less than his own.

With respect to her poems, "The Fate of Adelaide, a Swiss Romantic Tale," was published in 1821. This, her first collection, was followed by "The Improvisatore," "The Troubadour," "The Golden Violet," and others. At that period the annuals were popular, and to these L. E. L. contributed largely. She was less successful as a novelist than as a poet, for her three works of fiction, "Romance and Reality," "Francesca Carrara," and "Ethel Churchill," were soon forgotten. In 1838 she was married to Mr. George MacLean, the governor of Cape Coast Castle.

HOME OF MISS LANDON.

She left England with her husband, and in little more than a year, was found lying on the floor of her apartment, dead. In her hand was a small phial that had contained prussic acid.

At the inquest, the jury discovered no cause for suspicion in her death, neither could it be thought that her end had been due to her own intentional act; for she had been in the habit of taking, according to her physician's advice, small doses of prussic acid, and she had, moreover, written to some female friends in London expressing herself perfectly happy and contented.

The editor of the memoirs of L. E. L. records two or three circumstances which give a general interest to Hans Place, Brompton. Here it was that Miss Landon was born, on the 14th of August, 1802, in the house now No. 25; and "it is remarkable that the greater portion of L. E. L.'s existence was passed on the spot where she was born. From Hans Place and its neighborhood she was seldom absent, and then not for any great length of time. Until within a year or two of her death, she had there found her home, not indeed in the house of her birth, but close by. Taken occasionally, during the early years of her childhood, into the country, it was to Hans Place she returned. Here some of her school-time was passed. When her parents removed, she yet clung to the old spot, and, as her own mistress, chose the same scene for her residence. When one series of inmates quitted it, she still resided there with their successors, returning continually, after every wandering, like a blackbird to its nest."

The partiality of Miss Landon for London was extraordinary. In a letter, written in 1834, and addressed to a reverend gentleman, she ominously says: "When I have the good luck or ill luck (I rather lean to the latter opinion) of being married, I shall certainly insist on the wedding excursion not extending much beyond Hyde Park Corner."

When, in her sixth year (1808), Miss Landon was sent to school at No. 22 Hans Place, that seminary was kept by Miss Rowden, who, in 1801, had published "A Poetical Introduction to the Study of Botany," and, in 1810, a poem entitled "The Pleasures of Friendship." Miss R. became

ROOM IN WHICH MISS LANDON WROTE.

the Countess St. Quentin, and died some years ago in the neighborhood of Paris.

In this house, where she had been educated, Miss Landon afterward resided for many years, as a boarder, with the Misses Lance, who conducted a ladies' school. "It seems," observes the biographer of L. E. L., "to have been appropriated to such purposes from the time it was built, nor was L. E. L. the first who drank at the 'well of English' within its walls. Miss Mitford, we believe, was educated there, and Lady Caroline Lamb was an inmate for a time."

It is the remark of Miss Landon herself, that "a history of the how and where works of imagination have been produced would often be more extraordinary than the works themselves." "Her own case," observes a female friend, "is, in some degree, an illustration of perfect independence of mind over all external circumstances. Perhaps to the L. E. L., of whom so many nonsensical things have been said, as that she should write with a crystal pen, dipped in dew, upon silver paper, and use for pounce the dust of a butterfly's wing, a dilettante of literature would assign, for the scene of her authorship, a fairy-like boudoir, with rose-colored and silver hangings, fitted with all the luxuries of fastidious taste. How did the reality agree with this fancy sketch? Miss Landon's drawing-room, indeed, was prettily furnished, but it was her invariable habit to write in her bedroom. I see it now: that homely-looking, almost uncomfortable, room, fronting the street, and barely furnished with a simple white bed, at the foot of which was a small, old, oblong-shaped sort of dressing-table, quite covered with a common, worn writing-desk, heaped with papers, while some strewed the ground, the table being too small for aught beside the desk; a little, high-backed, cane chair, which gave you any idea rather than that of comfort. A few books scattered about completed the author's paraphernalia."

In this attic did the muse of L. E. L. dream of and describe music, moonlight, and roses, and "apostrophize loves, memories, hopes, and fears," with how much ultimate appetite for invention or sympathy may be judged from her declaration, that "there is one conclusion at which I have arrived, that a horse in a mill has an easier life than an author. I am fairly fagged out of my life."

GYPSY AND THE CHICKENS.

The following interesting fact is narrated by an English lady:

"One of our fowls made a nest behind the haystack, and laid fifteen or sixteen eggs; two only out of this number were hatched, which the farm servant took to the cook, requesting her to keep them warm, and endeavor to rear them, the weather being extremely cold at the time (7th of March, 1865).

"To keep the chickens out of danger, she, for a few days, kept them in a basket on the mantelpiece, but soon afterward they were allowed to run about the kitchen, when Gypsy, our little dog, took a great fancy to them, and laid herself down upon the hearth, drew them toward her with her paws, licked them, and, as it were, nursed them for hours together. This the little dog repeated from day to day, until cook found it necessary to shut the pets up, as Gypsy licked the feathers from off their bodies as fast as they came.

"But Gypsy soon discovered their place of concealment, and contrived to get them out again, one by one, and took them to the hearth, and fondled them as before. The cook, however, fearing mischief to the chicks, again took possession of them, and this time placed a heavy weight upon the basket, thinking this would prove an effectual barrier; but Gypsy, nothing daunted, went coolly the next day to the basket, and, after several vain attempts, at last succeeded in rescuing her young friends, and then took them, as before, to the hearth.

"Milder weather soon came, and the chickens were turned into the farm-yard. They were inseparable, and much fonder of the kitchen than of any other place. Gypsy was sometimes guilty of racing the other fowls, but she never molested her two foster-children."

BETRAYED BY A BUCKLE.

It was a bitter disappointment, after years of poverty, to find the fortune which I had thought my own suddenly wrested from me by a stranger. I was my uncle's legal heir, for he died childless, as all the world believed, and on hearing of the old man's death, I forgave him his long neglect, and waited eagerly to receive the welcome news of my good fortune. To my dismay, the lawyers wrote me that a daughter had appeared, whose claim could neither be doubted nor set aside; the property was rightfully hers, and I was a poor artist still.

Years ago I had heard of my uncle's marriage, and the birth and death of a little child; he himself died suddenly and left no will, but his last words were:

"Be just—give all to Cecil," and those about him believed that he meant me till this beautiful girl appeared, claiming to be his child, and proving that her name was Cecelia, which gave a new meaning to those last words, uttered with great earnestness and evident distress of mind.

The girl made out her case and won it, for I was too poor to fight against such odds, and all was settled before I could earn enough to leave Italy for home. I resolved to see this unknown cousin before I relinquished all hope, however, for a hint dropped by my old lawyer suggested the possibility of yet winning a share at least of my uncle's handsome fortune.

I was young, comely, accomplished, and the possessor of a good name, to which my talent had already added some honor. Why not woo this bonny cousin, and still be master of the wealth I had been taught to think my own?

The romance of the thing pleased me, and as soon as my engagements permitted I was in England. Desiring to judge for myself, after hearing the dry facts from the lawyers, I went down to the Hall, unannounced, meaning to play the unknown artist till satisfied that it was wise to confess the truth.

Armed with a note of introduction from a friend of my uncle's, I presented myself as one desirous of copying a certain fine Titian in the gallery. Miss Stanhope was out, but I was permitted to examine the pictures while awaiting her return. Among the old family portraits was a half-finished one, evidently the young mistress, and I examined it with eagerness.

A very lovely face, yet something marred its beauty. At first I thought it was my own prejudice; but setting aside any natural bitterness of feeling, and regarding it as a work of art alone, I could not escape from the odd fancy that those imperious eyes could flash with a baleful light, that smiling, red mouth might betray with a kiss, and that dimpled hand lead a man to perdition. The warm brown of the luxuriant hair, the smooth curves of the uncovered neck and arms, and the soft, rich coloring of the dress gave

a sumptuous and seductive grace to the well-painted picture, the charm of which I felt in spite of myself.

Quite forgetting the Titian, I leaned back in the depths of a luxurious couch, with my eyes fixed on the likeness of my future wife, as I already called my cousin, in the reverie to which I surrendered myself.

A low laugh startled me to my feet, and made me stare in dumb surprise at the apparition before me. The picture seemed to have stepped from its frame, for there, in the arched doorway, against a background of soft gloom was Miss Stanhope. The same imperious eyes fixed full upon me; the red lips smiling archly; the floating hair, half golden in the streak of light that fell athwart her head and touched the white shoulder; the same dimpled hands, lightly folded; and the same rosy muslins blowing in the wind, that revealed glimpses of the same delicate foot just outlined in the picture.

I was so startled by her abrupt appearance, her strange laughter, and my own contending emotions, that all my wonted composure forsook me, and not one of the smooth speeches prepared for the interview came to my lips.

Bowing silently, I stood like an awkward lout till she completed my confusion by advancing with outstretched hand, saying, in a deliciously cordial tone:

"Welcome, cousin; your little plot was well laid; but a woman is hard to deceive, especially when such a tell-tale face as yours tries to put on a mask."

As she spoke she pointed to a mirror which reflected both my own figure and that of a gay and gallant ancestor, whose handsome face showed the most marked features of our race. I saw the likeness at once, for my mustache, curling hair, and velvet paletôt added to the effect most strikingly.

Something in the compliment, as well as her own frank air, restored my self-possession, and, eager to remove all recollection of my *gaucherie*, I joined in her laughter, saying, gayly, as I kissed her hand with the Italian devotion that women like:

"A thousand pardons for attempting to deceive these bright eyes; but the banished prince longed to see the new queen, and so ventured home in disguise."

"I forgive the *ruse*, because you say *home* in a tone that betrays in you the same solitude that I feel. It is a large, lonely house. There is room enough for both, and as we are the last of our race, why not cease to be strangers and both come home?"

Nothing could have been more sweet and simple than look, voice, and manner as she said this. It touched me, and yet the vague feeling of distrust born of my scrutiny of both the painted and living face still lingered in my mind, and robbed my answer of the warmth it should have possessed.

"Miss Stanhope forgets that I have lost my right to take shelter here. But since I have seen her my disappointment is much softened, because for a woman young and beautiful it would be far harder to work for bread than for a man whose bosom friends for years have been poverty and solitude."

She looked at me with a sudden dew in those proud eyes of hers, and for a moment stood silent, with the color varying in her cheeks; then, as if obeying a generous impulse, she smiled, and, looking up at me, said, in a tone whose persuasive gentleness was irresistible:

"Cousin Cecil, promise to stay one week, and learn to know me better. I ask it as a favor; and since you possess the Stanhope pride, you shall make me your debtor by finishing this picture. The artist who began it will not return; for his own sake I forbade it."

A disdainful little gesture told the story of the cause of this banishment as plainly as words, and was, perhaps, a warning hint to me. I smiled at it, even while I felt as the fisher might have done when the Lorelie first began to charm him.

"I will stay," I briefly said, and then she asked me about my life in Italy, so pleasantly beguiling confidence after confidence from me, that if I had possessed a secret it would inevitably have passed into her keeping.

I staid, and day after day we sat in the long gallery, surrounded by beauty of all kinds, talking with ever-increasing frankness, while I painted this lovely cousin, who bewildered my senses without touching my heart.

The old lady who played duenna left us free, and little company disturbed the charming solitude that never lost its delight to me.

A whim had seized Cecelia to change the costume in the portrait from modern to ancient, and as the dress of a beautiful ancestress was still preserved, she put it on, enhancing her beauty fourfold by the rich brocades, the antique jewels, and priceless laces of past days.

"This little shoe must have a buckle if it is to be visible, as I beg it may be," I said, as she came rustling in one morning like a *grande dame* of the olden time.

"Bring the steel-bound casket, Adele; we may find something there that will suit this masquerade," said Cecelia to the maid who held her train.

Slipping off the coquettish shoe of white silk with a scarlet heel, she let me amuse myself with trying which of many ornaments would suit it best, while she absently clasped and unclasped the bracelets on her round arm.

"This is in perfect taste, and a picture in itself," I presently exclaimed, holding up the little shoe ornamented with a great buckle of chased silver, set here and there with a diamond, and a true-lover knot formed of a double S in the middle.

"That is one of the very buckles our gallant ancestor wore. You can see them in the picture yonder, and the story goes that they were given him by his lady-love," answered Cecelia, pointing to the portrait of Sir Sidney Stanhope hanging behind us.

This little fact led me to examine the trinket with interest, and having put it into the silken shoe, I fell to painting it, while my lovely sitter amused me with old legends of our family.

The week had lengthened to three, and I still lingered, for it was evident that my cousin, with a woman's generosity, was willing to make the only reparation in her power. I felt sure that the idea came to her that first day, when, after the long pause, she bade me stay, with varying color and wet eyes betraying pity, interest, and the dawning affection of a lonely heart, quick to feel the ties of family. I tried to love her, and grew feverish in my efforts to discover why, in spite of the fascination of her presence, I could not yield my heart wholly to her power. What cause had I to distrust this beautiful and generous girl? None; and yet I did, so much so that I found myself watching her with a curious persistence, as if some subtle instinct warned me to beware.

This habit, and the restlessness which possessed me, led me to roam about the house and grounds by night when all was quiet. My out-of-door life in Italy made this freedom necessary to me, and I indulged my whim so skillfully that no one but the watchdogs suspected it—they knew me, and kept my secret.

One evening twilight overtook me at my easel, and the summons to dinner left Cecelia no time to change her dress. Laughing at the strange contrast between our costumes, I led her to the table, and as I watched the brilliant figure opposite me, I resolved to know my fate that night, and if I had deceived myself, to break away at once from the spell that was increasing daily.

As soon as we were alone again, I led her out along the

terrace, and as we paced there, arm-in-arm, I told her my hope and waited for her reply. A strange expression of relief dawned in her face as she looked up at me with eyes full of a tender melancholy.

"I hoped you would tell me this. Do not think it unmaidenly, but believe that I saw no other way of sharing this good fortune with you," she said in a voice curiously calm for such confessions.

"But, dear, I will have no sacrifice for me. If you love me, I accept the rest; otherwise not a penny will I touch," I said, decidedly, for her manner disturbed me.

"*If* I love you!" she cried; "how could I help it when you are all I have in the wide world to keep me from ——"

There she caught back some word that trembled on her lips, and threw herself into my arms, weeping passionately.

Annoyed, yet touched, I soothed her, hoping to receive some explanation of this sudden outburst, which seemed more like remorseful grief than happy love. But quickly recovering herself, she murmured, brokenly:

"I have been so alone all my life—exiled from home, I knew not why—kept in ignorance of parents and friends till all were gone—my youth has been so sad that happiness overcomes me."

Here her little maid came to deliver a note; Cecelia stepped into the stream of light which lay across the terrace from the long, open window of the drawing-room, read a few lines that seemed scrawled on a rough bit of paper, told Adele to say she would come to-morrow, and tearing the note to atoms, she rejoined me, saying, carelessly:

"A message from Elspeth, my old nurse, who is ill, and sends for me."

I thought nothing of the note, but why did her heart beat so fast as I drew her to me again? Why were her eyes so absent, her face so full of mingled anger, fear, and contempt? and why did she shiver as if, to her, the sultry Summer night had suddenly grown cold? But when I asked what troubled her, she shyly said she was agitated by happiness alone; then led me in and sang delightfully till bedtime. As we parted for the night she fixed her eyes on me with a strangely tragic look, and whispered in her sweetest tone:

"Sleep well, Cecil, and be sure I love you."

I went to my room, but did not sleep at all, for my thoughts worried me, and as soon as the house was still I stepped out of my window and roamed away into the park. A storm was gathering, and black clouds swept across the moon, making fitful light and shade; a hot wind blew strongly, and flashes of lightning darted from the gloomy west. The unquiet night suited my mood, and I wandered on, lost in my own thoughts, till a peal of thunder roused me. Looking about for shelter, as I was now a long way from the Hall, I saw a steady gleam not far distant, and making my way to the bottom of a wild glen, I found a little hovel, half hidden among the trees.

Peering in at the low window before I asked admittance, I saw, by the dim light of one candle, an old crone sitting on the hearth, her withered face turned attentively toward another figure which stood nearer the door—a woman, evidently, though so shrouded in a cloak that age or sex was hard to guess. Her back was turned toward me, her voice fierce and low, her attitude one of command, and the words she uttered so peculiar that they arrested my attention at once.

GYPSY AND THE CHICKENS.— SEE PAGE 466.

"If you dare to speak or show yourself till I give you leave, I will silence you in the surest way. I fear nothing, and having played the perilous game so far, I will not be robbed of success when it is dearest, by the threats of a helpless old woman."

"Not so helpless as you think, ungrateful girl; feeble, old, and forgotten as I am, I can undo what I have done by a word, and I will, I swear, if you are not kinder," cried the old woman, in a shrill, angry voice. "You promised I should stay with you, should have every care and comfort, and receive a generous share of all you got; but now you keep me here in this unwholesome place, with no one to speak to but half-witted Kate; you never come till I scare you into obedience, and you give me nothing but a paltry pound now and then. You know I'm too lame to escape, and you threaten me if I complain; but hark you, my lady, I set you up, and I can pull you down, whether you murder me or not; for it's all on paper, safe hidden from you, but sure to come to light if anything goes wrong with me."

BETRAYED BY A BUCKLE.—"I HAD RISEN, AND LOOKED DOWN AT HER WITH AN UNCONTROLLABLE PITY SOFTENING MY STERN FACE.' SEE PAGE 466.

As the old woman paused, breathless with her wrath and exultation, the younger stamped her foot with uncontrollable impatience, and clinched her slender, white hand that was visible, but her next words were kinder, though bitter contempt lurked in her tone.

"You may trust me, grandmother; I'll not harm you unless you rouse the mad temper which I cannot controll. You know why I do not take you home till my own place is secure. You are old, you forget, and babble of things safer untold. Here, it can make no trouble for either of us; but with me, surrounded by curious servants, mischief would come to both. Can you not wait a little longer, and remember that in undoing me you as surely ruin yourself, since you are the greater criminal."

"It would go hard with both of us, but my age would serve me better than your beauty, for I can be humble, but you have the pride of a devil, and death itself could not bend it. I'll wait, but I must have money, my fair share; I like to see and touch it, to make sure of it; for you may deceive me as you do the world, and slip away, leaving me to pay the penalty while you enjoy the pleasure."

"You shall have it as soon as I can get it without exciting suspicion by the demand. An opportunity will soon come, and I will not forget you."

"You mean this marriage?"

"Yes."

"Then you will really do it?"

"I will, for I love him."

"Good! that makes all safe. Now go, child, before the storm breaks, but come often, or I will send for you; and if there is any sign of false play, my story goes to this man, and I'll buy my own safety by betraying you."

"Agreed. Good-night," and the shrouded figure was gone like a shadow.

I meant to follow it, led by an uncontrollable impulse, but as I paused to let her gain a safe distance, the movements of the old woman arrested me. Nodding and mumbling with weird intelligence, she lifted one of the flat hearthstones and drew out a packet of papers, over which she seemed to gloat, muttering, as she peered at the scrawled pages:

"I'm old, but I'm wary, and not to be shaken off till I get my share of plunder. She thinks to scare me, but Kate knows where to find my secret if anything goes wrong with me. I've tutored her, and my lady will be outwitted at the last."

Chuckling, the old crone put her treasure back, and, raking up the fire, hobbled away to bed. I waited till her light was out, resolving to secure those papers; for I could not divest myself of the conviction that this secret concerned me. I had not caught a glimpse of the younger woman's face, the voice was unknown, the figure hidden, and the white hand might have belonged to any lady; yet I felt a strong suspicion that this mysterious woman was Cecelia, and this evil-minded beldame was old Elspeth.

The storm broke, but I did not heed it, for my new purpose absorbed me. As soon as all was still I gently forced the low lattice, stepped in, and, groping my way to the hearth, stirred the smoldering embers till a little blaze shot up, showing me the flat stone, and glittering also on an object that brought confirmation to my dark suspicions, for there, where the unknown girl had stood, lay the silver buckle. I caught it up, examined it by the dim light, and could not doubt my own eyes; it was Sir Sidney's antique ornament, and that impatient gesture of Cecelia's foot had left it here to betray her. I could readily understand how, in her eagerness to slip away, she had hastily changed the brocades for a simpler dress, forgetting to remove the shoes.

Now I was sure of my right to seize the papers, and having done so, stole noiselessly away.

Till dawn the storm raged furiously, and till dawn I sat in my room reading, thinking, and resolving, for those badly-written pages showed me that the future I had pictured to myself never could be mine. The charm was broken, the warning instinct justified, and an impassable gulf opened between my cousin and myself. As the sun rose my plan was laid, and making a careful toilet, I tried to remove from my face, also, all trace of that night's experience, but did not entirely succeed; for the glass showed me a pale cheek, eyes full of a gloomy fire, and lips sternly set.

I often breakfasted alone, for Cecelia kept luxurious hours, and we seldom met till noon. That day I waited impatiently in the gallery where we had agreed to have a last sitting. My impatience did me good service, however, for when at last she came, my paleness was replaced by a feverish warmth, and the stern lips had been trained to meet her with a smile.

"Good-morning, Cecil," she said, with an enchanting glance and a conscious blush as she gave me her hand.

I did not kiss it as usual, but holding it loosely, I examined the soft little fingers outstretched in my palm, wondering as I did so, if they could be the same I last night saw so fiercely clinched.

"What is it?" she asked, looking up at me with playful wonder in the eyes now grown so soft.

"Perhaps I was thinking of the ring that should be here," I answered, feeling a curious desire to test the love of this unhappy girl.

"I never thought I should consent to wear even so small a fetter as a wedding-ring, I love my liberty so well; but if you put it on it will not burden me, for you will be a tender and a generous master, Cecil," she answered, turning toward her accustomed seat to hide the emotion she was too proud to show me.

"I have the faults of my race—an unbending will, an unforgiving spirit, and 'the pride of a devil'; so beware, cousin."

She started as I quoted the old woman's phrase, and shot a quick glance at me, but I was tranquilly preparing my palette, and she sat down with a relieved, yet weary air.

"Could you be as unmerciful as old Sir Guy, who cursed his only child for deceiving him?" she asked, lifting her eyes to the portrait of a stern-faced cavalier hanging next *debonnair* Sir Sidney.

"I could, for treachery turns my heart to stone."

I saw a slight shiver pass over her, and leaning her head on her hand, she sat silent while I touched up a jewel here, a silken fold there, or added a brighter gold to the beautiful hair. She looked fair, young, and tender, but, as I had said, treachery turned my heart to stone, and I did not spare her.

"You are *triste* to-day, sweetheart; let me amuse you as you have often done me, by a legend of our family. I lately found it in an old manuscript which I will show you by-and-by."

"Thanks; I like old stories, if they are strong and tragic," she answered, with a smile, as she lay back in the great chair in an attitude of luxurious indolence.

"Why, you have forgotten the little shoe; I meant to touch up the brilliant buckle and add a deeper scarlet to the coquettish heel. Shall I bid Adele bring it?" I asked, looking from the black satin slipper to the tranquil face lying on the purple cushion.

"No, it hurt my foot, and I threw it away in a pet," she answered, with a little frown.

"Not buckle and all, I hope; that is an heirloom."

"I have it safe, but the painted one is so well done I will not have it touched. Let my eyes outshine my jewels, as you gallantly averred they did, and tell your tale while you paint, for I am sadly indolent to-day."

As she added falsehood to falsehood, my heart beat indignantly against the traitorous ornament safely hidden in my breast, but my face did not betray me, and I obeyed her, glancing up from time to time to mark the effect of my words, not that of my work, for I painted with a colorless brush.

"Sir Marmaduke, for whom our uncle was named, I fancy, was a stern man who married late, and treated his wife so ill that she left him, taking with her their little child, for, being a girl, the old man had no love for it. Both the poor things died in a foreign land, and Sidney, yonder, the comely nephew, was the lawful heir to the estate. The last words of the old man seemed to express his wish that it should be so, and the nephew was about to claim his own, when the daughter reappeared and proved her right to the fortune. You are pale, love—does my dull story weary you?"

"No, it is only the heat. Go on, I listen," and half hiding the tell-tale cheek with her hand, she sat with downcast eyes, and a face that slowly grew a colorless mask with the effort to subdue emotion.

"The old manuscript is not very clear on this point; but I gather that the neglected girl's reported death was only a *ruse* to shield her from her cruel father. Her claim was accepted, and poor Sidney left to poverty again. Now comes the romance of the tale. He went to see this new-found cousin; she was beautiful and gracious, seemed eager to share her prize, and generously offered the young man a home. This touched and won him. She soon evidently loved him, and in spite of an inward distrust, he *fancied* he returned the passion."

As I slightly emphasized a word here and there in that last sentence, a fiery glow spread over that white face, from neck to brow, the haughty eyes flashed full upon me, and the red lips trembled as if passionate words were with difficulty restrained. I saw that my shaft told, and with resentful coolness I went on, still preserving the gay, light tone that made the truth doubly bitter and taunting.

"Take the fan that lies in your lap, dearest; this heat oppresses you. Yes, it was very curious to read how this lover was fascinated in spite of himself, and how he fought against his doubts till he tried to put an end to them by asking the hand extended to him."

The dimpled hand lying on the arm of the chair was clinched suddenly, and I saw again the hand of the cloaked woman in the wood, and, smiling to myself at this new confirmation, I continued:

"But here begins the tragedy which you like so well. The cousins were betrothed, and that very night Sidney, who was given to late wanderings, went out to dream lover's dreams, in spite of a gathering storm which drove him for shelter to a little cottage in the wood. Here he overheard a strange conversation between an old creature and a mysterious woman whose face he could not see." (How her eyes glittered as she listened! and what a long breath of relief escaped her at those last words!) "This lively gossip excited Sidney's curiosity, and when the lady vanished, leaving this traitor behind her" (here I produced the buckle), "this bold young man, guided by the mutterings of the crone, found and secured a strange confession of the treachery of both."

Here Cecelia rose erect in her chair, and from that moment her eyes never left my face as she listened, still and colorless as the statue behind her. I think any sign of weakness or remorse would have touched me even then; but she showed none, and her indomitable pride roused mine, making me pitiless. Brush and palette lay idle now, and,

looking straight at the fair, false face before me, I rapidly ended the story which I had begun in the disguise of an ancient legend.

"It seems that the old woman had been the confidential servant of Sir Marmaduke's wife, and had a grudge of her own against her master. When my lady and the child died, for die they did, as reported, this woman bided her time, artfully securing letters, tokens, and other proofs, to use when the hour came. At Sir Marmaduke's death she put forward her grandchild, the natural daughter of the old man, inheriting both the beauty and the spirit of her race. This girl played her part well; the plot succeeded, and if the sordid nature of the granddame had not irritated the heiress and kept her in danger of discovery, all would have worked admirably. Half justice, under the guise of generosity, soothed whatever pangs of remorse the girl felt, and as she loved Sidney, she believed that she could expiate the wrong she did him by keeping him happily blind to the treachery of a wife he trusted. A terrible mistake, for when he discovered this deceit, the old distrust turned to contempt, gratitude to wrath, and love to loathing."

"What did he do?" she whispered, with white lips, as an agony of shame, despair, and love looked at me from the tragic eyes.

"Possessing something of the chivalry of his race, he disdained to crush her even by one reproach; but, though forced to decline the proposed alliance, he freely offered her safety and a maintenance, never forgetting that, in spite of deceit, and sin, and shame, she was a woman, and his cousin."

"Did he think she would accept?" she cried, lifting the head that had sunk lower and lower as I spoke till all the warm-hued hair swept to her feet.

I had risen and looked down at her with an uncontrollable pity softening my stern face. I answered briefly:

"Yes, for where else could she find help but at the hands of her kinsman?"

She sprang up, as if my compassion was more bitter to bear than my contempt, the fiery spirit rebelled against me, and love itself yielded to the pride that ruled her.

"Not even the offer of a favor will I accept from you, for I have a kinder friend to fly to. Take your rightful place, and enjoy it if you can, haunted as it must be by the memory of the stain I have brought upon the name you are so proud of."

She hurried, as if to leave me, but pausing at the easel, cast a sudden look at the smiling image of herself, and, as if anxious to leave no trace behind, she caught up my palette-knife, scored the canvas up and down till it hung in strips; then, with a laugh which echoed long in my ears, she swept slowly down the long gallery, passed through the wide window at the further end to the balcony that overhung the court below, and standing there with the sunshine streaming over her, she looked back at me with an expression which fixed that moment in my memory forever.

Like a brilliant picture, she stood there, with the light full on her shining hair, jeweled arms, rich robes, and stately form, all contrasting sharply with the wild and woeful face looking backward with a mute farewell.

On that instant a terrible foreboding of her purpose flashed over me, and I rushed forward to restrain her; but too late, for with a wave of the white hand she was gone.

Death was the kinder friend to whom she had flown, and when I found her in the courtyard, shattered by that cruel fall, she smiled the old, proud smile, and put away the hand that would have lifted her so tenderly.

"Let me die here; I have no other home," she whispered, faintly; then her face softened as she looked up at my pallid face, and feebly trying to fold her hands, she murmured, tenderly:

"Forgive me, for I loved you."

Those were her last words, and as they passed her lips, I saw nothing but a beautiful, dead woman lying at my feet, and Sir Sidney's diamond buckle glittering in the sun, as it fell from my breast to receive a bloody stain which lingers still on that relic of my unhappy cousin.

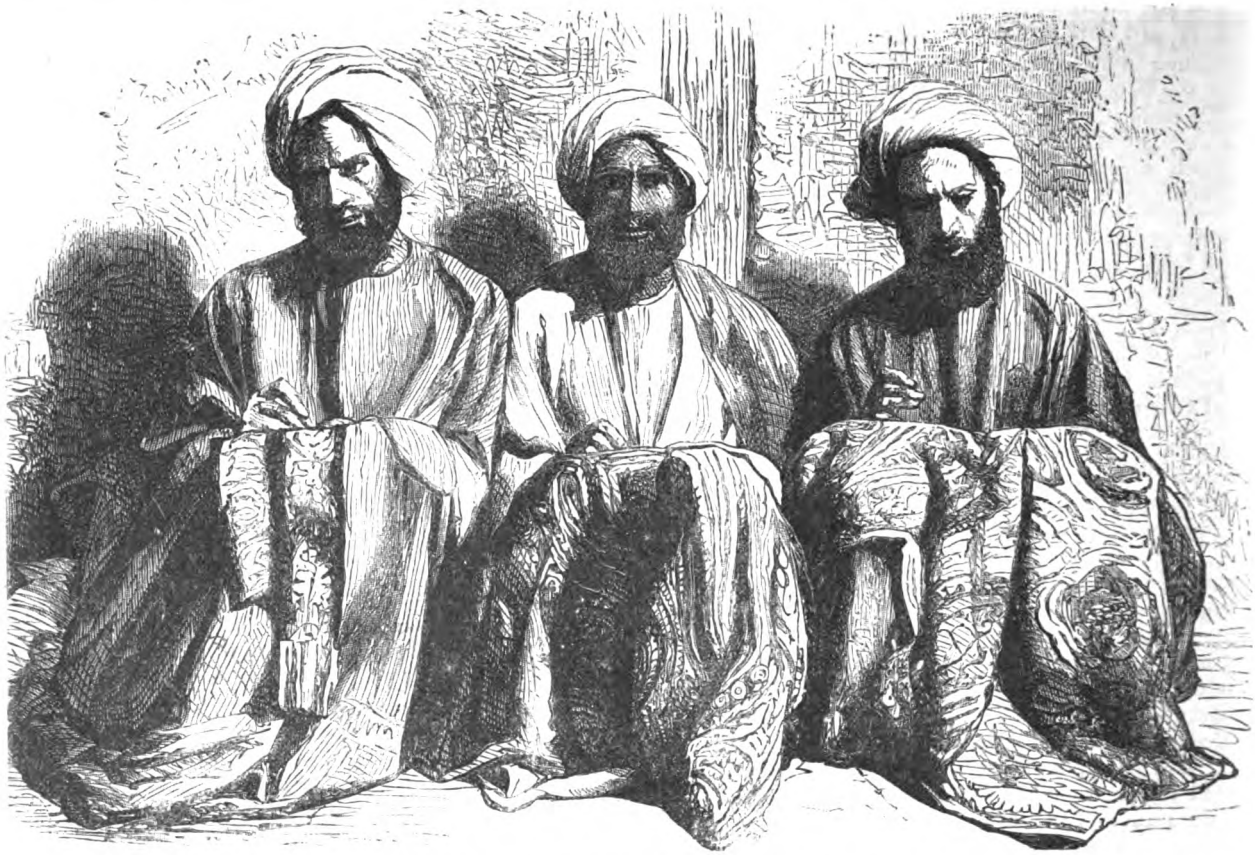
MISPRONUNCIATIONS.

It is possible that some one who reads this title may find himself guilty of failing to pronounce *ci* like *sh* in shun. I find that my lady friend, who is very precise in her language, will persist in accenting "eti*quette*" on the first instead of the last syllable. My good minister, who has the greatest aversion to anything wrong, was greatly surprised when I mildly suggested to him that "*aspirant*" should be accented on the penult, while my musical niece mortified me, the other day, by pronouncing "*finale*" in two syllables. I heard my geological friend explaining the "*subsidences*" of the earth's crust, but he should have accented the second instead of the first syllable. The same mistake happened, the other day, to my friend, the President of the Reform Society, who spoke of the "*vagaries*" of certain people by accenting the first instead of the second syllable. He also announced that he would deliver an "*address*" that evening, but I knew it was not polite to tell him to accent the last syllable. My boy says he left school at "*recess*," accenting the first syllable; and he was loath to believe that, whatever the meaning of the word, it should be accented on the final syllable. Then my friend, the President of the Debating Club, who is a great student of "Cushing's Manual," tells us that a motion to adjourn takes the "*precedence*" by accenting the first instead of the second syllable. My other lady friend says that she lives in a house having a "*cupelow*." She should consult a dictionary for *that* word. But I will close by remarking that my legal friend, who is very scholarly, always accents "*coadjutor*" on the second instead of the third, where it rightfully belongs.

GLASS AS A DRESS FABRIC.

The suggestion that ladies' dresses may be made of the newly-discovered unbreakable and elastic glass, has thrown the fashion editors into a state of profound agitation. Infrangible glass dresses! What a grand innovation! When the new invention shall have been fully applied to ladies' costumes, the dear creatures may dress as warmly in the Winter as the laws of health require, and yet not be forced, as they are now, to secure with mufflings the fairest portions of their persons. Pull-back dresses will be abolished, for the necessity of pulling them back will not exist when even a greater display will be secured without it. The principle of refraction might be introduced in the manufacture of these glass dresses, supplying the shortcomings of nature and modifying its exaggerations. Thus, an unduly developed foot might be dressed in a refracting glass shoe, which would give it the requisite diminution. Scraggy shoulders could be made full and round by means of a magnifying envelope of some sort. Mistakes of nature throughout the full extent of the feminine exterior could be corrected in this simple and effective manner. Dainty feet would glimmer through transparent slippers, and where now naught appears but unseemly wads and wrinkles of dress, graceful curves and rounded outlines will everywhere come into view.

More helpful than all wisdom is one draft of human pity that will not forsake us.



CASHMERE SHAWLS—SEWING THE PIECES TOGETHER.

THE MANUFACTURE OF INDIAN SHAWLS.

THE exact date of the origin of the manufacture of Indian shawls is not known. With their political independence the Indian races have lost, also, all records of their industry. Nothing certain is known, either, of the place where these manufactures commenced; but it is generally believed that they originated in the vicinity of Cashmere, from which the shawls take their name—a very mountainous region, difficult of access, and situated to the northwest of the Himalayas. An important fact corroborates this opinion, namely, that the material of which the shawls are made is a wool called "touz," procured from a goat of a particular species, frequenting the valley of Cashmere and the neighboring mountains of Thibet, where they freely roam.

The fur of this goat is of two sorts: the touz, which is a soft, woolly under-coat of grayish hair; and an outer-coat of long, silken hairs, which protects the touz from the effects of Winter. To make a shawl a yard and a half square requires the touz of ten goats.

The Hindoos have no large factories. The shawls are made by peasants, who divide their time between the field and the workshop. There is nothing simpler than the abode of the manufacturer of these magnificent productions. He rents a small plot of ground, puts four sticks into it, fastens them with cross-beams, constructs walls of wicker-work, and forms the roof with leaves of palm-trees; he then installs himself in his hut with his family and tools, the latter of which are few and of the simplest description.

PACKING THE SHAWLS.

The Hindoo knows nothing of the mechanical contrivances to aid him in his work. He first winds his thread on

a distaff, erects an oblong frame, and then commences his work, with a large wooden needle, very much in the same manner as the workmen in the famous French manufactory of the Gobelins, so well known to all continental travelers. His manner of working, as may be imagined, is extremely slow; but it is owing to it that the Indian shawls are so much superior to those manufactured in Europe, where machinery is employed instead of the hand.

The Hindoo weaver requires eighteen months to make a long shawl, and eight months to weave a square one. To accelerate the work, not unfrequently several men, often five, work at the same shawl. The different parts of it are afterward sewn together with great skill. When busily engaged, the artisan can earn at the utmost four anas, or eight cents of our money, per day; but there are few workmen who can make so much. Under the burning Indian sun these men, who never eat animal food, are patient, but also extremely lazy.

As soon as they have received their wages they buy a sack of rice and then cook an enormous quantity of it, as much as six or eight Europeans could eat at a single repast. The cooked rice is then arranged on a plate in the form of a pyramid and covered artistically with pimento (allspice), and with the flowers and fruit of Indian saffron and ginger; the native then places himself on the ground before this great dish, and begins eating slowly and methodically. He uses neither spoon nor fork, not even a stick, after the manner of the Chinese, but employs his fingers alone. However, the left hand, which is considered impure, must not touch his food; with the five fingers of the right hand alone, and passing his hand from the base to the top of the pyramid, he secures a quantity of rice, which he forms into a ball, and then swallows it. This process is repeated until the great pyramid of rice has disappeared. During its consumption he only drinks water, or, perhaps, a few mouthfuls of palm-wine—a strong and intoxicating liquor—not relished, however, by Europeans. Some artisans do not return to their work until all the rice is consumed and the last ana gone.

The contracts between the workmen and the shawl merchants are made in the following manner: The dealers, on the day when they give an order to a native, make him sign a written agreement to deliver his work within a given time, and then advance him a certain sum of money, usually one-fourth of the stipulated amount. But it commonly happens, a short time after, that the artisan asks from the dealer a second installment, and often even a third; both of which he generally obtains without much difficulty. It is only when he comes for his last sum that the state of affairs changes.

When the day for the delivery of the goods has arrived, and the shawl is not forthcoming, the merchant takes the agreement to a magistrate, who sends a policeman to the delinquent Hindoo. The lazy artisan is then compelled to continue, without intermission, his work, until the shawl is finished. He has, besides, to pay the policeman a certain sum for every day he remains with him. The enormous taxes imposed on the work at every stage amount to about one thousand per cent., and cause the immense price of those beautiful articles of lady's dress.

OUR DARLING'S EVENING PRAYER.

THE two most precious things on this side the grave are our reputation and our life. But it is to be lamented that the most contemptible whisper may deprive us of the one, and the weakest weapon of the other. A wise man, therefore, will be more anxious to deserve a fair name than to possess it, and this will teach him so to live as not to be afraid to die.

AT THE STILE.

SET deep in the hawthorn hedgerow, stands the old, rustic stile;
Beyond it, the breezy uplands lie, stretching many a mile;
Above it, the pale, wild roses, spread their fairy hands to meet;
Below it, the scarlet poppy flaunts, with the daisies at its feet;
Beside it, the bright brown river stirs the lilies amid the sedges,
And sings to the blue forget-me-nots that nestle on willow ledges.

Over the hill, where the heather glowed to a purple flush,
And the gorses flashed their lavish gold, 'mid the pink of the bilberry bush,
Tracing the meadow pathway where the scented hay was sweet,
Through waves of the bearded barley, and the soft, cool green of wheat,
Graceful, and gay, and gallant, with the lover's eager smile,
He strode through the July sunshine, to keep his tryst at the stile.

Amid the fir boles glancing, her robes' white folding showed,
The bluebell rang its prophet chime, by the winding way she trode;
The skylark poised above her, shook out his joyous song,
Butterflies, white, and blue, and gold, heralded her along;
On her cheek a wavering color, on her lips a fluttering smile,
She stood in the July sunshine, keeping her tryst at the stile.

Flower and bird will fade and die, and Summer to Winter change,
Many a heavy doom may lie in the future's mystical range;
Many a glitter and glory the coming years may bring,
Many a wild and varying note from the great life-harp may ring;
But oh, those two young lovers, let fortune frown or smile,
Will scarce know an hour more purely sweet, than the tryst they kept at the stile!

THAT PETWORTH.

ODEST as I am, I must firmly assert and maintain that there is something striking—very striking—in my personal appearance; otherwise, how can I account for the fact that once seen I am never forgotten. If I go into a shop to buy anything, the man who waits on me remembers me forever afterward. This, it is true, is nothing to particularly complain of; but I *do* hold it hard that persons of this description — the merest strangers — should feel it their duty to dignify their recognition of me by a bow.

Some time last Summer—a dreadfully warm day it was—I was thoughtless enough to go into a public-house and have a glass of ale. The proprietor of the place, keeping me in his eye, was good enough to mention that the heat of the weather was intolerable, to which I assented. Little did I dream that I had become his well-known, not to say his intimate, acquaintance from that instant; and that when I passed his door on the following Sunday, Miss Milly Lynes by my side, he—puffed, frowsy, red-nosed, and generally disreputable—would put his finger to his hat, and wave me a familiar, off-hand bow.

To get rid of him, I changed my usual route to the office, and chose a back street. Here I prospered, and felt at comparative ease for nearly a week; but this happiness did not last. One morning Pifkins, the baker, was taking down his shutters just as I passed. He was fat and awkward, and suddenly missed his footing, and tumbled down his cellar-steps. It was common humanity to go to his assistance, and so I did. He thanked me warmly—too warmly, in fact; for a crowd had collected, and I was made an object of much comment and observation. I managed to escape at last, and went away, hoping the matter had entirely ended. Pifkins was invisible for several days, probably confined to his room. Imagine, then, my mortification, in the afternoon of the fourth day, when I was again passing the bakery in company with Uncle Broadwood, who is wealthy, and immensely aristocratic, to see Pifkins suddenly rush out of his shop, seize me by the hands, fall on my neck, overcome, and falter:

"My *dear* friend! my preserver!"

Uncle Broadwood has had a low opinion of me ever since, scarcely disguising it, and if I get enough in his will to buy a pair of mourning-gloves, it will be more than I expect.

But long before all this, I was haunted by that demon Petworth. The story of my persecution, written in full, would fill a volume. I can only give a comparatively brief epitome here. Petworth first appeared one morning at the florist's, where I was daily in the habit of purchasing a few flowers for my button-hole. He seemed to take a mental photograph of my countenance at the moment I entered the door. I bought three roses—crimson, pink, and white; and *he* bought three roses—crimson, pink, and white. As I was leaving, I said to the florist, "By-by, Tottle"; but no sooner had I uttered the words than Petworth said, "By-by, Tottle," and left likewise.

Every day for a week after that I met him at the same hour in the same place. Finally, I asked Tottle who he was.

"That's Bob Petworth; and you have put to me the same question about him that he has just put about you." Petworth was at the other end of the room while we were speaking. Tottle continued: "He is a capital fellow; would you like to know him?"

I grew red with indignation at the very thought.

"Certainly not. Don't dare to introduce me."

Petworth came persistently, in spite of every attempt to dodge him. I got up at half-past six, breakfasted at seven, and was on my way to the office at a quarter after. I went into Tottle's, as usual, fully satisfied that I should avoid my tormentor this once, at any rate; but I had not crossed the threshold before I discovered, entering the shop from the conservatory the hateful form of Petworth. Next day I delayed the purchase of my little bouquet till ten o'clock. I hastily pinned it to my coat, and was rushing out, when who should I knock against but Petworth! It was maddening. There was only the one course before me—to quit buying of Tottle altogether.

I spent an hour that afternoon seeking another florist; for to my flowers I was much attached, and I should have been miserable to have gone any day without them. I found the establishment sought, and felt happy. A few blissful days—I know not how many—passed, and Petworth troubled me no more.

So convinced was I that I was free from his hateful dominion for ever, that I even began to view the whole romance in the light of a joke. I recalled, with a smile, Petworth's appearance—his brown hair, his dark eyes, his silky mustache, his neat dress, and inevitable bunch of roses and forget-me-nots. On the whole, I considered him handsome—quite so; and, doubtless, he was very clever. But I must add that I was not at all sorry to be rid of him.

All went well, I say, and I was lulled into a sense of perfect security. Nothing annoyed me, except the fact that, to escape the people who bowed to me, whose numbers constantly increased, I was compelled to choose the most circuitous routes to the office, selecting a new one nearly every other day; but this I had become used to, and I held it that chief ill in life, which, in one form or another, everybody is compelled to endure.

You may, perhaps, form some slight notion of my state of

mind on beholding, when I next had occasion to enter my florists' (Cobham & Bro.), Petworth again, and fresher than ever. At the moment he saw me, he nodded and smiled. In my trepidation, I had not time to weigh the consequences, so I did not resent this familiarity with a cold stare of surprise, but I nodded in return. It was fatal. He approached and spoke to me.

"I've given up Tottle," he said, "in imitation of your very judicious example. He began to impose on me—raise his prices, and that sort of thing. I am fond of my matutinal bunch of flowers; but I certainly don't intend to throw myself into a condition of bankruptcy to procure them. How does our friend treat you?" he asked, lightly, indicating with his eyebrows the elder Mr. Cobham.

"He is no friend of mine," I returned, in a quiet tone, but with meaning. "He is liberal as could be expected at this time of the year. The season is almost gone, you know."

"True. Shall you wear your roses in Winter—your crimson, pink, and white?"

"I shall decidedly not wear my crimson, pink, and white in Winter."

"Very well, then," he hastened to answer, much to my disgust; "*I* shall not, either. I was unable to make up my mind about it; but now I am resolved."

Why did he not make up his mind the other way? A sudden thought struck me; perhaps he intended not only to haunt me again, but to copy my dress, my habits, everything, in short, about me.

"Are you fond of society?" he demanded.

Here was my chance to crush him.

"Not at all. To say the truth, I hate it. I never go anywhere, and never make any fresh acquaintance—when I can help it."

But this seemed to please him more than ever.

"Quite my own rule," he said. "It's odd that our peculiarities should coincide to such a degree, isn't it?"

I saw nothing odd about it; but, after a second's reflection, I concluded not to say so. There was no need to get into a row with him; I had best resume my former habit of avoiding all places he would be likely to frequent, and thus nip the friendship he wished to force upon me in the bud.

"Well," I said, pretending to look at my watch, "I must be off. Good-morning."

Cobham had lost *my* future custom, that was certain. Should I go back to Tottle? No; the Summer was over, flowers would be an unnecessary and foolish luxury; and possibly by the following Spring, Petworth would be dead, or gone to a foreign land.

About this time, having a great deal of leisure on my hands, I enlisted in the service of my fair cousin, Miss Milly Lynes. The fact is, I had no choice about the matter, for she had come up from the country to stop with us, and there was nobody to take her anywhere she desired to go but me. To some people she might not have been agreeable, on account of her peculiarities, and her especial peculiarity of hating marriage. But the latter circumstance seemed to me reasonable, since, if she ever married, a certain annuity left by a maiden aunt would go from her possession into mine.

Except that I held this grievance in my heart against her (how could I help it?—I am human), we agreed very well. I nearly run my legs off showing her, day after day and night after night, the various lions; and it was while escorting her to the exhibition of the Academy of Art that I at last met my affinity—my fate.

I think I had prowled through the rooms, gaping at pictures about whose merit I cared and knew nothing, at least twenty times, and was tired to death, when before the face of a "Hagar" I saw another face—but a beautiful face of flesh and blood.

You have heard, possibly, of love at first sight; I had heard of it somewhat frequently, but never believed in it. I was converted at that instant. Imagine a dazzling creature (angel, I at first thought), tall, graceful, handsome—indescribable. She was with an old lady, to whom she talked in a voice that penetrated my soul. So firmly rooted was I to the spot, that Milly was actually obliged to drag me away. I went home in silence and low spirits.

How I came to be so madly in love with a person I did not know, and had never seen but once, I cannot explain; but from that fatal day my happiness fled. As is sometimes the case, I expended my passion in exercise. I took Milly about more than ever, and was always so miserable and cross that she began to exhibit signs of declining my society altogether. When she would not go, I went to places by myself; and thus, when not at the office, I was to be found, like an uneasy ghost, haunting the streets. Frequently I passed whole days strolling up and down Broadway, in the hope of catching a glimpse of my divinity once more; and at last I was rewarded with success.

One afternoon I saw her get out of a carriage, and enter a perfumer's. I immediately went in after her, and, taking up position by her side, began to price scented soap. I think she purchased some bottles of that dainty fragrance they call "Ess. Bouquet"; as for me, I recklessly bought soap. The man who served me must have supposed I was about to set up a small retail business, such a quantity of saponaceous compounds did I pile away in a paper bag. Finally my unknown charmer left the store, and, hastily paying for my parcel, I picked it up, and bolted after her. She got into the carriage again, and, to my speechless agony, rolled away.

After the vision, which I followed with my eyes as long as I could, was out of sight, I threw my soap away, and went home. Milly met me at the door.

"Here you are, at last," she said. "Have you forgotten the Blowziers' ball to-night?"

I had, indeed. The Blowziers were very nice girls—very nice, and numerous; but with me, a little of the Blowziers went a great way. Just now I secretly wished that all of the Blowziers would go a great way—to some other world, for example—and stay there.

"I suppose I shall have to go," I answered, moodily, "though I feel as if I had been working at the treadmill. But I shan't dance."

"I can find plenty of people to dance with—don't be alarmed," was Milly's reply, made satirically.

I managed to dress, and to the Blowziers we went. It was late, and when we arrived the room was full. Almost the first face I saw upon entering was *hers*—my divinity's! A change came over me in an instant. I felt refreshed, buoyant, gay, and ready for any amount of polkas, schottisches, waltzes, and quadrilles that might be demanded. I rushed to Charlie Blowzier, and frantically grasped his hand.

"Who is that adorable woman?" I asked, pointing her out.

"That? Oh, that's Miss Ettie Malbrook. Shall I take you over to her? I needn't ask any permission of her; she knows me well."

"Instantly, Charles."

He guided me across, and presently I stood—hot, moist, and my head swimming round—before her.

We were introduced, and I tremulously gasped out a wish to see her card.

I pretended to be examining it attentively; but, the truth is, for a while I couldn't see a thing. She brought me to my senses, partly, by saying, with a smile:

"Can't you select?"

As she uttered the words, my eye fell upon a name—the

The rosy realms of boundless bliss.

name of Petworth! So, here was Petworth again, and about to dance with *her!* I looked once more. For the "Polonaise" it was Petworth; for the "Gallopade," Petworth; for the "Damenwalzer," Petworth; for the "Mazourka," Petworth—in short, every other dance, down to the final "Pot-pourri," was in the possession of that infamous Petworth. I don't know precisely what "boiling with rage" means; but if it is a possible thing, I must have boiled with rage then. However, I managed to spy out an unoccupied "Lanciers"—the third down—and I immediately clutched at that, and wrote my name after it, in letters that should defy Petworth to the death.

Then I turned round to look for him. Hardly had I done so before I felt a terrific slap in the middle of the back, that nearly bent me double, and I heard a familiar voice say:

"Halloa, my bunch of roses! you here, too!" It was Petworth, of course. "Ettie," he continued, "this is my floricultural friend, whom I used to tell you about."

It is impossible for me to analyze here the variety of emotions which agitated me in this little while. First of all, think of his gross familiarity in calling me, a comparative stranger to him, his "bunch of roses"—a low designation, certain to make me appear undignified, and, perhaps trifling, in the eyes of her whom I wished to particularly impress; think of his additional familiarity in calling her "Ettie"; reflect upon his after-remark, in which I was termed his "floricultural friend," and by which he confessed he had been talking of me. What could a creature of his tastes and unrefined feelings have to tell of me that was not to my discredit? Doubtless he had been making a joke of me, or had caused me to seem to her as a lunatic—mad on the subject of flowers in my button-hole.

"Good-evening," I sad, icily; and then, taking no further notice of the wretch, I turned to Miss Malbrook.

But some people are not born with a flow of language, and this was my lot. I could not think of anything to say, for the life of me. A recollection of Lord Dundreary's resource under the same circumstances came over me; but I feared that if I asked her, in imitation, "If she could wag her left ear?" she might not consider it funny, but impertinent.

While I was nervously thinking of all this, hotter and more uncomfortable than ever, Petworth poked me with his elbow in the side.

"Why don't you say something?"

I simpered rather feebly, and trifled with my gloves, and looked in a helpless manner around; but the presence of the demon at my side rendered my faculties utterly useless. He, not comprehending my embarrassment, became serious, and took my pulse.

"You seem to be ill," he said, with much concern.

Miss Malbrook began to smile. He then, obtuse fool! appeared at last to detect the cause of my peculiar conduct. But, far from attempting to gracefully relieve me, he burst into coarse laughter, and actually had the effrontery to punch me in the abdomen.

"Courage, my boy!" he said, in his vulgar manner. "Ettie won't eat you. What a preciously red face you have! You look like a boiled lobster!"

A lobster! To compare me to a boiled lobster—and

En route from the rosy realms to Baxter Street.

before her! It was too much, and I made haste to escape.

"Miss Malbrook!" I gasped and spluttered, "the Lul-llanciers!" And with these incoherent words I fled.

I went into the corridor to cool off. Just as the music struck up, here came that miserable man—that Petworth—to seek me. Should I then and there punch his head, and have the whole thing out? No; I should be turned out of the house by old Blowzier, and forever disgraced in the eyes of her whom I now worshiped more wildly than ever. I restrained my anger once more, and merely greeted my enemy with a savage glare.

"I say, old fellow, what's the matter?" he asked. "Miss Malbrook has sent me to find out if you are offended with her; and, confound it! I'm losing my 'Polonaise.'"

"Not in the least offended with *her*," I returned, emphatically. "Be good enough to thank her for her kind inquiries, and say I am anxiously looking forward to our 'Lanciers.'"

"I'll do so. By-the-way, let's get some champagne. I know where the wine-room is. The Blowziers don't mind *me*."

Nobody seemed to mind *him*, in his own view; and no wonder was it, if he forced his acquaintance upon other people as he did upon me. He even called Miss Malbrook "Ettie"; that was one thing I really could *not* forgive. But a horrid thought struck me—perhaps he had the right thus to address her familiarly—perhaps he was her affianced husband! A dizzy sensation suddenly affected my brain. He led me away, my mind still too much confused for me to distinguish what route I was taking, or where I was, until I found myself near a table, on which stood a great many bottles and glasses. He opened some champagne, and gave me an enormous gobletful. The draught pulled me up in an instant.

"You feel better, don't you?" he demanded, ready to repeat the dose.

"Decidedly; thanks."

"I thought you would. I say now, Buffington (Tottle told me your name was Buffington), call on me. I shall be delighted to see you, for I don't mind mentioning in confidence"—here he helped himself to the same quantity of refreshment he had given me—"I don't mind saying that I like you, and am very anxious to become your bosom friend. By bosom friend, I mean a fellow I can stick to from morning till night, be always with, tell my secrets to, borrow money from, and all that kind of thing. Call on me, Buffington — No. 33 Cormorant Place, opposite St. Hercules Chapel."

I promised hastily; but it is needless to say that I had no idea of going. I merely pretended such an intention, to get rid of him for the present, and to return to the ballroom. We finished the wine, and I felt in a glow. As for courage, I had plenty of it; I could have faced anything. And in

THAT PETWORTH.—"THE DOOR OPENED AND A CROWD ENTERED. 'WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS DISGRACEFUL CONDUCT IN MY HOUSE?' OLD BLOZIER ASKED. SOMEHOW, I SWAYED FROM SIDE TO SIDE, AND A CURIOUS TANGLING HAD GOT INTO MY TONGUE. 'SHALL HE,' SAID I, POINTING HYSTERICALLY TO PETWORTH—'SHALL HE COME BETWEEN US?'"—SEE PAGE 474.

this pleasant frame of mind, I returned to the parlor. The "Lanciers" was now about to begin; I crossed the floor to my goddess, smiled confidently, offered her my arm, and led her to our place. But no sooner had I done so than, with fiendish persistency, here came that Petworth once more. This time he was apparently puzzling over his card.

"I think you have made a mistake," he said to Miss Malbrook, and partly to me. "This 'Lanciers' belongs to me."

"You are in error," I returned, gruffly. "My name is written distinctly after the dance on Miss Malbrook's card."

She began to search her pockets, her red sash, the bosom of her dress, everything, in short; but the important piece of pasteboard was not to be found.

"Oh, dear, I've lost it!" she said, in alarm and regret.

"No matter," returned Petworth, with supreme indifference. "I recollect perfectly that I selected the 'Lanciers,' because I am fond of my 'Lanciers' as you are, Buffington; and if I don't dance it with Ettie, I shall not be able to dance it at all, since all the other ladies are engaged."

"I claim Miss Malbrook's hand for this dance, sir," said I, firmly.

"You can't have it, Buffington," he rejoined; "it is unreasonable for you to expect it, Buffington. But, at any rate, don't lose your temper, Buffington. Your face is frightfully distorted now."

"I shall maintain my position under all circumstances, sir," said I, feeling the effect of the champagne, "until the lady orders me to yield."

"No," said Miss Malbrook; "you must yield, Bob. I am resolved to have Mr. Buffington for my partner."

Petworth scowled, but I gave him his scowl back with interest. Then shaking his head and muttering, he went away. About five minutes afterward I saw him in the quadrille, by the side of Milly Lynes, whom he had plucked from the wall, kicking his legs about wildly, and plunging through the figures in the maddest manner imaginable.

Quite relieved when he had gone, I turned to Miss Malbrook, and asked her how she was enjoying herself.

"Oh! very much, indeed; but the real fun hasn't come yet. At twelve o'clock the auction takes place."

"Auction?"

"Didn't you know there was to be an auction?" she asked, surprised. "The Blowziers, as you must have heard, are very charitable people, and they get up all sorts of ingenious methods of combining good deeds and pleasure. Old Mr. Blowzier has presented the 'Widow's Mite Society' with a beautifully bound copy of 'Tennyson,' illustrated by Doré. This is to be sold at public sale this evening, to the highest bidder among the gentlemen, and he who takes the prize will—ahem!—no doubt present it to some lady-friend present. The affair will be very exciting and amusing, I expect."

"Surely, surely!" I returned.

I made up my mind in that instant—the copy of Tennyson should be mine, and then *she* should have it. No bid should overreach me. I danced with the greatest freedom and enjoyment, and when the quadrille was over, conducted the fair creature who had charmed me to her seat. Then I craved more champagne, to keep my spirits upon their ecstatic level, and found my way once more to the wine-room. Hang me, if there wasn't that Petworth *again!* He seemed to be swallowing the choice vintage by the pailful. We were enemies now, and neither sought to disguise the fact. A demoniac scowl rested upon his countenance, a diabolical grin of contempt upon mine. Perhaps he imagined I could not stand as much wine as he; let him observe! I destroyed his error by pouring down nearly a quart at a draught.

Somehow, there is a dimness in my recollection of everything that followed this, until the auction came off. But I easily recall the crowded parlor, old Mr. Blowzier in the arm-chair, and the Tennyson on the centre-table. Everybody was anxious, but myself; I was firm—adamant!

Mr. Blowzier made a speech; but he spoke so indistinctly, and bobbed his head about so much, that I could not make out what he said. At last, however, I heard the words, "Gentlemen, start it up!" Somebody cried, "Ten dollars!"

"Twenty!" shouted I.

"Thirty!"

And so it went on, the bids mounting higher and higher. It was the most exciting thing I ever was engaged in. At every addition to the prices offered there was a flutter; but, strange to say, when I spoke, there was a general sensation, and much laughter. At last, we had got the volume up to a hundred dollars.

"A hundred and fifty!" I cried, boldly.

"Two hundred!" said some one else.

"Three hundred dollars!" I exclaimed, at which there were little shrieks of astonishment, and then succeeded a deep silence.

Mr. Blowzier waited some time, and no sound following, he turned toward me.

"Mr. Buffington, the Tennyson is yours, at three hundred dollars."

How I enjoyed my victory! I saw congratulation in the face of every one. I went over to take the volume.

"It's cash, you know," said old Blowzier.

"Eh?"

A creepy sensation came over me. I think I turned a little pale.

"Of course you understood it was to be a cash sale," continued Blowzier, in a tone I considered suspicious. "Money down, Buffington."

There was always something coarse and sordid about old Blowzier, and, try as he might, it *would* come out.

"I really have no money with me," I answered, feeling very miserable; "but you shall have a check to-morrow at ten."

Old Blowzier shook his head.

"Against the rule we all agreed to, Buffington," he returned. "If you have no money, the book goes to the person who offered two hundred."

"Here I am," said a blatant voice; "and the rhino's ready!"

A person stepped forward, holding a handful of notes, and it was that Petworth!

I shall never forget his look of triumph, nor my own rage and mortification. I crept out of the crowd, and waited till I saw them all file away in the direction of the supper-room. My spirits had fallen very low, indeed, and I needed more champagne.

Wine was kept in the library, which was also considered, on the present occasion, as the apartment dedicated to smoking. This I gleaned from a young man who had passed his evening in the corner, pulling on and off his kid gloves. And up to the library I went. Opening the door unsuspectingly, I entered, and, as always, there stood the eternal Petworth!

In front of him lay a prostrate and empty champagne-bottle, and he had evidently been imbibing again. His face was certainly much inflamed, and his eyes sparkled. Perhaps he had suspected I should come, and had placed this bottle before him as a taunt. No sooner did this idea cross my brain than I seized a bottle for myself, opened it, poured it out, and drank it off like water. Then Petworth and I stood glaring at each other.

Again my memory grows dim. I chiefly recollect the hazy state of the atmosphere, the lights dancing up and down, the walls waving to and fro, like flags, and Petworth grown to gigantic size. But I heard an unmistakable laugh. It froze my blood. I went over to my enemy, and grasped him by the collar of his coat. I shook him fiercely.

"Stop!" he shouted. "What are you doing? Are you mad?"

But it was useless to parley now. My long score against this fiend in human shape should be settled. I remembered all my wrongs—I saw his actions in a new light; clearly had everything been a part of his deep-laid scheme. I shook him again.

"If you don't cease, I shall feel compelled to knock you down," he said.

This was too much, and nerving myself, I sprang upon him. We struggled around the room in desperation. Over went the chairs, down came the table and bottles and glasses, with a fearful crash a mirror followed, a row of pictures succeeded that, and all the time we were shouting forth mutual cries of hatred and vengeance.

The door opened, and a crowd entered, at the head of which was old Blowzier.

"What is the meaning of this disgraceful conduct in my house?" he asked.

Somehow, I swayed from side to side, and a curious tangling had got into my tongue. I explain these facts upon the ground of my rage, and if slander or envy should account for them otherwise, remember that this is a censorious world.

As Blowzier spoke, I caught sight of Miss Malbrook. I went toward her, and looked into her eyes, involuntary tears starting to my own, and rolling down my cheeks. Was this an exhibition of unmanly weakness? I do not think so.

"Shall he," said I, pointing hysterically to Petworth—"shall he come between us?"

"I fear you are not well, Mr. Buffington," she answered, sweetly. "Has my brother been annoying you?"

"Your brother?" I repeated, not comprehending her meaning. "Let me have an immediate interview with your brother! I long to embrace him! Where is your brother?"

"Bob is my brother, of course," she returned. "You know that as well as I."

"Bob! What Bob?"

"Mr. Petworth, sir. I fear you are very ill, indeed."

It was like a dream—a nightmare. I could scarcely stand, from agitation. But I made an effort, and reached old Blowzier, who was glaring at me through his enormous spectacles, and I seized his hand.

"Blowzier," said I, "on the honor of a fellow-being—on the faith of long friendship, tell me truly whether Petworth is her brother or no."

"Sir," said Blowzier, harshly, "he is her stepbrother, and very affectionate and devoted relatives they are."

There was nothing for me to do but fall upon Petworth's neck, and ask his forgiveness. I can recall no more. Emotion mastered me—the lights faded out—all from that instant was darkness and oblivion.

P. S. I must add, to make this singular narrative complete, that I have never been to Blowzier's house since that memorable night. The fact is, I have never been asked; and in the street, the Blowzier family, with strange unanimity, cut me dead. But I have found Bob Petworth—Ettie's stepbrother, indeed—a capital fellow; and we are not only friends, but likely to become united by a tie nearer, if possible, still. For Bob gave the Tennyson to Milly Lynes, and a day or two ago there was a mysterious ring upon her finger; and, what's a great deal more, I received a note this morning, in a lady's handwriting, which contained but three letters, forming the cabalistic word, "Yes," and was signed by the solitary letter, "E." Make of these hints what you can, and, if you are clever, you will understand that it was not such a misfortune, after all, that I should become acquainted with "That Petworth."

ANECDOTES OF THE BAR.

THE *Dublin University Magazine* gives the following amusing instances of cross-examination:

Walter Bourke, Q.C., once had a Scripture reader to cross-examine. He opened thus: "You are a Scripture reader, you just told my learned friend?" The man replied that he was, and that he knew the Bible well.

Mr. Bourke then asked him to tell the names of the twelve Apostles.

The witness, never contemplating such a line of cross-examination, appealed to the judge, who informed him that he must answer the question, and he commenced—"There was Simon Peter, and Paul, and James and John, the two sons of Zebedee, and Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John;" and here the poor fellow, amid much laughter, said his memory did not serve him any further. His knowledge of the names of the twelve tribes of Israel was of the same limited nature, and of course Mr. Bourke, whilst denouncing him in unmeasured language, said that the charity of the Roman Church made ample provision for him, inasmuch as he belonged to that class comprised in the term "invincibly ignorant."

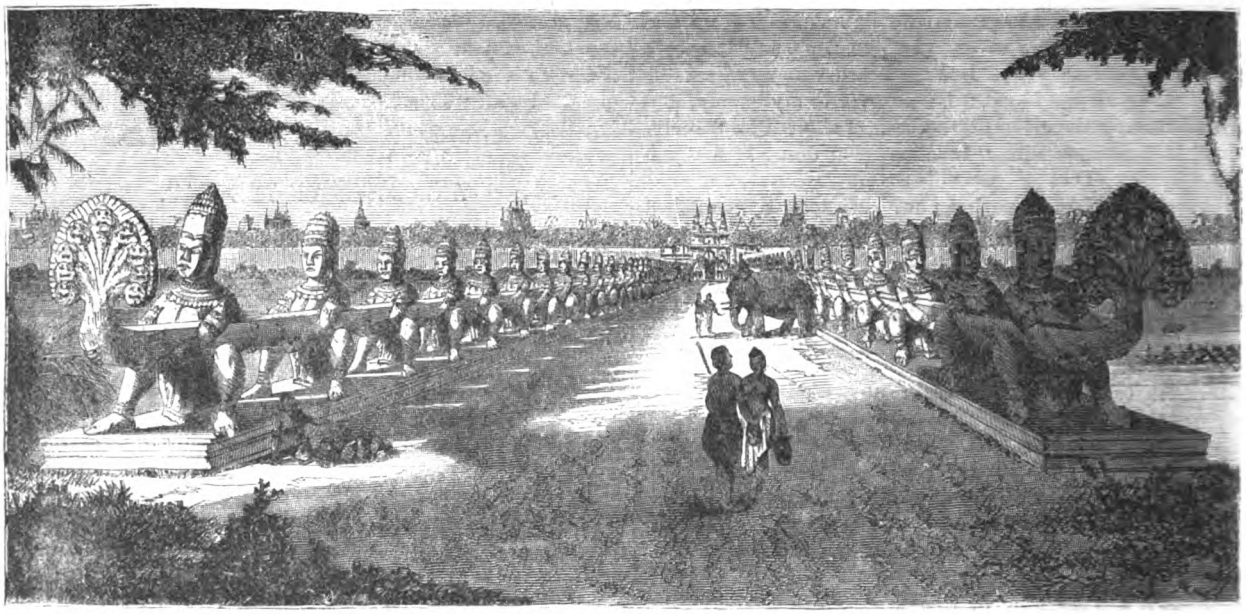
Of a like amusing nature was his cross-examination of a French *avocat*, in a well-known will case, in the course of which Mr. Bourke took occasion to ask if he believed in the account given in the Book of Genesis of the creation of the world, and of man before the fall, etc. The judge in vain sought to restrain him, but counsel, insisting on his right, the *avocat* replied that he did not; and he was then led on to tell his belief in the doctrine of progressive development, as laid down in M. de la Marck's theory. Counsel asked him to tell, in a few words, what that theory meant. The *avocat* then gave it as his belief that matter was eternal; that animal life had no existence for countless millions of years; that its first traces are to be found in the very lowest strata next above the granite rock, of which the flooring of the world is made; that those animals were molluscous creatures—worms, shell-fish, bivalves, and multivalves, such as oysters and lobsters—and that these, after other millions of millions of years, became developed into the spinal or vertebrated animals, such as quadrupeds, horses, *asses*, etc.; that they, too, became developed in long time into the quadrumana, such as monkeys, *apes*, etc., which in turn became further developed into man!

"And, Monsieur, am I to understand," said Mr. Bourke, "that your great ancestor was an *ass*, and your more immediate ancestor was an *ape*?"

Loud laughter followed the question, in which the *avocat* heartily joined.

A MAN may be disposed to save money and lay it by for sickness or other purposes; but he cannot do this unless his wife lets him or helps him. A prudent, frugal, thrifty woman is a crown of glory to her husband. She helps him in all his good resolutions; she may, by quiet and gentle encouragement, bring out his better qualities; and by her example she may implant in him noble principles, which are the seeds of the highest practical virtues.

ONE of the most important rules in the science of manners is an absolute silence in regard to yourself.



THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY AT ANGCOR TOM, IN CAMBODIA, RESTORED.

THE RUINED CITIES OF CAMBODIA.

FROM the period when the Portuguese penetrated to the East, there have been, from time to time, vague accounts of vast ruined cities in Cambodia, though little details have been given. In 1601, Ribadeneyra, in his "History of the Isles of the Archipelago," wrote:

"There is in Cambodia the ruins of an ancient city, which some pretend to have been built by Alexander the Great, or the Romans. It is a wonderful thing that none of the natives can live amid these ruins, which are the haunt of wild beasts. These heathen, by tradition, hold that the city was built by a foreign nation."

A Chinese traveler, toward the close of the thirteenth century, saw this city in its glory, and describes the Causeway, which a French artist, on a recent scientific exploration, has restored in our engraving.

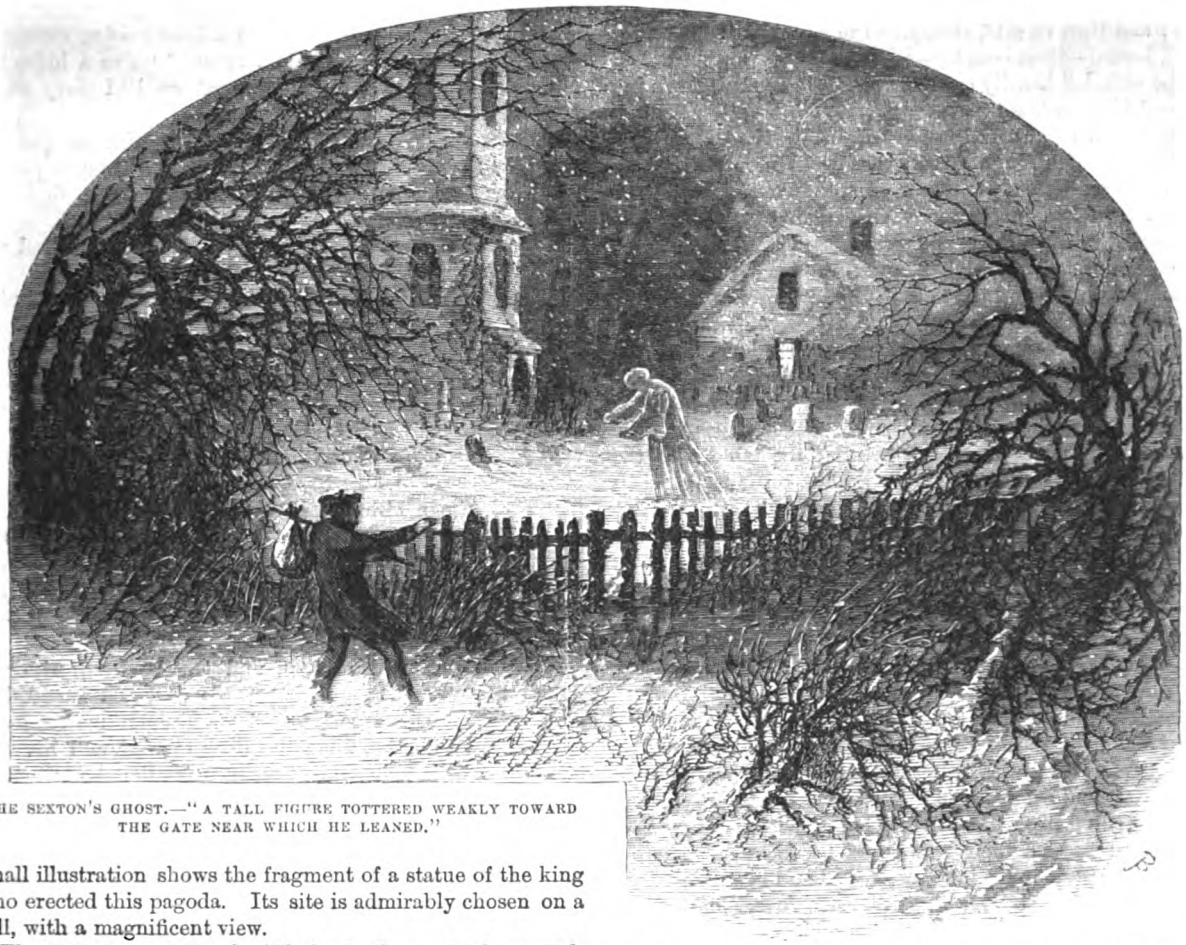
The long Causeway, lined with strange, gigantic figures, with the edifices to which they lead, recall the wonders of the Arabian Nights, and might well excite the amazement of the Chinese traveler, as their ruins excite ours now.

CHIEF OF KHONG ISLAND AND WIFE.

STATUE OF THE KING WHO BUILT WAT-PHOU.

The Cambodians call the builders of these ruins the Khmer; but the history of their grandeur, their rise and fall, is lost in obscurity.

Another Khmer ruin exists near Bassac, and is called by the natives Wat-Phou, or Pagoda of the Mountain. Our



THE SEXTON'S GHOST.—"A TALL FIGURE TOTTERED WEAKLY TOWARD THE GATE NEAR WHICH HE LEANED."

small illustration shows the fragment of a statue of the king who erected this pagoda. Its site is admirably chosen on a hill, with a magnificent view.

The present race are far inferior to the men who reared, amid the tropical forests, these strange and curious specimens of architecture, as our readers may judge by the pictures we give of the Chief of Khong Island, in Cambodia, and his wife. They enable us to judge of the advance in culture and civilization of their subjects.

THE SEXTON'S GHOST.

SIMON GRAYBERRY, the old sexton of Bushport, was dying. Bushport was a respectable little fishing-village, perched on a saucy-looking bluff right over the ocean; at its foot was a snug little cove, running up in sandy beach to the very base of the rock, where the fishing-craft lay cozily at anchor, when they were not scudding over the waves miles away, or rocking idly to the music of the fish-lines and the dancing of the porpoises.

Bushport had one church (Methodist) and one graveyard, where Simon Grayberry had, for years too many to remember, supervised the departure from earth to earth of the sires and grandsires of the hardy young fishermen who were now growing up around him. Simon had grown gray in the service of the dead, among whom, ten years before, he had deposited the last remains of his faithful wife; and now the gathering shadows of the final summons told him that he, too, must prepare to join those silent ones in their last resting-place.

Three years before, Simon had parted with his only son, a hardy sailor, who had gone on a whaling-voyage. Six months later news had come that the ship had sunk in the northern seas, and all on board had perished. All in the village mourned the stout hearted Tom Grayberry, who had grown up, man and boy, among them; but chiefly had mourned a little, fair-haired creature just in her teens, to whom Tom had been more than to any other.

Alice Scott, so had grief matured her, had grown into womanhood in those thirty months, and she it was who, taking upon herself the duties of a daughter to him who had none, had devoted herself to him ever since, until the old man had learned to regard her as such, and to grieve for his lost son chiefly that his sad fate had prevented the possibility of her ever becoming so in very truth. She it was who now sat beside Simon's wasted form, held his hand, and watched the last spark of life as it flickered low before the final darkness.

Simon had been respected in his day and generation, and all the village waited sadly for news of his departure. A few of the older men, rough, hard-featured fishermen, stood at his bedside, while one or two of their wives, rough too, but kindly disposed, ministered to his few remaining necessities. The doctor stood near him, and held his hand; the tallow-candle on the table flickered, as a draft of wind burst in under the door and rattled the casement; storm-gusts held high carnival outside; for it was in the last days of November, and the snow-clouds were sailing on, heavily freighted. Suddenly the doctor raised his hand warningly; Alice rose and leaned over the bed, while the rest drew closer together, and then the head and shoulders raised painfully in the bed, the dull eyes lighted up, and, with one skinny forefinger pointing to the door, while his gray locks and matted beard trembled with a convulsive motion, the old sexton spoke:

"One, two, three, four, five! Five rings, one bracelet, two pins! Who shall have them? Tom shall have them! Who says it's robbery?"

The old man turned his head from one side to the other,

and glanced at the startled and horror-stricken ones around him; and then he said, slowly and in a whisper:

"I buried—them—under—the——"

The chin fell heavily on his breast, and he sank down into the bed in a confused mass.

There was much talk the next day about the last words of old Simon, and, though sundry wise heads were shaken, and some shrewd doubts were expressed, they were generally set down as the last, incoherent exclamations of a brain which had ceased to act lucidly, and were passed over.

The body was properly laid out; watchers came forward to sit up with it; and the next day following was appointed for the funeral services.

Old Simon's cottage was near the graveyard; his body lay on the bed where he had slept for forty years; and the little sitting-room next to it was occupied on the watch-night by two old crones, who had volunteered for the purpose.

A bright fire blazed on the hearth; the table, with two lighted candles, stood beside it; the tea-kettle sang noisily on the hob; and these two, sitting comfortably in their Boston rockers, were inclined to take the night easily, and chatted over the merits and peculiarities of the dead, the strange occurrence of his last moments, and anything that turned up in the way of village gossip, as those will who accustom themselves to such duties. Meanwhile, the snow-storm that had been promising a visit had all day been busy, and now was drifting into white masses through the street, and whirling in blinding clouds through the air, while not a single being in the whole village was out of doors, and in the houses warm fires and hot drinks did their best to make things cozy and comfortable. So the hours wore away, and, as the evening grew late, the two old crones, grown tired of gossip, had nodded their frowsy old heads at one another until both had gone off into a profound and noisy sleep.

Now, down the street, a short distance from Simon Grayberry's cottage, there was a tavern, and in the barroom, where a huge wood-fire was crackling and hissing up the wide-mouthed chimney, there were congregated, as usually congregated there on Winter nights, a dozen or so of the inhabitants of the village, who met thus nightly to enjoy their punch and their pipes in social communion. This night, in particular, punch and pipes were in extraordinary demand. The season had been so open and free from storms that this was really the first occasion that had offered for such a gathering, and it had been taken advantage of by more than the usual quota of jolly, weatherbeaten tars, who sat and canvassed, sententiously, such subjects as came before them. Among these, naturally enough, the question of Sexton Grayberry's remarkable utterances at his off-going was brought prominently forward.

"Blarst my hyes!" said "English Bob," as he was called, a burly, good-natured-looking fellow, who leaned back against the mantel, and talked in a husky voice, through a cloud of "the essence of old Virginia," "I've a hidea the ole chap's been a priggin' summat as laid 'eavy on 'is conshuns."

"Nonsense!" answered the landlord, seeing no one else was likely to take it up; "old Simon was as honest as they make 'em; and, besides, where on earth could he find anything to 'prig' in this consumed poor place?"

This was unanswerable, and the vilifier of the dead was silenced for a moment.

Presently a long, lean, slab-sided, lantern-jawed Yankee peddler, who had come in belated and put up for the night, put in his word. He was dressed in a faded, seedy-looking suit of black, and presented anything but an inviting appearance. He had been silent thus far, had heard the story of the deathbed scene told and retold, and now, as he sat with his legs crossed, and his chair tilted back, he drawled out:

"Waal, I'm a stranger here, and hain't got no call to meddle with things that don't consarn me, but if it was so as I hed any interest in these parts, I should be kinder lookin' around arter the family jewelry, and if the *live* people's plunder was all right, I should—well, I should hev my suspicions!"

Everybody started at that, and the landlord, who felt bound to support the credit of his deceased friend, had already opened his mouth to call the vituperative vender of small wares to order, when the door opened, and his wife called him, with such evident earnestness, that he turned at once, abandoned his intention, and followed her out of the room.

Every effort was now made to bring the peddler to book, and induce him to explain his meaning; but nothing more could be got out of him than:

"Waal, I ain't a-goin' to consarn myself in what ain't none of my bus'ness, but I only say, if it was my case, I should be suspicious!"

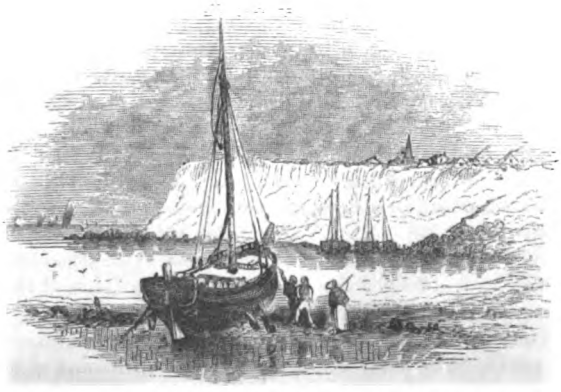
Sundry growls and sour looks were beginning to show that this indefinite advice was not palatable, and might be resented; and matters, in fact, were beginning to assume a squally appearance, when the landlord re-entered.

"Boys," said he, "my wife and I ain't nowise satisfied about the Boston coach not coming in; she's more than three hours late, and, though it is a rough night, she ought to have been here before this; and, in my humble opinion, she's a darned sight more importance than that darned purveyor of pins and needles' *suspicions* about what he don't know nothing consarnin."

Here he jerked his thumb in the direction of the peddler, who shrugged his shoulders, and said nothing.

Now, the village of Bushport was situated just twenty-one miles north-and-by-east of the good city of Boston; from which place there came, three times a week, a coach bearing the mail, leaving Boston at four o'clock in the afternoon, and performing the journey in about four hours, if nothing interrupted of a nature calculated to prevent safe and moderately rapid driving.

This was a "coach-day," and, punctually at four, the aforesaid vehicle, painted blue, and appropriately named the "Bluebird," started valiantly forth, out of the stable-yard in a narrow street in the suburbs of Boston, and, with three passengers inside for way-stations, and one passenger outside for Bushport, took its way along the high-road, in a direction north-and-by-eastward, through what was already a respectable snow-storm, hoping to accomplish the journey before the roads became so blocked up as to utterly preclude wheeling; for the snow-storm had come on suddenly, and the Bluebird's runners were at Bushport.



"IT STOOD ON A SAUCY-LOOKING BLUFF OVER THE OCEAN."

The first ten miles were made in two hours and a half, and there the last "inside" left the coach, rejoicing.

Eleven miles to go, the snow drifting heavily, and a blinding wind driving in the faces of the driver and the one "outside," who said he was a sailor, and laughed to scorn the idea of "going below on account of a blarsted little snow-squall."

Seven miles further on, the Bluebird stopped to change horses, and driver and "outside" went into the little tavern to get supper.

A fine, stalwart, sailor-looking fellow was the "outside"; tall and handsome, with chestnut curls all over his head and down on his white forehead; laughing blue eyes shining through the drops of wet that hung on his eyelashes; rosy cheeks, that glistened after the pelting they had received. Driver and "outside" were both urged to put up for the night; but the driver was plucky, and would not be bluffed off bringing his mail in, and the "outside" swore, with a very salt oath, that he would get to Bushport that night if he had to walk there.

So the supper was eaten, two hot toddies swallowed, and, with two lighted pipes in mouth, driver and "outside" mounted on the box, and the whip cracked, and away they went again into the driving wind, and through the drifting snow.

It was now past nine, and, though the coach pressed gallantly forward, it made but little headway, the smoking horses having desperate hard work to keep on at a fast walk.

Two of the four miles had been passed over when, as the coach made a sharp turn round a bend in the road which the wind had blown dry, the off fore-wheel struck a tree, which an unlucky blast had blown across the road, and, with a jolt and a heave, over went the Bluebird, and away flew driver and "outside" into a drift, where they disappeared to crawl out again, shake themselves, and stare lugubriously at the downfallen vehicle. Fortunately, they were near a farm-house, and thither both betook themselves, and, obtaining assistance, the horses were soon housed in a comfortable barn. The driver then announced his intention of accepting the cordial invitation they both received to remain all night, but the "outside," game to the last, resisted every solicitation, and, after warming himself, outwardly by the fire, and inwardly with a glass of "summat hot," swung a bundle which he carried over his shoulder, and, with a stout stick in his hand, plunged resolutely into the snow again.

The farm-house door closed behind him, and, as he gained the road, marked only by the long white line between the fields and woods on either side, he almost felt inclined to give it up; but he was a courageous fellow, this sailor, and stifling the momentary weakness, he trudged on. It was past eleven when the lights of the village appeared, and, with a sigh of relief, he stepped more lightly, thinking of the warm reception which was to repay him for this night's inconvenience, and many other nights' peril and adversity.

As he moved on, his thoughts took shape in two forms of expression:

"I wonder if the old man lives!" and "I wonder if she has forgotten me!"

The straggling houses of the village were passed; the old church loomed up in the darkness; a cottage near by was lighted up in one room, and he leaned for a moment on the railing of the graveyard, and hesitated.

Suddenly, as his eyes glanced over the well-remembered stones, he saw something move. A chill, more piercing than the cold blast he had been under for so many hours, almost froze his blood, for the sailor-mind is proverbially superstitious. But he stood still, gazed, and waited.

It was a tall figure; white—of course, everything was white—and it tottered weakly toward the gate near which he leaned. Presently it reached him, opened the gate, and as he stood with his tongue clinging to the roof of his mouth, and his hair bristling with fear, he knew who it was—it was Simon Grayberry, the Sexton of Bushport.

Springing forward, he caught the old man in his arms, while he shouted to him:

"Father! father! It is me! Don't you know me? It's Tom—your boy, Tom!"

Then the old sexton stood erect, and, holding up his finger, whispered:

"Hush! don't speak so loud! I've got them, every one! I robbed *them!*" and he pointed to the graves. But, Tom, I'm sorry! I'm sorry! And you won't tell any one."

Tom put the little box which his father gave him carefully in his pocket; a dim idea of the truth possessed him, and, taking the emaciated form in his arms, he stepped with his burden to the door of the tavern, which was nearer than the cottage, and where he saw a light burning; and so, just as the landlord had made the remark concerning the lateness of the Boston coach, it happened that the tavern-door opened, and a stout figure, in a sou'wester, and covered with snow, staggered in, bearing in his arms the body of dead Sexton Grayberry.

"Bear a hand! Boys, it's me, Tom Grayberry, and this is my father. I found the old gentleman wandering in the graveyard in his night-clothes; he must have been out of his head."

Such a start as that crowd of fishermen got may be imagined. They retreated backward into a corner, and looked at Tom and the prostrate form at his feet as though *both* were ghosts. Finally the landlord clapped Tom on the shoulder, and said:

"You're Tom Grayberry, that I'll go bail; but the old man's dead, and we left two women a-watching of him up to the cottage; he died last night."

Tom had risen up, and stood looking at him for a moment; then he stooped down, tore open the long gown that wrapped the old man, and placed his hand over his heart. It had stopped beating.

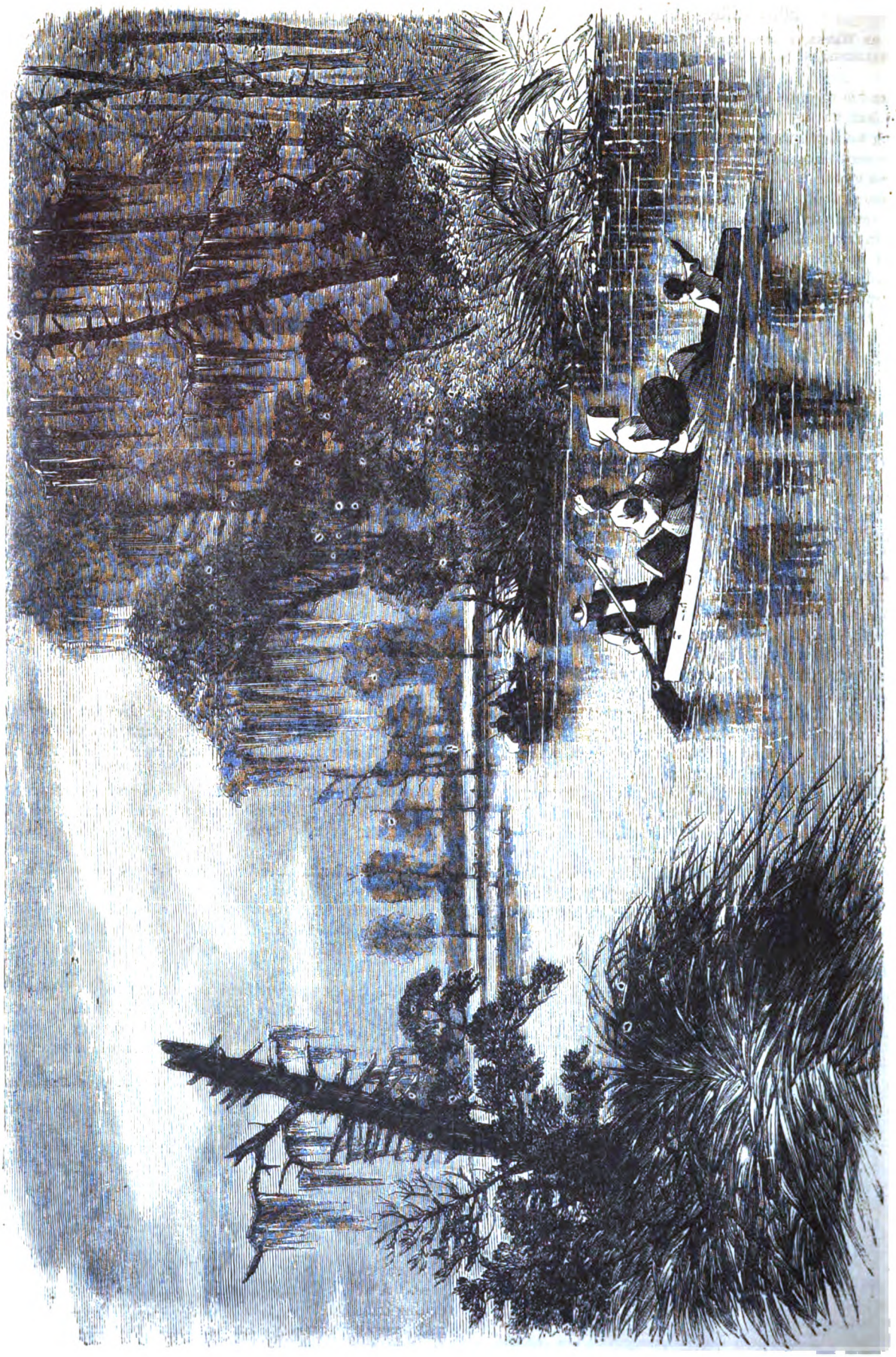
"He is dead now," said Tom. "Come with me, some of you;" and, raising the body tenderly in his arms, he strode through the door, over the way, and straight on to the cottage.

The landlord ran ahead and opened the door, while the crowd followed at a respectful distance. As they entered the sitting-room, the two women rose, screaming, out of their sleep, frightened at this sudden inroad. But nothing recked Tom, as he carried the body straight past them into the bedroom, and laid it on the *empty bed!*

The whole matter was plain now; the window was open, and through it the old sexton, awakened from his swoon, had taken his fearful course. Tom said nothing about the box of jewelry, and two days after the old sexton was quietly buried in the little churchyard.

Tom staid in Bushport many months; and when the Spring opened he and sweet Alice Scott were married in the old church. And the good people of Bushport never knew anything more definite than the Yankee pedler's "suspicions," and their own imaginings, about Simon Grayberry's deathbed speech, or the true story of "The Sexton's Ghost."

RECREATION does not mean idleness, and it may mean labor. A wise man will so arrange his labors that each succeeding one shall be so totally different from the last that it shall serve as a recreation for it. Physical exertion may follow mental, and then give place to it again.



SOUTHERN SCENES.—MOVING BY WATER—A SKETCH ON THE CAPE FEAR RIVER, NEAR WILMINGTON, N. C.

SOUTHERN SCENES.

MOVING BY WATER, A SKETCH ON THE CAPE FEAR RIVER, NEAR WILMINGTON, N. C.—MOVING BY LAND, A SCENE IN WILMINGTON, N. C.

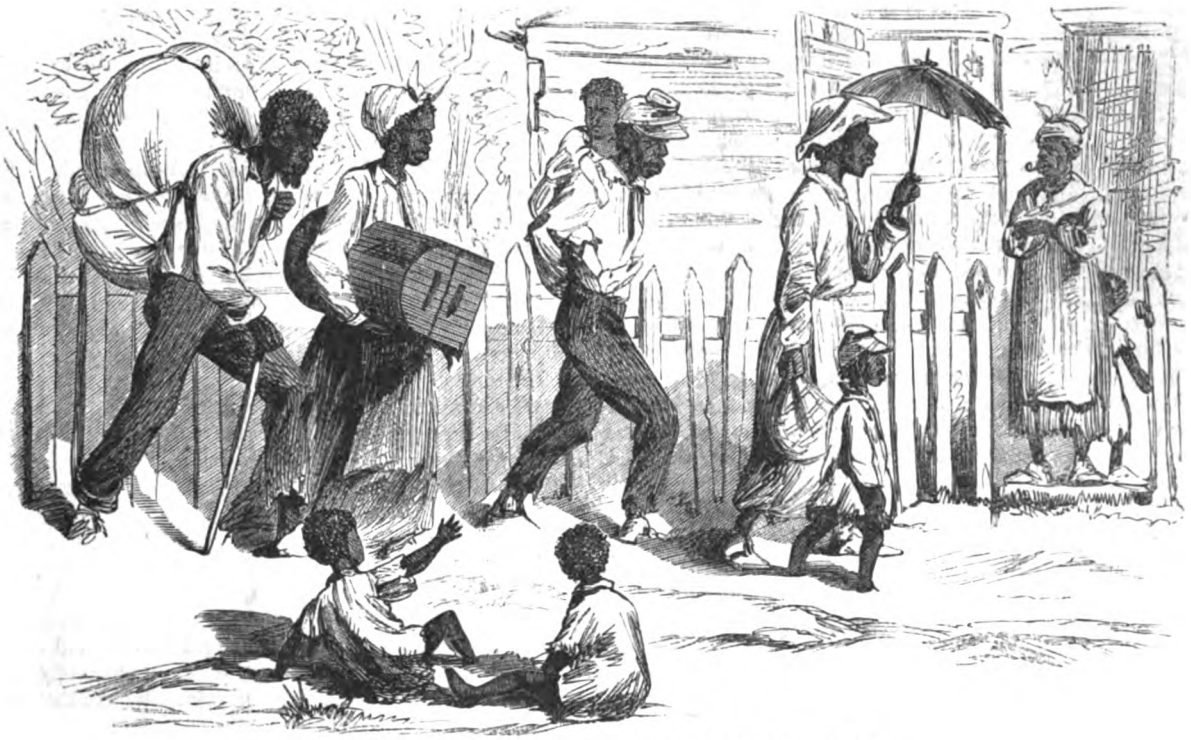
IF there is any one thing for which the genuine Southern darkey has an especial predilection, it is for frequently changing his local habitation, and seeking "fresh fields and pastures new." A great deal of nonsense has been written about the strong local attachments of the negroes, but experience shows their supposed possession of that quality to be mainly imaginary. The average colored citizen is not usually incumbered with any very extensive *impedimenta* in the way of furniture, baggage, or clothing; hence, his periodical flittings are easily accomplished, and whether the journey be by land or water, pedestrian, vehicular, or aquatic, there are no serious problems of transportation to solve.

If one of the numerous watercourses that intersect our fair Southern land affords a convenient watery highway to his destined goal, the head of the family loads his possessions into a frail dug-out or dingy—and if not the owner of such a craft he borrows or "conveys" (after the manner recommended by ancient Pistol) one from some friendly neighbor—disposes his family therein, as comfortably as the limited space will allow, and while the mother nurses her pickaninny, and young ebony in the bow keeps a bright lookout for snags, the father steadily paddles along until their destination is reached.

If the movement is by land, the conditions are still simpler. It is merely a case of picking up the few goods and chattels forming their worldly possessions, and "toting" them, with many rests along the road, to the spot selected for re-erecting the family altar.

This propensity for frequent shifting of quarters is probably an outgrowth of the feeling of freedom from all restraint which followed emancipation. Under the old system of slavery, the negroes were necessarily confined to the plantations on which they belonged, and could go nowhere beyond these limits unless provided with passes from their owners. When freedom came, and with it the power to go and come at will, wherever each individual's fancy might lead him, the long-restrained desire to roam about naturally developed into a leading characteristic of the new-made freeman, and it still remains a distinguishing characteristic of a large portion of the Southern negroes.

The first of our illustrations represents a scene witnessed by our artist on the Cape Fear River, near Wilmington, N. C., and the other was sketched in the streets of that city.



SOUTHERN SCENES.—MOVING BY LAND—A SCENE IN WILMINGTON, N. C.

THE FLYING STEP OF THE MAORIS OR NEW ZEALAND INDIANS.

THE Maoris, a tribe which has so long and so manfully resisted the English, challenges curiosity, if not admiration. The Ngatitoatuas, the former inhabitants of Auckland, numbered, a few generations back, twenty or thirty thousand souls, who had transformed the curious extinct craters of the neighborhood into fortresses, whence, as in Europe during the Middle Ages, oppressive nobles—bandits in all but name—domineered over the surrounding country.

These summits were entrenched *pahs*, that is to say, forts, the entrenched villages of the chiefs, and around the foot of the hills lay the homes of the, serfs amid the fields which they were compelled to till for their lords. Ruins of their humble dwellings are still visible.

The reverse of the mountain is, so to say, tattooed like an old New Zealand chief. They are terraced: that is to say, at every ten or fifteen feet of height a place is leveled off. Here rose a double row of palisades, with a deep ditch, covered with reeds and fern. These fortifications are the more astonishing, when we consider that they were constructed with no better tools than stone axes and sea-shells. Within these palisades dwelt the chief with his family, and the nobles of the tribe.

There, while the old men, seated in circles, under their phormium cloaks, related the exploits of their youth and the legends of their forefathers, the young men of the clan exulted in the manly sports which gave strength and suppleness to every muscle of their lithe and active bodies. The girls repeated songs brought by their ancestors from the land of Havaiki, their original country; the boys could be seen flying kites made of light reeds, and while the older ones were diving from some high rock into the glassy sea, the young braves who had been already on the war-path took part in a game still more dangerous, the Flying Step. That known to our youth is on a well leveled ground; but here the central mast was planted on the verge of some fearful precipice, and as they ran around, each in turn was suspended over the abyss, relying solely on the strength of his wrist and the toughness of the cord. Such a scene, as shown by some who witnessed it in other days, is portrayed in our sketch.

SOLD.

THE splendid steamer *Cosmopolitan* was nearing the pier, and the city of New York was gradually becoming visible through the thick fog. The passengers thronged upon deck, most of them looking forward with eager expectation to the completion of a remarkably rough voyage, which rendered the charm of home greater by contrast. Captain Chace was busy attending to a multitude of things necessary to be done, and which he was unwilling to trust to other hands. He was a large, powerfully-built man, with a firm, quick step, a ringing voice, and an honest, hearty laugh—a man to trust and respect, and in whose presence one experienced a delicious sense of security and protection.

Orlando Edsall had been the one thorn in the captain's flesh from the hour they sailed from Liverpool, and only extreme good-nature, and a large stock of patience, enabled him to bear the trial without betraying irritation.

Orlando Edsall was not indebted to his parents for the Christian name by which he was distinguished. His birthplace was a little village among the Green Mountains, and in the old family Bible, preserved with pious care in the humble homestead, was recorded the existence of Obadiah Edsall, and as the worthy farmer and his wife had but one child, it was fair to presume that Orlando had once answered to a name which was Scriptural if not euphonious.

In his youth Obadiah had attended the village school, but being somewhat afflicted with that disease, so apt to assume a chronic form, denominated by unrefined persons laziness, and accepting without question the assertion of King Solomon, that "much study is a weariness to the flesh," his progress in knowledge had not been very rapid, nor was there any danger of his being injured by mental labor.

Obadiah, or Orlando, had conceived a strong desire for traveling, imagining that a change of scene would be beneficial to his health, as well as agreeable to his feelings, and a few weeks after his sudden resolution, he was landed in Liverpool, and for several months pursued his tour through places of note in England and France. A more intimate knowledge of the geography of his own country might possibly have added something to the enjoyment of his trip; but when his stock of information failed, his ingenuity was taxed to conceal the ignorance he did not care to display; and in this undertaking—the only real labor he had ever performed—he succeeded so well, that many considered him quite intelligent and agreeable. He had seen Buckingham Palace through his eyeglass, visited Stratford and London Bridge, and after enjoying the delights of *la belle* France, and being addressed as *Monsieur*, was experiencing the reality of sea-sickness on board the *Cosmopolitan*, homeward bound.

Captain Chace was moved with pity for the miserable young man, and took good care of him during the voyage, though he could not repress an occasional smile at his ludicrous appearance.

"How long before we land, captain?" he asked of that long-suffering individual, for the hundredth time, as he followed him about the steamer.

"Just as long as it takes us to arrive," was the answer; "and it depends somewhat upon the length of time occupied by the vessel in reaching the pier."

Orlando Edsall was not the least disconcerted.

"You do not seem very anxious to get in, captain; though, perhaps, there is no one in New York you care to see."

"Perhaps not."

"Mrs. Gordon has promised to introduce me to a Miss Osborne, a relative of hers, young, pretty, good-dispositioned, and with some money. A Mrs. Orlando Edsall of that description would not be very disagreeable; though I have thought it might be tiresome to be married. Then, like you, captain, I am fitted for something better than being tied to a family. I wonder if I shall dare to try it?" stroking an incipient mustache with a very white hand.

Captain Chace, standing with his arms extended, and his eyes fixed on his companion, resembled a huge Newfoundland dog, preparing to shake an aggravating cur; but, with a lip curling for the pitiable vanity of the young man, he turned from him, saying:

"Of course it will rest with you to decide. No woman would be insane enough to refuse such an offer; and I advise you to improve the opportunity, by all means."

"Would you, captain, really? But you never married yourself."

"No; it would be scarcely convenient to marry myself; and you could hardly expect a woman, especially one pretty, intelligent, and rich, to notice me. We are not *exactly* alike."

"Just so," with a self-satisfied air, and a long look at the captain's hands, which were large and brown, and seldom covered with Alexandre's kids. "We are not exactly alike; still, you're a real good fellow, captain. What's that white building over there?"

"An asylum for idiots and feeble-minded youths, perhaps," was the quiet answer. "They have some cases in this part of the country;" and, leaving Orlando Edsall to the contemplation of the approaching shore, our captain sought another part of the ship, while his passenger retained a sense of pleasure from the fact that the captain had been so unusually social, and appreciated him so fully.

* * * * * * *

Kate Osborne was just twenty-five, quite pretty, finely educated, extremely sensible, and the possessor of a comfortable fortune. Her friends had but one complaint to enter against her. Society unanimously decided that it was high time she was "settled," a general and convenient term for expressing the state of the possessor of a husband and a home. Miss Osborne had not reached the age of twenty-five without listening to more than one profession of attachment; but Mrs. Grundy, none the wiser, still wondered why no one sought her for a wife.

Mrs. Gordon was a distant relative of Miss Osborne, and was considered a match-maker, and manifested not the least

dislike to the distinction. She considered it a delicate compliment to her tact and management, and so gave herself to the development of the many matrimonial schemes in which she was interested. Kate Osborne she considered it her duty to dispose of in the shortest possible space of time. Mrs. Gordon's home was on the banks of the Hudson, a few miles from New York, and Miss Osborne, who had called upon her, was listening attentively to an account of the lady's visit to the Old World.

"We had horrid weather coming back, Kate; and our captain was the hatefulest man you ever heard of. Of course, I needed an escort occasionally, being all alone. There was a Mr. Edsall on board—a thousand times more agreeable than Captain Chace."

"Captain Chace!" interrupted Kate. "Then you returned in the *Cosmopolitan*?"

"Why, yes, of course. But do you know Captain Chace?"

"I have seen him, I believe, once or twice."

And Miss Kate, strangely enough, turned away from her hostess, and looked out of the window.

"Well, then, you know what a bear he is," continued Mrs. Gordon. But as I was telling you about this Mr. Edsall——"

"Mr. Edsall pleased you better, then?"

"Oh, yes; he was such a gentleman! You ought to see ~~his hands, Kate~~; they are as small and white as a lady's, and his foot is——"

Mrs. Gordon stopped, somewhat embarrassed by the smile on Miss Osborne's face, then resumed, a little spitefully:

"But you are the queerest girl, Kate. The captain would have suited you better, perhaps."

"Why, I have no very strong liking for great, rough creatures! Odious people are not my favorites. I was only smiling at your enthusiasm in regard to hands and feet, and hoping your friend had some stronger claim to your liking. But we will not discuss the gentleman any longer, while there are so many interesting subjects which have not been mentioned."

Kate Osborne usually meant what she said; and Mrs. Osborne, in consideration of her pet scheme, prudently changed the conversation, and in a few minutes the two ladies were absorbed in the examination of sundry elegant articles of dress, which had been brought from Paris for the express admiration of Mrs. Gordon's friends. Two days after, Mrs. Gordon said to her husband:

"If I had told Kate, she would not have come an inch; so I shall write to her, and she will not suspect anything;" and the following note was accordingly sent to Miss Osborne:

"A few of the friends who crossed the Atlantic with me are to spend to-morrow evening at our house. We propose a moonlight sail, and want you to come up early and stay over night."

There certainly could be nothing in the note to produce the burst of laughter with which Miss Osborne received it. Could it be she suspected something? It certainly amused her intensely, and she replied within an hour:

"I will not fail to be with you to-morrow evening, but hope that, for my sake, you will have no great, odious creature present. You know I am somewhat peculiar in my tastes."

About a dozen of those who had become pretty well acquainted with each other during the rough days on board the *Cosmopolitan* were assembled in Mrs. Gordon's parlor before Miss Osborne arrived. Orlando Edsall was present, waiting with eager expectation for her coming. Captain Chace, who was a favorite with all his passengers, save the lady whom he had so innocently offended, had been invited by Mr. Gordon, who, greatly to the disgust of his estimable wife, had insisted upon his joining the party.

Mrs. Gordon was surprised to see how gentlemanly he appeared, in spite of his hands. He was extremely polite to his hostess, who took occasion to whisper to Mr. Edsall:

"He is really fine-looking when he is dressed, and not half so rough as he used to be on board the steamer."

"Oh, Kate," said Mrs. Osborne, "I was afraid you wouldn't come. Mr. Gordon invited Captain Chace, in spite of all I could say. I guess, however, we can endure him for one evening. Shall I introduce you?"

"Oh, yes; I supposed from what you said the other day, that he was a brute, and I only mentioned him in my note because you seemed to think I like such people; whereas I never have the least desire to meet them."

"Well, you can judge for yourself when you see him;" and the harmless Mrs. Gordon smiled complacently as she thought of Mr. Orlando Edsall.

Miss Osborne followed Mrs. Gordon to the parlor, and entered the room with the quiet self-possession which was natural to her.

Mr. Edsall gazed fixedly at the handsome woman, upon whom he felt he had already some claim.

"Look, captain, that's the Miss Osborne I told you about. She would satisfy anybody who could make up their mind to marry—don't you think so? I'm about decided."

"Then, it only remains to convince the lady that she cannot do better than to accept you. Of course, there will be no difficulty about that?"

"No, I rather think not; she looks like a sensible girl," and the elegant Mr. Edsall gave a self-satisfied glance at the full-length mirror in which he was reflected.

Introductions followed, and Captain Chace bowed with stately courtesy over the hand extended by Miss Osborne, while Mr. Edsall entertained the listeners with a voluble speech, in regard to the happiness he experienced in making her acquaintance; but, owing to his embarrassment, the words which he had repeated so glibly to himself were not delivered with the impressiveness he had anticipated.

Probably Miss Osborne felt pity for the young man, and Mrs. Gordon was delighted to see that she immediately entered into conversation with him, relieving him of all awkwardness by her easy manner.

Recovering his self-possession, and encouraged to talk by numerous questions, Mr. Edsall grew eloquent on the subject of his travels.

"It's an awful way across the Atlantic. I wanted to see the Gulf Stream, for they said it was a curiosity. You have heard of it, haven't you, Miss Osborne?"

"Oh, yes."

"I inquired of a good many people, and they said they thought the reason we could not see it was because the water was *low*."

"Possibly. We have had an unusually dry Summer."

"So I have heard; but being abroad, I didn't know much about it. Did you ever travel, Miss Osborne?"

"I visited Mississippi a few years ago."

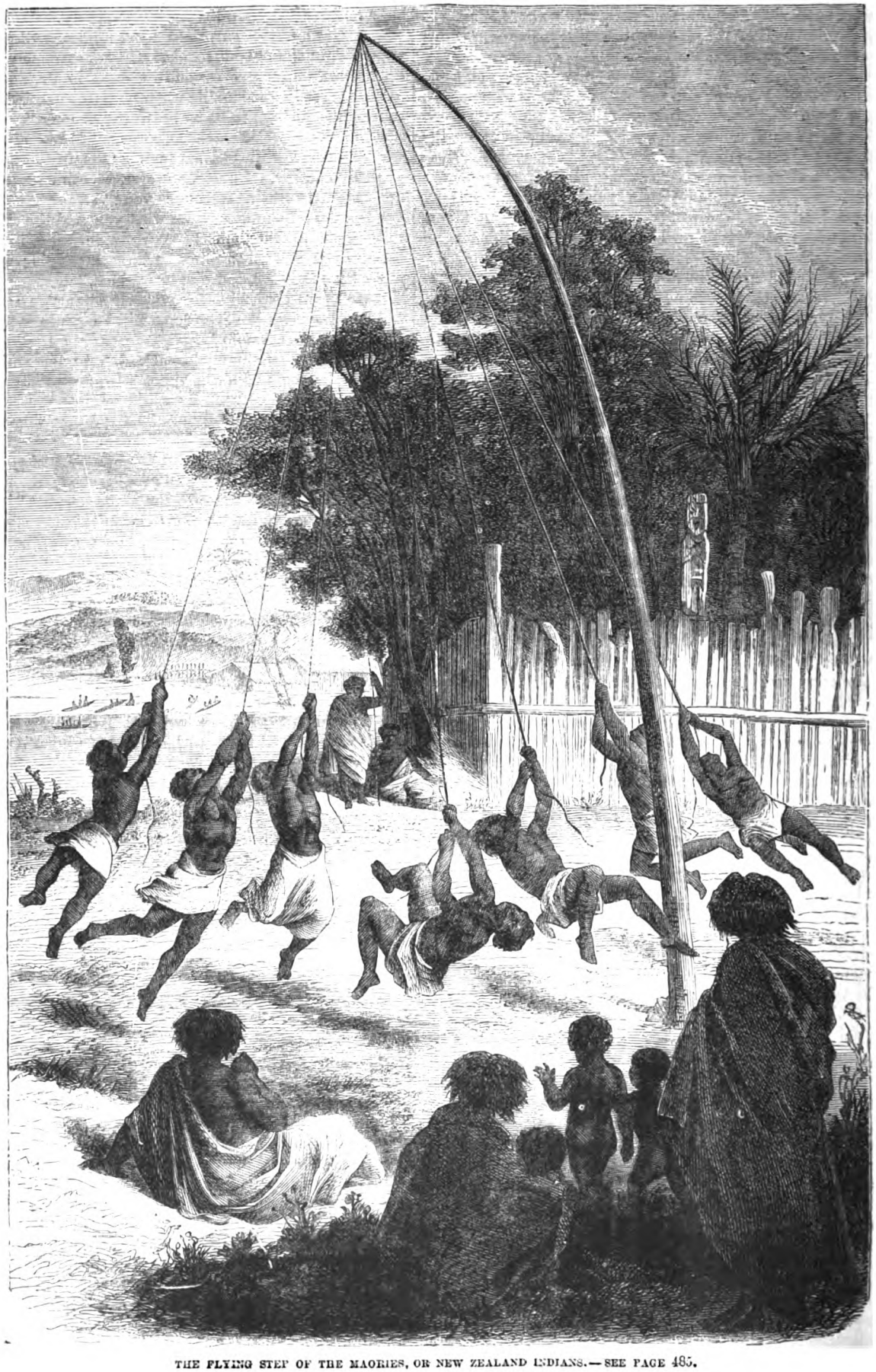
"Where does she live?"

"Live! Oh, about a thousand miles from here."

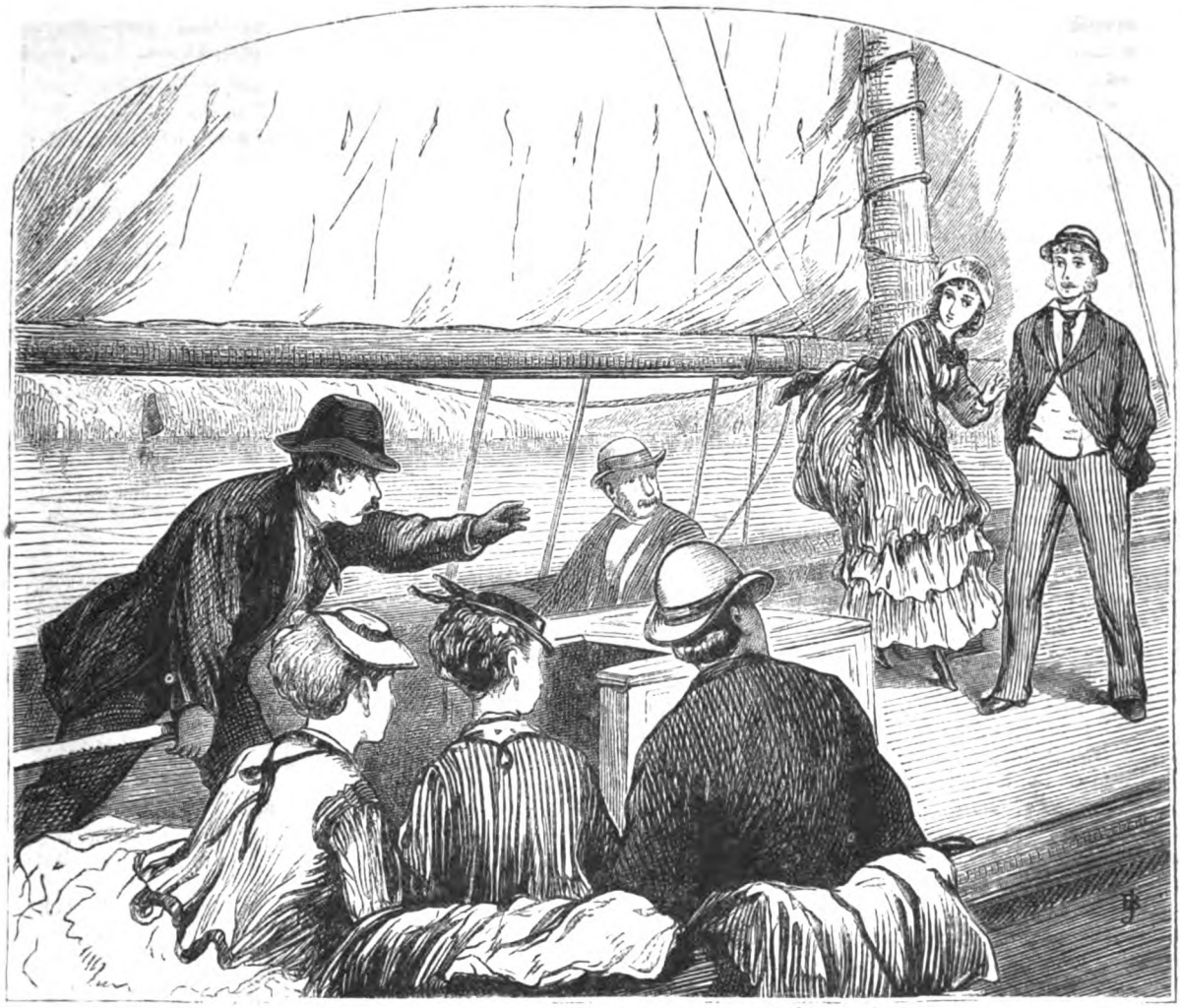
"Was the scenery around her place very fine?"

"Not particularly. I suppose that which you have seen is far superior?"

"Yes, I guess so; and there are lots of old houses that all the people who go to Europe have to visit. We went to one in Stratford, where a Mr. —er—well, I shouldn't wonder if I had forgot the name, it was such a queer one; Mr. —er—er Spillbeer; yes, I guess that's it—I'm sure it was Spill—something; and those Englishmen are such beer-drinkers, I suppose it was a nickname."



THE FLYING STEP OF THE MAORIES, OR NEW ZEALAND INDIANS.—SEE PAGE 485.



SOLD.—"FORGETFUL OF EVERYTHING SAVE THAT A LIFE WAS IN PERIL, THE CAPTAIN FAIRLY YELLED, 'GO ROUND THE MAST, KATE! TO THE LEFT, QUICKLY, OR YOU WILL BE KNOCKED OVERBOARD.'"—SEE PAGE 486.

Miss Osborne bent over her fan, and the delicate ivory sticks snapped asunder in the hand which had clutched it, with a nervous effort to subdue the laugh which would make itself heard at last.

"There, I have broken it," she said, with a burst of merriment. "I am generally successful in the destructive line;" but Mr. Edsall wondered within himself what there could be so marvelously funny in the incident, for the lady laughed till the tears stood in her eyes.

He took the fan which she laid down, and busied himself in patching it together, while the by-standers, who had, by a prodigious effort, controlled their countenances during the conversation, dispersed in various directions, smothering the laugh which they could not help.

For once Orlando Edsall had gone too far. Presuming on the fact that Miss Osborne had never traveled as far as the other side of the ocean, and anxious to prolong conversation with her, he had drawn subjects from his personal experience, believing himself on safe ground; little knowing how often his fellow-travelers had amused themselves with the ignorance he could not always wholly conceal, and the blunders they enjoyed too well to correct.

Mrs. Gordon was thoroughly distressed. For the first time she saw him off his guard, and was amazed at the ignorance which she saw displayed, the existence of which was a revelation.

With a very red face, which betrayed her mortification, she passed close to Miss Osborne, with the remark: "How could you, Kate? I never felt worse in my life."

Kate must be excused if she did not manifest much sympathy, or show a proper regard for Mrs. Gordon's wounded feelings.

"How could I what? I have done nothing except to listen with due attention. Anything less would be scarcely civil."

"I would not have believed it of you," was all Mrs. Gordon could reply.

Preparations were made to go out upon the river, and the ladies went to their rooms for shawls and hats. Miss Osborne assisted them to dress, and she, with Mrs. Gordon, remained behind while the others went down-stairs. All the guests were on their way to the river, except Captain Chace, who waited to accompany Mrs. Gordon, and Mr. Edsall, who was convinced that Miss Osborne had so enjoyed the conversation, which he had endeavored to make instructive as well as entertaining, that his escort to the boat would be gladly accepted.

She took the proffered arm, and a few moments more found them out on the glorious Hudson, in as stanch and trim a yacht as ever floated upon the river.

Mr. Edsall had managed so adroitly, that Kate found herself in a corner so situated that she could not conveniently converse with any of the party save her companion. Mrs. Gordon was fast recovering her usual good spirits, and was

evidently very much pleased that Edsall had so skilfully manœuvred.

"He may not be quite as learned as a great many," she reflected; "but he is really a very estimable young man, and has a fine property. I don't believe Kate could do better."

"You are fond of boating, Miss Osborne?" remarked Orlando, after an awkward pause.

"Very," was the quiet reply.

"So am I. You like to fish, I suppose?"

"It is a sport I am very fond of."

"So am I, too. It is astonishing how our tastes agree, Miss Osborne."

This was undoubtedly the time for a little sentiment, and Orlando commenced:

"I say it is astonishing, Miss Osborne, because there are so few people in this world who have tastes in common—that is to say, who think alike about anything; who agree—you know, miss, what I mean, of course?"

"Oh, yes; I think I follow you!" And the young lady turned her attention to the water.

"Mrs. Gordon told me a good deal about you, Miss Osborne," continued this piece of pertinacity, "and I felt pretty well acquainted before we met. You and I never can be strangers. I am so rejoiced that we have become acquainted."

"Do look at that glorious sunset, Mr. Edsall!" interrupted Kate, disgusted with her situation. "I think I will stand up there," pointing to the deck, "and get a better view."

Mr. Edsall gallantly assisted her. Captain Chace, who had charge of the boat, was at this moment quite absorbed in the beauties of the declining sun, and had not noticed Kate's change of position. He was just on the point of putting down the helm, and coming about on another tack, when he espied the young lady, leaning against the mast, quite oblivious to the change of tactics, and consequent danger. The heavy boom was on its way. Forgetful of everything save that a life was in peril, the captain fairly yelled:

"Go round the mast, Kate! To the left, quickly, or you will be knocked overboard."

Kate did as she was told, and the next moment was the centre of a group of open-eyed, open-mouthed wonderers. The cat was out of the bag now in earnest, and the beauty of it was, the captain seemed not a bit abashed or embarrassed.

"You will take a seat by my side now," he continued, "and not go on deck again till I give you permission. You came very near a ducking, my dear!"

Mr. Edsall and Mrs. Gordon saw the point at once, and realized the full extent of the deception practiced upon them. Mrs. Gordon never quite forgave Kate for what she considered her deceit; and as for Mr. Orlando Edsall, he suddenly disappeared from the neighborhood.

A STITCH IN TIME.

THE subject of the present work needs no comment. The illustration of the jingling old proverb which supplies the title, will commend itself as very appropriate from a lady's pencil. It will surely please every male, as well as female reader, whose heart is in the right place; but we suppose only the latter will fully appreciate how naturally the mother's interest and the child's docility are expressed.

DIGNITY is expensive, and without other good qualities is not particularly profitable.

HUSBAND, WIFE, AND LOVER.

BY ADA VROOMAN LESLIE.

Husband.

THERE was a man once—so the story goes—
Who married late, quite near a long life's close;
Who took a wife, and found,
Not that the world was round,
But she was false: what else could he suppose?

What else, since she was young, and he so near
His dark, last hour, and old man's narrow bier;
What else, since she was fair;
Does beauty ever spare,
The faith that clings, the heart that holds it dear?

She died; and he too, being but a fool,
Who chose a coward for his vengeance' tool;
And when he crushed his wife,
Needs must, too, lose his life;
I have learned wisdom in a subtler school.

Ay, that I have; and now my time has come,
And I've not raised a finger; blind and dumb
Have stood, and shall, to see
The wife who so hates me,
Scorned in her turn—rejected, though she's won.

I know it all: how long pursuit has grown
A weary thing—and that she loves alone;
Yes, since he saw, one night,
A certain girl's face, bright
With sweetest youth, he longed to call his own.

They'll have their chance now—since it is too late,
And so shall learn how a wronged man can hate.
Wise vengeance, is it not—
That leaves no speck or spot
On my clean skirts, and nothing is but—fate.

Wife and Lover.

Come back, come in! The August night is chill,
And prying eyes may cause us deadly ill;
Here, in this little room,
Is silence and soft gloom—
Here we may hide securely, if we will.

Alone at last. If but my lord could see
His friend, his wife, glad, sinful thee and me,
Despite his jealous fears,
His watch for days and years,
Alone at last, how think you would it be?

Kiss, clasp me close; kiss cheek and hair and eyes;
Kiss this, my mouth, so troubled now with sighs;
Kiss me and find me sweet,
From down drop't head to feet—
Sweet as that fair, frail Eve who walked in Paradise.

Love, do you hate me? Love, what have I said?
"Temptress like her." Ah, God, that I were dead!
Yea, God, for Thou dost know
I looked for heaven—and, lo!
Hell yawns instead.

Friend, do not leave. Take my hand once more;
Hold me and kiss me as you kissed before—
'Tis the last time, my friend,
Good-by! . . . How all 'paths wend
The way Thou pointest, God! now, as of yore.

MARRIED IN THE DARK.

THE Mary E. Knox case has been discussed by the *Herald* and other journals as one of the most curious cases on record, and yet the dust-covered legal records of Michigan tell of a case even more singular. Miss Knox was engaged to a young man named Merritt, the day was set for the nuptials, and they drove away together and were married. and now Merritt vows he was not the bridegroom. She

vows that he was, but she cannot prove it, and both make out a pretty good case. One may well argue that he ought to know whether he ever married a certain young lady or not, and the said young lady may well argue that she ought to know the man who rode to the clergyman's with her, stood up beside her, made his responses in due form, and drove her back home. These arguments are what mystify the Knox case. Now for one still more singular.

About twenty years ago there lived in Central Michigan a curious old Benedick named Dodsworth. At the age of fifty he married a girl of twenty, and when the burden of sixty years bore him down his wife was only half his age. Dodsworth was noted for his peculiarities, but the climax came when he found himself on his dying bed. He was worth about $30,000, and he hadn't a blood relative living, so far as he knew. He wanted to leave his property to his wife, as the pair had lived very happily, but yet he could not leave it without displaying some of his peculiarities in the provisions of the will. Some old men display a mean spirit when making their wills, and draft in a provision cutting the wife off with a shilling if she marries again. The old man wasn't of that stamp. His young wife was good-looking, vivacious, fond of society, and it was folly to suppose she would mourn for her "late departed" any great length of time. Therefore, Mr. Dodsworth turned heel on the usual custom, and said in his will:

"In case my wife Celia does not take unto herself another husband within thirteen months from the date of my burial, all bequests otherwise made in this will are to go to the State of Michigan, to be used for building and furnishing a home for old women."

Whether Celia was pleased or displeased at this provision deponent saith not, but the old man had not been under the sod more than six months when the widow was said to be looking out for another man. If it was singular for the dying Dodsworth to urge his wife to marry again, it was still more singular that he should desire the ceremony to be performed under the following circumstances, viz.:

"And it is made incumbent on said Celia Dodsworth that in taking a new husband the marriage ceremony shall be performed in the big barn on my farm, on the H—— Road. It shall take place at ten o'clock in the evening, on the main floor, without lights of any description, with all doors shut, and a free invitation shall be extended to all. The clergyman shall stand in the stables and the bride and groom on the main floor, and the principal parties to the ceremony shall be dressed in black throughout."

The widow announced her intention to faithfully obey in spirit and letter, the will was probated, and the twelfth month had scarcely passed before she issued an invitation for the public to attend a wedding at the big barn. Just who the groom was to be no one could positively assert, as the widow had been keeping company with a widower, a bachelor, and two young men, and, so far as any outsider could judge, she loved one as well as the other.

Being good-looking and talented, and having a fortune behind her, it was not strange that she should have a number of suitors. She seemed to enter into the spirit of the affair with great zest, as also did the minister; and to further mystify the people in attendance, the bride entered the barn alone at one door, the groom alone at another, and no one knew that the minister had arrived until his voice was heard in the stables.

There were at least two hundred people present, and each one understood that even the striking of a match would break the will. Many jokes were passed and considerable confusion existed, but at length the minister announced that all was ready. The ceremony was gone through with, and at its conclusion, the affair having been a "profound success," a rush was made for the bride, she was kissed by a hundred men, and then carried home, a distance of a mile and a half, in a big arm-chair.

Now comes the mystery. When the lady was set down at her own door, the widower, the bachelor, and the two young men each claimed to be her true and lawful husband. None of the crowd could say who was the lucky man, the minister was at sea, and the bride herself seemed to have doubts. The widower was the man of her choice, but in the confusion he could have been hustled aside, and he did affirm that an attempt was made to choke him and get him out of the barn. The bachelor vowed that she had promised to marry him, as also did both young men, and each one was sure that he held the widow's plump hand and was legally married to her. The four men had a fight, but that didn't mend matters. The crowd ducked two of them in a creek, but that didn't decide the question.

Just how it would have terminated, had not the widower been a man of nerve, no one can tell, as the other three had already appealed to the law, when the widower stepped in and took his place as husband and settled with the others for $2,000 each.

One of the young men, now over forty years old, and having all the wife he wants (she weighs 230 pounds), is living in Jackson, and he solemnly and earnestly avers that he was legally married to the Widow Dodsworth that night in the big barn. Another of the parties lives in Clinton County, and he has time and again asserted that he is the woman's true and lawful husband, so help his God. The bachelor is dead, but were he alive and kicking he would renew his oft-repeated protestations:

"I married her, by gum! and, by gum, I ought to have her!"

A LEGEND OF OLD NEW YORK.

On the old Boston Road, just out of the City of New York, there was, in ancient times, a tavern called "The Pleasant Retreat," of which tavern one Mynert Van Dunck was the landlord. Here the post-riders stopped to rest and water their horses, also to refresh themselves with the old apple-jack, schnapps, or brandy-wine of mine host, while the smiles of fair Mina Van Dunck, his daughter and heiress, were bestowed upon her many admirers, as she waited on her father's customers.

Mynert Van Dunck was a gallant widower, and would have wooed the buxom Widow Martine, who lived in the Bowery Lane, and furnished all the good wives and maidens far and near with the very latest fashions for bonnets, hats, headgear, and all the multitudinous flowers and furbelows suggested by female vanity.

In short, the Widow Martine was a milliner, and, like all milliners—whose very occupation was a vain, frivolous one—she had other and gayer lovers who pleased her fancy better than honest Mynert Van Dunck. So she gave a short answer to his love-making, while her smiles were chiefly bestowed on Stephen Emory, a tall young clerk from Connecticut, who wore his hair in long side-locks, and was one of the chief singers in the old Dutch church on William Street.

Stephen was several years younger than the Widow Martine; but true love laughs at trifles, and she laughed at the trifling difference of eight or ten years in their ages.

When Mynert Van Dunck found who had supplanted him in the fair widow's affection, he swore a great oath, only heard among landlords—"By the bung of the barrel!"—he would be even with her for slighting his claims, and preferring a "Yankee yard-stick."

Mina, his daughter, was no less angry when she heard that the Widow Martine was likely to become Mrs. Emory; for she, Mina, stood next to Stephen in the choir, and often sung from the same book.

She had given him divers little presents of flowers, roses, and pinks, to say nothing of bunches of caraway brought all the way from home at his request, and now to be cheated out of her beau by an elder woman, and a widow, too, was not to be submitted to with patience. She would show Stephen Emory the difference between some persons and some persons.

So, on the next Sunday, she rode to church with Isaac Spriggs, a Connecticut peddler, who dealt in pewter and other wares suited to the wants of the Dutch and Yankee housewives, which he exchanged with them for yarn stockings and mittens, paper-rags, old pewter and brass, and all the odds and ends of a farmhouse.

From his frequent journeys Isaac had become well-known along the country from Bridgeport to Harlem, and more than one farmer's daughter put on a Sunday ribbon, or took an extra glance in her looking-glass, about the time Isaac was expected along, to see if she was "all right," whatever that might mean.

Now, when Mina Van Dunck, instead of taking her seat

"A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE." BY MISS KATE SWIFT.— SEE PAGE 490.

in the gallery as usual, walked up the middle aisle with her beau, and took a seat in her uncle Anthony Tinker's pew, Stephen Emory felt a sharp twinge of jealousy, and, notwithstanding the Widow Martine, in a new bonnet trimmed with the brightest of green ribbons, and a new pair of plum-colored gloves, sat in full view, and cast great languishing eyes first at him, and then at the dominie, he felt as if that coxcomb peddler, Isaac Spriggs, had no business to be riding to church, or sitting beside so pretty a girl as Mina Van Dunck. It was a direct trespass on his rights and privileges, and the more he thought of it, the more he felt like punching the head of Isaac Spriggs.

When the service was over, the Widow Martine expected he would walk home with her, for she had given him a smile as she rose to go out, and had he not acted on that hint before? But this time he did not see or did not heed the smile. He only saw the plump form of Mina Van Dunck walking down the aisle with Isaac Spriggs by her side. She was smiling on Spriggs, but she had not even a look for him, and the thought was torment.

Throwing down his tune-book with a bang, he marched down-stairs in time to see Mina assisted into her saddle by the hateful Spriggs, and ride up the street in his company.

A LEGEND OF OLD NEW YORK.—"JUST OUTSIDE THE GATE SHE FOUND STEPHEN EMORY, WITH A SADDLE ON HIS BACK, HALF DEAD FROM HIS FEARFUL RACE."—SEE PAGE 491.

Stephen Emory had no appetite for his favorite Sunday dish of pork and beans that day.

After dinner, he borrowed a horse from a farmer in the outskirts of the city, and rode out to "The Pleasant Retreat," to enjoy, if possible, a Sunday night's courtship with the fair Mina.

The horse he rode had been called the Colt by his master, although he was now long past his coltish days. Having had his heels snapped by some ill-natured dog when a colt, he had retained a vivid remembrance of that indignity, and whenever dog or puppy appeared, he showed his dislike by kicks, snorts, and similar manifestations.

Stephen Emory, having passed out of the thickly-settled part of the Boston Road, was crossing the hills and hollows beyond, and had come to the cabin of old Lochy Keteltas, who owned a few rocky acres, and lived alone on them, when a rascally cur ran out with a yelp, and, in a moment, the heels of the Colt were high in the air, while Stephen Emory was on the ground.

But that was not all. In his sudden tumble, he fell full into the midst of Lochy's flock of goslings, and the instant death of two of those unlucky fowls was the result, to say nothing of the terrible fright given the remainder.

Lochy Keteltas had a sharp tongue in her head, as all those unfortunates knew who fell under her displeasure. When she saw the untimely death of two members of her flock—one of which was Little Pete, whose shell she had cracked herself, and thereby hastened his advent into active life by an hour or more—when she saw her loss, she poured out the vials of her wrath upon the good-for-nothin "tapestick," and her English failing to fully express her feelings, she gave vent to a round of Dutch oaths that might have been used by old Hendrick Hudson and his godless crew of the Half-Moon.

She demanded two shillings damages to be paid then and there. After much expostulation and argument, she finally consented to accept sixpence, which was to be paid by the reluctant Stephen in two installments, threepence in hand, and threepence on a future day.

Having brushed off the dust, and repaired the damage to his nether garments by the aid of Lochy's needle, he rode on in safety to "The Pleasant Retreat."

But it was one of those unlucky days when everything goes wrong. Old Mynert Van Dunck had drank more apple-jack than was good for the temper of a better-natured man, and when Stephen dismounted at the door, Mynert gave a true Dutch snort of displeasure, and sent Mina to receive him.

Mina had her own designs to carry out, and busied herself chiefly flirting with Isaac Spriggs. So Stephen was left to take care of himself.

After night, when he was invited into the little parlor, where Mina entertained her beaus Sunday nights, he saw that odious Spriggs given the precedence; and, finally, when he did go into the parlor, he found Spriggs eating crullers and sweet cakes, so dear to every Yankee stomach. But no crullers for Stephen — Spriggs devoured them all in the twinkling of an eye.

Mina was far too cold and distant. She permitted little demonstrations of affection from Spriggs, which she utterly denied to him. So, when the old Dutch clock struck nine, Stephen started for home in an ill-humor, remembering with dismay the gauntlet of cur-dogs he must pass on his way home.

The night was dark, and he could with difficulty keep the road. When a dog barked in front, his horse would wheel as if on a pivot, and, after a vigorous kick at an imaginary cur, would run back at full speed until checked by his rider. When a bark was heard in the rear, the same scene would be enacted, only the colt would jump forward as if shot out of a gun. Such were Stephen Emory's troubles till he came down to the pasture of Jacob Kittle, where he was to leave the horse. This pasture was alongside a graveyard on the east side of the Bowery, where the Houston Street of to-day runs.

Graveyards are not pleasant places of resort after night, as everybody knows.

Stephen took off the saddle and bridle, and after turning the horse into the pasture, fastened the saddle on his own back, and walked on past the graveyard. When he was nearly past it, a great white spirit rose up, and he heard a fearful clanking of chains in the burial-ground.

This could only be in truth and verity Old Nick himself. Stephen, giving a faint cry of terror, dashed down the Bowery, with the speed of the wind, receiving a knock or a blow at every step, while the saddle seemed to grow intolerably heavy, and it appeared to him some imp was actually riding on his back. As his speed increased, the blows increased, and presently, overcome with terror and pain, he sank with a groan at the gate of Hans Van Pelt.

Frau Van Pelt had been awakened a little before by the cries of her son Tony, who had eaten too many green apples, and had a colic in consequence.

After administering a wholesome spanking to the child, which had its proper soothing effect, she was ready for sleep again, when a clatter and a groan outside caused her to jump out of bed. Having armed herself with a stout broomstick, and felt over the door to see if the horseshoe was still in its place, she sallied out.

Just outside the gate she found Stephen Emory, with a saddle on his back, half dead from his fearful race, and the hard blows of his rider. Dame Van Pelt brought him in, and gave him a drink of brandy, wine, schnapps, and buttermilk, which mixture makes the drinker brave as a lion, while the very smell of it terrifies all the evil spirits in the neighborhood.

When he was fully recovered, and had told of the awful sights and sounds in the graveyard, Stephen borrowed the broomstick of Dame Van Pelt, and marched on down to his lodging-place, without further sign of ghost or goblin.

Great was the commotion among the old Dutch wives when the story of Stephen Emory's mishaps was told by Dame Van Pelt; and so great was the demand for old horseshoes, that Tony Winckler, the blacksmith, actually paid the little boys twopence for very old, rusty ones, which he sold again for fourpence to the old women, making a clear profit of one per cent., as all the neighbors remarked.

When Mina Van Dunck heard of the mishaps of her lover, she was fearful lest she had overacted her part. So the next Sunday she appeared at church without beau or lover, and took her seat in the gallery beside Stephen.

She gave him a bunch of flowers for his button-hole, and conducted herself with all gentleness and propriety. Stephen, taking fresh courage, borrowed another horse, and escorted her home, where he was graciously received by old Mynert; and, to make a long story short, that very night he proposed to Mina Van Dunck, who, being a sensible girl, and knowing her own mind, accepted him without further ado, and in due time became Mrs. Stephen Emory.

There were numbers of incredulous people who never believed the story of Stephen Emory's ghost in the graveyard, or the goblin-rider in the Bowery. Even Tony Winckler, the blacksmith, when he had been drinking too much, would say that the ghost, with the clanking chains, was only his old white horse, with his hobbles on, which he had turned into the graveyard to get a fresh bite of grass; while the blows of the goblin-rider were only the knocks of the stirrups on the back and legs of the frightened clerk.

But all the serious part of the community knew better. The old graveyard was long ago declared no longer a burying-ground; the tombstones and bodies were removed; but there it remains, vacant to this very day; while not a Sunday night passes that some belated Dutchman, full of his favorite beer, does not see and hear strange sights and sounds when he passes the old graveyard.

BAMBOO BAKSHEESH.

The argument of the stick is one of the oldest, if not the very oldest, on record. Solomon enforces the necessity of the rod; Romulus instituted the corps of "Lictors," from whom, doubtless, the expressive term, "a good licking," may be regarded as derived; and few gray-haired men now live but can remember the "Mystery of *Cane*," who have even failed to read Byron.

The scene depicted on page 496 is another illustration of this ancient argument, and one that has its painful aspect to a reflective mind. The white man seated at the table is the representative of the strength which high civilization confers; the black men, in attitudes of abject supplication, are the representatives of the weakness which absence of that civilization entails.

The Englishman who is governor of the convict prison at Dum-Dum, in Bengal, is a unit in the half-million, or thereabout, which includes the whole of the dominant race actually in India; the Hindoos are units in the two hundred millions that that half-million holds in subjection.

The causes that have been in operation to enable a handful of men to conquer, overrun, and hold a continent densely populated, and of which the population is radically antithetical to the conquerors, are too complicated to be even glanced at in a short sketch. East and west, it is the self-same race that has accomplished the self-same task, throwing its sinewy arms around the everlasting hills, and drawing the Rocky Mountains and the Himalayas into one common domination of color, language, and tradition.

The red-skins' footprints are trampled out under the never-ceasing, onward tramp of the white-skins' progress in this marvelous continent of ours; but the tawny-skinned Hindoo

is too numerically strong, and too little in direct contact with the white element, to be crowded out by the latter. The problem of futurity is a vast and intricate one in Hindostan; and a short description of the English method of obtaining discipline in its Indian prisons will not at all inaptly illustrate the system by which a power that is skillful enough to keep its strength an unknown quantity in the eyes of a numerically superior power can, by mere prestige, make one man do the work of a hundred.

In the jail at Dum-Dum there are not unfrequently incarcerated from five to seven hundred convicts. The prison is designed exclusively for native offenders. The criminals comprise all that there is of superlatively evil in an Asiatic population—and how fearfully evil that is, an acquaintance with European and American criminal statistics goes but a short way to teach.

Now, to control these five to seven hundred desperadoes, the entire white staff of prison officials comprises one governor, one deputy-governor (both military officers), three chief-warders, three first-class and three second-class turnkeys—eleven in all. Yet, since the first occupation of the establishment as a convict depôt, there has not been a single instance of general insubordination within the walls. Allowing for the effect of a knowledge on the part of the convicts that the military barracks, situated about two miles from the jail, would not improbably afford support to the authorities in the event of need, this is sufficiently remarkable when the Draconic strictness of the disciplinary system of the prison is taken into account, and the very important fact is borne in mind that, for many years after the establishment was opened, the only troops available for call were the native regiments of the East India Company.

A description of the mode of life enforced amongst the prisoners will enable the reader to form an opinion of the tendency it must have to stimulate a lawless community to revolt.

If there be one thing to which a Hindoo clings with unconquerable tenacity, it is his distinctive religious caste, and this caste is lost irretrievably by association with individuals of a lower or tainted caste. Yet, considerations of caste are eliminated altogether from the treatment of criminals in the Dum-Dum prison. A Brahmin and a Pariah, which is the same as saying a rabbi and a leper, live, work, eat, and sleep in company. To touch certain substances is a contamination from which purification is impossible in the estimation of various castes; yet, manipulation of these substances is enforced as a portion of the daily labor, without reference to individuality. Diet is equally a matter into which caste enters strongly, yet the aliments provided at Dum-Dum are uniform for all, and abstinence on the part of the convicts is an offense severely visited, since it was found to be a favorite mode of suicide amongst them.

Now, if it be remembered that loss of caste involves, according to Hindoo belief, the loss of eternal salvation, it is not difficult to compute the desperate hostility which such a system cannot fail to engender; yet, for more than a quarter of a century it has been in operation, without inducing one attempt at rebellion on the part of those subjected to it.

Let the reader imagine himself standing, at six o'clock in the morning (everything is dispatched matutinally in India, to avoid the heat of the day), in the rush-thatched pavilion depicted in the sketch. It is the governor's out-door office, in which he daily attends, from six o'clock to as late an hour as may be necessary, to receive complaints, whether from or against prisoners; to award punishments and apportion rewards, for the system embraces encouragement for good behavior as well as repression of bad. The one other white official, in the pith-helmet, is the chief warder; the native at his left hand an overseer. There are forty of these overseers on the prison staff.

The most usual class of offenses of which the governor has to take cognizance, is default in the quantity of work performed, malingering or feigning illness, and attempts at evasion.

The following will exemplify the ordinary course of procedure: The governor, opening the report-book, finds there inscribed the names of such offenders as have been guilty of a breach of rules in the interval of time elapsing since the previous morning, or, at furthest, where a Sunday intervenes, the previous Saturday, together with the offense charged, and the number of times that particular offense has been committed by the man in question.

Taking the names *seriatim*, he pronounces the first on the list, thus:

"Mistaph Dahaboy! No. 1774, — pounds short."

Immediately a suppressed chorus of wailing arises from a long line of prisoners, clothed in a short cotton *jubla*, or shirt, and *pyjamahs*, or drawers.

"Let the Great Sahib, in his magnanimity, have mercy upon us. Peace and happiness shall be his portion for ever, and he shall be the father of——"

"Chaparao!" (silence) roars the chief warder.

"Seventy sons and an innumer——"

"Chaparao!" in a yet more tremendous tone.

"Able number of daughters" (in a very subdued treble), wound up the chorus.

"Mistaph Dahaboy, salaam to the Governor-Sahib."

A miserably degraded specimen of humanity creeps from the line, with palms pressed each to each, shrinking together in the very debasement of terror, with tears coursing down his cheeks, and his whole body bathed in perspiration.

The Governor: "You were a pound short in your task yesterday at lock-up. Why?"

Mistaph: "Glory of the world, I kiss the dust where thy shadow falleth."

Governor: "Why were you a pound short? This is the third time you have been before me for the same offense."

Mistaph: "Wisdom of the universe, I——"

Governor (with a wave of the pen): "Two dozen blows."

Mistaph: "Aie! Ah! Ya, Sahib! Ya! Ah! Aie!"

Two of the attendant overseers pounce upon poor Mistaph and lead him to one side, and the governor calls the next name.

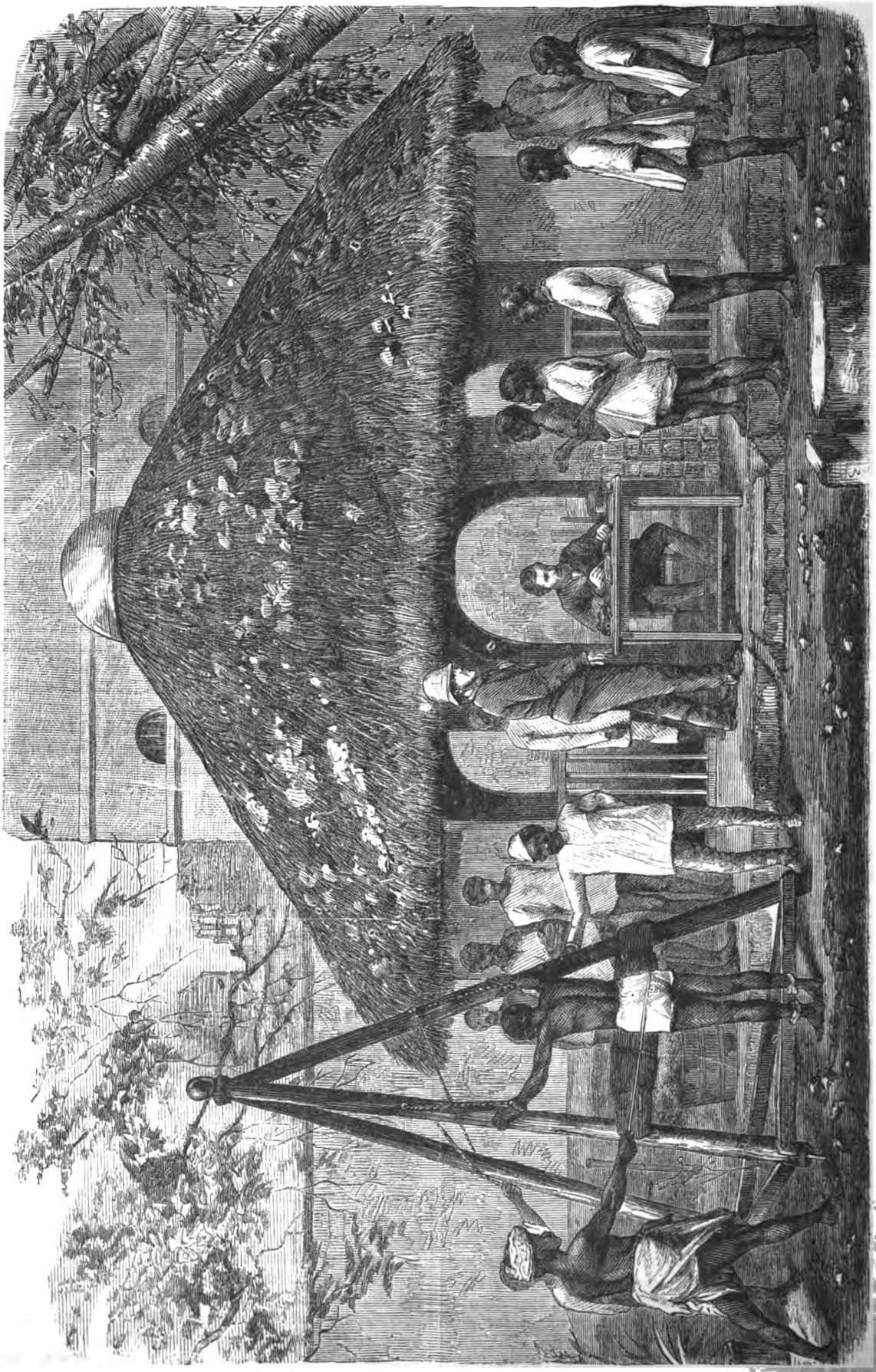
While the ensuing cases are in process of adjudication, the condemned, after being stripped of his "jubla," is very reluctantly dragged to the triangles, of which a representation appears to the left of the engraving.

His ankles being securely fixed in two beckets, provided for the purpose, to the transverse beam at the bottom, his hands are manacled in the running loops of two cords, passed respectively through holes in two of the triangles' legs, and drawn sufficiently high to frustrate any attempt on his part to avoid reception of the strokes.

From the moment he felt expostulation hopeless, Mistaph has maintained a sullen silence, rolling his yellow-suffused eyeballs from face to face of the assembled group.

One of the overseers speaks a word or two, and the executioner—a brawny Punjabee peon, scantily clothed in a muslin cummerbund and turban—steps forward, bearing in his hand a slender, well-steamed Indian bamboo, whipped at the extremities with waxed twine to prevent it from splitting. Laying this implement of torture across the part destined to make its acquaintance, the executioner carefully measures his distance, which he marks by drawing a line with his toe at the spot on which he intends placing his right foot; then, lowering the bamboo, stands motionless.

The overseer at the triangles now reports to the chief



BAMBOO BASHEESH—PUNISHMENT OF THE PRISONERS IN EASTERN BENGAL.—SEE PAGE 494.

warder, who nods his head; and, as soon as the case before the governor is disposed of, reports in turn to his superior that all is ready for carrying out the sentence on Mistaph Dahaboy.

The governor then leans back in his chair, eying the triangles.

"Make ready!" he cries to the executioner, who advances the toes of his right foot to the line, stoops down, and rubs the palm of his hand in the dust, to prevent the bamboo from slipping in his grasp, raises the flint-hard little weapon until its point is just behind his own head, and then looks at the governor, awaiting the signal.

Governor: "One!"

Down goes the bamboo with a wicked "swish!" If the reader observes the engraving, he will see *where*.

Mistaph: "Ah, yah!"

Governor: "Two!"

Mistaph: "Ah, yah—yah!"

Governor: "Three!"

Mistaph: "Ah, yah, yah, yah! quicker, quicker; it burns me like fire. It's a stick of Shitan. You are a son of Shitan. You are all sons of Shitan!"

Governor: "Four!"

Mistaph: "Ah, yah, yah, yah, ya—h! Your mothers are mules and camels. May their backs be pounded with sticks for a thousand, thousand millions of centuries!"

THE FATAL VOW.—"THE DEVOTED MOTHER TORE THE DRAPERY FROM HER SNOW-WHITE BREAST, AND KNEELING BEFORE THE SACRIFICER, MOTIONED THAT SHE SHOULD BE THE FIRST VICTIM."

Well, the picture is not a pleasant one. "Japhet shall dwell in the tents of Shem," was part of the earliest of post-diluvial prophecies; but Shem did not bargain that he should bring his bamboo walking-stick with him to enlighten him upon Japhetic appreciation of "Bamboo Baksheesh."

As a cross word begets a word that is cross, so will a kind one beget its own likeness. If people only knew the power they possess in being kind, how much good would they achieve for themselves, how much misery prevent for others!

THE FATAL VOW.

A Tale of the North.

Magnificent was that race of men, those war-sons of the grand old Northland, descendants of the Vikings and Berserkirs, claiming that the blood of the gods flowed fierce in their fiery veins. Yet superficial, popular histories, in their accounts of this age, include them in general terms under the common designation of "The Danes."

They replunged the nations over which they swept into semi-barbarism, reproducing in time the noblest elements of civilization.

It has been said of them by a distinguished author that they held characteristics in common with the Swede and Norwegian, while only differing in some minor points. There was "the same passion for freedom, individual and civil, the same splendid errors on the point of honor, and the thirst for fame," while they were, at the same time, wonderfully pliant and malleable in their admixture with the people they overran; unlike the stubborn Celt, who refuses to mingle, and disdains to improve.

There happened once, in these grand old heathen times, a great war between the Danes and the Saxons, and the Danish Jarl, Walnoth, son of Biorn, who had earnestly counseled it, now, in the time of imminent conflict, stood armed at the head of his people.

In height he was not greatly above many of his followers, yet there was something so splendid in his royal port, his air, and the nobility of his proportions, the breadth of his breast, that seemed meet to stay the march of an army, the strong arm, curved to support the tremendous spear, on which the vast muscles rose round and gnarled, while his throat was firm and full as a column of granite. In the prime of life, time had only set a trace on his forehead, in

the deep lines that crossed its broad expanse, knit into a frown over his eyebrows, that spoke of hasty ire, and the habit of stern command.

Walnoth's face was square, his look lion-like, out of eyes that had the bright gleam of an eagle's, while the mouth, small and beautiful in outline, had an expression almost sinister in its exceeding firmness, and the jaw, vast and solid, as if bound in iron, showed a ruthless, obstinate, determined will—such a jaw as belongs to a tiger among beasts, a conqueror among men. His presence excited alike both awe and admiration.

The conflict commenced, and soon it waxed hard and hot as the passions of the combatants became fiercely excited in the almost hand-to-hand encounter.

Arrows and javelins flew in black clouds, trenchant blades met valiantly on both sides in the tense, strong hands of these giant warriors, for there were men of sinews of steel and muscles of iron in those hardy times.

But at every attack the Danes were repulsed, and had at length been driven so far back, that only by storming a steep height could they hope to save the army and country from their fierce foes, disperse the enemy, and change the ruinous, destructive flight into a decisive victory.

Walnoth conducted the charge in person, with eyes flashing, and teeth set; but in vain he forced his fiery charger before the squadron into the thickest of the fight; in vain was his shout in thundering tones, that rang over the field, above the sounds of carnage, those sacred words, "Freedom and Fatherland!" and vainly streamed his own warm blood, mingled with that of the foe, in a crimson tide over his resplendent armor.

The ponderous mass gave way, and the enemy, secure on the height, rejoiced in their victory.

But again Walnoth rushed on at the head of a few gallant warriors; again the faint-hearted forsook him and fell back, while again the enemy rejoiced.

"It is yet time!" shouted the Jarl. "Forward! and if we conquer, I vow to all the gods in Valhalla to set fire to the four corners of my castle, and it shall blaze forth in one bright funeral pile, in honor of our victory and our deliverance!"

Again they desperately renewed the attack, but again were the Danes repulsed, and the enemy sent forth shouts of victory.

Then the fierce Walnoth shouted again before the whole army, in words whose trumpet-tones rang out ominously:

"Oh, ye gods! Odin, Thor, and all your mighty company, let the Skuldah (fate) grant us victory in this charge, and I swear to devote myself to you as a solemn sacrifice!"

The wild warriors shuddered, but hastened to his summons once more; yet fortune was against them still—the boldest fell, the bravest fled, and the enemy held their own.

Then, in fierce despair, Walnoth rallied his scattered band, and as all that remained of the noble, gallant array gathered around him, he spoke to them with desperate menace:

"My castle and myself have I devoted to the gods for victory, and what more can I do?"

The warriors gazed fiercely at him, as they resolutely replied:

"Thou didst counsel this war, and thou hast been our ruin!"—and their clamor echoed in the crowd: "Yes, thou hast counseled war; thou hast been our ruin."

Then Walnoth looked defiantly into the fierce, fixed faces around him, and, wrenching off his breastplate, tore open his bosom, imploring the mighty god of thunder and fire to pierce it with his inexorable bolt, or give the victory to his army. But there came no bolt from heaven, and the squadron stood shrinking before the reckless warrior.

In overwhelming despair, Walnoth exclaimed once more:

"There remains only that which is dearest to me. Wife and child do I offer to thee, oh, thou god of armies, to give me the victory! My beautiful, beloved wife—my darling only child—with my own hand will I sacrifice to thee, great ruler in Asgard; but, I implore thee, give me the victory!"

Scarcely had the words been spoken, when clouds gathered over the combatants; and, in fearful thunderings that rolled ominously over the battle-field, Odin and Thor seemed to answer, while the Danes shouted wildly, "The gods are with us!" and, rushing forward with invincible courage, the height was carried by storm; and, with sudden shuddering, Walnoth saw the enemy flying from the field. His fatal vow had been heard and accepted.

The conqueror returned home in triumph, and in all parts of his delivered country came wives and children forth, with outstretched arms, gladly greeting their husbands and fathers.

But bitterly the noble Dane remembered what awaited him; and every smile of a devoted wife, every shout of a blooming child, pierced like a poisoned arrow to his anguished heart.

At last the conquering legion arrived before his massive old castle, and there, at the gate, Thyra, his beautiful wife, stood smiling, with her lovely daughter by the hand, while the happy, little creature bounded forward, crying eagerly, "Father, dear father!"

In a land proverbial for fair women, Thyra's beauty was marked as something marvelous, blending, as it did, the soft and the regal, the physical and spiritual, into perfect harmony. Her hair fell, like a cascade of gold, over her shoulders, half-concealing the beauty of her faultless form, which a dress of pale blue, trimmed with the white fur of the Arctic fox, fitly adorned. It was confined around the slender waist by a girdle of gold, clasped with precious stones. Her eyes, bright and soft as sapphires, were shaded by long, dark lashes, deepening their hue, at times, almost to blackness; but Walnoth could not meet their bright, loving gaze.

He looked round on his people, as if to strengthen himself, but only to meet sad faces, quivering lips, and eyelids drooping with bitter tears; for many of his warriors had heard his fearful vow.

There would be no wassail in the castle to-night, he said, sternly, dismissing them to their homes, feeling they were happy men—he most unhappy—in their renewed union with their beloved ones.

This duty done, he rode across the bridge into the castle courtyard, sprung from his horse, threw the reins to an attendant, ordered the others to their various posts, and closing the gates with a thundering clang, secured them carefully, and placed the massive key in the broad belt that held the battle-ax at his waist.

Then the warrior was forgotten in the husband's anguish; and, clasping his beloved wife and child to his throbbing heart, he shed over them a torrent of tears.

Thyra's beautiful eyes looked up with a wild, startled expression in his face as she clung more closely to him, earnestly asking:

"What troubles you, my noble lord and husband, in this happy hour of reunion? Why do you weep?"

And the little one, with frightened gaze and paling cheek, nestled to his side, whispering:

"Oh, father, why do you weep?"

The warrior's head bowed like a royal oak before a mighty storm, his beautiful, stern lips quivered, and even the iron jaws trembled as he replied:

"Oh, Thyra! beloved of my soul, wait yet a little while, for a burden, heavy as the stone on a grave, rests on my weary heart."

There was solemn silence for a time, and then Walnoth

raised his haughty head, and spoke with unbending firmness.

"We must first prepare an offering to the gods, and then I will relate everything. Come with me now to the hearth."

"Let me kindle the sacred fire," said Thyra, sweetly, "and I will quickly bring the implements for sacrifice;" while the little girl clapped her hands, and cried:

"Let me come, mother—let me help you!" and bounded away with her mother.

Those words of his guileless child rang like a knell in the father's ears as he heard her repeat, "Let me come—let me help, mother!" and he stood shivering by the flaming pile, his drawn sword in his trembling hand, and his wrung heart wept tears of blood as he lamented aloud over the beautiful, obedient wife, and the child, lovely flower of their wedded love.

But all too soon Thyra returned, bringing the pitcher, perfume-pan, and taper used in sacrifices, which she placed upon the hearth, and turned inquiringly on her husband her bright, soft eyes.

He could not answer their mute appeal, and it passed through his mind that his vow could not find place in man's heart would the Skulda (fate) be inexorable as the gods. And there came answer in fearful peals of thunder overhead. Again Thor had spoken.

"Look where the smoke and the fire contend," Walnoth muttered; "but the gods decree the sacrifice. Their thunder aided me in battle, and now it commands of the believer the performance of his vow."

Again the thunder rolled angrily in echoing peals that shook the massive roof, and Thyra trembled as the terrible truth burst upon her, and she said, shivering:

"Ah, Walnoth, hast thou made a vow? My husband, I see no victim. Must human blood—our blood—be given?"

Walnoth covered his face with his hands, and his giant frame shook with strong sobs, that echoed fearfully through the hall, while the terrified child clung to her mother, and wept bitterly at her father's strange grief.

Thyra knew well the meaning of such vows. In ancient times they were held sacred and inexorable.

She looked entreatingly to her husband, whispering:

"May I remove the child?"

But he shook his head sadly, muttering hoarsely, brokenly:

"Both—both—I *must!*"

Then Thyra, with a violent effort, forcing back her tears, said to the little one:

"Let me bind this kerchief on thine eyes, daughter. Thy father hast brought thee a present, and will then give it to thee."

But the child sighed deeply, whispering:

"My father looks not as if he would give me a present, mother."

And Thyra said hurriedly:

"Thou shalt see, thou shalt see, very soon, my daughter," and with trembling fingers, she fastened the bandage over the child's eyes, while hot tears were welling from her own, but she restrained them, and the little one did not know it.

Then the devoted mother tore the drapery from her snow-white breast, and kneeling before the sacrificer, motioned that she should be the first victim, but spoke not.

Walnoth lifted his sword, and chanted the Danish death dirge, in stifled tones:

"All free from the knot
Glides the thread of the skein;
All rest to the labor,
And peace to the pain."

But though he held the dreadful steel aloft, he struck not, and Thyra whispered softly, urgently, to the lingerer:

"Be quick—only quick, before the child is frightened."

Then for one fateful moment Walnoth whirled the glittering blade around his head. It was poised high in the air—in a second more it would descend, and do the death-work; but then there came a deafening peal of thunder, shaking the massive walls to their very foundations, rending the roof overhead, as the fierce lightning flashed dazzlingly through the building, wrapping it in a sea of liquid fire.

The sword fell harmless from Walnoth's hand; the sacrificer and his victims were struck, stunned and speechless, to the earth.

Had the Valkyes borne their spirits to Valhalla?

Not yet, for, when the soft evening breeze rushed through the broken casement, the little one revived, and raising her head, from which the bandage had fallen, she murmured sweetly:

"Mother, dear, what present has my father brought me!"

Her soft voice and tender touch were like magic, rousing both her parents from that death-seeming trance, whose fearful power had for a time paralyzed them.

Walnoth was forgiven for the fatal vow; his crime the mighty gods had condoned, and the victims were saved from the sacrifice.

All still lived, and nothing was destroyed but the Jarl's terrible sword, which had been melted and shivered by the avenging flash of heaven's fire.

"Once more the gods have spoken!" cried the pardoned father, rising from the floor where he had fallen; "but this time they have spoken in mercy, not in wrath."

And with a gush of unutterable gratitude and love, he clasped his rescued treasures to his beating heart, and the three delivered ones wept tears of joy in each other's arms.

The soft twilight radiance poured on the happy group through the shattered casement, bathing them in its exquisite effulgence, while the evening star looked brightly in, like the face of a forgiving angel.

And far away over the southern mountains roared the rushing tempest in its fierce fury, where, many years afterward, St. Dominick converted unbelievers to the true faith.

A JAGUAR ADVENTURE.

THE screw steamer *Explorer*, which ascended the Amazon in the Summer of 1853, was almost as broad as she was long. This proved quite an advantage, as, when we reached the upper waters of some of the tributaries, there were many sharp curves encountered, and more than once we should have found ourselves in a bad predicament had our boat been as long as they are generally made.

Our captain was a grizzly old Russian named Lupofski, who had made many a voyage to Spitzbergen and the frozen regions near it, and had been bronzed under the blazing sun of India until the sea-dog seemed so toughened that storm and wind and tempest had no effect upon him. The propeller had been fitted up precisely as he desired, and his wishes governed us in every respect. He allowed none of us to drink the water until it had first been boiled—a wise sanitary precaution, to which, in a great degree, our freedom from sickness was due.

We kept in the Amazon until we had crossed Brazil and were on the borders of Ecuador. Here we turned to the south, and started up the Javary River, which had its source among a chain, or, rather, spur of mountains in the eastern Part of Peru. We pressed steadily up the rapidly narrowing stream, through a wild country, where every mile

A JAGUAR ADVENTURE.—"THE NEXT SECOND, WITH A HEAVY THUD, THE JAGUAR LANDED IN THE BOAT."—SEE PAGE 499.

that we progressed was at the peril of knocking the bottom out of the propeller.

Although South America is pretty generally well known, yet there are some parts which are as little understood as the interior of Ethiopia. We saw any number of dusky-looking natives, who surveyed us with looks of wonder; for our little, puffing steamer, doubtless, was the first one upon which they had ever gazed. They seemed generally of a friendly disposition, although Captain Lupofski warned us against trusting them too far, and especially against putting ourselves in their power.

Finally we reached the end of our journey. The prow of the *Explorer* was run beneath the foam of a cascade thirty feet high, up which our captain deemed it scarcely worth while to attempt to force the boat. Here we made fast to the bank, and prepared to spend a number of days, until we had gained a knowledge of the surrounding country, and our party had satisfied themselves whether it would pay to organize a trading expedition.

In accordance with Captain Lupofski's invariable rule, a watch was stationed, with strict injunctions to allow no one to approach or board the vessel; but the night passed away without anything alarming occurring, and at the earliest break of day the parties formed for hunting and exploring the surrounding solitudes, or to engage in hunting, as their fancy might dictate.

Our company numbered six—myself and Clarence Gilmore, who were midshipmen in the navy, and who had obtained leave of absence to accompany this expedition, the uncle of Gilmore being an intimate friend of the then Secretary of the Navy, together with three sailors, whom we took along to do the rowing, and a native Brazilian, that we had picked up near the mouth of the Amazon, and who went by the sobriquet of *Quirk*.

Above the cascade was deep, clear water, the stream being rather narrow, but very favorable to navigation in a small vessel. We carried our vessel on our shoulders above the falls, and then launched it in the deep water. Quirk took his seat in the prow; the three seamen grasped the oars, while Gilmore and I seated ourselves in the stern, where we could control the rudder, and have the best prospect of the shores as we journeyed along the river.

I may state that we had no particular object in making this voyage except to gain some adventure that would do to relate when we returned; and we gained what we sought in a far shorter time than we anticipated.

As we glided along the stream, Gilmore seemed to think it a good opportunity to air the knowledge he had obtained of the southern portion of the Western hemisphere.

"Captain Lupofski seems to be quite timid," he remarked, "but I can't feel that there is any particular danger in these parts. The inhabitants are harmless, so far as we have seen, and so are the animals."

"There is the jaguar," I replied. "That is frequently dangerous."

"Not worth a pistol-shot," was the contemptuous reply

"He is of respectable size, but he has no courage. And there is the puma, or American lion, as he is called, when he might better be termed the American jackass."

"Are there no others?" I asked, willing to give him the occasion to display his knowledge.

"There are plenty that are interesting in the way of curiosity, and that I should like to see—the ocelot, tiger-cat, armadillo, ant-eater, sloth, alpaca, llama, and the vicuña, to say nothing of the monkeys, apes, centipedes, and scorpions."

"Don't stop," I laughed. "Go on, and tell us what more there is to be found in this part of the world."

"I couldn't begin to tell you all," was the dignified reply. "You have read of the vampire, which Waterman met here, and which will suck all the blood out of a man without waking him up. There are myriads of insects, such as the diamond beetle, the chegre; and then there seems to be no end to the variety of birds — eagles, falcons, vultures, condors, macaws, parrots, orioles, shrikes, umbrellas, couroucouis——"

"That will do—that will do," I interrupted. "Let us hear no more. I admit your knowledge of South America, but as we have come out for entertainment, we will drop the matter for the present."

Gilmore smilingly assented to my interruption, and for the next few minutes we enjoyed ourselves.

All the time that Gilmore and I were chatting in this familiar manner, the sailors were pulling steadily at the oars, and we were advancing at a smooth and rapid rate up the stream, through a sylvan region, such as neither of us had ever witnessed before.

The sky remained clear, while our elevated situation gave a pleasant coolness to the atmosphere which it is impossible to describe. Several times we caught sight of some of the natives, who looked wonderingly at us, and one party, consisting of men and women, who were fishing along the shore, scattered and fled in the greatest terror the moment we came in view.

Now and then the warning of Captain Lupofski came to my mind, and a twinge of conscience troubled me as I reflected that each moment I was placing a greater distance between him and us; but there was something so charming in thus penetrating into an unknown region, that I hesitated to give the order to turn back, until I felt certain that several miles had been passed in this manner.

"Isn't that a man yonder?" suddenly asked Gilmore, pointing some distance ahead, to where a dark object could be seen along the shore.

"It's the trunk of a tree that's been shivered by lightning," replied one of the sailors, glancing over his shoulder.

This seaman, who was the only one deserving a passing notice, was a Marblehead whaler named Gale, who was noted for his extraordinary skill in swimming. I have never seen his equal. Many a time had he plunged into the tropical sea, when it was swarming with sharks, and frolicked in the water, baffling these hyenas of the deep, for the mere fun of the thing.

I verily believe that he could swim longer than he could walk upon the solid ground.

Gale paused only a moment in rowing, and then resumed the exercise, with that even, steady, and indifferent stroke, which shows the experienced oarsman.

It was a small matter, this doubt, as to whether the object under inspection was a man or a stump. None of us would have been able to decide, without a nearer approach, had it not been settled for us, by resolving itself into a man, which was seen to spring forward a few steps, fire a bow, and then dash away with such speed that he almost instantly vanished. "Is he shooting at us?" laughed Gilmore.

"No, for I saw the arrow take altogether a different direction," I replied.

"He has fired at some game, and hasn't the courage to take the consequences."

"It may fall into our hands."

In the meantime, we were rapidly approaching the spot, and a few minutes later were opposite the very place where the timid hunter had stood when he sent his arrow upon its doubtful errand.

Here, by common consent, the seamen ceased row-

THE CORK-TREE.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

ing, and the boat almost came to a rest against the current.

"Shall we go ashore and see what it means?" said Gilmore, turning toward me.

"It isn't worth while, and we do not know the risk we are running! Captain Lupofski——"

At this juncture Quirk uttered a piercing shriek, and, springing to his feet, leaped overboard.

Turning my head at the same instant, I saw an immense jaguar coming at full speed toward us. Knowing the character of this animal, Gilmore and I sat coolly in the stern. Drawing my revolver, I pointed it at him, and pulled the trigger, but there was no report, and I recollected at the same instant that it was unloaded.

The next second, with a heavy thud, the jaguar landed in the boat, and each of us left it. We all struck out with a frenzied desperation, glancing back to see which of us was selected as his victim. That point was soon decided, for he headed straight toward me. I swam as I never swam before, but it gained rapidly, and in a few moments was directly upon me. The water was deep, and as the only thing that I could do, I dived to escape him. When I came to the surface I found Gale beside me.

"Never fear, cap, I'll attend to that creature," he said, as he placed himself between me and the infuriated brute.

The words had scarcely escaped him when he gripped the animal by the loose skin at the back of the neck, and both went under. It was only for an instant, when the head of the sailor appeared, and he exclaimed, with a grim smile:

"I've got him, sure!"

He remained stationary in the water for some ten minutes, as though he was standing on the hard bottom, during which we gathered around him, while Quirk seized and towed the boat toward us. As we clambered in, Gale followed us, and immediately after, the dead body of the jaguar floated to the surface.

We towed it back to the steamer with us, where it was skinned and stuffed, and presented to Captain Lupofski, as a souvenir of our journey up the Amazon.

THE CORK-TREE.

The cork tree (*Quercus suber*) is a species of oak growing abundantly in Spain, Portugal, and Italy. As there are undoubtedly many parts of our country where it could be raised, it is a wonder that a tree whose product is so extensively used has never been acclimated. The barking is commenced when the tree is fifteen years old, and may be repeated every eight or ten years afterward with no injury to the oak, which, in spite of this periodical flaying, lives to the age of a hundred and fifty years. In July and August, incisions are made around the tree, and down to the root; the pieces, which detach easily, are soaked in water, placed under heavy weights, dried before a fire, and stacked in bales for exportation.

The cork-cutters cut the sheets into narrow strips, and round them into shape with a thin, sharp knife.

DISEASES INCIDENT TO DUST-BREATHING.

At a meeting of the British Association, lately held at Sheffield, a paper was read on the diseases incidental to certain occupations, through irritant solids inhaled by artisans during their work.

The terrible life and early death of the Sheffield knife-grinder are pretty well-known, and that painters, and those who work with preparations of lead, etc., are subject to colic and paralysis, is far from a mystery. The extent to which irritation and ultimate serious damage to the lungs is spread among the manufacturing classes of large towns, however, has, probably, scarcely before received such consideration.

Gas-fitters, shell-cleaners, electrotypers, and other handicraftsmen who are engaged in the multiplicity of chemical works, we naturally conclude are more or less deleteriously affected by the fumes of the gases they inhale, and seeing the clouds with which some of them are ever more or less surrounded, we may, too, have thought that miners, cotton-spinners, millers, workers in hair, flax, and shoddy, potters, stone-cutters, and grinders of all kinds, most assuredly do not enjoy an utter immunity from evil effects, consequent on breathing the dust-laden air.

The lungs of those who have died of grinders' asthma have been found of a dark-gray color, sprinkled with small, black spots, varying in size from that of a split shot to that of a kidney-bean, and so solidified as to be cut with some difficulty. Beneath the surface are black bodies congregated into masses, one of which, near the bifurcation of the trachea, in a razor-grinder, found by Dr. Hall, was as large as an egg; whilst the lungs generally are often found infiltrated with indurated matter, tough, solid, and hard to be cut, and in color resembling gutta-percha.

Such conditions as these exist only in the lungs of old grinders, of whom there are very few, since they usually perish before sixty.

Potters are, it seems, great sufferers, not only from chronic and incurable bronchitis, caused by inhaling the mineral dust generated by their trade, but from lead used in glazing; one out of every twelve out-patients at the North Staffordshire Infirmary suffering, in one way or another, from lead-poisoning.

Granite masons are especially subject to phthisis, the report of Dr. Beveridge showing that whilst the general mortality from that disease had decreased at Aberdeen, phthisis had increased among the masons. This, however, he attributes to the employment of young and weakly town-bred lads, through the older hands having emigrated.

The same evils appear to attend the more youthful millstone makers, those who are apprenticed to the trade rarely living beyond thirty or forty. Dr. Peacock states that he has found the lungs of these people charged with silicious matter, and believes that if the stones were dressed when wet, inhalation of the gritty particles would be prevented.

Above all, however, by far the most deadly occupation treated of at this meeting, would appear to be that of the white-lead makers. These poor wretches are first attacked by colic, then by paralysis, and if death release them not young, they linger on, blighted and miserable.

Here, then, we have a long catalogue of ills which human flesh is heir to, through breathing air holding in suspension particles more or less injurious to life, and it will be worth while considering whether we are, or not, by our new wooden pavings, conducing to add to the list. It has been stated that eighty miles of wood paving have already been taken up and abolished in New York, although the precise cause of its rejection has not yet transpired. Now every one who has passed through wooden-paved London thoroughfares has assuredly noticed the creosote, the asphalte, the gravel, and the dust, and has, moreover, more or less pondered on the all but spongiform receptacle presented by the wooden battens and blocks for all the moisture and filth inherent to the site and traffic of that great city, and when after a while the comminuted dust from the wood-paving, partaking of the vicious characters of the deleterious components we have mentioned, becomes a compound cortical essence, so to say, of general abomination, we shall perhaps find that some new form of phthisis, or other disease, has been added to the long list engendered by foul breathing.

PINE-FOREST INDUSTRY.

TURPENTINE, TAR, PITCH, AND RESIN.

By Professor Charles A. Joy.

Along the Atlantic Coast of the Southern States, beginning near the northeastern boundary of North Carolina, and extending down to Florida and across that State to the Gulf, is a belt of the long-leaved pine (*Pinus australis*), from which is obtained our chief supply of turpentine, tar, pitch, and resin.

The country where the pine flourishes is cut up by deep, sluggish rivers, and rendered difficultly accessible by immense swamps, and were it not for the industries which have been established here, would be utterly cut off from the habitation of man.

The gathering of turpentine and the manufacture of pitch and resin appear to have been started in Newbern, in North Carolina, many years ago, and that State has long been prominent in this branch of business. Near Wilmington are extensive distilleries (fig. 2), where operations are conducted in the most thorough manner, and fewer refuse products are tolerated than in other parts of the country. It may interest our readers to enter the forest and study an industry which is so profitable to the South and so important to the world.

The first step is to obtain the crude turpentine, which is the natural sap of the pine, consisting of an essential oil, holding in solution resin and other constituents. Trees of the proper size are selected, and crescent-shaped cavities, termed "boxes," are cut in them as close to the earth as possible, the season for this work being from the 1st of December to March, according to the weather. A man can cut from 100 to 150 boxes per day, of a capacity of one quart to a gallon, and as payment is made by the box, the industry of the naturally indolent workman is consequently stimulated. After cutting, the boxes are "cornered" by taking out a triangular piece at each end of the cavity. This having been accomplished, the boxes are tasked off, a "task" being usually 10,000 boxes, though very active hands can superintend a larger number. Once cornering is sufficient, but the trees require to be hacked six or eight times during the season. The dipping is also done by task work, the rate being regulated by the number of barrels or boxes per day. It is accomplished with a spoon-shaped instrument, and a peculiar twist of the wrist, only to be acquired by long practice. Two dippers generally attend one hacker. The hacker uses a long-handled gouge, loaded with lead or iron at the lower end, to give greater impetus to the blow. The hacking consists in cutting groove-shaped rills parallel to each other, and emptying into the half-moon cavity, and by means of this the crude turpentine is made to run into the boxes. The barrels for filling are placed at intervals through the woods; the dipper gathers the sap, called "gum," in a rude basket, and empties it when full into the barrels. The filled barrels are then hauled in a primitive fashion to the factory, to have their contents purified and distilled. The pine tree does not, like the sugar-maple, yield a uniform product from year to year, but the first year's product yields "virgin dip," the second "yellow dip," the third, "dip and scrape," the further product of the tree being called "scrape." The vigin dip, when carefully gathered, is a honey-like juice, from 280 pounds of which about six gallons of spirits of turpentine, and nearly three-quarters of a barrel of resin can be prepared. The "scrape," as the name indicates, is derived from the grooves on the face of the tree or box; it has a white color and a cheese consistence, and yields nearly as much spirits and resin as the virgin gum.

The operation of distilling the gum is carried on in turnip-shaped copper stills, of a capacity from ten to sixty barrels (fig. 3), the ordinary size being twenty and thirty barrels. They are bricked up at the sides, so that the fire can only strike the bottom. The top has a large hole for the "cap" (fig. 4), which connects with the worm for condensing the spirits, and a small hole through which the inspector can examine the condition of the charge, and also admit water when necessary.

The process, when conducted in the forest, is necessarily very crude, and there is often great loss from fire in consequence of the careless manner in which the furnaces are constructed. If steam heat could be employed the danger would be much less, and the product be more uniform. The portion of the liquid which distills off and is condensed in the worm is called the "spirit"; it is run into large tubs (fig. 5), from whence it is dipped into barrels for exportation. The residuum, being the resin, is let off into vats (fig. 6), through strainers from which it is dipped into barrels to cool. It is important that the resin should be free from spirit and water, as otherwise it becomes opaque and brittle. Before sending the turpentine to market it is weighed and inspected (fig. 7), and its quality marked upon the barrels.

There was a time before the war when resin did not pay for transportation, and it was allowed to run to waste at the works, where it accumulated in large beds. It is said that during General Sherman's march, a body of troops encamped one night on one of these beds, as it had the appearance of a huge, dry rock. The resin melting from the camp fires soon took fire, and the soldiers had barely time to save themselves, losing much camp equipage and the bridge they had built across the stream in their front.

There are now so many uses for resin that it is only in remote settlements that it is allowed to go to waste. One of these uses is in the preparation of a valuable sizing or glue, a process which is shown in fig. 8.

After the pine trees are worked out, they are cut down, split into cord-wood and sent to large towns to serve as kindling. When the trees have been killed by fire, the pores become filled with pitchy matter, the wood increases in weight, and thus becomes very inflammable. The poor use such wood not only for kindling but also for lighting their dwellings; a pitch-pine knot being a good substitute for a candle. But the pitch-pine has a much more valuable use as a source of tar. The wood is subjected to downward distillation in a manner similar to that employed in the manufacture of paraffine from bog-head coal. In the forest they use no still, but construct a helm or cap over the wood, much as is done in burning charcoal or distilling sulphur. To form a tar kiln, the operation is commenced by scooping out of the ground a saucer-shaped cavity, making a hole in its middle and then running a wooden spout outside the rim of the foundation. Sticks of wood, three or four feet long and three inches in diameter, are placed radiating to this centre hole like spokes to a hub, and piled one above the other, the upper and outer sticks lapping over, so that when finished the pile resembles a truncated cone with the smaller end down; logs of wood and green twigs are piled around, and the kiln thus made is covered on the sides and top with dirt. The fire is then lighted at the top, and the tar trickles down to the centre hole, whence it flows out through the wooden spout. Great care must be taken to prevent the bursting out of flames, as that would lead to the total destruction by fire of the whole pile.

The kiln is carefully watched by men who have rude kennels constructed near the heap (fig. 9), from whence they can see all that is going on.

The camp of the tar-burners is sometimes visited at night, on account of the sombre spectacle which presents

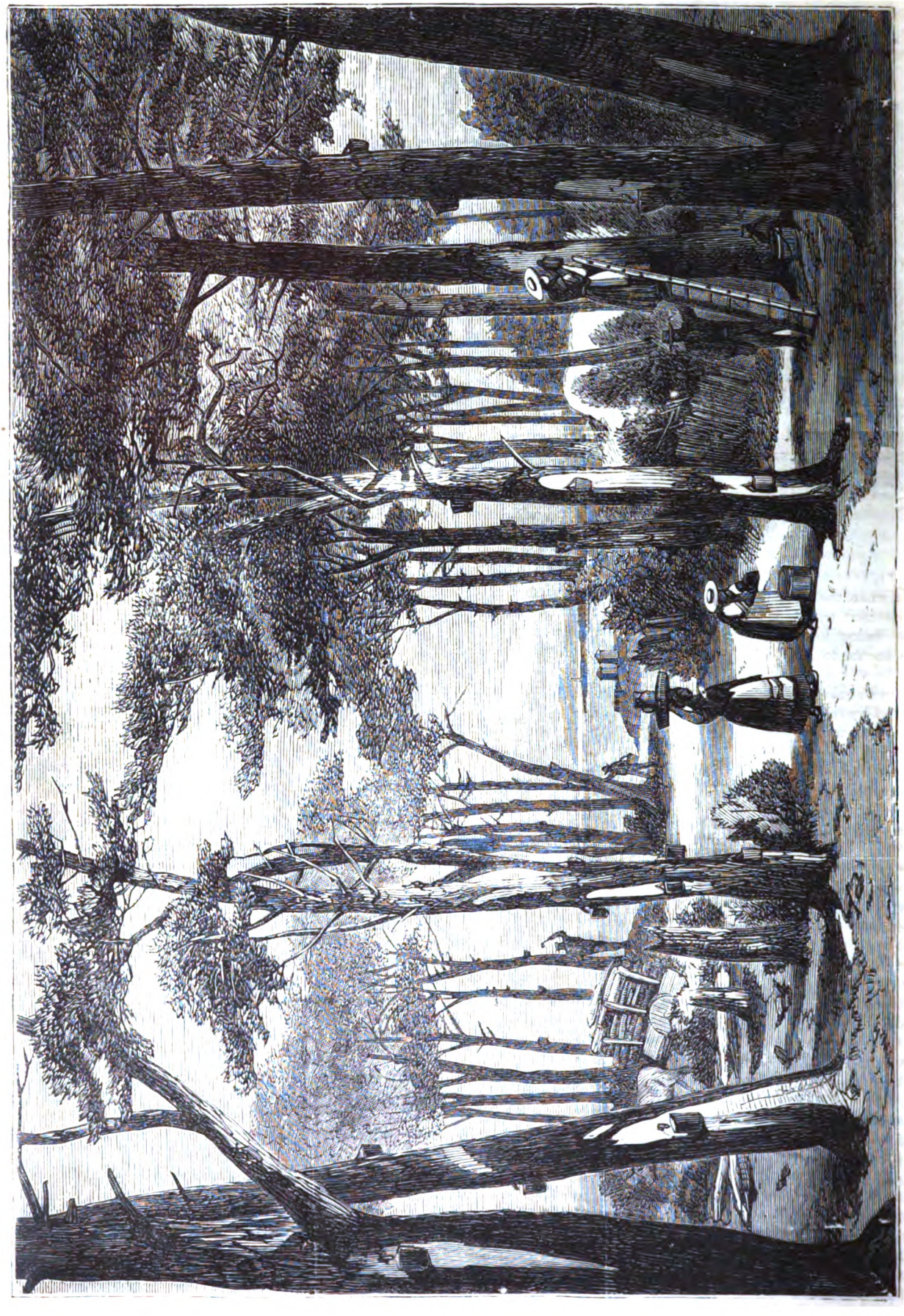


FIG. 1.—BESIN-CATHERINE IN THE LANDES, FRANCE.

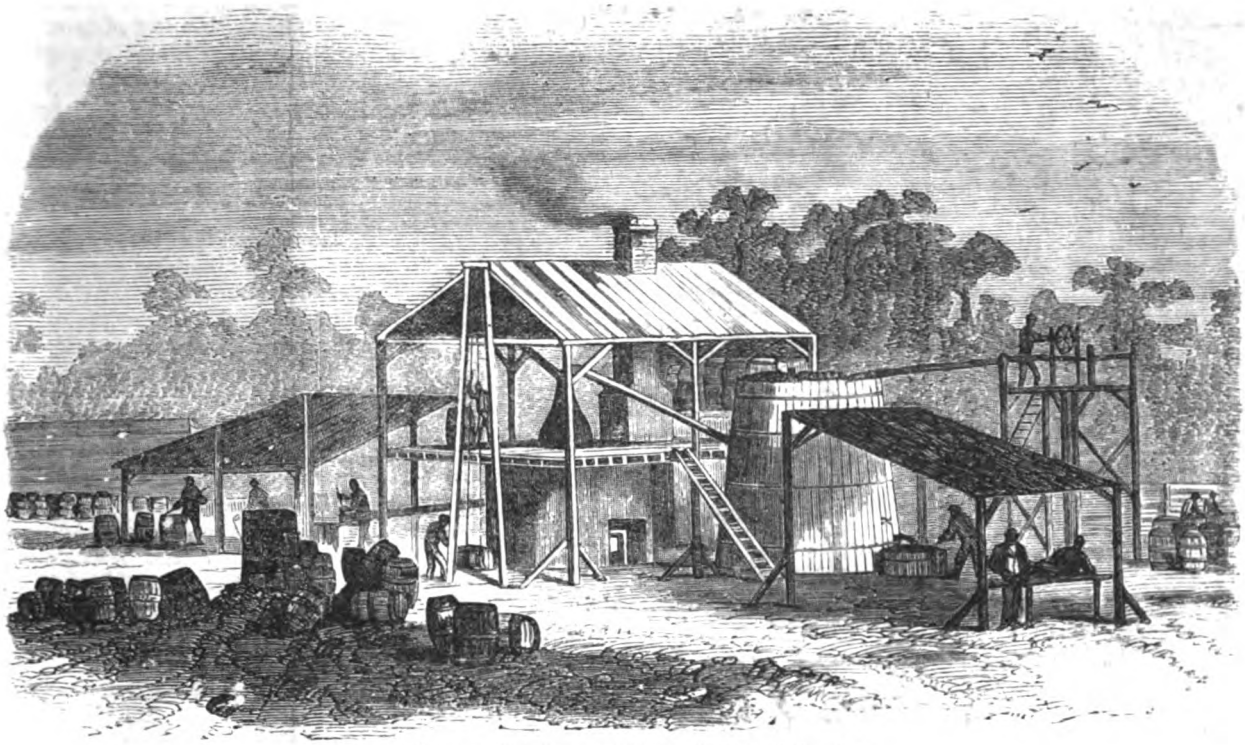


FIG. 2.—A TURPENTINE DISTILLERY AT WILMINGTON, N. C.

itself when the immense columns of smoke are occasionally illuminated by the leaping forth of tongues of flame; the effect being heightened by the wild cries of the hands as they hasten to extinguish the fire by throwing on heaps of dirt.

Kiln-burning is chiefly carried on by poor whites (fig. 10), assisted by their children (fig. 11), and such strolling negroes as venture into the swamps. It is a rude and wasteful method of obtaining tar, and the people who pursue it are sometimes little better than the savages in their mode of life. When the tar is freed from all volatile products by being boiled down, it yields what is called pitch; both tar and pitch can therefore be made at the same establishment.

In the account we have given of the manufacture of turpentine and resin, we have confined ourselves to the methods practiced in the Southern States, particularly in North Carolina; but turpentine is made in other parts of the world, and its production is not confined to the species of pine mentioned at the outset of our article. The greater part of the European turpentine is obtained from the Scotch fir of Northern Europe, and from the maritime pine of the South, which latter is sold under the name of Bordeaux turpentine, from the port whence it is chiefly shipped. Venice turpentine is made from the larch, Canada balsam and turpentine from the silver fir or balm of Gilead; dammara turpentine from the pine of the East Indies, and there are other varieties made from different species of trees.

The name turpentine is a very ancient one, having been applied by the Greeks to the product of the *terebinthus* tree, from which it was prepared at Chios. Its use appears to date back to a very remote antiquity.

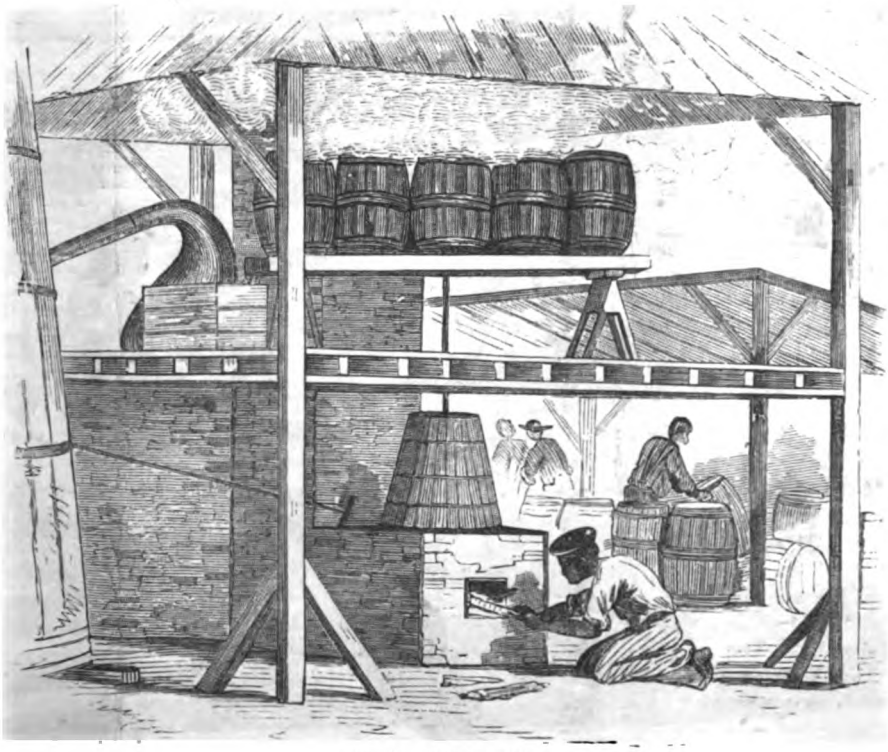


FIG. 3.—THE STEAMER.

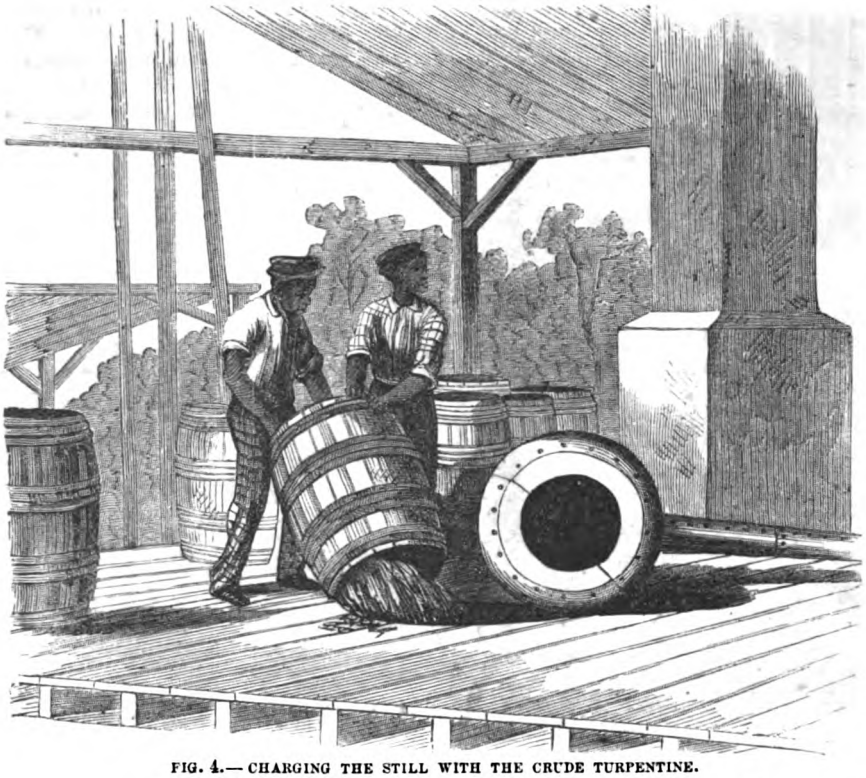


FIG. 4.— CHARGING THE STILL WITH THE CRUDE TURPENTINE.

Properties of Turpentine.

Commercial oil of turpentine frequently consists of a mixture of several analogous compounds, so much alike that they can only be distinguished by their behavior toward light. It is a volatile, limpid, very inflammable liquid, of a very penetrating, well-known balsamic odor. It can be distilled unchanged, provided the heat be not raised too high, and mixes in all proportions with absolute alcohol, with carbon disulphide, with benzole, and ether, but not with water. Its solvent properties are such as to make it of particular value in the arts. It dissolves the fixed and essential oils, and is largely used in the preparation of many kinds of varnish, since it readily dissolves the resins, and, on volatilizing, leaves them behind in the form of a transparent coating upon the surface of the objects to which it had been applied. Oil of turpentine dissolves sulphur and phosphorus with facility, and it is also one of the best solvents for india-rubber. Turpentine slowly hardens when exposed to the air, partly from evaporation, and partly from oxidation. It ought properly to be neutral to test paper, and to have the specific gravity of 0.86 and a boiling point of about 320 deg. Fah. The vapor is destructive to plants, and to many insects, such as wasps, lice, and fleas. It appears to act more powerfully on the lower animals than on man, as the skin of the horse is blistered by it much more rapidly than that of man. In moderate doses, it acts as a stimulant to the stomach, intestinal canal, liver, and kidneys, and is a cathartic medicine. Crude turpentine contains formic acid, acetic acid, resin, and other impurities, and is rectified by distillation from alkalies.

Turpentine has the remarkable property of absorbing oxygen, and converting it into ozone. It has been proposed to make use of this property for bleaching purposes, by whipping the oil while a current of air is blown through it into the bleaching vat. The theory was, that by the exposure of much surface to air, ozone would be evolved, which would accomplish the bleaching. How far this method may be practicable, we have not been able to ascertain. Something like it is, however, used in the bleaching of ivory.

Turpentine is a mixture of camphines, having the general formula of $C_{10}H_{16}$, and in England it is sold under the commercial name of camphene. Numerous artificial camphors and oils can be manufactured from it by various processes. By allowing the essence of turpentine to remain for some weeks in contact with an excess of a concentrated solution of hydrochloric acid, a camphor is produced which possesses an aromatic odor resembling that of oil of thyme. Hydrates of oil of turpentine have been prepared, but as they are scarcely understood by scientific men, they possess at present no practical value. The products of the oxidation

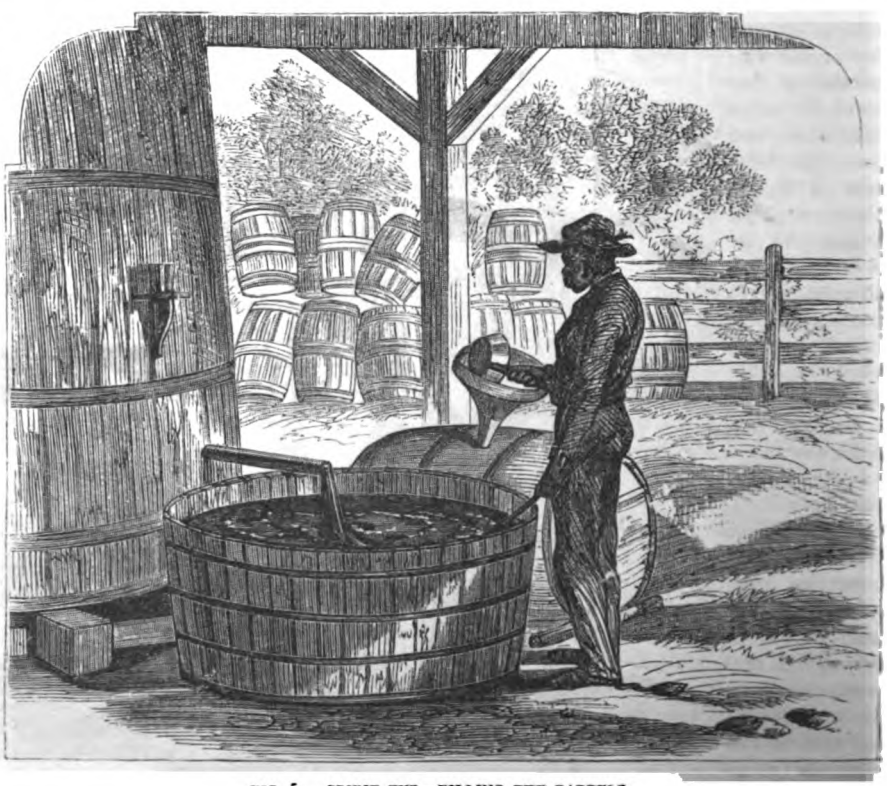


FIG. 5.— SPIRIT TUB—FILLING THE BARRELS.

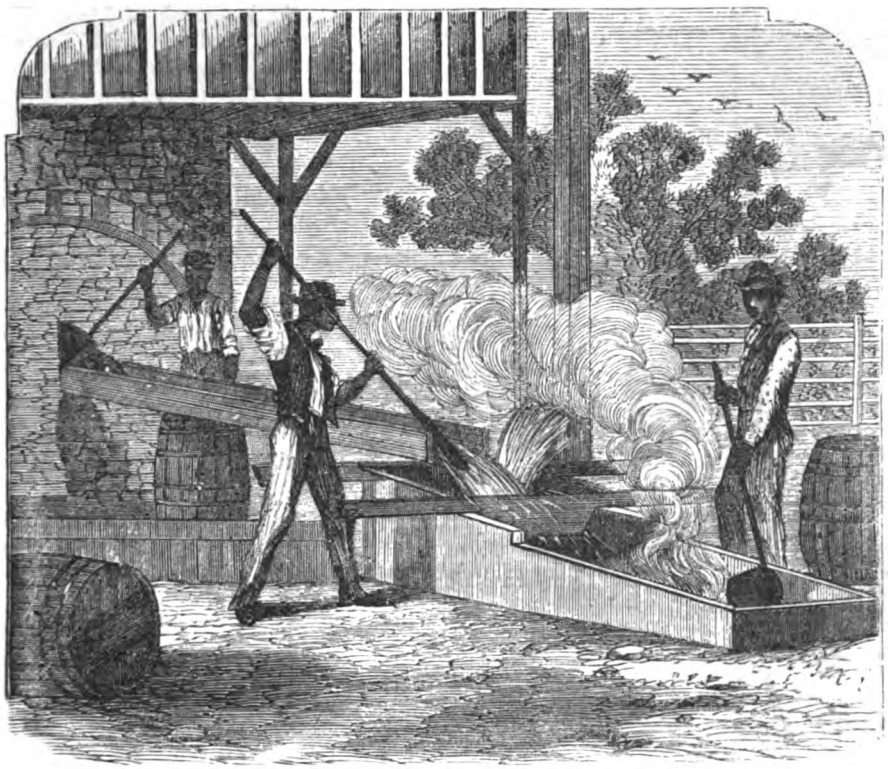


FIG. 6.—RUNNING OFF AND BARRELLING THE RESIN.

of oil of turpentine are interesting, and promise, in time, to become valuable.

The oil by itself gradually absorbs oxygen from the air, as previously stated, with the formation of a certain proportion of ozone. The oxidation can be hastened by different reagents, in some instances so rapidly as to set the oil on fire. For example, nitric acid acts so violently upon it, as to cause it to inflame. Chromic acid converts a large part of it into formic acid. There are other volatile substances, called terpenes, which yield oils having the same chemical constitution as turpentine, and yet possessing different properties. The following are some of the most common of this class of bodies: Oil of bergamot, oil of lemons, oil of neroli, camomile, juniper, caraway, cloves, ginger, caoutchouc, wintergreen, cubebs, hops, valerian, and thyme. Many of these will be recognized as being in common use.

The essential oils, when mixed with alcohol, yield essences, some of which have a pleasant odor, and are much employed in perfumery. Within a recent period a substance has been prepared from the sap of coniferous trees, which bids fair to occupy an important place in commerce. From the cambium of coniferous wood, a glucoside, called coniferine, has been separated, and from this artificial vanilline has been made. The latter is identical in composition, melting point, flavor, and all other properties, with vanillic acid from the vanilla bean. The artificial vanilline thus prepared can be used as a substitute in flavoring for the native bean, and it is now made for that and other purposes in considerable quantities. It was shown at the International Exhibition of 1876, where it attracted much notice from scientific men, as being one of the newest triumphs of chemical science.

Caoutchouc, or india-rubber, the thickened, milky juice of several species of *ficus*, *euphorbia*, and other trees growing in tropical countries, is essentially a mixture of several hydro-carbons analogous to turpentine oil. When pure, it is nearly white; the dark color of the commercial article being due to the effects of smoke and other impurities. Oil of turpentine being itself of similar constitution, dissolves it, forming a viscid, adhesive mass, which dries very imperfectly. India-rubber melts at a temperature a little above the boiling point of water, but never afterward returns to its former elastic state. It can be distilled the same as turpentine, and yields a large quantity of a thin, volatile, oily liquid, of naphtha-like odor, which dissolves caoutchouc with facility. Gutta-percha is similar to india-rubber, and is derived from the hardened, milky juice of a large tree growing in Malacca, and many of the islands of the Eastern Archipelago.

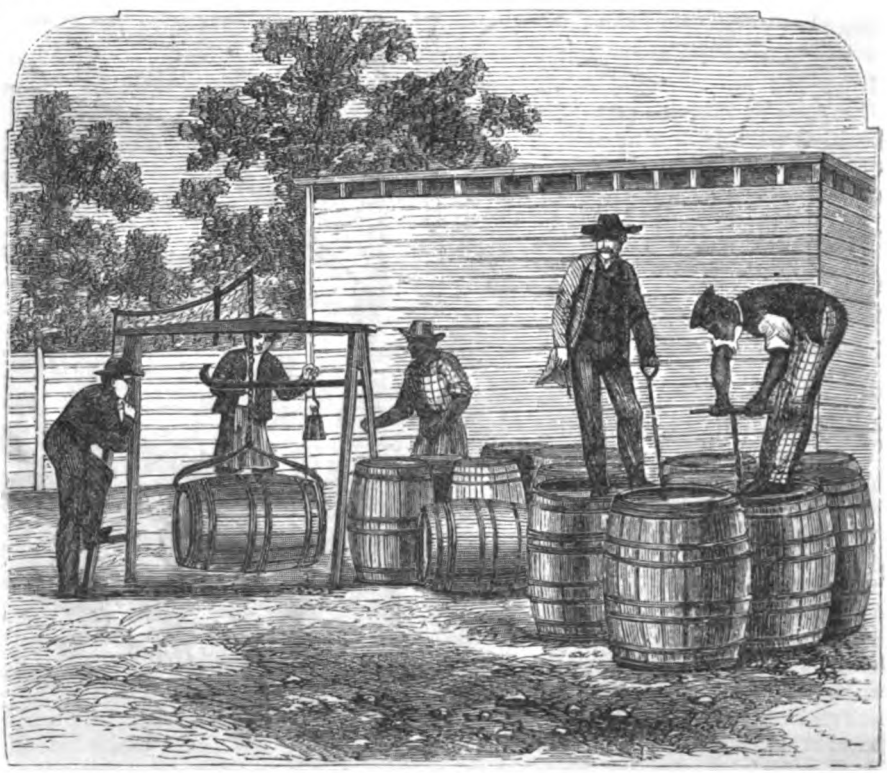


FIG. 7.—INSPECTING AND WEIGHING.

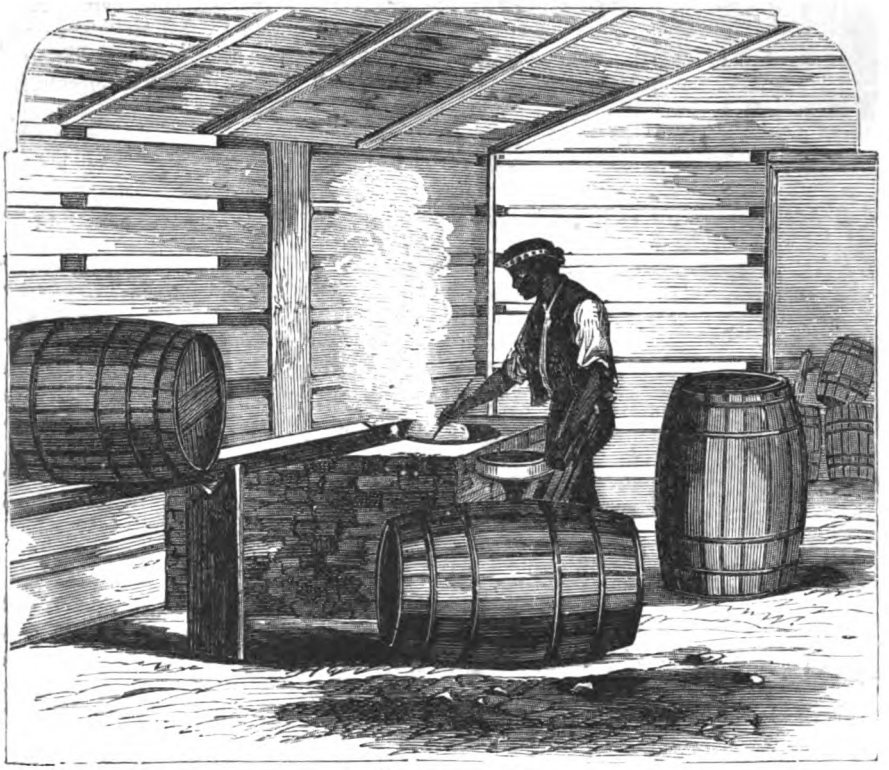


FIG. 8.—THE GLUE-ROOM.

If we were to describe all of the terpenes, we should be carried beyond the compass of a magazine article, and be compelled to write a book. They are compounds of great interest, and, as our knowledge of them increases, we find them useful in supplying many wants. The chemist calls them hydrocarbons, and puts them into an aromatic group for convenience of classification and study.

Uses of Turpentine.

The uses to which turpentine is applied are manifold, as its cheapness and solvent properties make it valuable in a number of important industries. Its principal application is in the preparation of paints and varnish. During the war, manufacturers of these articles were obliged to resort to various expedients to find a substitute for turpentine. Benzine, a product of petroleum, was largely used, but paints made from this have a tendency to turn yellow and to peel off, while with spirits of turpentine they grow whiter, and remain elastic and tenacious. Its value in this industry is attributed to the property it possesses of absorbing oxygen so readily from the air, and thus retaining a bleaching agent, ozone, inclosed within itself. Varnishes are resins dissolved in turpentine or some other convenient solvent. The resins most extensively employed in the preparation of the different kinds of varnish, are those of copal, mastic, sandarach, and lac. The solvents used are oil of turpentine, wood naphtha, and spirit of wine; the resin, before being added to the solvent, must be pulverized, and afterward mixed with sand or broken glass, in order to prevent the powder from agglutinating into lumps. When the varnish is spread over the surface of any object which it is intended to protect, the solvent evaporates and leaves a thin, transparent coating of resin. The spirituous varnishes, such as are used in photography, dry the most rapidly, but they are apt to crack and scale off. The defect is partially removed in the turpentine varnishes, which dry more slowly; and it is still more effectually obviated in what are termed oil varnishes, used in carriage manufacture, in which a small quantity of some drying oil, such as that of linseed or of poppy, is added to the solution in rectified turpentine. These varnishes require a considerable time for complete hardening, but they are very durable.

The common varnish used for oil paintings and maps consists of 24 parts of mastic, 3 of Venice turpentine, and 1 of camphor; these are mixed with 10 parts of pounded glass and dissolved in 72 of rectified oil of turpentine.

Turpentine was at one time largely employed as a burning fluid, either alone or mixed with alcohol, under the name of camphene or sylvic oil. It is now superseded for this

FIG. 9.—WATCHING THE TAR-KILN.

FIG. 10.—TAR-KILN BURNER OF NORTH CAROLINA.

purpose by petroleum. In the india-rubber industry it plays the same part that it does in the manufacture of varnish—namely, that of a solvent. In medicine, turpentine has long been prized as a most valuable remedy—in chronic affections of the liver, in rheumatism, sciatica, sometimes in typhus; and in the South the colored people especially successfully employ it in cases of yellow fever. It has been prescribed in cholera, scarlet fever, obstinate constipation, and with good effect against intestinal worms, which it appears to kill outright. In the form of liniment, its external application has been found effective in rheumatism, burns, paralytic affections. It readily acts upon the skin, and must, therefore, be used with caution. It is much recommended in hemorrhage and in child-bed fever. These are a few of the applications which have served to render turpentine an article of so much importance.

Tar and Pitch.

We have previously stated that in North Carolina old trees which have ceased to produce turpentine, and dead wood rich in resinous matter, are subjected to downward distillation in earth-covered kilns for the production of tar and pitch. What is called tar is an exceedingly complicated mixture of solids and liquids, some of which can be profitably separated before converting it into pitch. When we consider how many useful products can be obtained by the distillation of wood, it seems a pity that the operation should ever be conducted in the forest, where nearly everything is lost. In some of the large towns of Würtemberg and Switzerland illuminating gas is made from wood, and as the incidental products are saved the profits are very large, while the gas is delivered to customers at very low rates. When wood is subjected to dry distillation in retorts under circumstances that admit of the saving of all the products, we have the following long list of compounds which come over at different stages of the operation: As soon as the turpentine has reached 300 deg. Fah., the wood begins to decompose, and gas is evolved. The gas is a mixture of olefiant gas, marsh gas, carbonic oxide, carbonic acid, hydrogen, and certain impurities, and after purification is an excellent illuminating material. At the tar-kiln all of them go to waste, and as they take fire they account for the long tongue of flame which often bursts out above the kiln. The liquid products, which are also lost at the kiln, are chiefly methylic alcohol or wood spirit, pyroligneous and acetic acids. The oily products are numerous, and are named eupion, picamar, kapnomar, creosote, benzole, tuluol, cumol, cymol, carbolic acid, all of them to be found in the tar. The tar also holds in suspension or dissolved in it solid substances, among them paraffine, cedriset, pittacal, pyrene, naphthaline, anthracine, and such bases as aniline, picoline, etc.

After all of these compounds have been expelled from the retort there remains the charcoal, which in some countries sells for as much as the wood originally cost. The presence of so many valuable substances in the tar will explain why it pays to transport it long distances to be again subjected to distillation. In some parts of the South a considerable trade is maintained in the pyroligneous acid and wood vinegar. For this purpose a wood is selected which contains but little resin. The tar is of a different kind, and contains a variety of products, which have been already enumerated. The pyroligneous acid is very impure, and contains, besides, acetic and numerous acetates. In order to save the acetic acid it is combined with lime or soda, and then sent to market for further treatment and purification.

The uses of the acetic acid thus obtained are pretty generally understood. It is not only valuable for technical purposes, but in a diluted form serves to extend table vinegar as an article of food. The salts of acetic acid find abundant application in dying and calico printing colors, and in the manufacture of paints and colors. The most important of the salts are acetate of lead (sugar of lead), acetate of potash, acetate of lime, acetate of copper (verdigris), acetate of manganese, acetate of soda, acetate of alumina, acetate of tin, acetate of zinc. These could scarcely be manufactured in the forest, but are usually made near large cities, convenient to market and to the sources of supply. The manufacture of crude vinegar in the wilderness is an operation very much like the burning of tar, but is not confined to coniferous trees or to any particular latitude. It is more commonly conducted in the South, however, where wood is abundant and labor cheap.

Wood tar is thick and hard in cold weather, but softens when warm, so as to flow like thick molasses. When boiled down it yields pitch. It is very useful to coat the bottom of ships to render them water-tight, to cover the rigging, and protect wood from decay. Water-tight paper and roofing material is made from it, and it is a good lubricant for the journals of wheels. In medicine it is used internally in chronic catarrhs and in some cutaneous diseases. Its vapor is inhaled in cases of bronchial troubles, and it has been found beneficial as an external application to ulcers

FIG. 11.—A JUVENILE CAROLINA TAR-BURNER.

and various diseases of the skin. It yields a portion of its properties to water with which it is stirred, and this preparation, known as tar-water, is administered as a stimulant and diuretic, and is applied as a wash in chronic cutaneous affections.

Mr. Magnes Lahens suggests a method of preparing tar-water which is more expeditious and convenient than the plan commonly followed. He mixes the tar with sand, previously washed and dried, throws the mixture into a percolator, and shakes the instrument gently to secure proper adjustment of the mixture. Water is then poured on, the first part of the filtrate is rejected, and the latter portion is kept for use. He uses one-half ounce of tar, twenty-six ounces of sand, to obtain two pints of the medicated water, which corresponds in strength with that of the codex. As this medicine is often repulsive to the patient, a saccharate of tar is prepared, from which all of the necessary mixtures, gargles, and injections can be readily made in a less repulsive form.

As for the pitch, it is said that whosoever touches it is defiled. It is the black, resinous substance which is left behind when the impure turpentine and tar are distilled, and has uses very analogous to those to which tar is applied. We wish that the limits of our article would permit us to speak of paraffine, creosote, and carbolic acid, also found in tar; but as they can scarcely be said to belong to forest industries, we must reserve them for some future occasion.

Resin.

We have seen that the resin, while still liquid, is drawn off into receivers (fig. 5), and from there it is transferred to casks for shipment. When the distillation is stopped at the proper point the product is the yellow resin or transparent resin, according to the presence or absence of water. Resin melts at 276 deg. Fah., and becomes completely liquid at 306 deg. Its proximate ingredients were found by Unverdorben to be two isomeric resinous acids, which he designated sylvic and pinic acids; and from the latter, when heated to partial decomposition, he obtained a third, which he called colophonic acid. Resin is employed for a great variety of useful purposes. It is an ingredient in varnishes, and is united with tallow in the preparation of cheap candles. It has long been used as a substitute for oil and fat in the manufacture of soap, and as soap made in this way is not precipitated by brine, it is preferred at sea and for washing in salt water. Resin is also used in perfumery and in various pharmaceutical preparations, as plasters and ointments. In the caulking of ships, in the manufacture of oakum, in fireworks, as a source for burning oil, and for gas, resin finds a valuable application. Resin oil is used as a lubricator for machinery, and in the preparation of railway and wagon grease. Plumbers find it useful in their operations. Common resin, or colophony, is an amber-colored solid, and is the kind usually made in this country. White resin, or galipot, is obtained from Bordeaux turpentine. Both kinds are dissolved completely by alkaline lye, and hence their application in the manufacture of yellow soaps. The resins are insulators of electricity, and become negatively electric by friction. If heated in closed vessels, resin undergoes decomposition, and yields various forms of hydrocarbon. These have been thoroughly studied by chemists, but are of little practical value. Resin is very inflammable, and burns with a smoky flame, which, when condensed in proper chambers, yields a fine variety of lampblack. Resin is soluble in alcohol, but insoluble in water, in which respect it differs from substances called gums.

Such are the leading properties and uses of turpentine, tar, pitch, and resin, all of which are derived from the pine forest industries of our country.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

The Changing Banks of Rivers.—There appears to be a law that rivers running North and South have a tendency to deviate to the right. The river Irtish, in Northern Asia, is a notable confirmation of the rule—its bed being cut in loose deposits, these deposits are constantly undermined by water on the right bank. Each Spring, a strip of the bank, from 30 to 50 feet broad, is destroyed by the waters. Sometimes it happens that a strip from 70 to 140 feet broad and about 150 yards long, falls suddenly into the river. The course is then barred for a short time, and a great wave, propagated up and down the stream, destroys the fishing-boats which happen to be at work within a distance of about ten miles from the spot. Large quantities of fishes are also found, after such a catastrophe, on the shores, suffocated in the muddy waters. The destruction of the right bank, going on constantly, year after year, the villages are also constantly advancing to the east; one of them, Domiansk, has thus traveled about a mile in the course of 240 years. The left shore shows usually a low tract of land, covered with ponds and marshes, and yearly overflowed. The Mississippi River exhibits similar phenomena, especially above St. Louis, where houses on the right bank have been moved several times inland during the last few years, and the left bank is low and marshy.

Coal-tar Products.—A few years ago, anthracine, one of the products derived from the distillation of coal, had no commercial value, and was thrown away. Some chemist discovered that artificial alizarine could be made from it, and competition unreasonably ran up the price of tar, and the principal benefit was pocketed by the gas companies and by them alone. The production of anthracine far exceeds its demand, and many distillers have suffered a severe loss in consequence. Dr. Versmann estimates the production in England alone for the next year (1877), at 1,400 tons of pure anthracine, while the requirements of all the alizarine works do not exceed 600 tons a year. The Paris gas company utilize their own residues, and produce at least 250 tons. Other large cities are not behindhand in the business, and altogether there will be, during 1877, an excess of many hundred tons of pure anthracine, and, consequently, very low prices. This must inevitably bring down the price of tar until it reaches a paying basis for the distillers. The accurate methods now known to chemists for testing the purity of anthracine, make it incumbent upon manufacturers to avoid putting an inferior article upon the market.

German Patents.—The German Government proposes to introduce the American patent system, with important modifications. They have introduced a new bill, which provides that patents may be granted for a term of fifteen years, with gradual payments, according to the length of time in use. Any person who has used an invention before it is patented, can continue to do so without being required to make any payment to the patentee. The patentee is bound to permit the use of his invention to any one who will pay for it. If this should be refused, the patent privileges are forfeited. The patent-office is to have the right of publishing all descriptions and drawings in print, and any person may search the specifications, drawings, and other documents in the office. The provision that permits persons to continue to use inventions which they have employed before a patent was granted, without fee, is a wise one; and the compulsory clause, that makes it obligatory upon the patentee to sell rights when applied to, prevents the dog-in-the-manger policy which has been too frequently followed in England and this country.

Action of Glycerine on Starch.—If one part of starch, with twenty parts of concentrated glycerine, be exposed to a gradually rising temperature, under continual stirring, the granules swell, and, at 130 deg., a pasty mass is formed, which decreases in consistency at 160 deg. to 170 deg., until it is entirely dissolved into a yellow, transparent solution. At 190 deg. the starch is almost entirely changed into the so-called soluble modification, and can be separated out from the cold solution by dilution with water and addition of alcohol. This soluble modification remains soluble in water as long as it is retained in a moist condition. Lime-water and baryta-water cause precipitation from the aqueous solution of the modified starch. This behavior of glycerine toward starch, suggests a possible method of applying it to the detection of small quantities of starch in amylaceous seeds, tubers, fruit, and bark, and may adapt it to chemical analysis.

Artificial Ice.—For the artificial manufacture of ice, various agents, such as water, ammonia, and ether, have been used. The water machine of Carré requires too much sulphuric acid for the absorption of the vapor. Ammonia engines are apt to leak, and the same difficulty obtains with ether. Sulphurous acid is found to be the most practicable, as it does not attack the piston or valves, and is the most readily condensed to a liquid. At 14 deg. Fah., liquefied sulphurous acid only exerts a pressure of one atmosphere, and even at 95 deg. Fah., it is no more than four atmospheres. Only two cylinders are necessary, one for the condensation, the other for absorption. To convey away the cold produced by the evaporation of the acid, a strong solution of salt, or a mixture of glycerine and water, is taken.

Green Color-Blindness.—Professor O. N. Rood publishes the observation that nervous derangement and prolonged excitement are causes which may produce temporary green color-blindness. He finds that our apparatus for the reception of waves of light of medium rays—*e. g.*, green rays—is more liable to be overstrained by nervous shocks than that designed for the reception of waves of greater or lesser length. The optical illusion of color-blindness is probably due to nervous disease and sudden shock.

A PRIZE IN PHOTOGRAPHY.—The French Society for the Encouragement of Science has offered a reward of 2,000 francs for the invention of a process by which a photographic negative can be converted into a cliché in such a way as to admit of taking impressions with ink in the ordinary way, equal to those now obtained from the best wood cuts and engravings. The great merit of photography is in its accuracy, and in the fineness of details with which it furnishes copies of natural or artificial objects. It is, therefore, very desirable to find some method for transforming a negative into a plate suitable for taking impressions, and thus to obviate the mistakes of engravers, and to secure greater promptness of execution. The prize will be given in 1880.

DISENGAGEMENT OF AMMONIA FROM FRESHLY-FRACTURED STEEL.—M. Barré has observed that the disengagement of ammonia takes place from the surfaces of freshly-fractured steel rails. In breaking rails of different degrees of hardness, the odor of ammonia was sufficiently strong to be perceived at a considerable distance—and the red turmeric paper and the yellow curcuma paper applied to the moistened surfaces immediately changed color, the first blue, the second brown—and the gas continued to be given off for a quarter of an hour. With soft steel the disengagement of gas was much less sensible, but gave the usual reaction with test papers. The experiments were made upon Bessemer and Siemens steel.

A NEW SOLVENT FOR GOLD.—In reducing the pyritous gold ores of Colorado, Mr. J. O. Stewart has discovered some reactions which are not noted in works on metallurgy. Mr. Stewart supposed that after roasting the ore with sulphate of soda, and subsequent treatment with common salt, the gold would appear in a metallic state, contaminated only with the sulphates of copper and iron; and was surprised to find that only a part of it would amalgamate. Upon investigation, he discovered that 60 to 90 per cent. of the gold was held in solution in the liquor, as a chloride. The test shows that gold is soluble in a solution of salt, iron, and copper, heated to 180 deg. Fah., and accounts for the loss in precious metal in the treatment of auriferous pyrites.

NEW USES OF GLYCERINE.—Every one who has had occasion to use vulcanized india-rubber tubing in connection with Bunsen and other gas burners, has been troubled by the adhesion of the tube to the metal; this inconvenience can be avoided by smearing the parts with a drop or two of glycerine before bringing them in contact. If the cement with which the metal-burner is fixed to the glass reservoir of paraffine and other oil lamps be previously soaked with glycerine, the creeping-out of the oil through the joints is avoided.

EXTRACTION OF SULPHUR FROM PYRITES.—If sulphide of calcium, which is a waste product of alkali works, is heated to dull redness in a current of sulphurous acid gas, obtained by roasting pyrites, the gas is, at first, completely absorbed. Sulphur then distils over, and the sulphide is converted into sulphate, which may be anew reduced to sulphide by calcination in a current of coal gas. The process is only applicable in countries where soda ash is manufactured on a large scale, and there is consequently an abundance of sulphide of calcium.

TO DETECT THE ESCAPE OF ILLUMINATING GAS.—To follow the nose will bring us into close proximity to the leak, after that it is unsafe to light a match, as there is danger of an explosion. The best way is to make up some soapsuds suitable for blowing bubbles, and to smear the suspected joint with it; if there is any escape of gas it will be readily shown by the bubbles which will form, and thus all danger can be avoided.

TO PROTECT IRON FROM RUSTING.—It has been found that if iron be exposed to the action of super-heated steam, it becomes covered with a thin coating of oxide, which protects it from any further action of the atmosphere. If the iron is already rusty, it can be cleaned by a current of hydrogen gas, before being exposed to the action of super-heated steam.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

A DENTIST'S SIGN.—Drawing, music, and dancing.

"LITTLE WHEAT" is one of Sitting Bull's chiefs. It is time he was planted.

"SHOVEL off your roof," said a policeman to a citizen. "I shan't do it; I will keep my roof on and shovel off the snow."

A WESTERN paper warns its readers that the next request for the publication of that poetry about snow, will be followed by immediate slaying.

A NEW YORK lady was surprised on the occasion of her wedding to receive as a present an article of silver she had presented to a bride six months ago. This shows how hard the times are.

IT is true that flowers and vegetables are divided into sexes, and it is also true, strange as it may appear, that they have a language of their own. You surely have heard of Jack and the Bean's talk.

HOUSEHOLD MEMBERS.—The foot of the bed, the leg of the chair, the arm of the sofa, the elbow of the stove-pipe, the hands of the clock, the head of the table, the eye of a needle, and the nose of the kettle.

A MARYLAND jury has declared that a man had come to his death "by an unknown wagon." About on a par with this is the Wisconsin verdict respecting a man who had been crushed to death in a mill, when the jury remarked, "No blame can be attached to the machinery."

A YOUNG and good-looking bachelor minister, who has taken charge of a church in a rural district, rather astonished his flock the first Sunday, by announcing that he proposed getting up a girls' Bible class right off, and he wanted to embrace every young woman within the sound of his voice.

JOKING NO JOKE.—A Scotch editor, pointing to his assistant, said to a visiting friend: "That is a wonderful young man—a very wonderful young man. The facility with which he jokes amazes me!" And then he naively added: "I, myself, am in the habit of joking, but I joke with difficulty."

A POOR BOY.—"Poor boy!" said a lady, as she took out her purse to give the little beggar some change. "Yes, I am a poor boy," said the young rascal, squeezing a tear out of his eye, "and have three sick mothers to support." The lady put back her purse, shook her head, and walked sadly away.

A FORTUNE FROM STEAM.—"Steam is a great thing," remarked a traveler in a French railroad carriage to his *vis-a-vis*. "So it is," was the reply; "I owe my fortune to it." "Monsieur is manager of a company?" "No." "An engineer, perhaps?" "No; I have lost a number of rich relatives by railroad accidents."

A CIGAR is a nice thing to look at, but a still nicer thing to smoke; and when some one tells us that creosote, and about fifteen different kinds of acids with names a mile long, enter into its composition, it can no longer be a source of enjoyment, but resolves itself into a more puzzling compound than the theory of protoplasm.

THE RULING PASSION.—A famous usurer of Paris being on his death-bed, his confessor presented a silver crucifix to him, with a view to awaken him to a sense of his situation. The dying miser, after examining the cross with the most minute attention, suddenly exclaimed: "Sir, I can lend you but a very small sum on such a pledge."

A BOARDER after vainly endeavoring to masticate a piece of fowl, laid down his knife and fork, saying: "All the trainings, traditions, and teachings of my youth, my sense of propriety, and the commands of Holy Writ, compel me to respect old age; but I'll be blowed if I can bring myself to stomach it when roasted or boiled."

A STUDENT being desirous of learning whether there was any truth in the statement that Seneca was addicted to drunkenness, opened an illustrated encyclopædia, and, having found the name of the celebrated philosopher, the first object that met his gaze was a woodcut, beneath which were the words, "Seneca, after an ancient bust." The ardent investigator, finding his worst fears confirmed, looked no further.

MR. MARROWFAT and his wife adopted a joint rule for their mutual guidance. It worked very well until the day after election. Mr. Marrowfat declared that Tilden was elected, and that millions of strong arms would inaugurate him. Mrs. Marrowfat guessed she wouldn't listen to "no such disloyal talk in her house." Mr. Marrowfat appealed to the joint rule, and thereupon Mrs. Marrowfat abrogated it with a saucepan.

"THOU art my morning star," he said,
My lily of the dale;
The planet of my soul's delight,
When evening shades prevail."

She brushed aside her golden curls,
And raised her head thereat;
Then slyly winked one almond eye,
And all she said was, "Seat!"

WHAT HE SHOED IT WITH.—It happened that Swift, having been dining at some little distance from Laracor, his residence, was returning home on horseback in the evening, which was very dark. Just before he reached a neighboring village his horse lost a shoe. Unwilling to run the risk of laming the animal by continuing his ride in that direction, he stopped at one Kelly's, the blacksmith of the village, where, having called the man, he asked him if he could shoe a horse with a candle. "No," replied the son of Vulcan; "but I can with a hammer."

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.—The following good story is from the French papers: Scene, a telegraph office at Vienna. An operator takes out his watch, and, yawning, says: "Too bad! I cannot go to the concert to-night." "Why not?" asks a companion. "I am awaiting the dispatches from Belgrade, and they don't generally turn up until about midnight." The other operator thinks a moment, and then, with a gleam of light in his eye, says, "Have you received the Constantinople dispatches?" "Yes," rejoins operator No. 1. "Well, just write out precisely to the contrary, and go to your concert."

A STUPID-LOOKING German recruit halted before a blacksmith's shop, the proprietor of which was forging a shoe, and eyed the performance with much interest. The brawny smith, dissatisfied with the man's curiosity, held the red-hot iron suddenly under the recruit's nose, hoping to make him beat a hasty retreat. "If you give me a six-kreutzer, I will lick it," said the soldier. "I'll stop the braggart's jaw!" thought the smith, as he took from his pocket a six-kreutzer and held it out. The cunning son of Mars quickly grabbed the coin, licked it, and walked away, whistling the "Watch on the Rhine."

"UNMASKING."—FROM A PAINTING BY EMILE GARNIER.

"MLISS."

U. of M.

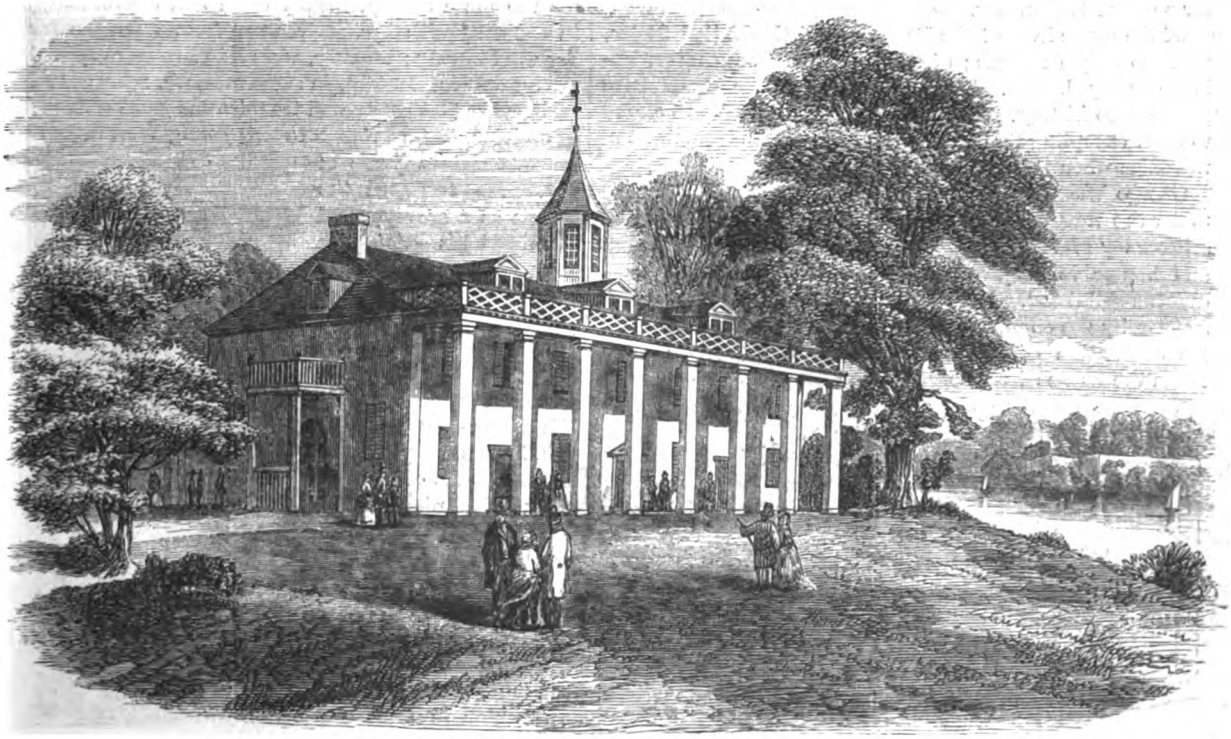
FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

VOL. III.—No. 5. MAY, 1877. $2.50 PER ANNUM.

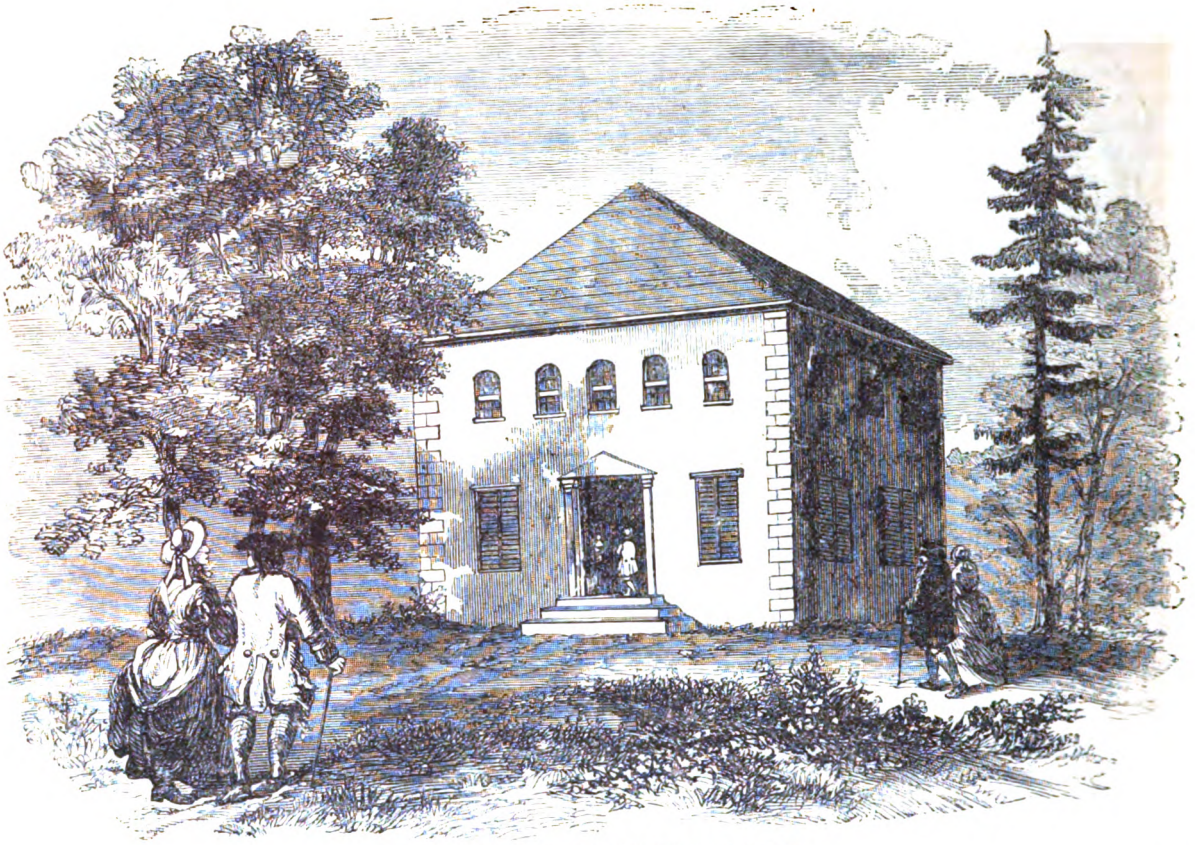
THE PRESIDENTS AT HOME.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING, LL.D.

OUR Republic is a little more than a hundred years of age; the Nation has existed less than ninety years. In its infancy it was only a weak league of States. The central government did not possess inherent sovereignty, and the performance of its functions of sovereignty was controlled by thirteen independent legislatures that were swayed by local rather than by general interests. During that infancy, from the adoption of the Declaration of Independence to the ratification of our present Constitution, the chief council was presided over, from time to time, by members of the central legislature, who bore the title of "President of Congress." With the advent of the new government under the National Constitution, the famous Continental Congress and the feeble Confederacy expired, and a *Nation*, full of vitality and commanding the respect of the civilized world, sprang into existence. The King of Great Britain, who, until then, believed the dismembered fragments of his empire would speedily be reunited to the realm, and refused to send a



MOUNT VERNON.

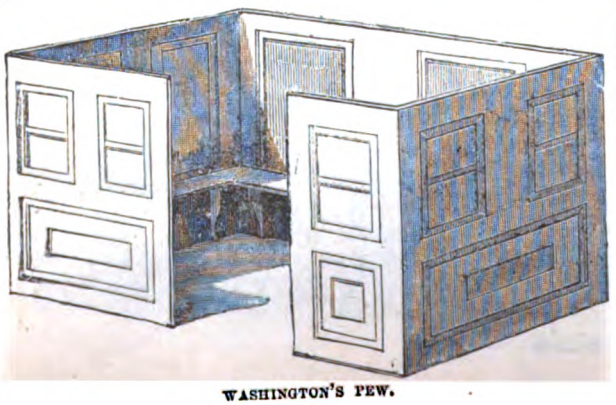


POHICK CHURCH, WHERE WASHINGTON WORSHIPED.

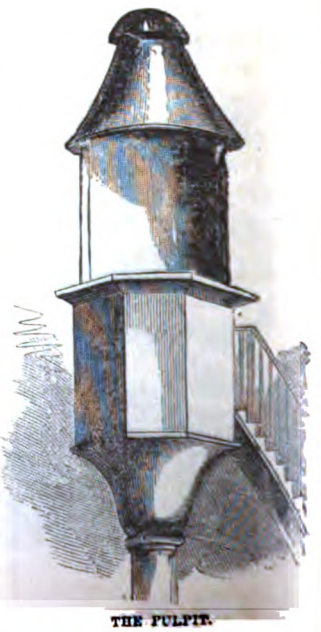
representative hither of higher rank than a consul, or to make a fair commercial arrangement with us, now hastened to place a minister plenipotentiary near the republican court in Philadelphia, and to solicit the opening of negotiations for a commercial treaty.

Of the *public* lives of the Presidents of the United States, we have ample records; of their *domestic* characters far less is generally known. They and their public deeds have passed into history. The hearts of all of them have ceased to beat, excepting that of President Grant, the incumbent of the office when this paper was prepared.

George Washington, the first President of the Republic under the new order of things, was a scion of the landed aristocracy of Virginia, and was descended from an ancient and honorable English family. A good mother watched over his childhood. His heart, like that of most youths, was smitten by the charms of a damsel at a susceptible age, and his declaration of love was requited by a polite refusal. From the house of old Lord Fairfax he wrote to his young friend "Robin," that he ought to pass the time very pleasantly there, as "a very agreeable young lady," the sister of Colonel George Fairfax's wife, lived in the same house; "but as that is only adding fuel to fire," he writes, "it makes me the more uneasy, for by often and unavoidably being in company with her, revives my former passion for your Lowland beauty; whereas, were I to live more retired from young women, I might, in some measure, relieve my sorrow by burying that chaste and troublesome passion in the grave of oblivion." So wrote love-sick young Washington before he was sixteen years of age. He traversed the forests as a surveyor and dismissed his grief. In very young manhood he gained renown by the performance of a delicate diplomatic service for the Governor of Virginia. Entering upon military life at twenty-two years of age, he won undying fame on the banks of the Monongahela, where Braddock was slain. Venus and Mars met and contended, and the former was victor. The charms of Mary Philipse, an attractive New York heiress, captivated him, but a companion in arms supplanted him. Again he was afloat on the sea of uncertainty; but at the



WASHINGTON'S PEW.

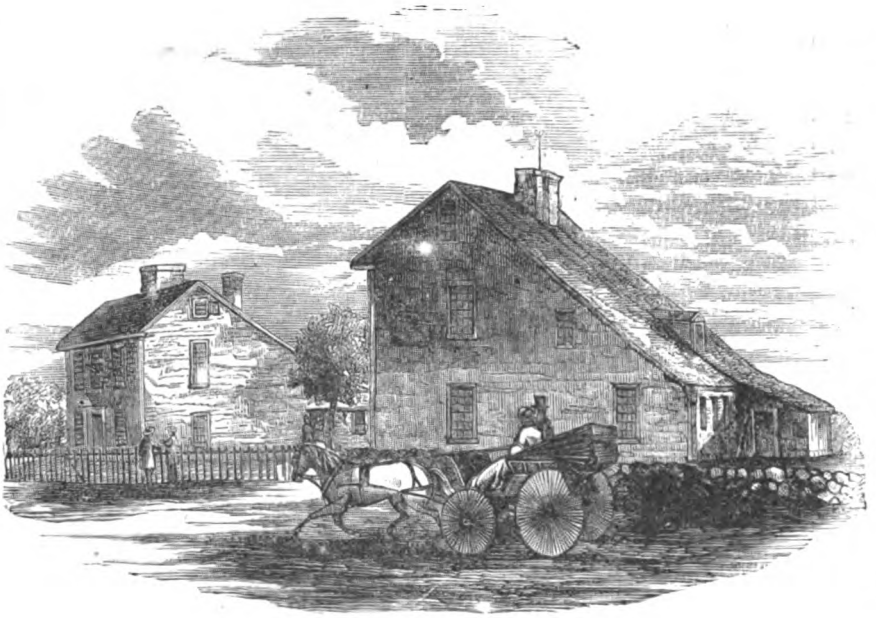


THE PULPIT.

age of twenty-seven years, he married a charming widow three months younger than himself, who possessed a beautiful person, a loving heart, and a large fortune.

A valuable estate, lying on the Virginia side of the broad Potomac River, called Mount Vernon, had been bequeathed to Washington by his half-brother, and there, with ample means for indulgence in social pleasures such as the country then afforded, and surrounded by some of the best society in Virginia, this happy couple began their sweet domestic life. Soon after his wedding, Washington wrote to a kinsman, in London: "I am now, I believe, fixed in this seat with an agreeable partner for life, and I hope to find more happiness in retirement than I ever experienced in all the wide and bustling world." All through the forty years of his after life, Washington found his purest and most exquisite enjoyments in his delightful home at Mount Vernon.

Washington was over six feet and two inches in height, and admirably proportioned. I was told by his adopted son, the late Mr. Custis, that in the line of his body, from his armpits to his hips, there was scarcely a visible depression, and that his hand was larger than any Mr. Custis had ever seen. Washington's body and limbs were indicative of great physical strength. Concerning the exercise of that strength, many anecdotes have been told; one must suffice. He caught a poacher among his ducks in a cove near Mount Vernon. Seizing the fellow's gun, Washington ruined it by bending the barrel into a curve over his knee.



BIRTHPLACE OF JOHN ADAMS.

The face of this sturdy Virginian glowed with the ruddiness of high health. His hair was thick, and a rich, dark brown in color; his eyes, expressive of deep thought, were a grayish-blue, and his features were regular and rather heavy. He possessed strong passions, but kept them under perfect control. Only one or two instances of violent outbursts of his anger are recorded. He was calmness itself. In aspect he was grave, and in deportment exceedingly dignified. Personal familiarities he never allowed. Gouverneur Morris once attempted such familiarity by slapping the General on the shoulder. "The look he gave me," said Morris, "I would not encounter again for the world." He never joked, even with his most familiar friends. Once he did permit an assault upon his dignity to pass unrebuked. "Legion Harry" Lee, son of the "Lowland Beauty" who captivated the heart of young Washington, was one of the General's most cherished friends. One day at table, at Mount Vernon, Lee made a bantering reply to Washington about a span of horses, which caused Mrs. Washington to laugh heartily. Her parrot imitated her, when the General merrily remarked, "Ah, Lee, you're a funny fellow; see, that bird is laughing at you!"

Mrs. Washington was a small, plump, and elegantly formed woman. Her eyes were expressive of the most kindly good nature; her voice was musical; her complexion was fair; her features were regular and beautiful, and her whole face beamed with intelligence. She had a quick, but sweet and placable, temper, and her manners were extremely winning. She and her husband dressed with scrupulous neatness, and in the best fashions of the day.

The master and mistress of Mount Vernon were very fond of the company of their friends. Nowhere in Virginia was hospitality more generously dispensed than at Mount Vernon, which was seldom without a guest. Pleased with field sports, Washington's diaries, kept in interleaved almanacs, abounded in entries like this: "Mr. Bryan Fairfax, Mr. Grayson and Phil. Alexander came home by sunrise. Hunted and catched a fox with them, Lord Fairfax, his brother, and Colonel Fairfax—all of whom, with Mr. Fairfax and Mr. Wilson, of England, dined here." The hospitalities of the house were kept up in a style which none but a wealthy planter could afford. "Would one believe," he wrote in his diary in 1768, "that with a *hundred and one cows* actually reported at a late enumeration of the cattle, I should still be obliged to buy butter for my family?" But cows, then and there, were poor affairs.

Washington, like President Grant, was passionately fond of fine horses, and in his stable were several of purest blood. He kept a chariot and four fine horses for the use of Mrs. Washington and her lady visitors. These were driven by a black postillion in livery, accompanied by a liveried footman. There was also an extensive kennel of hounds for the chase, at Mount Vernon; and these dogs, like the horses, were all named and registered in a book. He also kept a handsome barge on the Potomac, which, on special occasions, was manned by black oarsmen in livery.

Washington and his wife attended balls and parties at Williamsburg, Alexandria, and Annapolis, and the former was a graceful dancer of the minuet; but after the Revolution he was never known to dance. They frequently attended the theatre opened by Hallam, at Williamsburg, a few years after their marriage; and they were both fond of the drama, in books and on the boards.

These were some of the pleasures of Washington's earlier domestic life, but they were not allowed to interfere with his

duties. He looked after his farms, and managed his great estate with singular method and industry. All his accounts were kept by his own hand. At home or abroad, he was an early riser, shaved himself, a favorite servant powdered and tied his hair when that was the prevailing fashion, and his toilet was always plain and simple. His table was always generously provided for guests, but the host was extremely abstemious.

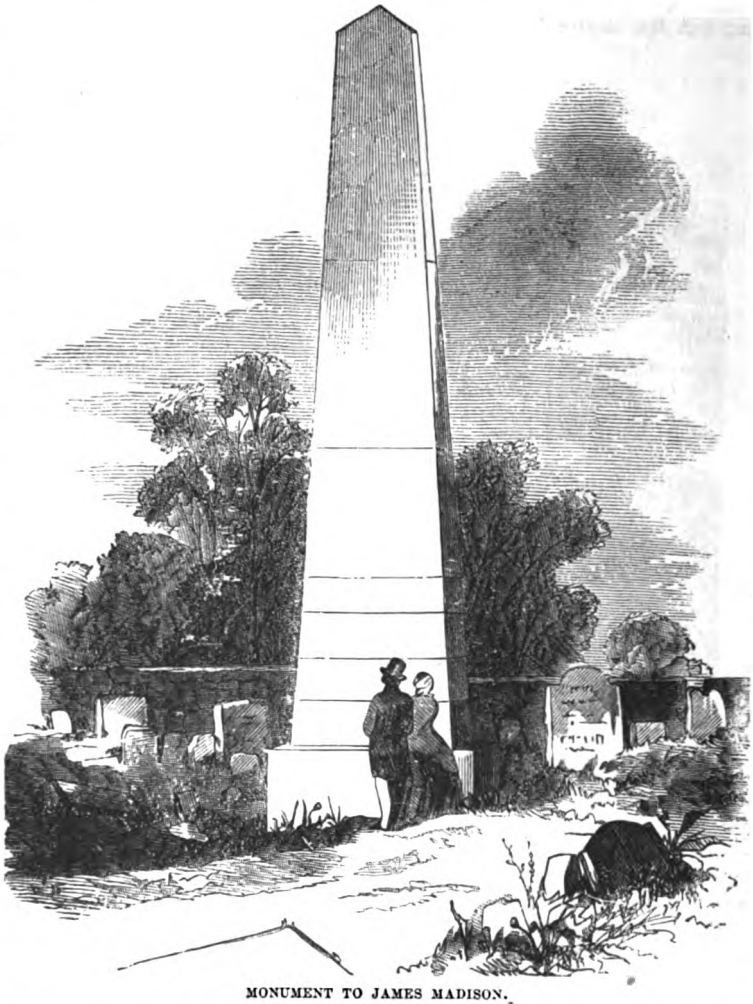
It is related that when he visited Rochambeau, in Rhode Island, a country tavern-keeper and his family made great preparations for a dinner for the General and his staff. Game and other delicacies were provided. Washington sat at the loaded table, and calling for milk and hasty-pudding, dined wholly upon this simple food. "Your work is so hard," said the disappointed landlady, "we should suppose you would need something more hearty." Placing his hand on his head, the general replied, "Here is my work."

Although public affairs during the administration of Washington were conducted with more state and ceremony than they were afterward, his domestic arrangements, his hours of rising from and retiring to his bed, and other habits, continued to be those of the simple farmer at Mount Vernon. When a purveyor for his table sent in the first shad of the season, which cost two dollars, he ordered it away because he would not "encourage such extravagance," and it was eaten in the kitchen.

His State dinners were, however, elegant and profuse; and on some occasions he made an ostentatious display out of doors, such as riding in his handsome English coach, drawn by six horses, attended by servants in livery. His stable in Minor Street, Philadelphia, was a model of neatness, wherein his grooms polished the hoofs of his horses every morning with "black-ball," and made them to shine on the streets like the boots of men. Even when pressed with the cares of State, Washington kept a minute account of the operations of his estate, directing them in writing, and requiring a weekly report from his manager.

After his retirement from the Presidency of the Republic, Washington gratefully indulged in the joys of domestic life at his beloved Mount Vernon. The most generous hospitality still prevailed there, and the table was seldom without a guest; but the sports of his earlier life were exchanged for grave discussions of the public affairs of the nation he helped to create. His stable was well supplied with fine horses, but he broke up his kennel, gave away his hounds, bade adieu to the chase for ever, and for his own amusement he formed a fine deer park below the mansion, upon a slope that extended to the river.

Labors at his desk and a visit to his stables usually occupied Washington's time before breakfast. After making a frugal meal of Indian cakes, honey, and tea or coffee, he would mount his horse and visit every part of his home estate where his presence was needed, sometimes riding a dozen miles, unattended, opening and shutting the gates and bars with his own hand. Meanwhile, his guests would be left to enjoy themselves with books and newspapers, or otherwise, according to their tastes. On his farm he wore plain, drab-colored clothes and a broad-brimmed, white hat. On horseback, he carried in his hand a small hickory switch, and over his head was a large umbrella, in hot or rainy weather, supported by a staff fixed to his saddle-bow. His breakfast hour was seven o'clock in Summer and eight o'clock in Winter; and he dined at three, when he usually ate heartily. His beverage at dinner was small beer or cider, and Madeira wine. Tea and toast or well-baked bread composed his early evening meal, after which he conversed with or read to his family, when there were no guests; and usually, whether there was company or not, he retired to bed at about nine o'clock. This habit he practiced when he was President, leaving the guests at Mrs. Washington's evening levees to enjoy themselves for an hour longer.



MONUMENT TO JAMES MADISON.

Washington invariably, at home or abroad, asked a blessing before partaking of food at a stated meal, whether with his family standing around the home table or when alone in his tent or a strange house. An old lady living at Croton Landing, on the Hudson, many years ago, told me that when she was a little girl she saw Washington one day dismount before her father's house, when he was on his way to Verplanck's Point, and ask for some refreshments. Her mother had only some boiled ham, brown bread, and cold water to offer. These she put upon a small deal table and retired, when Washington, standing before his simple meal, closed his eyes and "said grace" audibly before partaking of it. In his public letters and his private deportment, he always [illegible]d a sense of dependence upon God for every blessing

of life. He was a punctual attendant upon public worship, while at home and in the army, and partook of the Lord's Supper when occasion offered.

Mrs. Washington was a fit life-companion for such a man. She was a notable Virginia housewife of colonial days, industrious, methodical, and neat. She arose at dawn at all seasons, and immediately engaged in domestic avocations. After breakfast she invariably retired to her chamber, where she remained an hour engaged in reading the Scriptures and in other devotional exercises. The wife of Colonel Edward Carrington, in a letter to her sister, written after a visit at Mount Vernon, just before Washington's death, gave the following picture of domestic life there:

"Let us repair to the old lady's room, which is precisely in the style of our good old aunt's, that is to say, nicely fixed for all sorts of work. On one side sits the chamber-maid with her knitting; on the other, a little beloved pet learning to sew. An old, decent woman is there with her table and shears, cutting out the negroes' Winter clothes, while the good old lady directs them all, incessantly knitting herself. She points out to me several pairs of nice colored stockings and gloves she had just finished, and presents me with a pair, half done, which she begs I will finish and wear for her sake. It is wonderful, after a life spent as these good people have necessarily spent theirs, to see them, in retirement, assume the domestic habits that prevail in our country."

LAST RESIDENCE OF PRESIDENT MONROE, PRINCE STREET, NEW YORK.

Washington left a well-selected library of about 1,200 books and pamphlets, 100 maps, charts, and plans, and a considerable number of engravings. Each volume contained his engraved "bookmark" (the Washington arms), and his autograph signature. The whole collection was appraised after his death, at about $2,600. The remains of this library, consisting of 138 books, pamphlets, and maps, were sold at auction, in Philadelphia, late in 1876, at an average of $8 a piece.

When Washington retired from the Presidential chair in 1797, it was filled by John Adams, of Massachusetts, whose character appears to the close student as a sort of enigma—a paradox—a problem hard to solve. We first behold him on the canvas of history as a thoughtful graduate of Harvard College, teaching a grammar-school in Worcester, studying law there, and uttering, in letters to his friends, remarkable political prophecies, which have since been fulfilled. He caught the revolutionary spirit from the fiery James Otis, when that patriot vehemently denounced Writs of Assistance, and young Adams became a leader among the "Sons of Liberty" in Boston for a while.

At the age of twenty-nine years, Mr. Adams married Abigail, daughter of Rev. William Smith, with whom he lived fifty-four years. She was nine years younger than her husband, and was ever his "good angel" in all the vicissitudes of his ever-busy public and private life, for she possessed a strong and thoroughly cultivated intellect, a sweet temper, a loving and faithful heart, and a sound judgment. Through life her influence over Mr. Adams was remarkable and salutary, regulating his impulsive nature, soothing his often wounded sensibilities, and yielding gracefully to his foibles, which she well understood. The world may never know how much John Adams was indebted to his wife for his fame.

We are all familiar, in a general way, with the public services of Mr. Adams, but few have any idea of the prodigious labors which he performed. He was a Hercules among the leaders of the Revolution, and he entered upon the duties of President of the Republic at a critical time in our history. War with our recent ally, France, seemed inevitable, and faction in our own country had grown into two strong, antagonistic parties, known as *Federalists* and *Republicans*. The former supported Mr. Adams; the latter party was led by Mr. Jefferson, a learned, popular, and adroit politician. Adams was self-reliant, egotistical, and stubborn, and was seldom influenced by the opinions of others. Differences with other party leaders were irreconcilable. The consequence was, a fatal division in the Federal Party, which resulted in its defeat at the election in the Fall of 1800, and the elevation of Mr. Jefferson to the Presidency. Mr. Adams was held responsible for the disaster. Irritated by censures which he felt he did not deserve, he retired abruptly to his farm at Quincy, determined never to enter upon public life again. He refused to be present at the installation of his successor, or to exercise the usual courtesy in the transfer of the high office. Under a cloud of unmerited obloquy at the end of a stormy administration, Mr. Adams seemed totally neglected for a while. His privacy was most profound. During the last year of his administration, the letters he received might have been counted by thousands; during the first year of his retirement he did not receive a hundred.

In his domestic, as in his public life, Mr. Adams was somewhat imperious in his deportment, sometimes fitful and irritable, but always faithful to his convictions of duty. His affections were warm, but not always demonstrative; and his anger, when aroused, was extremely violent and unreasonable. With its subsidence, no trace of the storm appeared; all malice had vanished. Impatient of cant, contradiction, or injustice, his irritation often made him vehement in expression, and he would be overbearing and tyrannical; but his nature was keenly susceptible to kindness and sympathy.

BIRTHPLACE OF WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON.

Mr. Adams was a Unitarian in theological views, and was highly moral in all his thoughts and actions. In his writings there was sometimes crudeness in composition, but never a lack of force. He was naturally controversial, opinionated, and vain. In his habits of life he was extremely simple, never indulging in any extravagance; and he passed the remainder of his days, from 1801 until 1826, chiefly on his farm at Quincy, seldom yielding to calls to even temporary public duty. There he indulged in the use of the pen, chiefly in correspondence, for the drudgery of authorship, notwithstanding he wrote so much, was always distasteful to him. He was fond of the society of his friends, and delighted in the vivacity of young people, even in his extreme old age.

In person, Mr. Adams was a little above medium height, with a stout, well-built frame, and inclining, in his later years, to corpulency. His head was large and round, with a wide forehead and expanded brows. In repose, his eye was mild and benignant, but fiery in expression when affected by anger or other excitement. He delighted in social conversation, in which he was often vivacious and sometimes humorous. Sometimes he indulged in sarcasm, but generally avoided leaving a sting behind.

Mr. Adams's chief personal ambition through life was to excel in the minds of men, and to acquire an honorable and enduring fame. In this he succeeded; and at the great age of ninety-one years, and on the fiftieth anniversary of the adoption of the Declaration of Independence, the form of which he had helped to fashion, and which he advocated and signed, he expired. His wife had departed this life seven years before, at the age of seventy-four.

Thomas Jefferson appears most conspicuous in history as the author of the Declaration of Independence. He was of Welsh descent, and belonged to the landed aristocracy of Virginia, though his tastes led him to associate more with the class known in England as yeomanry. After passing two years in the college of William and Mary, he studied law, and entered upon its practice. While he was a student he heard the famous speech of Patrick Henry against the Stamp Act, which kindled an undying flame of patriotism in the soul of the young Virginian that expired only with his earthly existence.

Mr. Jefferson entered public life when he was only twenty-six years of age, as a member of the House of Burgesses. He was an assiduous worker, silent in debate, but industrious and eloquent with his pen. He was silent because of a defect in his organs of speech, the sensibility of which was so extreme that his voice, instead of rising with the ardor of his feelings and his conceptions, would sink into guttural and almost inarticulate utterances. Therefore he never participated in public debates. Because he was a facile and elegant writer, he was chosen by his colleagues on the Committee to draft the Declaration of Independence, to write that important document.

Mr. Jefferson practiced law and cultivated his patrimonial estate of Shadwell (afterward Monticello), near Charlottesville, Va. He was passionately fond of fine horses and horseback riding all his life; and at Monticello he kept several blooded brood mares. So particular was he about the appearance of his horses, that when one was brought out for him to ride, if he saw a spot on the animal that did not shine like a mirror, he would rub it with a white handkerchief. Mr. Jefferson seldom rode or drove any but the Virginia race-horse; but he was not a special patron of the turf, never having run but one race himself. An opportunity to see a race was seldom missed by him; and when he was President of the United States he attended the races in the vicinity of Washington. A bold and easy rider, he always made his horses subject to his will; and Mr. Randolph, his son-in-law, says that "the only impatience he ever exhibited was with his horse." Mr. Jefferson continued his equestrian habits all through life, riding a spirited horse only three weeks before his death, when he was in the eighty-fourth year of his age.

When Mr. Jefferson was almost twenty-nine years old he married Martha Skelton, a beautiful young widow of twenty-three, who brought him a fortune about equal to his own. He had just completed his mansion at Monticello, and to it

he took his bride. They left her father's house in a chaise, the snow gently falling, for it was in January, 1772. The storm increased, and they were compelled to abandon the carriage and proceed on horseback. At sunset they left the house of a friend and traversed mountain paths where the snow lay almost two feet deep. Late at night they reached their mansion, which they found cold and deserted, for the servants had retired to their houses. It was a dreary beginning of married life at Monticello, which ever afterward glowed with the sunlight of domestic happiness, and was seldom without a guest.

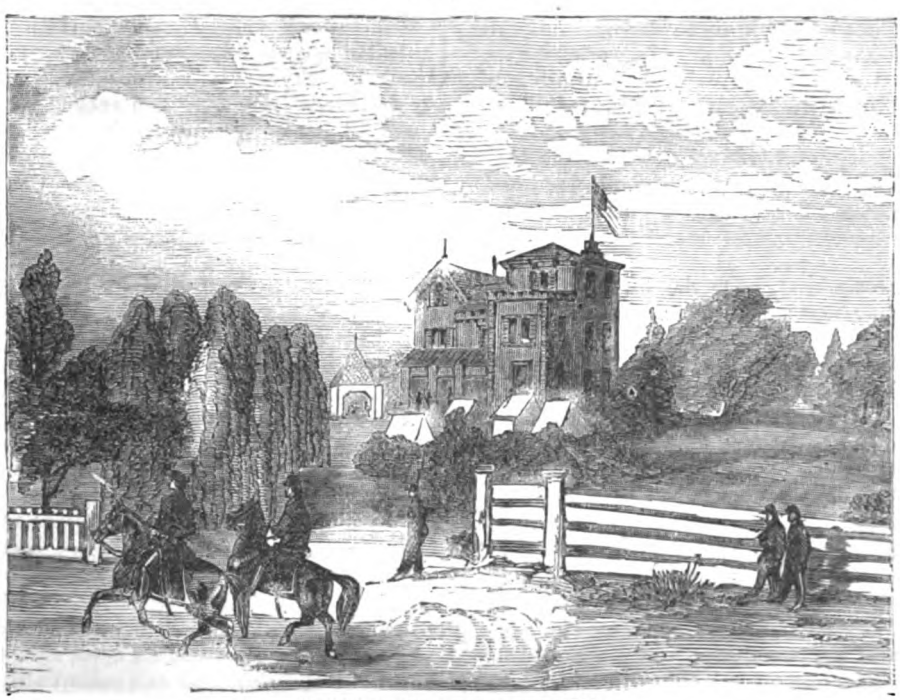
Mr. Jefferson was six feet two inches in height, thin in flesh, but erect and well formed. His eyes were light, and beamed with intelligence; his hair, in young manhood, was a yellowish red, and remained abundant through life; his complexion was fair, his forehead broad, and the general contour of his face was square. The expression of his countenance betokened good will and kindness; his strength and agility were marvelous; he loved children, and played with them when he could; his voice was sweet and persuasive; in conversation he was vivacious, and from his lips flowed streams of great learning and knowledge, for he was a philosopher as well as a statesman. In his habits of life, Mr. Jefferson was always simple, and he was quite careless in his dress. A stranger calling upon him one day, when he was President, mistook the Chief Magistrate for a servant when he entered the room clad in a snuff-brown coat, red flannel waistcoat, corduroy breeches, and gray stockings.

Mrs. Jefferson was slightly but exquisitely formed; a little above the medium height in stature, her complexion was brilliant, her large, expressive eyes were of the richest hazel shade, and her abundant hair was of the finest auburn tinge. She was an accomplished musician and dancer, but she was more distinguished as an excellent housekeeper. At the time of their marriage, Mr. Jefferson's profession and his farm gave him an income on which they lived at Monticello, generously but not extravagantly. The war for independence spread desolation over that region, but a greater calamity befell Mr. Jefferson, just as the beams of peace appeared. In the early Autumn of 1782 his beloved wife died, and he remained a widower until his death, forty-four years afterward.

Mr. Jefferson having served his country faithfully at home and abroad during the Revolution and Confederacy, was called from his ministry at the Court of France to the Cabinet of Washington as Secretary of State. He had been a witness of the first outbreak of the French Revolution, before the Reign of Terror began. Sympathizing with the avowed principles of that revolution, he wished to enlist his countrymen in the cause. The apparent coldness of Washington and his associates shocked his ardent feelings, and he believed there was a strong party in the United States favorable to monarchy. Crystallizing the anti-federalists (opposers of the new Constitution) and others, he soon found himself at the head of a powerful opposition party calling themselves *Republicans*, with Alexander Hamilton as his chief opponent. At length fatal divisions occurred in the Federal Party (already noticed), and in the Spring of 1801 Mr. Jefferson succeeded Mr. Adams as President of the United States.

The administration of Mr. Jefferson covered an important period in our social and political history. In various ways he introduced more economy and republican simplicity into the workings of our government; and he lived as frugally at the Presidential mansion as at Monticello. Affable and kind to everybody, Mr. Jefferson was personally very popular; and when he retired to private life, in 1809, that popularity caused him much annoyance.

Mr. Jefferson's daughter Martha (Mrs. Randolph) presided over the household at Monticello. She was a woman of rare excellence of character, whom the cynic, John Randolph of Roanoke, though a bitter enemy of her father, toasted as "the sweetest woman in Virginia." The learning, the statesmanship, the generous hospitality, and the unbounded popularity of Mr. Jefferson, made Monticello a sort of caravanserai many months in the year. Thither scientists, scholars, divines, students, the "common people," and personal friends flocked. Once fifty people slept under the roof at Monticello; and it usually took more than thirty servants and the entire products of the farm to entertain the guests. Mr. Jefferson did entertain them, and he was as kind and considerate to the most humble guest as he was to the most learned sage and statesman of the two hemispheres who frequently entered his door. But there was a class of intruders which annoyed him. These were uncultivated and oftentimes vulgar strangers, who came around his house and sometimes entered it uninvited, merely for the sake of gratifying their curiosity in looking upon the great man. Sometimes, these men, women, and children, would stand in a group and gaze at him as he sat in his portico toward evening, as if he were a lion in a menagerie. One woman actually punched a hole through a window-pane with her parasol, that she might have a better sight of Mr. Jefferson! The philosopher endured these annoyances with great equanimity.



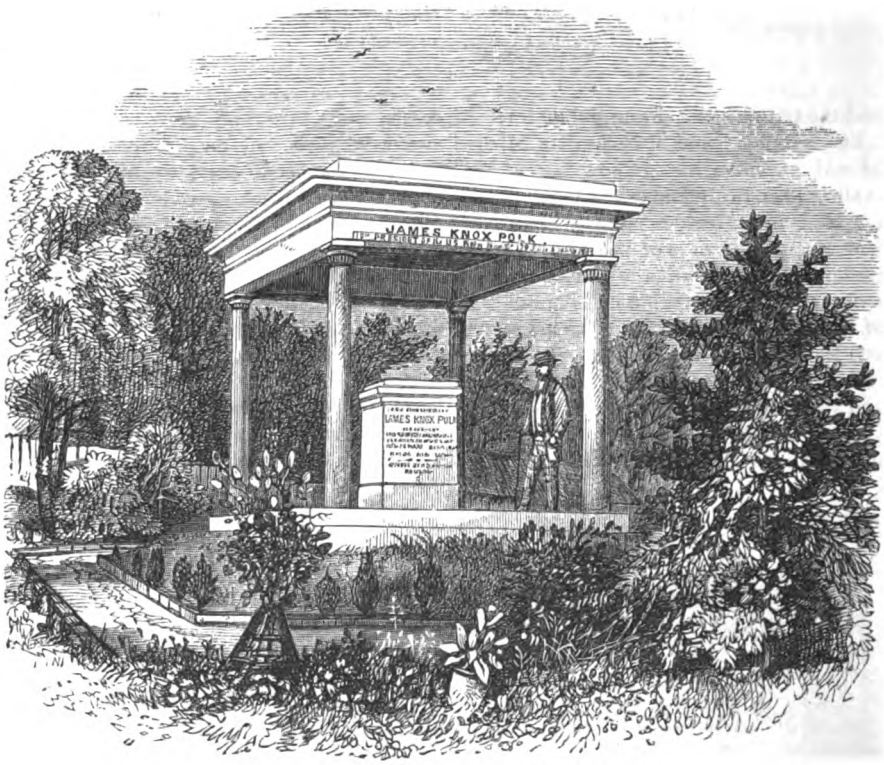
RESIDENCE OF JOHN TYLER IN 1861.

In 1814, Mr. Jefferson conceived the idea of

establishing a college at Charlottesville, near Monticello. It became a pet project. He developed its plan, found cheerful co-operation, superintended the erection of the buildings, and was made happy by the vision of its future usefulness. It was not opened until the year before his death, but he clearly foresaw the future grandeur of the University of Virginia, as his monument. In an inscription for his tombstone found among Mr. Jefferson's papers, after his death, he referred to this institution as one of the three greatest achievements of his life. It reads: "Here was buried Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of American Independence; of the statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom; and Father of the University of Virginia."

Mr. Jefferson's private life was much devoted to scientific studies and the cultivation and improvement of his estate. His forenoons were spent in his own employments exclusively; the hours after dinner were given to his guests. Before retiring to bed, he read extracts from the Bible for an hour or more; and every day, when leisure would afford, he read ancient history and the classics, with avidity.

In theological views, Mr. Jefferson was exceedingly liberal, and bigots called him an infidel. If he embraced any "doctrine," it was Unitarian. He habitually spoke reverently of God, the Saviour, and the great truths of Christianity; but he withheld his religious views, giving to his family this reason: "If I inform you of mine, they influence yours—I will not take the responsibility of directing any one's judgment on this subject." On the 4th of July, 1826, and almost at the same hour when John Adams died, Thomas Jefferson expired.



TOMB OF JAMES KNOX POLK.

Within a comparatively few miles from Charlottesville, Virginia, three Presidents of the United States were born: Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe. In a plain brick house at the foot of the Blue Ridge, James Madison, the successor of Mr. Jefferson, as President of the Republic and Rector of the University of Virginia, first saw the light of life. The air was pure, and the surrounding scenery was picturesque; and there Mr. Madison made his home, during his long and eventful life. Educated at Princeton College, under the moral and political tuition of Dr. Witherspoon, he early imbibed an ardent love for freedom, and he took an active part in the scenes of the Revolution, which speedily followed.

Mr. Madison entered public life as a member of the Virginia Legislature, at the age of twenty-five years, and was rarely out of public employment for forty years afterward. Extremely modest, he did not attempt to speak in the Assembly, but worked with ability in committees. The next year he was defeated as a candidate for re-election, partly because he was not an orator, but chiefly because he refused, on principle, to treat the electors to strong drink; but his services were given elsewhere. By practice afterward, Mr. Madison became one of the most effective public speakers of his day. He served his country ably, in his State Assembly, the Continental Congress, the Convention to frame the Constitution, the National Congress, and as Secretary of State in the cabinet of Mr. Jefferson during his administration. It was during Mr. Madison's public career, from the adoption of the Constitution until his retirement from the Presidency, that he produced those able and voluminous writings which place him in the front rank of publicists in modern times.

In 1794, when he was a bachelor of forty-five, Mr. Madison married the charming young widow of Mr. Todd, a lawyer of Philadelphia, and a member of the Society of Friends, in the strictness of whose discipline she, too, had been educated. That amiable and accomplished woman, beautiful in person, sweet in temper, strong in intellect, was a fitting companion for the good Madison; and all through his after life, in public or in private, she was his best counselor and friend. When, in 1809, her husband succeeded Mr. Jefferson as President, she presided over the household in Washington with great dignity, and was very popular. Their private social circle there was charming; and the simplicity, rare ability, good nature, kindliness and sturdy virtue of the President, made their departure for their home in Virginia, in 1817, seem like a social calamity. "From three-and-thirty years' trial," wrote Mr. Jefferson, "I can say, conscientiously, that I do not know in the world a man of purer integrity, more dispassionate, disinterested, and devoted to pure republicanism, than Mr. Madison; nor could I, in the whole scope of America and Europe, point out an abler head."

While he was President, Mr. Madison was made the target for the fiercest shafts of calumny and abuse by his political enemies. But personal attacks never moved him. He was serene in his conscious integrity, patient with his adversaries, true to his friends, and ever gentle and kind to all. He was, nevertheless, firm in the performance of his duty; yet, when

necessity compelled him to dismiss a public officer, it was with great delicacy. When he left the modest house in which he lived in unostentatious simplicity after the President's Mansion was burned by the British in 1814, and returned to his delightful home in Virginia, he carried with him the profound respect of all classes of citizens. He had revived the practice of holding public levees, which Mr. Jefferson had adopted; and at these Mrs. Madison was ever brilliant and attractive.

MR. BUCHANAN'S RESIDENCE AT WHEATLAND.

Mr. Madison had named his patrimonial estate Montpelier, and changed the plain brick house into a pleasant mansion by additions and porticoes. In one half of it resided Mr. Madison's aged mother, who kept up a separate establishment, such as table, servants, and garden, and perpetuated the ancient simplicity of Virginia rural life. The visitor might open the door between the two families, and, at a glance, see the amazing contrast between the old, plain, and quiet methods of living, and the elegant and gay fashions of more modern society. To that home Mr. Madison retired, and left public life for ever. His favorite pursuit of agriculture, his books, his pen, and the society of his friends, were his delight in his declining years. In public life he was taciturn, but with his friends he was talkative, playful, fond of sallies of wit and humor, and was a good story-teller. He sometimes indulged in puns. On one occasion, in his extreme old age, when some friends came to see him, he sank back in his chair, and said, "I always talk more easily when I *lie*." During his last illness, when the family and the doctor were at dinner, he called out feebly but cheerily from his sick-room, "Doctor, are you pushing about the glasses? Do your duty, doctor, or I shall cashier you."

In personal appearance, Mr. Madison was of small stature, and rather inclined to be corpulent. His expression was calm, his speech was slow and grave in general society, and his eyes were blue and penetrating. When he left the Presidency, at the age of sixty-six, his head was bald on top, and he still wore his hair powdered. In costume, he was uniformly neat and fashionable, and the color of his clothes was generally black. Mr. Madison died at his seat, in Virginia, in June, 1836, at the age of eighty-five years.

The private life of James Monroe, the fifth President of the United States, was very much like his administration as Chief Magistrate for eight years—calm and useful. It occupied only a comparatively brief period of his adult existence, having been almost continually in public life forty-nine of the seventy-two years that he lived. He was descended from one of the first patentees of the county of Westmoreland, Va. At the age of eighteen years he left William and Mary College, and entered the army as a cadet, under General Mercer, but left it in 1777, and began the study of law in the office of Mr. Jefferson. He was elected to the Virginia Assembly at the age of twenty-three years, and the next year he was a delegate to the Continental Congress, wherein he served until 1786. While in attendance upon that body, Mr. Monroe

TOMB OF JAMES BUCHANAN.

BIRTHPLACE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

married Miss Kortright, of New York City, an accomplished young lady, whose beauty and talents had produced a sensation in the fashionable circles of London and Paris.

In his own State, in the Congresses, as Ambassador to France and Spain, and as Secretary of State for Mr. Madison, Monroe discharged his duties with ability and fidelity; and when, in 1817, he took the Presidential chair, he had held more public offices than any man in the Union. The period of his Presidency was called the "era of good feeling." The people were too busily engaged repairing the losses of the war and preparing for the future to engage in political strifes, and at his second election, in 1820, Mr. Monroe received all of the electoral votes excepting those of New Hampshire. He retired to private life in 1825, with the profound respect of his fellow-citizens. He was of a mind "patient of inquiry, patient of contradiction; anxious and unwearied in the pursuit of truth and right; courteous even in the collision of sentiment; sound in its ultimate judgment, and firm in its final conclusion."

Mr. Monroe retired to his home in Loudon County, Virginia, deeply in debt, where he accepted the office of justice of the peace. His wife died in 1830, when he took up his abode with his affectionate daughter, the wife of Samuel L. Gouverneur, of New York, where he also died on the 4th of July, 1831, in the seventy-third year of his age. In his personal appearance, Mr. Monroe was tall and well formed, being about six feet in height; his eyes were blue, and his countenance did not indicate very superior intellect. Laborious, industrious, slow of thought, honest and true, President Monroe passed a highly honorable life, and was a good type of a Virginian gentleman of the old school.

John Adams had a son (John Quincy Adams) of whom he was justly proud, and he lived to see him in the chair of State a quarter of a century after his father had left it. While he was yet a boy, he was his father's companion in Europe, where he learned by observation many of the arts of diplomacy, which he was afterward called upon to practice. At the age of twenty-seven years he was appointed, by Washington, Minister to Portugal. From that time until his death, in the year 1848, he was almost continually in public office, at home or abroad. Having served as Secretary of State during the whole of Mr. Monroe's administration, he became his successor in the Presidency in the year 1825.

Mr. Adams's administration was marked by national serenity and repose, and the general prosperity of the people. As President, he lived elegantly but not ostentatiously. The wise and the learned were more frequently seen at his table than politicians. He and his accomplished wife were the centre of cultivated society in Washington, for he was justly regarded as the finest scholar America had yet produced.

Mr. Adams had been thoroughly educated in Europe and at Harvard College, and the atmosphere in which his whole life was spent stimulated the mental faculties. In his domestic relations his best affections were cultivated. While he was Minister at the Court of Berlin, in 1797, he married Louisa Catharine, the accomplished daughter of Joshua Johnson, then American Consul in London, and their married life was a happy one, for Mr. Adams, though generally in public employment, was domestic in his tastes, affectionate and indulgent, though possessing some of the imperiousness of his father. Enjoying good health, his temperament was sunny, and he often exercised a delightful playfulness of disposition. This was exhibited in a poetical epistle which he wrote to his wife, while he was in Congress in 1807, beginning:

"Friend of my bosom, would'st thou know,
How, far from thee, the days I spend,
And how the passing moments flow,
To this short, simple tale attend."

Then, in twenty-six more stanzas, he gave her the history of his employments and his amusements for a day, closing with these words:

"Louisa, thus remote from thee,
Still something to each joy is wanting;
While thy dear presence can to me,
Make the most dreary scene enchanting."

Mr. Adams was fond of classical literature, and read, during leisure hours, the best productions in the original Greek and Latin. In theological views, he was like his father, and was a devout practical Christian. His daily practice of reading the Bible is alluded to in the epistle, in which he wrote:

"Yes!—wherefore should I not confess?
This book of sacred inspiration
Yields to my bosom, in distress,
Both fortitude and consolation."

Mr. Adams was of middle stature and full person; his eyes were dark, piercing, and beaming with intelligence. His life was always active, and good health of body and mind was his greatest blessing. He always rose early; was temperate in all his ways, and led a most exemplary life. Of four children, only one—Hon. Charles Francis Adams—survives. Soon after his retirement from the Presidency, and his settlement in private life with an ample fortune, Mr. Adams yielded to the wishes of his constituents, took his seat in the House of Representatives in 1831, and kept it until the close of his life. In that seat he was prostrated by paralysis in February, 1848, and died in the Speaker's room, being then in the eighty-first year of his age. His last words were, "This is the last of earth."

A man of fiery spirit, inflexible honesty and iron will succeeded Mr. Adams. His stormy administration was in conspicuous contrast with the serene one of his predecessor, which was an illustration of the saying—"a calm before a tempest." Andrew Jackson, that successor, was a rough-hewn specimen of a really great man, who received his earliest instruction in letters and morals at his mother's knee, and his after knowledge in the hard school of experience. He was, from babyhood, a sort of frontiersman, battling in the arena of a rude civilization. His first hard struggles were among the privations of the Revolutionary period, when his personal courage was put to the test, and triumphed. He became a lawyer in the remote regions of Tennessee, where

he was frequently engaged in personal encounters with rough fellows, and became a terror to evil-doers. The Indian on the frontier, who had felt his hand, called him "Sharp Knife" and "Pointed Arrow."

In 1791, when he was twenty-four years of age, Jackson married Rachel Donaldson, a plain but most excellent young woman, who had been divorced from a brutal husband. They lived together nearly forty years, with a mutual affection almost unparalleled; she died, when the shouts of victory were just ceasing, after her husband's election to the Presidency, in 1829.

We are all familiar with Jackson's public life in the field, the forum and the Presidency. His administration of eight years was stormy for he fought the disloyalists of the South, and the powerful United States Bank, with the moral forces at his command; and in the Spring of 1837, he left the uneasy chair of State to his political friend, Martin Van Buren. During all that tempestuous time, his love for his lost wife and her memory was like sweet incense to his troubled spirit. He wore her miniature next his heart, day and night, until his death; and that picture was always before him in his secret devotions. That rough, stern old man, who, in the battle of life, seemed to care for neither God nor man—a roaring lion—was a prayerful Christian long before his lips made a public profession. Every night before he retired to rest, that iron man, with *her* prayer-book open before him, and with *her* miniature leaning against it, drew consolation from the wells of eternal life which he found in *her* Bible: and he was as tender and meek as a little child in that presence. Mrs. Jackson was eminent for her piety and good deeds. To the poor she was a benefactor; to the rich an example; to the wretched a comforter, and to the prosperous an ornament.

From the lips of the wife of Jackson's adopted son, I once heard some pleasing reminiscences of life at the White House, where she, a recent bride, assumed the duties of its mistress while Jackson was President. There gentleness and good-nature ever reigned; and the President's private dinners with a few friends were delightful occasions. On one of these, when only Webster and Van Buren and the family were present, Van Buren proposed to Webster to sing a song. "I will," he said, "if the President and you will join me." Jackson, with queer notes, struck up "Auld Lang Syne," when the other two joined him. "That discord and fun I shall never forget," said the lady. "Auld Lang Syne" was a favorite with Jackson. The brilliant daughter of one of his Secretaries of the Treasury informed me that she never entered the private apartment at the White House, when Jackson was in, but he would insist upon her singing or playing "Auld Lang Syne."

Life at the Hermitage—Jackson's home, near Nashville—was simplicity itself, before and after he was President. He was fond of horses, and kept many fine ones. Horse-racing was his chief out-of-door amusement. Indoors, the hero and the sage was always susceptible of the tenderest emotions. He loved the society of his friends, but he loved the inmates of his house more. Touching examples are numerous; one must suffice. Colonel Benton said he once entered the Hermitage on a chilly twilight, in 1814. He saw Jackson sitting by the fire with a lamb, and a child ten years of age, between his knees. They were removed, and Jackson explained that the child (his adopted son) had cried because the lamb was out in the cold, and begged him to bring it in, which he had done. That tenderness at home he exercised on all occasions; and when Jackson died, in June, 1845, his servants, who loved him most sincerely, were among his most grief-stricken mourners. Jackson was buried in his garden, by the side of his beloved Rachel.

Jackson was six feet one inch in height, erect in figure, but so slim that he weighed only one hundred and forty-six pounds. He was not physically robust. His eyes were a dark-blue, and when he was excited they beamed with a peculiar lustre. His features were strongly marked; in manners he was pleasing, in address commanding and easy, and affable and familiar in his deportment with his friends. His moral character was without reproach, and benevolence was his most prominent virtue.

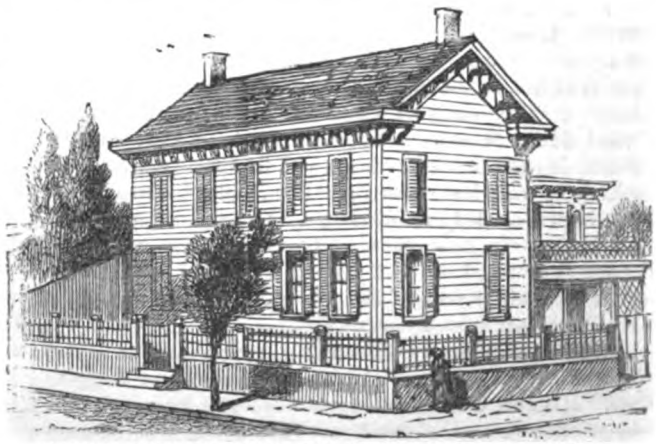
Martin Van Buren was the first President who had not participated in the struggle for independence, or was descended from an emigrant of the British Isles. His ancestor was a Hollander, and one of the first settlers of the Province of New York, in which State, near the banks of the Hudson, Van Buren was born. The early education of the future statesman was limited, for his father's means were small. At an early age he was distinguished for a gift of speech, and at eighteen he made harangues for the Democracy. The law was his chosen profession, and his training as a Democratic politician was under the tutelage of Aaron Burr.

In 1806, when he was twenty-four years of age, Mr. Van Buren married Miss Hannah Hoes, a distant blood relation. Their married life was a happy one, but it was terminated in 1818, when Mrs. Van Buren died, leaving four sons. From that time Mr. Van Buren lived a widower. He had entered public life in 1812, as State Senator, and continually rose in his profession and as a statesman, until his ambition was satisfied, in 1837, by his accession to the Presidency. His administration was marked by great financial crises, owing to the bursting of a bubble of wild speculation and a vicious credit system; and at the end of it, the business atmosphere of our country was more serene and wholesome.

In private life, Mr. Van Buren was most exemplary; his moral character was above suspicion. In the relations of husband, father, brother, and friend, he always displayed traits which most adorn human nature. His personal friends were almost innumerable, for there was something so winning in his deportment, that they were held in perpetual attachment to him.

By fortunate speculations in land, Mr. Van Buren was enabled to retire from the Presidency to his estate of Lindenwold, near his birthplace at Kinderhook, with a competent fortune; and there he lived in elegant ease, enjoying the society of his friends and his books, until his death, in July, 1862, when he was eighty years of age. The late civil war was then raging, and Mr. Van Buren, at the outbreak, had declared himself warmly in favor of the Government.

In person, Mr. Van Buren was of middle height; in young manhood slender, but corpulent in old age. His hair and eyes were light—the latter mild but penetrating; his



RESIDENCE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS, IN 1861.

features were animated and expressive, and his broad forehead indicated great intellectual strength. In manners he was easy and frank, felicitous in powers of conversation, and his amiableness made him an ornament of the social circle, whether at home or at the Court in London, where he was American Minister for a while. Mr. Van Buren's career illustrates the flexibility of our free institutions.

The election for President in 1840, resulted in the choice of William Henry Harrison, a tried soldier and wise civilian, who was born at "Berkeley," the estate of his father (Governor of Virginia, in 1782), on the left bank of the James River, in 1773. He was educated at Hampden-Sidney College, and studied for a physician, but in early life he entered the army as an ensign, and was on the staff of General Wayne in the Northwest, with the rank of captain. In 1795, Captain Harrison was in command of a blockhouse at the "North Bend" of the Ohio River. There he wooed and won the heart and hand of Anna Symmes, daughter of Judge Symmes, of New Jersey, who had purchased a vast tract of land in that vicinity. Judge Symmes had consented to this marriage, but hearing a slanderous report about Captain Harrison, he withdrew his permission. They were married, however, during his absence, and when, on his return, he said sternly to his son-in-law, "Well, Sir, I understand you have married Anna; how do you expect to support her?" The young soldier promptly answered, "By my sword and my own right arm." Pleased with the reply, the father was satisfied, and the "lovely Anna" lived happily with her husband until his death, forty-six years afterward. She also remained his widow twenty-three years longer, dying at North Bend in 1864.

RESIDENCE OF ANDREW JOHNSON.

In civil life in the Northwestern Territory and the State of Ohio; in the army as a general, in the war of 1812; as United States Senator, and Foreign Minister, Harrison discharged his duties with honesty and fidelity. After a most exciting canvass known as the "Hard Cider Campaign," in 1840, he was elected President by a very large majority; but he held the office only one month. He was inaugurated on the 4th of March, 1841, and died on the 4th of April, at the age of sixty-eight years. His official mantle fell upon the Vice-President, John Tyler, of Virginia.

President Harrison was tall and slender. Lacking a robust constitution, he preserved health by exercise and temperance. His fine, dark eye was remarkable for keenness, fire, and intelligence. His mind was vivacious; his impulses were benevolent; his features beamed with intellectual vigor; he was a bold and eloquent speaker; his temper was mild and forbearing; a sense of justice was conspicuous in his conduct, and his manners were plain, easy, unostentatious, and winning. In public and private life, William Henry Harrison was a model man.

On the day after the death of President Harrison, Vice-President John Tyler took the oath of office, as his successor. He was a courteous, well-educated gentleman, well-bred and affable in manners, plain and dignified in his deportment, and every way exemplary in his private and domestic life. In person, he was tall and thin, with light complexion, brown hair, blue eyes, and prominent features, expressive of much force of character.

Mr. Tyler was born on the banks of the James River, near the birthplace of Harrison. In childhood he was noted for his love of books, and at the early age of twelve years he entered the College of William and Mary, where he became a favorite of the Faculty. At seventeen, he graduated, when his address on "Female Education" was pronounced by that Faculty the best Commencement oration they had ever heard there. At the age of nineteen years young Tyler was admitted to the Bar, and he entered public life as a member of the Virginia Legislature when he was twenty-one. At the age of twenty-three, he married Miss Letitia Christian, an estimable young lady, with whom he lived happily almost thirty years. She died at Washington in 1842, leaving six children.

Mr. Tyler was almost continually in public life in his State and in the National Legislature, until he became President. His administration was chiefly conspicuous for proceedings concerning the re-chartering of the United States Bank, which he opposed by his veto, and preparations for the annexation of Texas. Having, by his unwise course, alienated the confidence of both political parties, he left office under a cloud, similar to that which shadowed the elder Adams for a time.

While Mr. Tyler was yet President, he married Miss Julia, daughter of David Gardiner, of New York; and when he left the Presidential chair, he retired, with his bride, to his estate called "Sherwood Forest," near Charles City Court House. There he cultivated his estate in quiet seclusion, and with a competent fortune, until near the time of his death in January, 1862, when he was a member of the Confederate Congress, and an open enemy of his Government.

Soon after his retirement, Mr. Tyler's constituents around him, who were his political opponents, intending to mortify

him, elected him overseer of the highways. He good-naturedly accepted the office, and when these neighbors were all busy in their harvests, he compelled them to turn out and work the roads. Nobody favored his re-election.

Six Virginians had now administered the National Government, and that "Mother of Presidents" produced only one more. The eleventh President of the Republic was James Knox Polk, a native of Mecklenburg County, N. C., and a resident of Tennessee after he was eleven years of age. He was of Scotch-Irish descent, a race to which our country is indebted for some of its most distinguished benefactors. Graduating from the University of North Carolina in 1818, he became a lawyer. Extremely studious, industrious, and persevering, he obtained a thorough education. Popular with all classes, because of his sound common sense, his thorough republicanism, simplicity of manners, sincerity and affability, he was called to the stormy sea of politics in 1823, by an election to the Legislature of Tennessee. Mr. Polk was in public life ever afterward, serving fourteen consecutive years in Congress, two years as Governor of his State, and four years as President of the United States. His administration covered a very important period of our history. During that time the Oregon boundary dispute was settled, Texas was annexed to our Union, and the consequent war with Mexico, and a vast accession to our territory occurred.

BIRTHPLACE OF ULYSSES S. GRANT.

Mr. Polk scarcely enjoyed a *private* life, for he was continually in the public service. His domestic life was a happy one. At about the time when he was first elected to Congress, he married Miss Sarah, daughter of Joel Childers, a merchant of Rutherford County, Tenn., who yet survives him, occupying the mansion in which her husband died. She was a beautiful girl, and no feminine occupant of the White House ever adorned the station more than she.

When, in the Spring of 1849, they left Washington, they made their residence in the city of Nashville, where they intended to spend the remainder of their days in the quiet of private life. Only three months after they were seated there, Mr. Polk died of chronic diarrhœa, in the fifty-fourth year of his age. He was buried in an inclosure in front of his house, and over his remains is a handsome, modest monument.

President Polk was of middle stature, with a full, angular brow, and a quick, penetrating gray eye. The expression of his countenance was grave, almost sad, when he left the chair of State. When he entered it, his dark hair was grizzled; when he left it, it was almost white, and his appearance was careworn.

Mrs. Polk is a member of the Presbyterian Church. Just before his death, President Polk received the ordinance of baptism from a clergyman of the Methodist Church. They were childless, and the wife remains his widow.

We, as a nation, are not exempt from the foible of being dazzled by military glory. Obedient to that foible, the people of the United States elected Major-General Zachary Taylor President of the United States, in 1848, because he had been a successful leader in the war with Mexico. He was a native of Orange County, Va., and was taken by his father to Kentucky when he was an infant. On a farm near Louisville he was nurtured into a vigorous young man, scantily educated, but well-grounded in solid virtues, which influenced his whole life.

In 1809, young Taylor entered the army as lieutenant, and remained in it until he became President of the Republic, about forty years afterward; doing good service against the Indians in the Northwest, in the war of 1812, in Florida, and in Mexico. His character as a soldier was expressed in the title of "Rough and Ready," which his followers gave him.

At the age of twenty-four years, Lieutenant Taylor married Miss Margaret Smith, of Maryland, who survived him. They had four children—one son and three daughters. One of the latter was the first wife of Jefferson Davis. Mrs. Taylor had been a most affectionate life-companion of the soldier, and she presided with simplicity, but with dignity, over the domestic affairs of the White House.

When Taylor became President, he was slightly corpulent, and his height was five feet eight inches. His complexion was dark; his forehead high; his eyes keen and penetrating; his face was careworn, but lighted up by habitual good humor. In his dress he was simple; in manners affable; in deportment ever kind and affectionate; and by his family and intimate friends he was almost adored for his goodness. His administration, which was marked by agitation of the "Slavery Question," was brief, for early in June, 1849, sixteen months after his inauguration, he was prostrated by sickness, and died after an illness of only five days. The disease was bilious fever. His last hours were soothed by his aged wife and loving children. He was then almost sixty-six years of age. President Taylor was the only chief magistrate who died at the White House.

The Vice-President, Millard Fillmore, succeeded President Taylor. Born in a forest home, and rocked in a sap-trough, in Cayuga County, New York, his early opportunities for education were small. Apprenticed first to a clothier, and then to a wool-carder, he labored industriously in distasteful business. With an ardent thirst for knowledge, he read borrowed books with avidity; and at the age of nineteen years he began studying law and teaching school alternately. At the age of twenty-five, young Fillmore married Miss Abigail, daughter of Rev. Lemuel Power, with whom he traveled life's rough and pleasant paths most lovingly and loyally. She was an exemplary wife and mother, and when they were about to depart for the enjoyment of private life, she died at Washington City.

Mr. Fillmore entered public life in 1833, as a representative in Congress. As President, he administered the affairs of the nation with wisdom and prudence, during a most perilous time, for the Southern politicians there, bent on rule or ruin, were threatening and defiant. It was during that time that his father, then over eighty years of age, visited him. At a levee, the veteran stood by the side of his honored son and family. A venerable clergyman present drew a friend aside and whispered in his ear: "Was there ever, since the world began, such a contrast as that group and the baby in the sap-trough?" President Fillmore was a handsome man, of noble mien, about six feet in height, and well-proportioned. His complexion was light, his hair abundant, and his manners were simple and affable.

Mr. Fillmore's domestic life was a happy one. Every day when he was absent, he wrote a letter to his wife; and sadly he returned to his home with her lifeless remains. He visited Europe soon afterward, and on his return he bought a handsome house, and there, with perfect leisure, after a laborious life, he spent happy days with his books and works of art, studying history and philosophy, and indulging sometimes in reading fiction and poetry. In 1855, he married Mrs. Caroline McIntosh, a lady of fortune and artistic culture, and his house was made more delightful by her presence and taste. Mr. Fillmore died in March, 1874, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. He was a Unitarian in his theological views.

The third New Englander called to the Presidency, was Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire, a son of a Revolutionary patriot, and Governor of that State. He graduated at Bowdoin College, became an eminent lawyer, and at the age of twenty-nine years, entered Congress by the votes of the Democratic Party. He was also in the National Senate, in which he was distinguished as an eloquent speaker. In the war with Mexico, Mr. Pierce served with some distinction, and was called to the Presidency in 1853. His administration was marked by violent political storms in and out of the halls of legislation.

In 1834, Mr. Pierce married Miss Jane Means, daughter of Rev. Mr. Appleton, a former president of Bowdoin College. Three sons were born to them, but two died very young, and the surviving child, a fine boy in the thirteenth year of his age, was killed on a railroad while traveling with his parents, in January, 1853. A few weeks afterward, the stricken parents entered the Presidential mansion, sad and childless. At the end of the term of four years, they returned to their lonely home at Concord, New Hampshire, where Mrs. Pierce afterward died, and was followed to the grave by her husband, in October, 1869. All through his public career, Mr. Pierce stood by the Southern politicians in their advocacy of slavery; and when the late Civil War broke out he sympathized with the secessionists.

President Pierce was elegant and commanding in person. His figure was slight, and about five feet ten inches in height; his hair was abundant, dark brown, and waving; his dark eye was piercing and bright, and his face had an open and frank expression.

James Buchanan, the only unwedded President, was of Scotch-Irish descent, whose father came to America from Ireland at the close of our Revolution, and settled in Pennsylvania; and there, in a log cabin, the fifteenth Chief Magistrate was born, in April, 1791. He was a very attractive and popular pupil at Dickinson College, at Carlisle, where he graduated in 1809, and chose the law for a profession, in which he was successful. He was a tall, slender youth, fond of field sports, was expert with the rifle, and by exercise in the open air in young manhood he laid the foundation of health which served him through a long life.

When Mr. Buchanan was thirty years of age, he was elected to Congress, and in both Houses, and in diplomacy, he was much engaged through the remainder of his life, until he was elected President in 1856, when he was in the sixty-sixth year of his age. Like President Pierce, he always favored the friends of the slave system; and it was during the latter months of his administration that they plunged our country into civil war. At the close of that administration, he retired to his pleasant seat—"Wheatland"—near Lancaster, Penn., where, as at Washington, his household was presided over by his niece, Miss Lane. There he lived in elegant retirement, generously entertaining his friends, and closely watching the drift of public affairs, until June, 1868, when he died, at the age of seventy-seven years.

Mr. Buchanan was a large, muscular man, full six feet in height, full of physical vigor and great powers of endurance. His complexion, hair, and eyes were light, in young manhood; in habits he was frugal; in tastes he was simple and refined; and his morals, from earliest childhood, were pure. Temperate in all things, his private life was beautiful and exemplary.

It was at the kindling of the fiery furnace of our late Civil War that Abraham Lincoln, the sixteenth President, was called to the chair of State. He was a native of Kentucky, and was descended from Pennsylvania Quakers. His early years were spent in drudgery on a farm, and he did not receive more than a year's schooling, obtained at intervals. At the age of nineteen he went out to see the world, as a hired hand on a flat-boat bound for New Orleans. Having become a citizen of Illinois, he engaged as a volunteer in the "Black Hawk War," on the borders of that State, in 1832. The next year he was made postmaster at New Salem, Ill., where he studied law and practiced surveying; and in 1834 he was elected to a seat in the Legislature. Opening a law office at Springfield, Ill., he soon rose to eminence in his profession. Always good-natured, and a capital story-teller, he was popular everywhere. Having served one term in Congress, he was called to the Presidency in the Spring of 1861, by the modern Republican party. The Civil War then a-kindling, extended in duration over his entire administration, during which perilous time he managed the helm of the Ship of State with great prudence, skill, and wisdom. The most prominent act of his administration was his proclamation of the Emancipation of all the Slaves in the Republic, on the first of January, 1863. Mr. Lincoln was re-elected in 1864; and on the night of the 14th of April, 1865, while sitting, with his family, in a theatre at Washington, he was shot through the head by an assassin, and expired the next morning.

In November, 1842, Mr. Lincoln married Miss Mary, daughter of Hon. R. S. Todd, of Kentucky, who was a most devoted and affectionate wife and mother, and with whom he lived most happily. On the day when he was assassinated, they rode out together, alone. He was full of joy at the prospects of peace, and talked of happier days before them. "We have had a hard time together," he said, "since we

came to Washington; but now the war is over, and, with God's blessing upon us, we may hope for four years of happiness, and then we will go back to Illinois, and pass the remainder of our lives in peace."

Alas! in less than eight hours afterward, the President was smitten down by a murderer; and the sad, sad widow saw the bodies of her husband and her dead son, Willie, borne in funeral procession seventeen hundred miles to their last resting-place at Springfield.

Mr. Lincoln was tall, thin, and large-boned, and was six feet four inches in height. He was very sinewy, easily lifting five hundred pounds. His legs and arms were disproportionately long, and there was no grace in his movements. His forehead was high; his hair was almost black; his eyebrows were heavy; his eyes were dark gray, and very expressive, alternately sparkling with fun and subdued into looks of sadness. He loved Truth supremely; was not a church member, but had a childlike reliance upon God; read the Bible and Shakespeare more than any other books; his conversational powers were most extraordinary; his mirthfulness was exuberant, sparkling in jests, stories, and anecdotes; in a word, he was a man of most exquisite qualities, without any serious faults. He occupies a place in our history next to Washington, and will ever be revered as the *Martyr President.*

At ten o'clock on the day after Mr. Lincoln's death, Andrew Johnston, the Vice-President, was installed his successor. He was a native of North Carolina, and was so pinched by poverty that he never received a day's schooling; but he learned himself to read. Taught the tailor's trade, he followed it many years, chiefly in Greenville, Tennessee, supporting a widowed mother. He married an excellent young woman, who taught him how to write. Possessed of a vigorous intellect, an indomitable will, great quickness of perception, an ardent thirst for knowledge, untiring industry, and rare social qualities, Mr. Johnson passed through various grades of elective offices, from alderman, at twenty years of age, a legislator in his State and Congress, and Governor of Tennessee, to Vice-President of the United States, at the age of fifty-six years.

The public career of Andrew Johnson, during his administration, alienated the party which had elected him, and over much of his conduct the true American would gladly draw a vail of forgetfulness. That administration ended in the Spring of 1869, when General Ulysses S. Grant entered upon the duties of President. Mr. Johnson did not remain long in private life. Defeated as a candidate for Congress, he was appointed, by the Legislature of his State, United States Senator. But his life soon ended. Seized by a violent disease, he died on the first of July, 1875, in the sixty-seventh year of his age.

In private life, Mr. Johnson was exemplary. He was a good husband and father; a warm friend, and honest in all his transactions. In stature he was about five feet ten inches in height; stoutly built, hair a rich dark brown; expressive eyes; a face indicating intelligence, and great decision of character. In many respects, Andrew Johnson was an extraordinary man.

THE CATHEDRAL OF CORDOVA.

CORDOVA, a city of the past, like all others worth seeing in Spain, contains many and very beautiful Moorish remains; at each turn something greets the eye that tells of their former rule and greatness, and of the marvelous refinement of their taste. The cathedral, or "Mezquita," as it is still commonly called, is the great wonder and attraction; it stands more alone than most cathedrals in Spain are allowed to do, perhaps because the exterior is so simple that space around it is really of no great moment, and so, from pure contradiction, it is not built round. We entered by the Puerta del Perdon into the *patio* of oranges, containing some magnificent trees, together with palms, both being laden with fruit. In the centre, the cistern placed by the Moors in 945, is still there. To the left of this court is the belfry tower—a magnificent view is obtained from the top; on the right is the mosque.

It is difficult to give an idea of the impression produced on first entering this wondrous building; it certainly does not give one the faintest idea of being a church; with a low roof not exceeding thirty-six feet in height, amidst a very forest of columns, you find yourself in a space nearly square, being both ways upward of 360 feet, with the columns forming nineteen aisles one way and twenty-nine the other; the whole being lined on the four sides by chapels. The pillars are none alike, either in size, height, or marble—some with capitals, others without; some of jasper, verd-antique, porphyry, and other valuable marbles; one was shown us as being sulphur, which the guide scraped in order that we might test the truth of his statement by the strong smell. It is a pity this is allowed, as the dilapidated state of the pillar proves how common the practice of "testing" is. On two others of the columns are small crucifixions scratched, scarcely visible without the light of a candle. One is said to have been done by a Christian prisoner, who was chained by his neck to the pillar, the places where the chains were fixed being visible enough; but it seems difficult to understand how he could scratch a crucifix in that position, and just where his shoulders would be against the column; and to increase the marvel, he is said to have done it with his nail; if by this was meant, as it clearly was, his finger-nail, it becomes simply ridiculous. The other is much more perfect, and slightly larger.

In all there are 850 columns; formerly there were more, but the *coro*, which was unfortunately added in 1523, necessitated the removal of many. The retablo of the high altar is very fine, and the dome elaborate and delicate, with its white and gold ornamentation, but it looks thoroughly out of place.

The Capilla de Villaviciosa is rich in beautiful work, and looks as if hung all round with fine lace; those horse-shoe arches, one succeeding the other, yet forming in a whole a single perfect one, are marvels of architecture. The *azulejos*, or tiles, are very fine. The large window of this chapel is where the kalif prayed in public; it faces the *Ceca*, the Holiest of Holies. In this portion of the building, the part leading to the *Ceca*, is such mosaic-work as is not rivaled at Rome. A railing separates the "Ceca" from the tomb of the Conde de Oropesa, who rescued Cordova from an attack of the Moors; the monument is perfectly plain, with a badge lying across, cut into the stone, indicative of his profession; not even his name is recorded on it, but that is not required, it is in every one's mouth that you ask.

The "Ceca" is octagon-shaped and richly inlaid; the roof is formed by a solid piece of white marble, in the shape of a scollop-shell. All the inscriptions are in Cuphic. Pilgrims who came here walked seven times round this Ceca, and the pavement shows evident marks of many feet. This mosque ranked second only to that of Mecca. St. Ferdinand first converted this mosque into a Christian church. Double rows of arches, one over the other, support the columns, and the fret-work on some of them is delicate and beautiful beyond description. The church-plate is now of little value; the custodia is, however, rich; it is silver gilt, of Gothic design, and executed in 1517 by Henrique de Arphe; it, together with a few other things, was hidden, and thus escaped the marauders during the French occupation in 1808.

INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL OF CORDOVA, SPAIN, ONCE A MOHAMMEDAN MOSQUE.— SEE PAGE 527.

ELFIE LEIGH.

"You will be true, Elfie?"

"Can you doubt me, Jacob?"

Jacob Arlington shook his head, and then, drawing his pretty, little, golden-haired *fiancée* to his breast, gave her a parting embrace.

Years ago, a woman had come to the Leigh farm, one cold, stormy night, with an infant in her arms. She begged for shelter; said she was a widow, her name Arlington, and was on her way to her friends. Mrs. Leigh gave her the "spare room" with many misgivings. She could not turn her out to perish, and yet she was afraid she might steal something if she trusted her in there alone.

The next morning, as the strange woman did not make her appearance, they went in to see what had happened. She was dead! Her babe nestled beside her cold, inanimate form.

The Leighs had just buried their only son, and their hearts were tenderer than usual.

"We will let the town bury the woman," the old farmer said, "and we will keep the boy. He may grow up to be a great help to me."

Mrs. Leigh very gladly acquiesced in her husband's plan, and so Jacob Arlington became an inmate of their home.

Years afterward, Mrs. Leigh had a baby—a little, blue-eyed, golden-haired infant—and she called it Elfie. The babe was Jacob's pride. Every leisure moment he spent in fondling and caressing the pretty little thing.

More years passed. Elfie grew to young womanhood, and Jacob loved her. The old farmer was informed of the state of affairs, and grew wrathy.

"You, a nameless nobody, and dependent on my charity, to dare think of loving my daughter!" he exclaimed, angrily. "Leave my roof this instant!"

Jacob bowed, and prepared to obey. He packed up his scanty wardrobe, told Elfie, and then bade her good-by.

* * * * * * *

Seven years later, Jacob Arlington returned.

"Rich or poor, my love will be yours all the same."

These were Elfie's words before he left, and, uncalled, they flashed through his mind, as he stood once more again at the well-known door.

Mrs. Leigh admitted him. She looked into his face for a moment, and then exclaimed:

"Jacob!"

"Yes, it is Jacob," he replied. "All are well, I hope?"

"Yes."

She ushered him in. A young lady, with all the airs, frizzes, "Grecian bend," and other modern accomplishments and graces, advanced to meet him. She gave him her hand languidly.

"I am glad to see you back," she said; "but what a surprise you have given me!"

Jacob felt his heart sinking down to his very toes. Was this the light-hearted, pretty little Elfie he had thought of so many years? He was disappointed, and yet he would not admit it, even to himself. He glanced down to her finger. He had given her the ring—a curious-shaped, serpent-like ring, that had been taken from his dead mother's hand, but it was missing.

"She may have lost or broken it," he said, consolingly, to himself.

Farmer Leigh came in. He welcomed Jacob cordially. He asked him a great many questions concerning his experience during the last seven years, to which he only received monosyllabic replies.

ELFIE LEIGH.—"'I SEE YOU HAVE A RING BELONGING TO ME IN YOUR POSSESSION, MISS LEE,' HE OBSERVED, WHEN THEY REACHED HER HOME."

"Don't you think you would have done better to have staid on a farm?" he asked, at last; thinking that, if Jacob had got on well, he would not be quite so reticent.

A peculiar smile crept over Jacob's lips.

That evening a foppish young fellow called on Miss Leigh, and showed her particular attention. For a week he continued his calls, and Jacob watched Elfie closely.

"I wonder what the girl means?" he mused to himself. "Changed as she is, she surely cannot love that little, insignificant snob, with his downy mustache and incipient drawl! I will settle the question, anyway."

After tea, he followed her into the "sitting-room."

"Do you intend to go to the city with me, Elfie, when I go, next week?" he inquired.

She dropped her eyes and stammered.

"Please yourself," he continued. "I will not say one

word to influence you. I believed you loved me, and have worked on that belief for seven years; but, if you have changed, all well."

"I have changed," she said, at last. "I have promised to marry Charlie. He is a clerk in a railway office in New York; and—and—you know," she added, desperately, "I am not fitted for a poor man's wife, and one *must* think of the future."

"I wish you very much happiness, I am sure!" he responded, and then left the room.

Going into the garden, he encountered a pale, delicate girl bringing some sewing home to "Miss Leigh." He had been introduced to her once, in the twilight, but had not noticed her particularly. Since then, Mrs. Leigh had told him that the young seamstress was an orphan, and dependent on her own exertions for a livelihood.

"I am very sorry, Mr. Arlington," she said, impulsively, as he spoke to her.

"For what? Oh, I know. You were coming past the open window, and heard my explanation with Miss Elfie. Thank you."

"I did not mean to listen," she added, quickly. "But you both spoke so distinctly, that I could not avoid hearing your remarks."

"All right!" he replied. "No serious damage is done."

He followed Nettie Lee into the house. What was his surprise to see his ring glistening on her finger! He made no comments, but, when she rose to go home, asked permission to accompany her.

"I see you have a ring belonging to me in your possession, Miss Lee," he observed, when they reached the door of her home."

She blushed crimson.

"Have I? I hope you will pardon me! Miss Leigh gave it to me for a piece of work I had done for her."

"Sold it to you, eh?" and he laughed.

She commenced to draw it from her finger.

"Miss Lee, wait!" he said, quickly, arresting her movement. "I was betrothed to the woman that wore it—no other, I believed, should ever wear the only relic I had left of my mother. *You* are the one that wears it, and, according to my theory, *you* must be my betrothed. I esteem you more highly than any other woman that I ever met, Nettie; and if you will marry me a week from to-day—stranger as I am to you—I give you my word of honor that, as far as lies in my power, you shall never have cause to regret it."

His proposal came so unexpectedly that it startled her. She looked up into his frank, open face, and clear, brown eyes.

"A woman can trust a man with such a soul shining in his eyes," she said to herself, and then, "I will, Mr. Arlington," she answered aloud.

* * * * * * *

Charles Broad and his bride came to the city, and procured board in a second-rate boarding-house.

"Mr. Arlington wishes to see you at his residence, No. 77 —— Avenue," a fellow-clerk said to Broad, when he entered the office.

"What, Arlington! the largest stockholder in this line?" he ejaculated. "I hope he don't intend to discharge me! I'd be in a confounded fix, with a wife on my hands!"

"I don't know what he wanted," returned the other; "but you know he has the whole control of affairs now."

Young Broad hastened to obey the summons.

"Strange his name and Elfie's old beau's should be the same!" he muttered to himself; "but I guess they are rather a different style of men."

He was quite overawed by the elegance of his employer's house, and followed the butler nervously to the library.

He flung the door open, and admitted Charlie.

"How do you do, Broad?" exclaimed a voice, which he recognized at once.

"Mr. Arlington!" he stammered, "I—didn't know you were—were——"

"The same Arlington as in New York," he suggested, pitying the poor fellow's confusion.

"When did you arrive?"

"This morning, sir."

"Why, you have been very punctual. I told Sharp to tell you to run up, so that Nettie might know where to call on your wife. She is quite anxious to tell her about the ring which she gave her."

"What was it, sir, may I inquire?" asked Broad; for Elfie had told him what a good joke it was, her selling his ring.

"Why, I brought an elderly gentleman—to whom I had been, for a number of years, very much attached—home to dine with me. He noticed the ring on my wife's finger, and asked how it came in her possession. I told him it was my mother's; and the ring restored to me a father—to my father, a son. He had left home before I was born, and when he returned he could find no trace of his wife, or of the infant which he knew must have been born. His name is Astor Arlington;" and Broad recognized it as that of one of the most influential bankers in the city.

Mr. Broad did not prolong his visit. He went direct to his wife, and related to her what had transpired.

Elfie bit her lips in rage. She had made a great mistake when thinking "for the future."

AN OPEN-AIR KITCHEN AT NAPLES.

Under the smiling sky of Venice, with a delicious climate, where the heat is tempered by the sea-breeze, out-door life prevails. Much that in our northern climes is confined within walls is here performed under the canopy of heaven. The streets are alive with tradesfolk. Barbers are ready to shave you in the squares, and even, as our picture shows, cooks will prepare viands amid the din and bustle of the streets and supply their customers fresh from the pot.

You will often come upon one of these small but comprehensive kitchens in the streets of Naples, where the various delicacies of Southern Italy are cooking, ready to serve to the hungry. They have an eye to taste, too, these cooks, and deck their pots with bouquets of bright, fresh flowers, to catch the eye and tempt customers.

Maccaroni is dressed in various ways; polenta plays its part; fried dishes, too, tempt the eye and palate; and people come to purchase and eat on the spot or carry to their homes. The oyster-stands near our markets, or the enterprising Chinamen who sometimes cook and sell their waffles in the street are the nearest approach to these industries.

Yet a real want in our cities is that of cheap kitchens for the poor, where they can take dishes to be cooked or buy them hot from the fire. To the weary workers wending their way homeward after a day's hard work, when the only home is often a cold, cheerless room, it would be an incalculable benefit to be able to stop and get a hot, smoking dish to carry with them and enjoy in peace and quiet.

A DOCTOR'S STORY.

One evening, late in the Fall of 18—, I was seated in my rude quarters at the B—— post, in Paraguay, reviewing the events of the past few years of my life, as presented in a memorandum-book before me, when a knock at the door caused me to shut up my book and invite the person seeking entrance to come in.

For two years I had been surgeon-general of that portion of the army of Buenos Ayres which was stationed at B——, under the command of General Juan Fernido, in connection with which office I was private physician of the commander himself, who, at the time I speak of, was suffering from a severe attack of fever.

The insurgent army, headed by a lawless desperado calling himself Sandsivo, had taken advantage of the sickness of Fernido, and annoyed our army by frequently shooting the scouts, and making attacks upon the weaker portion of the camp.

The encampment of the rebels was supposed to be about five miles north of us, and divided into small parties.

I was rather surprised when, as the door opened, a figure, closely muffled in a long cloak, entered the room. His whole bearing and dress showed that he had come on some mysterious business; and, as I caught a gleam in one of his eyes which indicated uneasy restlessness, I looked sharply at him, vainly attempting to pierce his disguise.

Removing his hat, and exposing to my view a well-featured and apparently honest face, he returned to the door, locked it quickly, and, returning to the place where I sat, seated himself directly opposite me, placing, as he did so, a small, leathern bag upon the table. I looked at him with a mystified air not altogether devoid of suspicion.

"You need not be alarmed," he said, smilingly, as if he read my thoughts. "I simply closed the door and locked it to prevent interruption."

"You have something of importance to communicate to me?" I asked, looking curiously at the little bag.

"No, a small matter. That bag contains a few ounces of gold—your fee, if you will favor me with your advice and assistance for a few hours. I have had the misfortune to let a small globule of lead drop into a friend's body, and wish it removed. Accidents are unavoidable, you know, señor, and a man must resent an insult."

"A duel?" I inquired.

He smiled affirmatively.

"And where does this friend of yours live, señor?"

"Four miles to the north," he replied.

"So near the rebel camp!"

"You need have no fear on that score, doctor. The wounded man has been removed to a house near by, and you are safe in your professional capacity. Will you accompany me?"

I replied by going into my little surgery in the next room, and returning with my case of surgical instruments.

"A guide and two mules await us outside the camp," he said, as we left the room and passed the sentinels.

We jogged on at a rapid pace, my companion managing to fall behind me, while the guide led the way. Little or no conversation was carried on, the stranger seeming to have lost his vivacity of manner. Suddenly, as we turned a sharp rock, beyond which point the broad-spreading *llano* stretched, my eyes were dazzled by an unexpected burst of light.

Not ten feet before me lay the rebel encampment. So sudden was the discovery, that I sat on my mule dumbfounded.

The stranger placed his hand on my shoulder and said.

"You understand the affair now, señor?"

"Yes," I rejoined, stung by the tone in which he spoke, and roused from my stupor by the anger I felt at being thus easily led into the lion's den. "You have brought me here under false pretenses. I regarded you as a man of honor."

"All means are fair in love and war, you know, doctor;" and, with a light laugh, he dismounted and led my mule nearer the camp.

Around the large camp-fire were stretched, perhaps, fifty or seventy-five men, who withdrew to a short distance at a sign from a man who wore the officer's garb of the insurgents, and who came forward as I dismounted, and extended his hand.

"Welcome, doctor. I hope you will pardon the motive which leads us to cause you the trouble of a journey over yonder rugged hills, but I wished to see you on government business;" and he led the way to the fire, where we seated ourselves.

"Do you not recognize me?" he asked, after he had lighted a cigarette.

"N—no. I think I have seen your face before, but I cannot recall the time and place."

"I am Sandsivo!"

I looked at him curiously for a moment. And this was the man who had murdered a hundred innocent children, and pillaged and sacked every available village on the Rosciero. Involuntarily my eyes wandered over his face and body.

"You are looking for claws and the forked tail, I suppose, Señor Doctor?" he said, laughing lightly.

"No," I said, boldly, "I have not the superstition of the ignorant. I thought to see the mark of Cain!"

He started forward angrily, but the fire in his eye cooled as he said:

"This is trifling. You have been brought here to-night on a matter which affects materially the future interests of the Argentine Confederation. On my word of honor, you shall leave here to-night safely if you accede to our wishes; if not——"

He gave a significant glance. I knew its meaning too well.

"Your word of *honor!* I have had a practical illustration of its value in the conduct of my guide hither."

"We will not speak of that, Señor Doctor. You are aware that we are a brave band of persecuted——"

"Ruffians and assassins," I added, calmly.

"*Diable!* I am almost inclined to end this thing," he exclaimed, maddening instantly as he spoke. "But to proceed: our object is to free ourselves from the servitude imposed upon us by Juan Fernido and his followers. To do this, it is necessary that he should be put out of the way. You understand?"

"Perfectly, my worthy captain; but how does that affect me?"

"I am coming to that presently. We require you to give to Juan Fernido, who is under your care at present, a little drug, which shall put him beyond the power of seeking us again."

"That is, killing him."

The bandit took his cigarette from his mouth and nodded.

"Secondly, you are to give us the exact position, strength, and weak points of his camp. And, lastly, you are requested to take an oath never to divulge what transpired to-night."

"And what do you propose to give me, to do this humane and loyal thing for you?"

I spoke in a sarcastic tone, but he mistook my meaning, and eagerly remarked:

"Fifty ounces of gold, and the promise of lieutenant-commander, if we succeed."

"And if I decline your offer?"

"You will be tied hand and foot, bound to a log, and set floating down the Rosciero yonder, which, two miles below, flows through a rocky mountain gorge. Death, terrible, inevitable death is certain."

"I reject your offer."

"What!"

AN OPEN-AIR KITCHEN AT NAPLES.—SEE PAGE 399.

He leaped to the ground as he spoke, with a fierce oath of doubt and anger. I camly repeated that I scorned his offer, and was willing to meet my fate.

He placed a whistle to his lips, and a half dozen of his followers came up. They were ordered to take me to the bank of the river, which flowed a few rods below on the *llano*, and, after a short course, flowed through the rocks near the edge of the hills.

They obeyed by leading me to the place, where I was securely bound to a log, my right arm alone being free.

"Once more, will you accede to my requests?" demanded the ruffian.

"I have decided," I replied, calmly.

"Then launch him, and *Dios te de!*"

I was lifted and placed within the cold waters of the Rosciero. A moment later the swift current was bearing me onward toward the rocky gorge.

For about half an hour, perhaps, I experienced no painful sensation, save a cold, dull feeling of numbness and incapacity to move. I seemed to be dreaming, and was being borne through the air gently, for the current, though swift, moved smoothly.

At last I was aroused from my stupor by a keen, cold feeling of pain near my heart. It was the chill of death; for suddenly my whole frame became racked with shooting pains, which caused my limbs to become almost convulsed, and strain the strong withes with which I was bound.

But what was the sound which now greeted my agitated hearing—that dull, half-subdued falling of water? A moment later, I was borne round a sharp curve in the stream into a still fiercer current, and the full consciousness of my fearful position suddenly broke upon me—I had entered the mountain-gorge, and was fast nearing the falls.

I closed my lips firmly, in mute resignation and despair. Death, fearful, inevitable death stared me in the face!

Suddenly, a sharp pain shot through my left limb, as if a sword's point had entered it. That member became free, and swung with the motion of the log, now to the right, now to the left, striking against the rocky bottom of the river, and mangling it badly.

Apparently, some sharp-pointed rock had severed the rope, and I now felt the blood once more circulate through my veins.

Unbinding the rope by a severe effort, by means of my left hand, I had the satisfaction of feeling that I was free, and a wild gleam of hope shot through my soul; but I still retained my hold on the log, which was rapidly nearing the cataract, whose deafening roar was now to be distinctly heard.

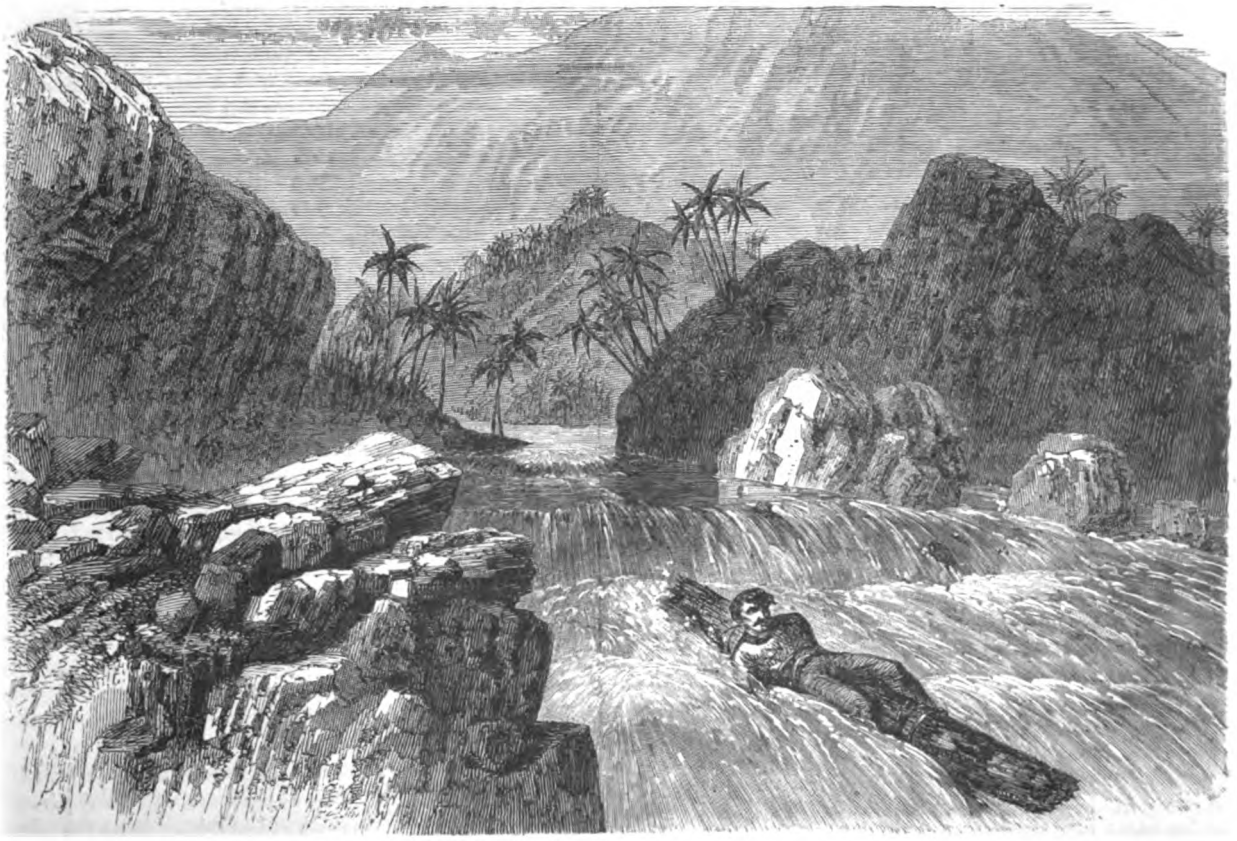
Every moment brought me nearer the falls, so near indeed that I could see, even in the darkness, the surface of the water flecked with frothy foam. The course became more irregular and rocky, and the sides of the gorge more shelving.

Suddenly the log shot ahead with fearful velocity, and struck on a huge boulder that projected above the water with a stunning shock, then shot from its course upward. I lost my hold, seemed carried upward with great force, and fell unconscious on the hard rocks at the side of the stream; while the log shot over the precipice, down, down, sheer fifty feet.

It was broad daylight when I recovered my senses. I opened my eyes, and stared vacantly about me, at the same time attempting to rise. My every bone and muscle seemed bruised and broken; yet I succeeded in gaining a straight position. Four feet below was the still roaring river, hastening to the falls beneath.

I had been landed on a level shelf on the shore of the stream, and found but little difficulty, severe as were my injuries, in scaling the slight elevation, and reaching the more level *llano* beyond. Here I rested for a few moments, binding my wounds, and ascertaining my whereabouts; then I started in a northwesterly direction for the post of B——.

Four hours afterward, ragged, and so lame that I could scarcely walk, I entered the encampment. The sentinel stared at me mutely, assisting me to my quarters, whence, after a death-like sleep of a few hours, I repaired to headquarters.



A DOCTOR'S STORY.—"THE LOG SHOT OVER THE PRECIPICE, DOWN, DOWN, SHEER FIFTY FEET."—SEE PAGE 530.

General Fernido greeted me warmly, expressing no little astonishment at my pale face and swollen hands. He had missed me, and, fearing that I had probably wandered from the camp and been captured by the insurgents, had sent out scouts, who had just returned with no tidings of me.

Astonishment gave way to gratefulness when I related my strange experience, which, one year afterward, when I left for New York, the rebellion having been crushed, assumed a substantial evidence of sincerity in the shape of a splendid medal and seventy ounces of gold.

DOMESTIC BLISS.

THERE is a sacred spot on earth,
Which antedates our joys above;
'Tis where we sit, when toil is o'er,
With those we love.

Oft, in my waking dreams, I sit,
With the dear darlings of my life,
And gaze upon those treasured gems—
My child and wife!

The fleeting pleasures of the world,
Like darkening shadows fade away,
And give us glimpses of the bliss
Which scorns decay.

Oh, wedded love! God's dearest gift
To render all his creatures blest,
'Tis only 'neath its smile we taste
A perfect rest.

THE LAPIDARY.

MY father was a jeweler, and I, a lapidary. We owned a house near the Vivarrambla, in Granada, in Andalusia, and drove a thriving trade. On the first floor of our quaint, old-fashioned dwelling were our shop and laboratory; and above, we lived, in plain, though not scanty, style. There were five of us—my father, mother, a sister, about my own age, and a brother, eleven years my junior. At the time of which I write I was three years past my majority.

My education had in no wise been neglected. That which I had learned at the schools but piloted me through a maze of reading. My love for books and jewels was great.

Adjoining us lived a chemist, from whom I received the first lessons in my art, and who, in many things, was my mentor. His family consisted of himself, his wife, and his daughter, whom he knew I loved. His early interest could not have arisen from this cause, however, for his kindness was manifested a long time prior to my attachment to Zena.

I suspect it is the case with all of us, that when we meet congenial minds, we discover the fact very soon, and cannot at all refrain from exhibiting our regard.

I was many years the junior of the chemist; he, a man on the downward slope of life; I, ascending, eager for the summit. His tastes and feelings were like mine, though nobler and better. I was impatient for wealth, and, as a means to an end, loved the occupation I had chosen. I did not dislike its slightest detail, for I fancied, with true instinct, that nothing could be perfect in the gross, that was not faultless in every minute particular.

My friend had no aim beyond supplying the wants of his family, was devoted to his art, and was content. Should wealth come to him, well and good; he would never strive for it. I, on the contrary, determined to possess it at every hazard and at every cost. My conscience threw no barrier down before my anticipations; so I held my neighbor nobler than myself, and for the desire of fortune, was unwilling to rise up and stand with him on the better ground. Yet, though I longed for wealth, I loved Zena better far, and with a love whose heel might rest, if need be, on the neck of my greed of gain. She was so beautiful and so pure, that I think now not even the stars in heaven were brighter or purer. She was so beautiful and so pure, I sometimes thought her soul like the clearest water, through which I could see, and find no stain or taint. And this was true; though her passion for me, should I not fairly greet it, might change the clear stream to a murky and stagnant pool.

In person she was not tall, but slight, though her form was perfect. Her eyes were dark, like her hair; and her complexion, foreign to our warm skies, fair and light. She ever dressed well, though plainly, and but few gaudy things became her; yet she loved jewels quite passionately, and I had given her a few that I could afford. These she tangled in her hair, like stars, or wore about her neck to break the spells of the genii. For of these gems was a topaz, and in the dark ages this stone was always a charm. Zena, knowing this, delighted to mock old superstition, and, in her daring, seemed to me as fair as a Grecian prophetess mocking the gods.

At the close of a delightful day, in Summer, and when the moon was at its full, we determined upon a sail on the Darro. As the twilight fell, we reached the stream, and quickly shot out on the limpid surface. A hundred others were enjoying the evening in the same manner, and boats constantly passed and repassed us.

In a barge, of more pretension than the rest, I saw a lady's hand resting on the rail, and about the wrist was a bracelet that, as we glanced by, glittered with a million scintillations in the moonlight. I knew at once this bracelet was, of itself, a treasure, and of an enormous value. Though I tried to follow the barge, I succeeded no more in overtaking or meeting it.

Many a guitar sounded out over the water, and sweet voices ever blended with the tones. The Darro, pouring down from the mountains, was once noted for its gold; now, on its clear breast, the silver of the night was cast, molten and pure; and where the breeze toyed with the ripples, this was so changed, that the depths seemed like the court-dress of Buckingham, loosely sewn with diamonds. The very hush of the calm night was music. Our oars dropped listlessly in the delicious tranquillity, that was only broken by the gurgle of water about the pinnace, or the murmur of a song heard in the distance. For now we had left the more populous portion of the stream, and shot down its banks between dark shores, and saw the long branches stretch out their venerable hands to bless the waters, and caught the musk breath of roses, and reveled again in our dreams of the future. We saw above us the Silla del Moro, the Vermillion Tower of the Alhambra, and close at hand, indistinct in the uncertain light, the palace of Boabdil itself. The gold-fish in the court of Alberca were not more idle than we; yet, for fear that we might delay too long, we headed the gilt prow of our boat toward home.

Granada, in the distance, with its towers, and palaces, and vast cathedral, seemed the city of a dream. It was the frost-work on the pane, a metropolis of the mist. Zena drew her cloak about her, and began Byron's "Maid of Athens," which I had translated and set to a plaintive Spanish air.

A song sung in the stillness of the night gains an indescribable charm, and in the words that now fluttered out over the water, I fancied those of a maiden under a spell of enchantment. Then I dreamed of one of the thousand Moorish legends of buried treasure, that, guarded by dwarf, or maid, or dragon, waits until some potent hand shall come to break its seal of Solomon; and I knew that Zena, whom I loved, was the treasure I had found, and, to myself, I was wealthier than any who drowsed in Bagdad, or who reveled with the old coin from the coffers of Alhamar.

Zena' dark eyes shone full in my own. Her mouth and chin were as perfect as a statue's, and the cheeks full, and tinged by some unspoken thought. About her beautifully carved comb of amber her hair was wound in a single coil, heavy and dark, like a serpent. The plain, black velvet bodice, as she bent over me, rose and fell with the tide of passion from her heart, while the silk skirt she wore fell barely to the ankle, proud to betray the Andalusian foot beneath.

I had sometimes thought to analyze my love for her, as I did my gems; but it was always a mystery, and baffled me. I grew to love her by degrees, until, at last, her absence for any length of time was misery. I confess, at first, though she showed me in a hundred pretty ways I was dear to her, I was indifferent, though not displeased.

I think there was a time when I would have been no more pained to part with her than I would have been with my parrot, who called to me every morning, or at any time I passed.

She attracted me somewhat as a flower would that sways in the cool Summer wind, bowing and laughing in the sunlight, and waiting for the butterflies.

I had, at the beginning, a mere fancy for her, no more, and I did not discover the immeasurable love she bore me until I began to love in return, gradually, and by degrees. So intent was I on my books, my art, and my one aspiration, that I took no notice of anything beyond these. Then came the new fancy, ripening into a passion, that now was like a river that overflows its banks, and swallows up the land.

Yet, though I loved Zena thus devotedly, and though I knew I, too, was beloved, ever a vague fear peered from behind the dark curtain of my thoughts, and hissed forth a doubt. I had no reasons for this doubt, and even while I doubted, I loved.

Perhaps this sword of disbelief thrust at my passion caused me to defend it to myself. But the love grew and absorbed me, till now, to have lost Zena, would be to have lost all hope, and to have gone down, down, never to rise, in the dark river of despair.

But we were nearing the point in the river from which we had started, and I noticed but a short distance in advance of us the barge in which, on the hand of its fair occupant, I had seen the remarkable bracelet. Before we could reach the shore to discover the party, they had landed; but while we were yet approaching, and as the lady was stepping from the barge, I saw again the glitter of the precious stones about her arm, and fancied I saw something fall—a sudden gleam, like a meteor shooting into the dark.

My suspicions were correct. A pearl of massive size had slipped from its setting and fallen upon the sand of the beach. I called Zena's attention to something in the view, and, while her eyes were averted, stooped and picked up the jewel. Yet I called after its owner and her companions, but they had disappeared.

Zena and I hurried along through the moonlit streets toward our homes. In the sky, now blue and clear, one star, like my one pearl, hung under the moon. We heard the clink of castanets as we passed, the swell of music, and saw here and there, where the blinds would permit, the twinkle of many feet dancing the bolero or cachuca. At her door, I kissed Zena adieu, and, entering my house, quickly found my room.

I held the pearl fast in my hand from the moment I found it, and was eager to see it by a brighter light. This I soon procured, and saw at a glance the perfection of the jewel. I had some idea of what this might be worth. I knew of the Tavernier pearl, bought for 37,000 doubloons, of the pearl of the Second Philip, that weighed 250 carats, and cost 30,000 doubloons, and I was aware that, though the one I had found was inferior to these, it was, nevertheless, of great value.

Ah, if I could only retain it! How the wish knocked at the door of conscience. But no, this could not be. On the morrow a reward would be offered, and I must take back the prize. Yet the wish was not to be baffled thus, and begged me still to keep that which fortune had given into my hand.

Could I not make another, so perfect that it would be impossible to detect the imitation? If I should return the false in the place of the true, in that event, who but myself would be the wiser?

Placing the massive Roman pearl beneath my pillow, I slept, and the fisheries on the Ceylon coast seemed to rise before me out of the deepest gloom. I heard the rattle of the cordage, and felt the breath of the wind. I was on the sea, and the sails of the vessels were spread. Many there were on board, with dusky faces and dark eyes, and all Marawaya from Tutucoreen—like myself, divers for pearls.

At a word of the priest to charm the sharks, I was down eight fathoms, securing the meleagrinæ, and, after three minutes, was on the deck again, holding in my grasp my wonderful gem.

I woke with the sun pouring in at the window. All the morning I refrained from mentioning to my people the event of the preceding evening. My thoughts were at war, and it seemed better to me that they should fight their fray alone.

It must have been nearly noon when a carriage appeared before my door, and a lady, of perhaps, forty years of age, elegantly attired, stepped out, assisted by a young man, whom I at once suspected to be her son. They entered my laboratory. The senora immediately addressed me.

"You are the lapidary, Antonio Anayres?"

I smiled assent.

"Have you a large pearl, or can you make me an imitation that will baffle all eyes until I can secure one that is genuine? Last night, while I was sailing on the Darro, a pearl from my bracelet was lost, I presume in the river; and as I wish to wear the bracelet for the sake of the other gems, and as it looks bald without the missing pearl, I have come to you for a false one."

My heart leaped in my throat. My caller did not notice my agitation. She was intent on unclasping from her arm the jewels that had so attracted me the night before. I scarcely dared glance at them in her presence.

The leading stone was a diamond, and this was most valuable of all. No eye of the leopard glaring from the deep twilight of the jungle could possess more life. In it was a mute beauty, that seemed almost intellectual. I, always seeking symbols, fancied it the frozen tear of an angel—Hesper—a fairy torch of undying flame.

The next was a precious beryl, free of the slightest flaw. A Hungarian opal, a white sapphire, an oriental amethyst, a ruby, a garnet, and an emerald, completed the galaxy, though there was a void where the pearl had been. How it reproached me!

I proceeded to make out the customary receipt, but in this I was arrested:

"No receipt is necessary," said the senora; "my son, Don Luis, will bring the bracelet with him, and return with it,

until the pearl is completed and set. You must pardon my fears. I do not doubt your honor, but I prefer to take the responsibility in case of any accident."

I, of course, intimated that I had no choice in the matter. Why I did not instantly draw the pearl from my pocket and replace it in the bracelet, is more than I can explain. It would have taken but a moment, and my honor, if even to my own thought alone, would have remained unstained. An hour sometimes decides our destinies. Though it is true that to err once will not unmake a noble man, the weaker mind persists in the same course, and to fall once, is almost invariably to yield to the sin forever.

As for myself, I chose to wait. I clung to the knowledge that there was yet time to replace the pearl, after the warfare in my thoughts should cease. I scarcely knew which way to turn. I heard, as it were, the sound of a hundred voices crying in my ears to give back the now stolen property, while high above them all rose wistfully and clear the demon words of the wish to possess the whole bracelet, and clasp it on Zena's arm.

Perhaps only such a love as mine would have risked to beard dishonor. Never before in my mind had evil thoughts like these gained such vantage-ground. My heart had taken some true pride that my life was purer than the lives of most young men. But from this hour I began to doubt myself. I was impetuous, and in every feeling southern—no alien to my race. I seek for excuse for my temptation, but I find none.

After the lady had received my response, she wished to know if the bracelet would be of any use to me that day.

I merely said, "Don Luis may come with it in the morning. I will then determine the size of the pearl required, and at once manufacture as good an imitation as possible."

Don Luis helped his mother in the carriage, and was about entering himself, when Zena, impelled by some evil genius, came from her father's door and went down the walk. Her eyes encountered the young man's in an instant, and though they were cast down as she passed on, Luis had a double reason for wishing to drive through the Vivarrambla to the lapidary's the following morning. I saw the glance, and thought this, though not now did one jealous pang unnerve me. The feeling shaped itself into a lingering regret that Luis had seen Zena.

He was not tall; and older, perhaps, than I. His eyes were dark-blue, and his hair curly, short, and deep brown. The mustache slightly shaded a small mouth, yet the forehead was high. His hands were exceedingly small and white, and on each he wore a diamond ring. This to me was a broad indication of a lack of what makes the true gentleman. I fancy a man who lavishly plasters on external adornments has very few adorning qualities.

That night, I met Zena at her lattice, and walked with her in the little garden, whose sweet flowers and green ways were due to her cultivation. I had not spoken of Luis; my thoughts were with the bracelet alone.

"Zena, suppose you should see a bunch of ripe grapes dangling over your neighbor's wall into your own garden, would you pluck them?"

"What a futile question! I might."

"Suppose I should offer you a bracelet of the purest gems—a grape-like cluster—would you take them."

"All women love jewels, Antonio."

"Ah, yes, and for that, I think, I love all women. Some men seem to have more friends, and truer, among your sex, than among their own, and to associate almost entirely with them. Byron acknowledges this, and I do also. In these instances men are attracted by similar sympathies. Byron loved womankind because they love poetry, but I because they love gems."

"Is it not because you love me?"

"No, for that tends to make me dislike all women, seeing not one is as perfect as yourself."

She waved her white hand for truce, and put up her mouth, ever so coyly, to be kissed. Then I stooped down, and from a flowering vine broke a spray, which I wound about her arm.

"Fancy," I said, "each leaf an emerald, each bloom a diamond, a ruby or an opal, and the fancy shall, in half the number of days that there are precious stones, be changed to reality."

"Ah, Caballero, the stones will be paste," and she laughed.

"Not so," I answered, and kissed her again for good-night.

My resolve was taken, and the steps downward must be made. Had the words between Zena and myself been other than those which transpired, the result might have been widely different. She did not stab my wish to possess the bracelet with any inquiry into the manner I was to procure it. She appeared that she would be satisfied, if she could simply obtain it. She would not demand the knowledge of the means to the end, if it could be secured. Her beauty and her manner so enchanted me, that I would have risked anything for her sake.

I could not have gone to her father for advice, nor could I go to any one. I must decide alone the course to pursue.

DOMESTIC BLISS.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 534.

After my interview, however, I busied myself with immediate preparation for my work.

I gave no thought as to the possibility of detection. My business was to render such a calamity impossible. Would I succeed? If I failed, all was lost, friends, home, hope. I knew and appreciated this. When we are about to commit some ill deed, we flatter ourselves into security. We do not understand that the wrong itself is the bird that hatches its own retribution.

THE LAPIDARY.—"'I WILL GO NOW, ABASING MY PRIDE, AND SEEK HIM, AND THOUGH I FIND HE HATE ME, I WILL LOVE HIM STILL.' SO SAYING, SHE CAST THE BRACELET, DEWY WITH TEARS, AT HIS FEET."—SEE PAGE 534.

The next morning I was up betimes, and eager to begin that which I had taken upon myself to perform. A runner in a race is not apt to be behind at starting. While I waited

for Don Luis, I made ready the sand in the boxes in which I intended to take a cast of the bracelet.

It was late before he came. He entered with a bow and smile, and the usual salutation:

"*Buenos dias. Que hermosa mañana.*"

I barely acknowledged the courtesy, but took the bracelet at once. I rapidly, and without his knowledge, unset the stones, one by one. This was easily accomplished. The gold of the entire bracelet was in fineness twenty-two carats, perfectly solid throughout; and the fingers of the setting merely lapped over the gems. These I placed in the sand for their mold, and removed them again after it had been obtained. I poured in a susceptible metallic composition, mostly of lead, and had the good fortune to get perfect casts at the first trial. The setting of gold I also molded.

Then the jewels were quickly reset, and the bracelet returned. Meanwhile, I had carefully studied and written down the exact color of each stone; and so perfectly were they branded on my memory, that I think I could have made the imitation without the precaution I had used. I turned to Luis.

"I have seen the bracelet all I wish at present. If it suits your convenience, you may come again with it in three days, at the same hour of the day."

"It will be as you desire," he replied; and, bidding me good-morning, he went out, and sauntered up the walk. He had dismissed his carriage when he came in. Presently I saw him come down the opposite side of the street, and look earnestly across at the windows of the chemist. Whom he saw, I was too busy to surmise.

I used strass as a basis for all the gems. Silex, potash, borax, and oxide of lead constitute its ingredients. This I made so hard, that it would resist the file, the jeweler's great test.

I resolved on strass at last as the best basis, and succeeded beyond all expectation. But for a slight flaw in the side of the manufactured pearl, I should hardly have dared to lay it beside the genuine, for fear I could not tell them apart.

My task was done; it was midnight. From the time I began I had not seen Zena. On the morrow Luis would come. The bracelet I intended should take the place of the Donna's laid upon my table. The two pearls, the true and false, were with it. No positive sin had yet been commited. There was yet time to retract the intention to do wrong.

A strange fancy or superstition seized me. I turned my lamp down, till the moon, just rising, seemed the only light. Taking up the pearls, I so confused them that, in the gloom, it was impossible for me to determine which was genuine. I resolved to take one to the light, and if the lady's, I would return it to her, and do no wrong; if it was the one I had made, I would not turn back in the course I was pursuing, but give the true bracelet to Zena.

I made good my intention. I took the pearl to the light. The glare, for the instant, dazzled my tired eyes, and shone full on the gem.

It was the false pearl!

I fell back upon my couch, troubled and exhausted. My room was an attic, and I saw the moon trailing a robe of cloud, like a bride walking in her wedding garment. This made the window seem a picture of the sky set in the ceiling, and lit the room with a pale light that seemed to blend with the gloom.

An evil presence seemed to hover above me. It was invisible yet tangible. Its foot was upon my neck, and its face was dark against the sky, while its black wings were outspread, vailing the light of the stars, and overshadowing my heart with an oppressive darkness.

I was fast drifting into the mists of sleep, when a voice from the pavement below roused me. It was the voice of Don Luis. I looked out the round window at the end of my apartment, and saw an uncertain shadow standing in the little garden in front of the chemist's house.

Luis had a guitar, and sang with ease. The words were a tender love ballad that I had often admired. My rival did not remain long, for I saw him pass down the street.

But the incident roused in me a hundred fancies that, to my fevered brain, seemed possibilities, goading me almost to desperation. The tare-seed of doubt, in my love for Zena, grew and flourished, rooting out branch and leaf. Surely, if she had repelled the advances of Luis, he would not have persisted so long.

I laid my blame at her door, knowing well that to the inmate of the house belonged the foundling. Here was all the fault, if misery should come. She had shown that she loved me first, and then, and not till then, my love had grown beyond the stature of hers; and now hers was so frail, so small, so poor.

Unnatural mother appeared her love, to deceive and spurn the child it had borne. Yet I had no proof of this, and quaffing the thought as from a bowl, for panacea, I seemed to slip down a tide, between unknown shores, out into darkness, out to the sea, far out into the wide Pacific of dreams.

The sun shone in my room, when I arose and went down the stairs. It was fully ten o'clock before Luis came. He entered with the usual salutation.

"You have the pearl!" he said, directly.

"Yes."

And I laid the genuine jewel upon the laboratory table. He picked it up and examined it closely.

"It is a perfect imitation," he remarked; "I cannot detect the slightest difference between it and the pearl that was lost."

He then produced the bracelet, and, in an instant, I put the true jewel in its place, closely adjusting the fingers of gold about it, so that out of their clutch it might not again easily be taken, The false pearl I had previously placed in the setting of the bracelet I had made.

Then, when the head of Don Luis was turned, I concealed the genuine bracelet, and laid the counterfeit upon the table. I was surprised myself at their similarity. The imitation was beyond detection, and I breathed freer, as though I had suddenly escaped some danger.

It was *fête* day in Granada. At this instant we heard the music of the procession, and all rushed into the street to view the different deputations pass. Immediately I thought how careless I had been, and, reprimanding myself, went hastily back to the laboratory. I could not have been absent more than five minutes. I did not notice the bracelet upon the table, but presumed Louis had taken it. When he came in, I half inquiringly said:

"Don Luis, you took the bracelet, I presume!"

"You are mistaken, Caballero; I did not."

It was gone!

How I blessed the moment I resolved to make the false jewels.

From this hour the direct impulse to do ill deserted me.

But the wrong had now been committed. In my fancy I pictured the star of destiny hovering over me, gleam-winged and like an angel.

But I thought Zena untrue to me, and this shaded the light of the star.

"Some one," I said to Luis, "has stolen the bracelet while we have been in the street. What shall be done? We have no clue."

"Never mind," he replied; "let the bauble go. If it is stolen, it is not your fault. I must go instantly, however, and inform my family."

I thought he bore the loss with remarkable equanimity.

and at once suspected him of, at least, some complicity with the theft. Of course, what his motive could be in thus filching the property that, sooner or later, must fall to him, I could only conjecture.

But from the moment I was impressed with the conviction that he was a thief. I thought, perhaps, he imagined the robbery might compensate for some loss at cards. But, as he had carelessly remarked, I was willing to let the bauble go. I put my hand upon my pocket, and felt sure the true bracelet was in my possession. Nevertheless, I had great curiosity to know what had become of my imitation, and determined to ferret out its whereabouts, if possible.

All that afternoon no news came of the missing jewels, and, having related the case to my father, he was in consternation lest I should be thrown into prison on suspicion. I did not see fit to tell him I still held the genuine bracelet. That made me feel safe. During my absence in the latter part of the day, the unknown Donna had called to see me in relation to the matter, and had seemed in the deepest anguish at her loss.

But now, in full force, the demon of jealousy seized me, and, in my thoughts, Zena was bitterness. I hated her because she was so dear to me, deeming her untrue. I hated her because she had sworn falsely, saying she would be true to me. I hated her because I fancied my right to love her gone, and, for a hundred vague things that I could not name, I hated her. She was my false pearl.

At night I wandered among the motly groups of peasantry who had assembled on the Vivarambla, hearing the Babel concerning the *fête* of the day, and listening to the strange whisper in the crowd of the robbery that had been done.

In front of me were a young girl and a gentleman, apparently several years her senior, in whom I felt somewhat interested, as they turned several times to look at me. I did not recognize them, as their faces, when they were reverted, were indistinct in the gloom. I followed these people to the corner of my own street, where they stopped under the lamp to adjust the young lady's shawl. Pointing at a star, she held her bare arm up, and, against its dazzling whiteness, I saw the glitter of the false bracelet! I saw her face, too. It was Zena!

I was obliged to come quite near to identify my acquaintances, and, in doing so, was recognized; but I turned quickly, and walked with rapid strides toward the Vivarrambla.

Both called to me, and their voices sounded strangely in my ears.

"Antonio!"

"Antonio!"

The first call came with the tone of command, as though my presence was desired, that something might be explained away. The last seemed the voice of some imploring heart, weeping and craving forgiveness.

I heeded neither of these, but walked on. I came to the peasants again in the great square, and heard them still discussing the theft of the bracelet.

"What is it that is lost?" I asked.

"Have you not heard? The wife of the Governor-General has been robbed of a bracelet worth thirty thousand doubloons. The robbery was at the house of Anayres, a jeweler."

While I listened to this recital Don Luis passed, going toward the street in which I lived. I followed. All my passions, made intense by the glimpse of Zena, were roused at the sight of him. I clutched at the dagger under my cloak, and hurried on after Luis.

Othello was I, dark, and brawny, and jealous. Was there an Iago and Desdemona, too?

Zena had not once in three days seen me, nor even inquired if I was ill. This alone proved she was self-convicted. What did the bracelet upon her arm signify, if it did not mean that Luis stood in the van of favor? Were this not so, why did he now go toward her dwelling?

How true Zena had been to me, and she had made her vows ever to love me alone! I remembered the time in the garden at the gate, under the moon, when I first won from her the truth. She ended the sentences with kisses, twining her white arms about my neck. She said that in the long forever there was no one that could stand in my stead. I alone, I only, could be dear to her!

I do not think that, though I intended to stab him, I thought myself a murderer. There is a spirit of revenge that makes a wrong seem simple justice; and this spirit now fired me—I felt no sense of guilt.

He entered the garden-gate, and stole down the path, I following. He reached Zena's window, behind which the curtain was drawn, and a light burning; then, with a few pebbles he struck the pane, and, passing on, entered the little arbor that arched the shingle-walk. In a few minutes Zena came from the house and joined him. I nestled close among the shrubbery, screened by the dense leaves of the vine that clothed the lattice.

Zena was the first to speak.

"I came because I thought it might be you who threw the pebbles against the pane, and because I wish to return the bracelet. You know you said Antonio had sent me this, through you, who was his friend. At first I thought it possible, but I know now such jewels are beyond his reach. Receive the bracelet, and never, I pray you, enter this gate again."

He knelt before her, and grasped her hand.

"I love you, Zena, passionately, devotedly. Be mine, and there shall be no wish but will be gratified. You will be known at Court for your beauty and your title. Keep the bracelet, for I give it to you, and it is mine to give."

"Caballero, how dare you continue to plead thus? I have forbidden it, and you promised that it should cease. I love Antonio truly. No one can stand between us. Your words fall on ears deaf to you. I fear already you are the cause of some evil that seems impending over me. It is three days since I saw Antonio, and the days seem like years. It is true, that when he left me, he promised me jewels, and you have said these you brought came from him; but now of yourself you deny it, and there is no word, no gift from Antonio. Foolishly proud have I been, not to ask for him; but I will go now, abasing my pride, and seek him, and though I find he hate me I will love him still."

She cast the bracelet, dewy with her tears, at his feet, and ran toward the house and disappeared. Directly against the curtain of her room, I saw her shadow pass. Luis picked up the bracelet and slowly, with his head bent down as if in deep thought, walked into the street. I followed with a new purpose. My revenge was gone.

I did not go to my home to meet Zena, who could not have heard of the robbery of the bracelet; but turning through an unfrequented street, where I would not be likely to overtake Luis, I found my way to the house of his father, the governor-general.

I inquired for the lady who had lost the bracelet, and was shown into a splendid room. She came immediately.

"Donna, I have found the thief!—it is Don Luis!"

"Caballero, you insult me! What you say is impossible!"

"Ah! yes, but it is true!"

"What proof have you?"

"The proof that he gave the bracelet to Zena De Castrano, my betrothed!"

"And why do you come to tell me, his mother, this? Better far for you to have kept your secret, having discovered it, and for me to have lost the jewels, than to have this knowledge forced upon me."

"Save Don Luis, you and I alone possess the secret, and even he does not know we are aware of it."

"Do you return the bracelet, or is it still in the hands of your betrothed?"

"Donna, it is not a week ago that, sailing on the Darro, you lost the pearl. I found it upon the beach. The next day you came to me to have a false one put in its place. The fiend tempted me! When Don Louis came, the day succeeding, and saw Zena, who lives in the house next mine, he fell in love with her. I resolved to manufacture an exact counterfeit of your bracelet, and keep the genuine myself to give to Zena.

"On the day the bracelet was completed, Don Luis made a similar resolve; and after I had set the lost pearl in its original setting, and put the false bracelet in the place of the true, Don Luis seized the opportunity, while my eyes were turned, to purloin the jewels. But he only obtained dross—a mere composition of valueless ingredients. It is the false bracelet that was stolen! Undoubtedly your son will return it to you now, saying that he has succeeded in finding it. You shall have both, however; for I now give back the true jewels. There are none missing; the lost pearl is here. If I have been tempted to do wrong, I have overcome the temptation."

She took the bracelet, and kissed it. I saw in her eyes more gratitude than she could speak.

"Caballero, you have done nobly. You have been tempted sorely, and have been the victor. Such victories deserve the greenest bays. You will have a better reward than I can give. But what of Señorita Zena—is she false to you?"

"Ah, no! she is as true as the fixed stars. Though for a time I doubted her, I pray to be forgiven for the doubt."

The day following this interview, I received a note from the governor-general, appointing me his private secretary.

It was not long after this that Zena and I were married. Never rang the bells a madder, merrier peal, and never looked Zena more beautiful.

The governor-general gave her away; and his wife, among a host of other presents, gave her a bracelet, which caused the bride to start when it was clasped upon her arm. She turned to me, and said:

"Antonio, you once promised me a gift like this!"

"It is true; but Don Luis forestalled me."

"Yes; but in your gift the jewels would have been paste;" and she laughed.

"You used these words once in your garden. But now take the pearl from its setting in the bracelet upon your arm, and you will detect a flaw."

She did not comprehend.

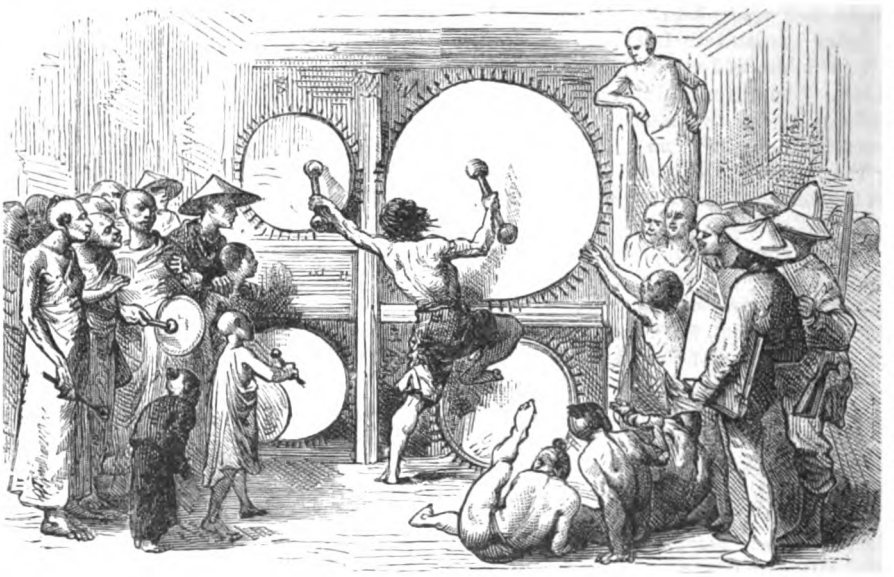
To gratify my benefactress, I never revealed the secret of the theft, nor of the false jewels.

As for Don Luis, he entirely gave up his fancy for Zena, and married the Donna Feliciana Vasquez de los Rios.

I think we are all very apt to cease sighing for what we find we cannot obtain.

A GONG CONCERT AT MUONG PANG, ON THE BORDERS OF LAOS AND CHINA.

Muong Pang is a little village in a mountain-gorge in Laos, where Laotians are mingled with Chinese driven from the neighboring provinces by the troubles which have racked the Celestial Empire these later years. A French exploration party was lately led to this out-of-the-way place by guides who wished to join in merry-makings there. The party made the best of the matter, and found it a place where Laotians, in tall, well-made houses, with few industrial arts, dwelt with Chinese, in huts, but well-supplied with furniture, implements, and even articles of luxury. The Laotian women of the Thai Ya tribe wore a characteristic dress, a skirt and an open corset, with a loose jacket and apron, great silver hoops in their ears, and silver buttons in the hair.



A GONG CONCERT AT MUONG PANG, ON THE BORDERS OF LAOS AND CHINA.

During the evening they were entertained with a concert, of which our engraving will give some idea, and which our readers would probably rather see portrayed than actually be compelled to hear. The instrument was not exactly a grand piano, but a series of gongs, on which the musicians performed by means of several hammers. The cadence that he observed and the gradation of the tamtams bore a slight resemblance to a chime of bells; but to imagine a hotel-porter operating on half a dozen gongs at once with all his might, does not precisely give the idea of music that hath power to charm the savage breast. The musician did not play long; human strength was insufficient to keep up the strain. He soon closed the performance, the perspiration rolling down his face, his whole body showing utter exhaustion. The French gentlemen, with true politeness, applauded and praised the performer and his elegant music.

A HIPPOPOTAMUS ADVENTURE.

Between the British Consul, who was stationed at Cairo, in 1849, and the Pasha of Egypt, quite a strong friendship grew up. The former frequently dined at the palace of the

A HIPPOPOTAMUS ADVENTURE.—"I SAW THE CALF ROLL LIKE A LOG OVER THE CHASM, JUST AS THE PARENT REACHED THE BRINK."

latter, and one day, during the after-dinner talk, the royal host abruptly asked the guest:

"How would your queen like a hippopotamus?"

Now this was the very thing which the consul desired above all others, and more than once he had intimated as much to the pasha.

It need scarcely be said that he assured him that nothing would please her Majesty more. They chatted a while longer, when the pasha turned his head and ordered one of the attendants to send him the Governor of Nubia. As this personage was at home in his own country, this brief command necessitated a lengthy journey across the Desert and up the Nile; but the order was obeyed to the letter, and a few weeks after the Governor of Nubia presented himself before the pasha, made his salaam, and awaited his orders.

"Governor," said the despot, "are there any hippopotami in your country?"

"There are, your highness."

"Send me the commander of the Nubian army."

Another salaam, and the governor was speeding toward home. The same hour that he arrived there saw the commander of his army on his way to Cairo, post-haste. Introducing himself to the royal presence, he was briefly informed that his life depended upon his having a young hippopotamus there at an appointed time.

And once more the commander mounted his dromedary and sped across the Desert, his whole mind and energy directed toward fulfilling the duty to which he had been appointed.

Reaching Dongola, a province of Upper Nubia, the commander summoned around him his chief officers and held a council of war, as an introduction to which he stated that his own head and several others were at stake.

Arrangements were perfected, and dividing the selected body into several parties, they made all haste up the Nile. They followed the main stem of this renowned stream above the inflow of the Blue Nile and White Nile.

Thus far I have dealt with the high dignitaries of the East, but now an humble American citizen comes upon the stage of action, being no less a person than myself, who was making a journey up the Nile with a number of attendants. I was then quite a young man, and having been threatened with a hereditary disease, I had resorted to travel for the benefit of my endangered health.

On the upper waters of the Nile I encountered this royal party, engaged upon their hunt with a zeal which can be comprehended when it is recollected that their own heads were liable to be clipped off in case they came back empty-handed. At first I was inclined to join them, as I was confident they would encounter some of those monsters; but as they did not seem particularly desirous of my presence, I changed my mind, and departed with my own servants.

I may remark that the Nubian commander, by extremely good fortune, succeeded in the object of his expedition, and a few weeks later brought into Cairo a plump hippopotamus calf, which several months after was safely transported to England, where it took its place in the Zoological Gardens, nad was viewed by wondering thousands.

As for myself, I was not quite so fortunate, perhaps because I had not the same inducement which gave such surprising energy to my half-civilized friends.

The hippopotamus a century ago was quite frequently observed in the lower part of the Nile, but it has long since retired to Upper Nubia, and the only time of late years that it has been seen in the waters of Egypt, except when forcibly carried down by the flood, was in 1836, when one of them rose in plain view at Damietta.

It "blowed" and floundered in the water for some time, to the great amusement of the city, until a party was sent out to decide who was to be destroyed—themselves or the river-horse. Fortunately for both parties, the latter declined the combat, and soon after disappeared.

A powerful, active eunuch by the name of Hammuf was my guide. I had selected him in Cairo, where at that day he bore a high reputation for courage and faithfulness. He had made numerous journeys up the Nile, and had encountered many of the famous animals of which I was in search.

Despite the many marvelous stories he related to me, I had such faith in his honesty that I believed them implicitly.

My adventure came sooner than I anticipated, and in a manner which fully satisfied me.

We had reached one of the numerous falls of the Blue Nile, where, as is the custom, we landed, and my servants carried the boat on their shoulders to a point above the cataract.

The wind had completely died out, so that our only means of progress was by means of poling. It was now beyond noon, and as they had toiled incessantly since morning, they were pretty well used up; so I gave them permission to take a few hours' rest.

Everybody in the East seems to smoke, and a few minutes later it looked as if a steamer was grounded and doing her best to get off, from the appearance of our boat as it lay under the bank. I had taken my turn at the pole with the others, so I was prepared to enjoy this rest.

I stretched myself out beneath the awning, which covered about one-half my boat and, with my meerschaum in my mouth, I languidly puffed the Turkish weed, and gazed lazily across the river, which was lined with quite a luxuriant growth of tall reeds and trees.

While I lay thus, with my eyes wandering idly along the opposite shore, I observed what appeared to be the end of a log suddenly rise to the surface, move a short distance, and then sink again. In a moment another appeared, circled around a few moments, and then vanished as before.

Still I dreamily smoked my pipe, and the men lay half asleep upon the deck, when all at once it flashed upon me that these were hippopotami sporting in the water. I started up so suddenly that Hammuf looked toward me as if he suspected I had been seized with a fit.

"What is it?" he asked in English, for he spoke it as well as myself.

"Look yonder!" I exclaimed, pointing across the river.

He followed the direction of my finger, and his dark eyes instantly lit up with pleasure and excitement.

"We have found them at last," he replied.

"What are they?"

"River-horses," he answered, using the name by which he always referred to these monsters, and which, I confess, strikes my fancy as the better title.

The next moment Hammuf had spoken to his men, who sprang to their feet more excited than himself. They instantly prepared to move across the stream, directly among them. Fully a half-dozen could be seen sporting in the water, somewhat after the fashion of the porpoises that frequent our coasts. I looked to my firearms, for I intended to have a collision with these amphibious elephants.

I had a magnificent rifle, which had accompanied me round the world, and a fine rifle-pistol, which was inclosed in an india-rubber sheath to prevent its being disqualified from use by any abrupt, involuntary bath upon my part. I saw that this was secured at my waist. So long as I could use my rifle I had no need for it.

A few yards from the shore my men found the Nile so deep that the poles were withdrawn, and they resorted to the oars. There was not a cap full of wind, so no one attempted to hoist the sail.

As the boatmen progressed steadily across the stream, I

looked with a hunter's eye upon the scene of our expected battle-ground. I observed that while we were in deep water, yet for quite a distance from the other bank the river was shallow. A number of flat rocks showed their heads above the surface, while the stream rippled and foamed up to the very brink of the falls. We were in so slow a portion of the current that, although only a short distance above the cataract, the effort of a child was sufficient to prevent us being carried over.

The hippopotami paid no attention to us until we were about half-way across, when they appeared to take the alarm, and almost simultaneously disappeared beneath the surface. But they were there, and I had strong hopes of making them more sensibly aware of our presence. I stood by the edge of my boat, with my cocked rifle in hand.

We were about two-thirds the way across when an exclamation from Hammuf attracted my attention, and, turning my head, I saw a large hippopotamus calf within twenty yards of the boat, and swimming directly down stream toward us. Sighting my gun at one of his small, pig-like eyes, I sent the bullet right into the most vital portion of his body. With a sort of squealing grunt he dropped under water, and a moment after came up again within a few feet of our boat.

"You have killed him," exclaimed Hammuf, catching up a pole and shoving the bulky carcass off, so as to prevent its lodging against our vessel. "Now look out for its mother."

I hastily reloaded my piece, and while doing so, did not fail to notice that the rest of the men were not a little frightened.

The hippopotamus often display a powerful affection for their offspring, and it was more than probable that the frenzied death-cry of the calf would bring its furious parent upon us.

The servants began rowing rapidly, and I had just reloaded my piece, when an awful cry from Hammuf reached my ears, and he shouted, as he and his companions leaped into the water:

"Jump, master, for your life!"

I felt the boat tremble and rise upward as if a volcano had burst up through the muddy bottom of the Nile. Then the appalling sight of the upper jaw, enormous square snout, and small ears of a hippopotamus rose on one side of the boat. I knew that the nether jaw was on the other side, and that we were enclosed like a wedge of paper in this vice. As I sprang overboard, I heard the boat rasp and crackle like an egg-shell, as that fearful mouth closed upon it. The next moment it had sunk entirely out of sight, while I, in common with my companions, was swimming for dear life.

"Look out, master, she is after you!"

It seemed as if the monster knew who had slain her young, for she now rushed through the water toward me, her cavernous jaws open, while the water was lashed into foam. I had but one resource, and I dived down so deeply that my hands touched the black mud at the bottom. I was an excellent swimmer, and I swam as far as possible under the water.

When I came to the surface, I saw that my friends had reached the shallow water upon the other side, and Hammuf was endeavoring to rally them to my rescue. They had no weapons, but most of them had instinctively caught up their poles when they sprang into the water, and they might succeed in scaring away my dreadful foe.

But the danger now took an unexpected turn. The maternal feelings of the hippopotamus prevailed over those of revenge, and it was now making all haste for its calf, which was drifting toward the falls, while several full-grown animals started from the other bank directly toward me, although whether I was really the object for which they were aiming I cannot say.

At any rate, I concluded that the only wise course for me was to reach *terra firma* as speedily as possible. The next moment my feet touched harder bottom, and I lost no time in clambering to a position among my friends.

I had lost my rifle; but, drawing my pistol, I began firing at the nearest, which, with several others, was making all haste for deep water. Hammuf and his companions raised a deafening clamor, enough to frighten a furious lion from its prey.

Having exhausted my pistol, I turned my head and witnessed a curious and affecting sight. Despite the furious efforts of the mother, she had not been able to reach her calf in time to prevent its going over the falls. I saw it roll like a log over the chasm, just as the parent reached the brink. The latter ran its box-like head forward until it projected over the edge, and looked down into the foaming abyss, as if debating whether to follow its offspring or not.

By-and-by it caught a glimpse of the black body, tossed like a cork by the foaming current, and the same instant made a plunge and went out of sight. I ran below the falls to watch for its reappearance; but, although I waited for nearly an hour, I saw nothing of it. Whether it had been killed and wedged among the rocks, or whether it had escaped, I could only conjecture.

AN EASTERN DINNER.

THE oriental dinner comprises about thirty dishes. Soon after the first dish comes lamb, roasted on the spit, which must never be wanting at any Turkish or Arab banquet. Then follow dishes of solid and liquid, sour and sweet, in the order of which a certain kind of recurring change is observed to keep the appetite alive. The pillau of boiled rice is always the concluding dish. The externals of such a feast as this are these: A great, round plate of metal with a plain edge, of three feet in diameter, is placed on a low frame, and serves as a table, about which five or six people can repose on rugs. The left hand must remain invisible; it would be improper to expose it while eating. The right hand is alone permitted to be active. There are no plates or knives or forks. The table is decked with dishes, deep and shallow, covered and uncovered; these are continually being changed, so that little can be eaten from each. Some remain longer, as roast meat, cold milks, and gherkins, and are often recurred to. Before and after dinner they wash their hands. An attendant or slave kneels with a metal basin in one hand and piece of soap on a little saucer in the other. Water is poured by him over the hands of the washer from a metal jug; over his arm hangs an elegantly embroidered napkin for drying the hands upon. If a Turkish or Arab sheikh, effendi, or emir invites, he always sends a servant to call you at the proper time. This servant often repeats the very formula mentioned in Luke xiv. 17, "Tefuddulu el asha haden" (Come, for the supper is ready). The fact that this custom is mainly confined to the wealthy and to the nobility is in strict agreement with the parable.

ANGER.—Let us ever remember that passion has a direct tendency to trouble the understanding and darken the mind. The fumes which arise from the heart boiling with anger becloud reason. Nothing is in reality what it appears to be in that unhappy moment. Perhaps no two persons can differ more from each other than the same man differs from himself when heated with anger, and when calm and composed. Correct conclusions are rarely arrived at under the influence of passion.

VIEW OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

IN AND ABOUT SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

By Hippolyte Piron.

Cuba is undoubtedly the Queen of the Antilles, and Santiago de Cuba is one of its most interesting cities. It is the chief city of the Eastern Department, and its permanent inhabitants number 40,000.

Two gigantic rocks defend the narrow entrance of the small bay on which it lies, while a verdant island, like an emerald breastpin, reposes on its bosom.

The houses, solidly built of brick and only one story high, so as to resist as much as possible the shock of earthquakes, are plastered over and painted with at least two gay colors. Some follow the line of the shore, while others climb up the slope of the hill from which they look upon the green hills on the other side of the bay, behind which may be seen still higher hills, that seem to lift up their heads so as to get a good view of the city over the shoulders of those in front.

On the Sunday after my arrival, I was awakened by a bell ringing, which can be realized only by those who have visited Spanish America; a fearful din, yet with a certain rhythm and measure. As in Spain, the bells never swing, but are rung by a cord attached to the clappers; a papal order, after the Sicilian Vespers, having forbidden Spanish bells to be swung.

In a Catholic country, the church is the spot to form an idea of the population. Here all classes meet and can be studied, at least superficially. The principal church of Santiago has nothing very beautiful in its exterior; high brick walls, surmounted by two spires in front, and a dome in the middle.

At ten, with Don Antonio, a wealthy resident to whom I brought letters, I ascended the flight of steps in front. The nave is vast. Massive pillars support a colossal vault. At the side are chapels, rich in their adornment. Along the pillars are two rows of mahogany seats reserved for the men. When we entered, these were chiefly empty; but every moment some lady entered in full dress, followed by a colored boy or girl carrying a chair, carpet, and prayer-book. He spread out the carpet, placed the chair, handed the book, and took up his position behind. She knelt for a brief prayer, sat down, adjusted her vail, fanned herself, and looked around, smiling recognition to friends.

All who can come well-dressed, and with a negro page, were here on an equality. The humbler women do not enter the nave, but kneel at the side.

The play of the fans is a study. It is a language in itself, more varied than that of flowers, more eloquent than the language of the eyes. The various modes of opening and closing it, more or less rapidly and noisily, have a thousand meanings.

ALONG THE COAST.

I saw a young lady carrying on a conversation with a gentleman. My companion explained. See, she holds her fan open opposite her face—"I am delighted to see you." Half open would mean simply "pleased." Now she holds it to the side of her face—"You have not been sick?"

Now it closes and is held perpendicularly. "Shall I see you to-morrow?" The answer does not seem prompt or decided. She holds it out horizontally, "You must come." She opens it slowly, fold by fold, till the eighth. She expects him at eight.

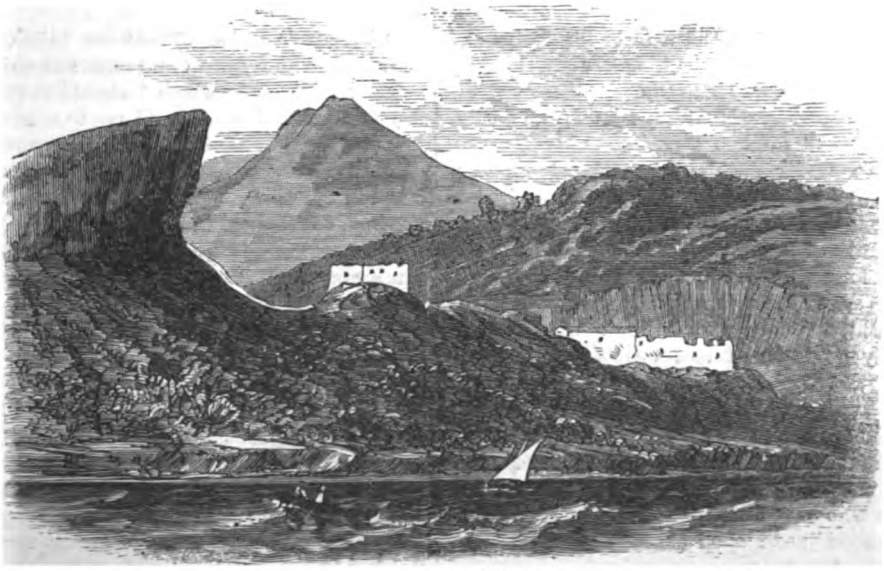
She dropped it into her lap and laid her hands on it—"Do not fail, I depend upon you." Then the young lady took it up, and began fanning herself rapidly—"I have no end of things to tell you."

Here the conversation stopped, and the young man soon after retired. His successor was evidently no favorite. He glanced at the lady. She closed her fan and struck her hand with it. "My heart is closed against you, and you annoy me."

Before the end of the Mass the young men went out and formed lines at each side of the entrance, to greet their lady friends as they came out.

In the afternoon I visited the Alameda, a vast promenade, with lofty trees, that skirts the bay. The carriages, in one long line, took up one side, those on horseback the other, while the pedestrians were scattered about, watching the gay parties. Near a fountain a military band was playing, not too well. No person with the slightest tint or taint of African blood can drive or ride on the Alameda, no matter how wealthy they may be. A rich quadroon or octoroon lady once attempted it, but she had the Alameda to herself. No lady would allow her approach.

The Cubans of Spanish origin and the natives of Spain in the island have long looked upon each other with distrust and enmity. All know how this has finally resulted in a long, protracted civil war. The Spaniards form two distinct classes: people of distinction drawn to Cuba by the course of events or curiosity, and adventurers. Among the former you find the excellent qualities of the old Castilians: their nobility, generosity, elevated thought; but they have, too, their faults: presumption, pride, deep resentment, fiery passions. They are magnificently



FORTIFICATIONS NEAR SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

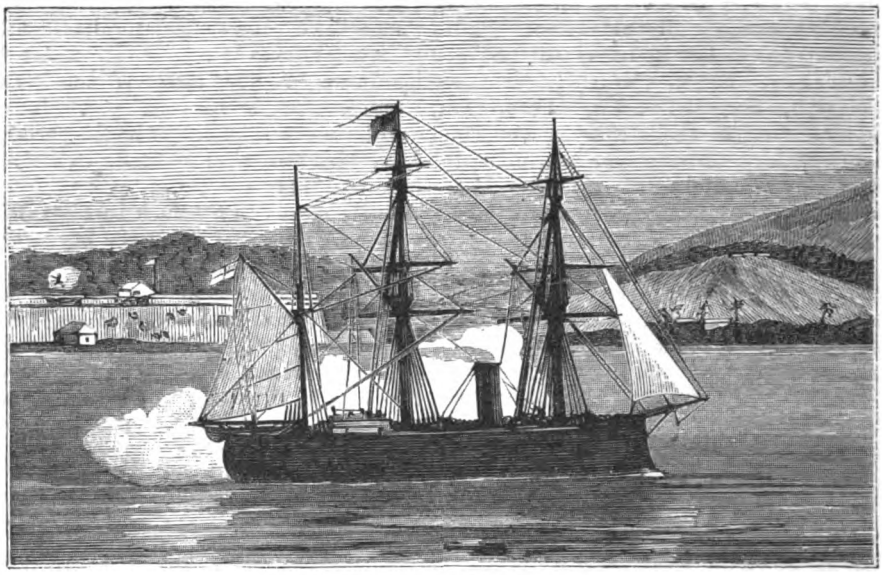
hospitable and full of attention to their guests, so lavishly generous, in fact, that you must not express too much admiration for any object, or you will hear the regular phrase, "*A la disposicion de vd, caballero,*" sometimes a mere form, but not unfrequently on reaching your rooms you will find the article awaiting you.

They are good husbands and indulgent fathers. They are full of respectful attention to their wives, and remain so during life.

The Spaniards who come to make their fortunes are at first humble, polite, obsequious, but with their rising fortunes arrogance is their distinguishing trait.

Catalonia alone supplies more of its sons than all the other provinces of Spain. The trade of Santiago is almost exclusively in their hands. All the grocers are Catalans; in fact, Catalan means grocer.

The Cubans have many of the qualities of the European Spaniards, but are not so proud and haughty; they are more pretentious, gay, and precipitate. Many of them are very distinguished persons, practicing hospitality on a large scale, and are more open-hearted than the Spaniards. They have produced some poets of merit: Heredia, who died a few years ago; Doña Luisa Perez de Montes de Oca, masculine in her vigorous talent.



THE ROADSTEAD, SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

The Cuban women are given to coquetry, and lose no opportunity of exercising the power of their large, expressive eyes; and in this course their hearts, which are not invulnerable, sometimes suffer. The men are impassioned, ardent, voluptuous, with a lively imagination and a taste for poetry and music. They are naturally indolent, and when wealthy enjoy fully the luxury of doing nothing.

They detest the Spaniards, whom they regard, and justly, as avaricious and despotic masters.

The *velorio*, or watch for the dead, is a strange custom. In the room next that where the corpse lies a dozen friends gather, and, to enable them to pass the night in an endurable manner, a table is set out, lavishly supplied with dainties and wines. All night long they eat, drink, chat, and laugh, for their conversations are not lugubrious. The relatives of the deceased are present, and take part in the affair, but from time to time they go to kneel and weep beside the departed.

In one afflicted family that I visited the lady was absorbed in preparing the funeral-table. As she passed the room she exclaimed, "Ah! poor friend, wait a little; we have not yet had time to weep properly for you; we are busy preparing the table for those who are to wake you; but be patient, we shall cry for you soon"; and when she had concluded her occupation her cries were indeed heartrending.

The creole or mixed race form a people apart. They have excellent hearts, but as much cannot be said of their heads. They are very susceptible and easy to take offense.

They are very superstitious, and have strange remedies for all ails. If a bit of straw get into your eye, you must not try to get it out; but make the sign of the cross, and it will disappear.

For an obstinate fever, put some slices of bitter orange in a vessel of water, set it out in the dew, at midnight go out in your nightdress and drink some of it, then retire to bed without looking behind you, and you will be cured, unless you acted in bad faith.

Thirteen heads of garlic strung and worn around the neck for thirteen days are a sovereign cure for jaundice; but at the end of the thirteen days you must go to a cross-road and throw this collar over your head, and go home without looking behind you.

When a mother loses several children, she sells her next one to some friend, and it is called a slave. This saves its life.

While there it was said with horror that the voodoos had thrown the *iso*, or evil eye, on a girl. All sorts of spells are attributed to the voodoos. They are held in terrible dread, and repugnance as well as principle is sacrificed to escape their ill will. The least evil you may expect is, that they will glide into your house and put an orange under your pillow, that will give you a perpetual headache.

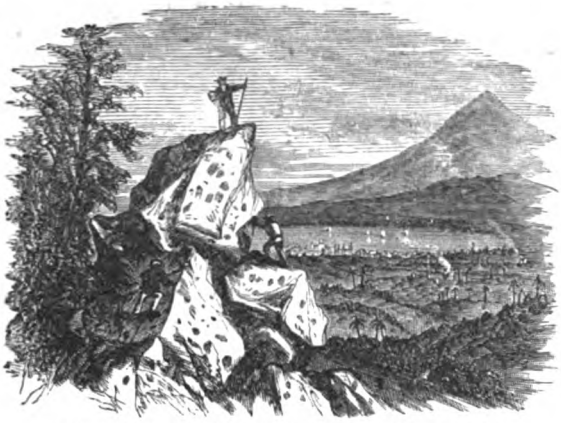
These ideas are instilled into their minds from infancy, and are deeply rooted.

This voodooism was imported from Hayti, and has spread wonderfully in Cuba. There are ladies, apparently highly respected, who frequent and entertain this infamous sect.

The son of a lady whom I should never have suspected of any such affiliations enabled me to witness a meeting at her house. He took me into a small room, the worm-eaten and cracked door of which permitted me to watch the scenes enacted in the next room. Another door, of which he gave me the key, enabled me to escape.

After some anxious waiting, I saw the room light up. It was a common bedroom, with a high bedstead, musquito net, a bureau, a round table, and bamboo chairs. The mistress of the house entered, holding an old tin lamp. Twelve others followed. Then came a girl about sixteen, carrying a bundle, and two hens, one white, the other black. On the table was a dish containing something that smoked. Thirteen wooden spoons lay near it.

The girl threw her burden in the corner, sat down, and began to strike a tambourine. The women began to dance around the table; but after a time, taking the spoons, began to eat from the dish, still dancing around. When they finished it, the girl knelt before them, and they wiped their hands on her hair, which now fell down on her shoulders in



VIEW FROM THE HILL BACK OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

black ringlets. Then the mistress of the house seized the white hen and cut its throat. Its blood was received in a bowl, and tasted by all in turn. The black hen was treated similarly. Both bowls were carefully examined, as if for signs; and a gray powder was then thrown in. Then one of the women began to beat the tambourine furiously. The girl stripped, revealing a strangely attenuated form. She at once began a frenzied dance; her limbs seemed endowed with a prodigious elasticity. Her face assumed a weird expression. A snake glided from the package she brought, and approaching her, formed three rings. The dance changed to capricious leaps. Sometimes she ran around the triple circle, sometimes bounded over it, without touching the snake. Her eye sparkled, her arms were thrown about wildly. Then she ran around the room, uttering cries of anguish, as though forced from her by fearful torture. The women repeated these strange cries. Suddenly the snake rose and coiled in many rings around the girl. All watched it with evidently anxious scrutiny, noting every movement of the head and tail, as prognostics. At last, after a feverish shiver, the girl fell in a fit. I could stand no more. I fled in horror. In such meetings, charms are prepared to work prodigies, and poisons to avenge the sect.

Slavery in the city, though cruel enough, is not so severe as in the country. The degradation of the unfortunate blacks is not so great, nor is their treatment so brutal. Their labor, also, is not so exhausting. Some slaves, indeed, have employments which cultivate their intelligence. They are stewards in large houses, or clerks in small shops; they know, perhaps, how to read, to write, to calculate. These, it is true, are the exceptions.

There are four rights accorded to the negroes by the Government:

1. The right to marry.
2. The right to *buscar amo*—that is, to seek out another master, less severe.
3. The right to purchase their freedom by labor.
4. The right to own property, and consequently to purchase their wives and their children.

On Sunday, Don Pedro, who was a great lover of cock-fights, came to take me to a cock-pit.

To most inhabitants of Cuba, this sport affords the greatest pleasure. Some years since, Cubans and Spaniards risked at the galleria not only their money but their houses, plantations, negroes, all they possessed. Men went in millionaires and came out ruined. Women are excluded, yet one lady, a Madame Gola, contrived to enter. At present, the galleria is subjected to a very wise law, easily eluded, however. It is forbidden to bet more than a fixed amount; but how can the law prevent bets made merely by signs?

If the inhabitants of Cuba are crazy in the point of cock-fighting, it is not so in regard to bull-fights. A very skillful company of toreros arrived at Santiago while I was there, but their performances excited more disgust than interest.

Cards, especially the game of monte, are a passion. Don Pedro took me to a regular gambling saloon. It was well kept. A dozen players were grouped around the table. A strange figure riveted my attention. His whole soul seemed concentrated on the game of monte.

"Don Miguel is excited," said my friend, "his sign is red." I looked at him, and saw a red spot like blood on his pale left cheek. Suddenly he brightened up. He had won. The gold was passed over to him, and he piled it up with evident satisfaction. He boasted that he would ruin the bank, and played boldly.

He won repeatedly, and became wild with joy. Suddenly, his luck turned; still he played on, till all his gold had disappeared but one doubloon. This he staked and lost. The red spot appeared again; in his frenzy he tore out his hair, and rising, struck the table, crying: "*Que el rayo le parte a Vds., todos*—May the lightning strike you all!"

Then he rushed out.

Another took his place and won, breaking all who played with him. Then he addressed his last victim: "You have a plantation I have long desired; stake it against my small one and this pile, say $100,000 gold." Don Guillermo hesitated, but was urged into it. He accepted at last, on condition that I held the cards. With every eye upon me, I turned one, two, three. A cry from all told it was decisive. "Take the gold, Don Guillermo, it is all yours, and my plantation."

As we went out, we heard fearful cries, and, borne by the crowd, saw a woman, torn and bleeding. "My husband! my husband!" she cried. "Look in the next room what he is doing!" We went in. Don Miguel lay there dead. He had tried to wrest from his wife a casket belonging to her mother, containing jewelry and gold, and had stabbed her mortally for refusing, and closed his wretched life by suicide.

In Holy Week, the churches in Santiago are adorned with more riches than art or taste. They are dazzling with light. The population visit all the churches in turn, without exception. On Friday, the service begins at eight, and is very long. The people attend assiduously, some bringing a slight collation with them.

A procession moves to the church of San Francisco, to bear the statue of Jesus of Nazareth to the cathedral; another procession bears that of the Virgin Mother. When the two

SLAVE LIFE IN A BARRACOON.

LADY WITH CUCUYOS IN HER HAIR.

are placed in the cathedral, a preacher ascends the pulpit, and delivers a pathetic sermon, lasting two hours.

Some years ago, the nailing to the cross was enacted at three o'clock, but that is now abandoned. A figure, representing the lifeless Saviour, is placed in a rich sepulchre, surrounded by angels. Then, after a second sermon, the statue of the Virgin is borne to the Church de los Dolores, where a third sermon is pronounced.

The governor and high functionaries take part in the processions, gravely bearing their candles, and dropping wax over their clothes with edifying serenity.

On Saturday, at the Alleluia, the bells ring out the wildest, gayest tunes, and volleys of musketry are heard in all parts of the town. The street boys, who have made their scarecrows for the purpose, then kill and burn the Jews in effigy.

Some aristocratic families give *tertulias*, or soirées, at their houses, but the most brilliant balls in Santiago are given at the Filarmonia. The Casino, a later rival, after a limited success, is now closed.

A ball took place about three months after my arrival. The hall was finely decorated; the ladies, in full Parisian toilet and rich in ornaments, seemed to me more beautiful than ever. Their eyes rivaled their diamonds in light and brilliancy. The harmonious words from their lips seemed the very language of passion. Their easy, languid movements are noted by all strangers. Crowds of the people of the town, socially excluded from such entertainments, were gathered at the doors and windows, which, on account of the heat, were all thrown open, and they criticised the dancers, evidently having established favorites. The young men, too, have their adherents.

The Filarmonia of Cuba was the first place where Patti was heard in public. She was then but a child, scarcely fourteen. The family was poor, and driven to shifts. The untrained voice of the girl Adelina astonished the Cubans by its surprising qualities. They gave her a triumph which augured a brilliant future. I dare say the celebrated prima donna has not yet forgotten the first bravas that hailed her precocious *début* in a career where she has won such laurels.

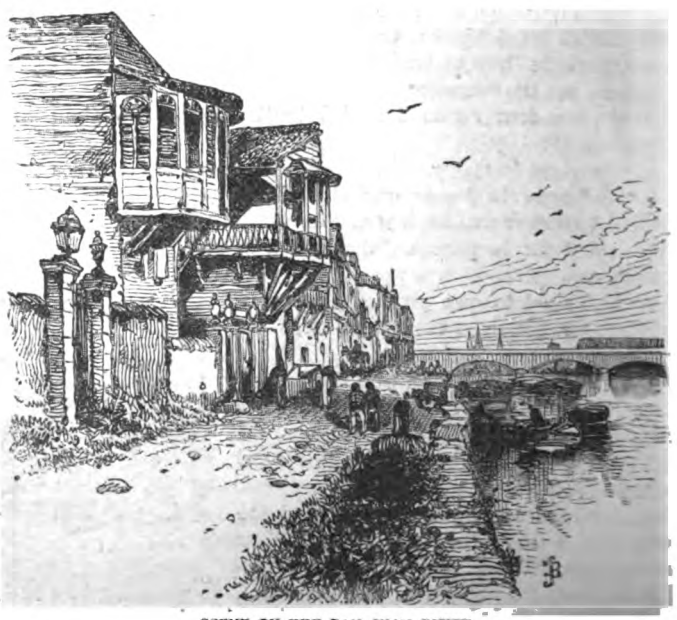
This saloon has taken its part in political events. The severity of the Spanish Government against Lopez and his adherents had excited a deep feeling in the hearts of the people of the city. At the first ball given at the Filarmonia the Spanish party were insolent and overbearing; the Cubans retaliated by defacing the portrait of the Queen.

At private parties violence resulted from the chance meeting of the adherents of Spain and Cuba. A conspiracy was formed to rescue some young men of the city who were to be banished for sympathy with Lopez. The prisoners, as they were marched to the vessel, were to give the signal, but they shrank from involving their families and friends in certain ruin.

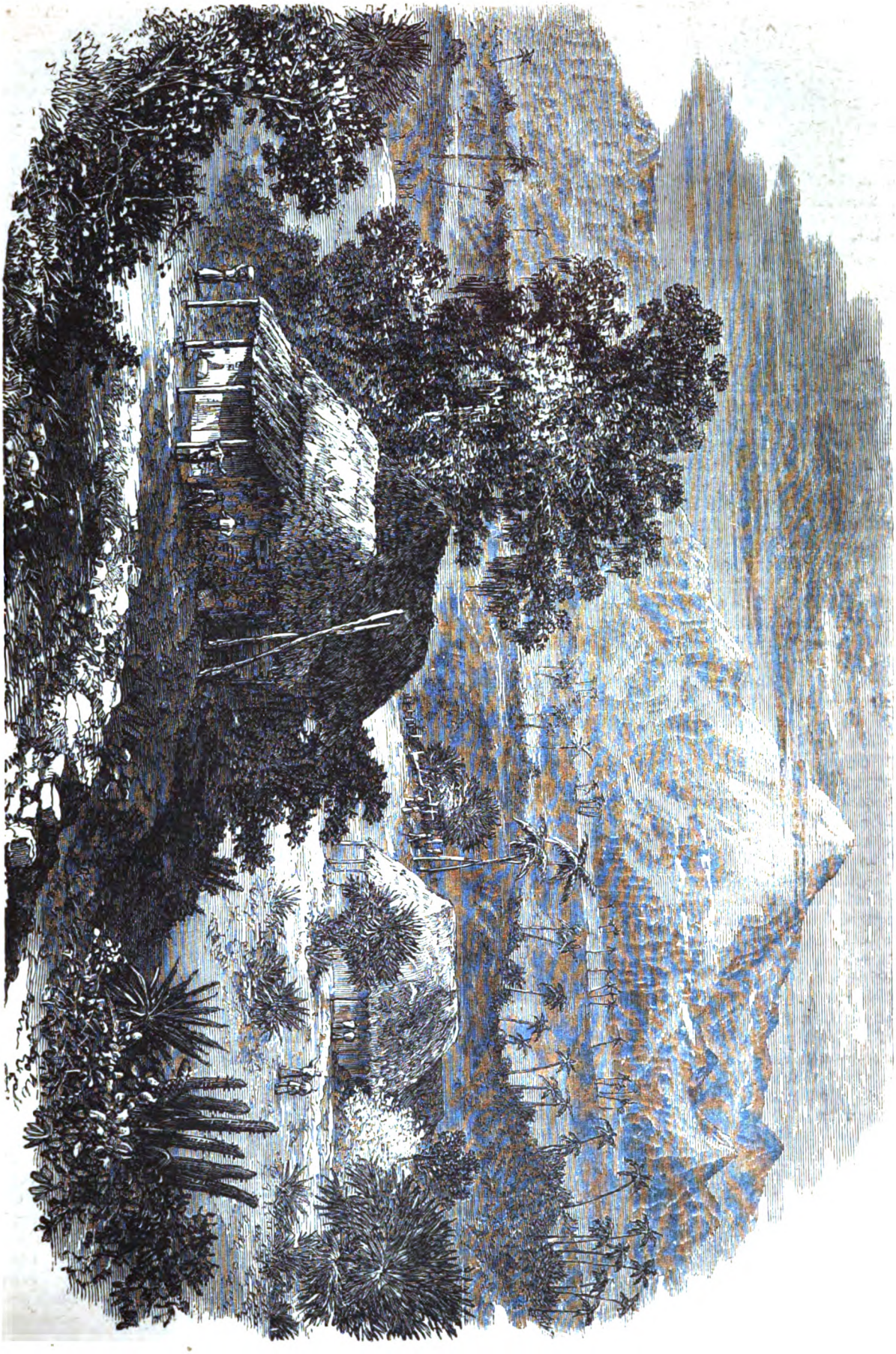
One morning we accompanied Don Pedro to sail around the harbor. Following the coast on the left, we came to Punta Blanca, a chalky cliff, near which is the favorite resort for sea-bathing. Then we passed Carabiza, Creez, and Los Cocos, inlets, and several headlands. One of these, the Punta Gorda, is a rocky point, on which the waves beat with a constant thunder. All the inlets are densely lined with mangroves, forming an almost impenetrable wall. No trace of human habitation or cultivation is seen along the shore. Opposite Punta Canoa is a rock called the Rock of the two Compadres, so called from a duel between two friends long united by that tie of sponsorship so much esteemed in Spain, but who became deadly enemies from the treachery of one, who destroyed the domestic happiness of his friend. Both fell mortally wounded on the rocky islet.

We landed at Socapa, a small village consisting of a few houses in the same style as those at Santiago, and surrounded by scanty vegetation.

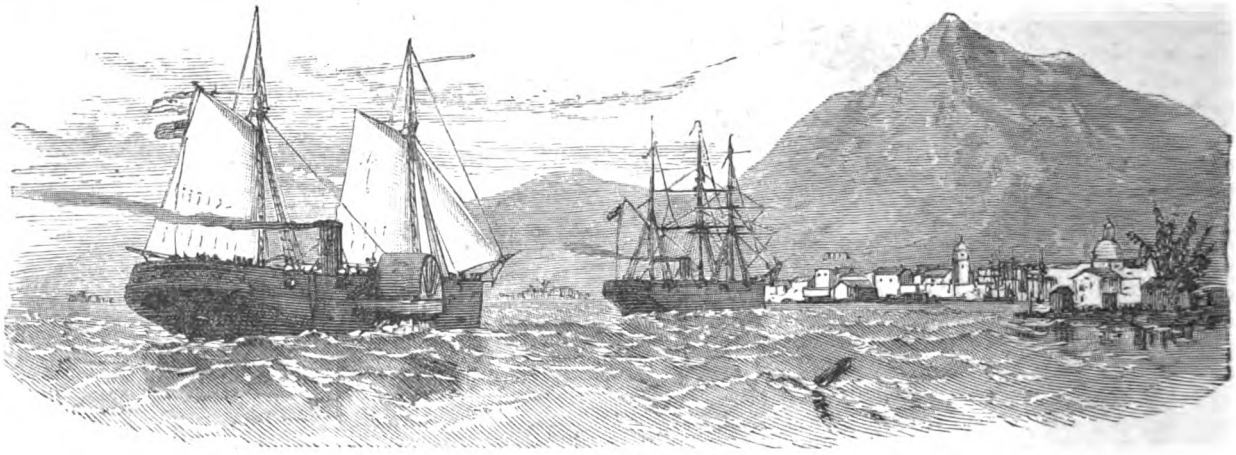
The Rio Paradas, a river emptying into the bay, was the next place of interest. As we ascended it, the large trees gave place to bamboos, whose hollow trunks, as they swayed against each other in the wind, produced strange and unearthly sounds.



SCENE ON THE SAN JUAN RIVER.



TURQUINO'S PEAK, NEAR EL COBRE, CUBA.



HARBOR OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

Here sport was abundant; birds of all sizes and hues attracted our attention, and offered exercise for our skill.

In September, hearing much of the festivities about to take place at Cobre, a little city not far from Santiago, famous for its copper mines and its famous shrine of the Virgin de Caridad, I resolved to visit it. The slow steamer *Botafuego* bore us across the bay, when we took horse-cars, which were drawn to the top of the mountain, to descend the opposite side by their own weight.

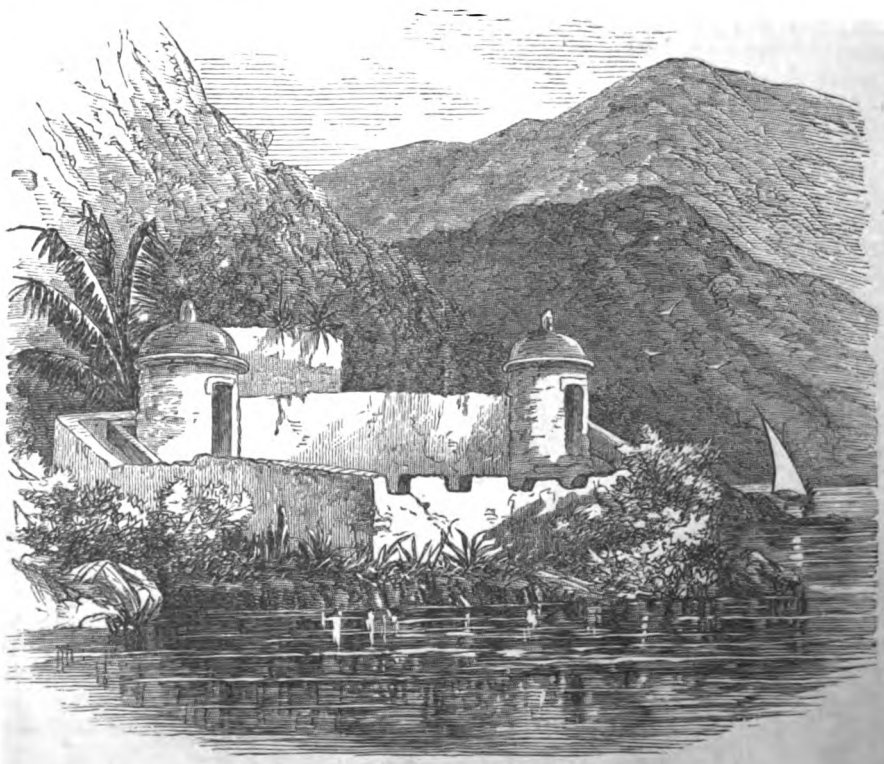
Cobre is a small place, with winding streets, one-story houses, particolored, as at Santiago. Behind it rises a majestic mountain, crowned by the venerated chapel, which is always visited. The sight, as you ascend, repays you for the toil. The landscape is of the most varied character—hill, mountain, tropic forest, and wide plantation, all combine to form a charming picture. The chapel is large, but of a simple style of architecture. The wealth within dazzles you. On all sides are offerings, exvotos, little ships, hands, feet, of gold or silver; costly articles offered in thanksgiving. The altar is magnificently adorned with lace and fine embroideries. The statue of the Mother of Christ is as magnificently attired. A diamond diadem crowns her head; a collar of brilliants around the neck supports an emerald cross of great beauty; her arms and hands are covered with bracelets and rings, her rich robe studded with gold and pearls.

The legend of the statue says that it was brought from Spain by a pious soldier who, to save it from profanation during an English invasion, either national or piratical, threw it into the sea. When peace was restored, some fishermen going to gather salt in the hollows of the rocks, beheld the statue moving toward them on the sea, erect, and enveloped in light. It was transported with all honor to the Church of the Dolors, but, in the morning, had disappeared, and was finally found upon an orange-tree on Cobre Mountain. It was taken back, but again returned to its chosen spot. Then a chapel was erected here, and the place became a famous pilgrimage.

The copper mine, first worked by Mr. Hardy, an English consul, is still in English hands. The ore-bed runs across the mountain, and has been worked far into its depths. Believing that the chapel covered still richer veins, the English owners attempted to remove it. The people resisted, and, though the English won the lawsuit, they durst not enforce their claim, as the first attempt to do so was followed by an earthquake, which the people ascribed to their impiety.

A great pilgrimage is made every fourth year to Our Lady of Cobre, and the devotions are followed by balls, shows, amusements, and games.

The rocky, mountainous, and comparatively sterile district around Cobre once passed, you come to a more attractive and richer district. The vegetation shows a richer soil, and has all the richness and beauty of the tropics. Birds are more abundant, finding more ample



BATTERY AT THE ENTRANCE AT SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

resources. Then soon you begin to see thriving plantations, fields of Indian corn, sugar, coffee, cotton; and, amid them, here and there, masses of cocoanut palm or bananas, in clumps or along the paths; fruit trees of various kinds, give shade and delicious and refreshing products. The planter's house is in the centre of the plantation, surrounded by the wretched slave quarters.

Passing these, we came to another forest, and then to the rapid river Canto, rushing over rocks in foamy masses. After crossing one of its branches two or three times, we reached a coffee plantation, the object of our excursion.

VIEW IN FRONT OF SLAVE BARRACKS.

The house, not very extensive, stood on a hill, surrounded by a glacis terrace, on which the coffee is spread to dry. Around were cocoanuts, manguey, cachimentier, and orange trees. Beyond were the fields, where the coffee plants about a yard high stood, laden with their small fruits, the deep red showing that the berries were ripe. The stables were in sight, and on the slope of the hill the slave quarters. A beautiful stream bathed the foot of the hill, and the water was led from it to the basin, where the coffee, after being garged or stripped of the husk by a mill, is washed.

The scene of coffee-gathering is the old time one of slaves at work under an overseer. Each one brings his amount to the mill at nightfall, and if he falls short is punished on the spot.

Returning to Santiago, I rode out one day by the Plaza de Armas, and soon came in sight of the church of Santa Anna and the cemetery. The latter is bare and repulsive. Not a tree overshadows any portion of it; not a single plant adorns the silent graves. The tombs are ill-kept, many in ruins, allowing the whitened bones to appear. Attachment for the dead seems unknown; they are buried and forgotten. One monument of some architectural beauty stands prominent and alone in this ruinous city of the dead.

VIEW OF THE YUMURI.

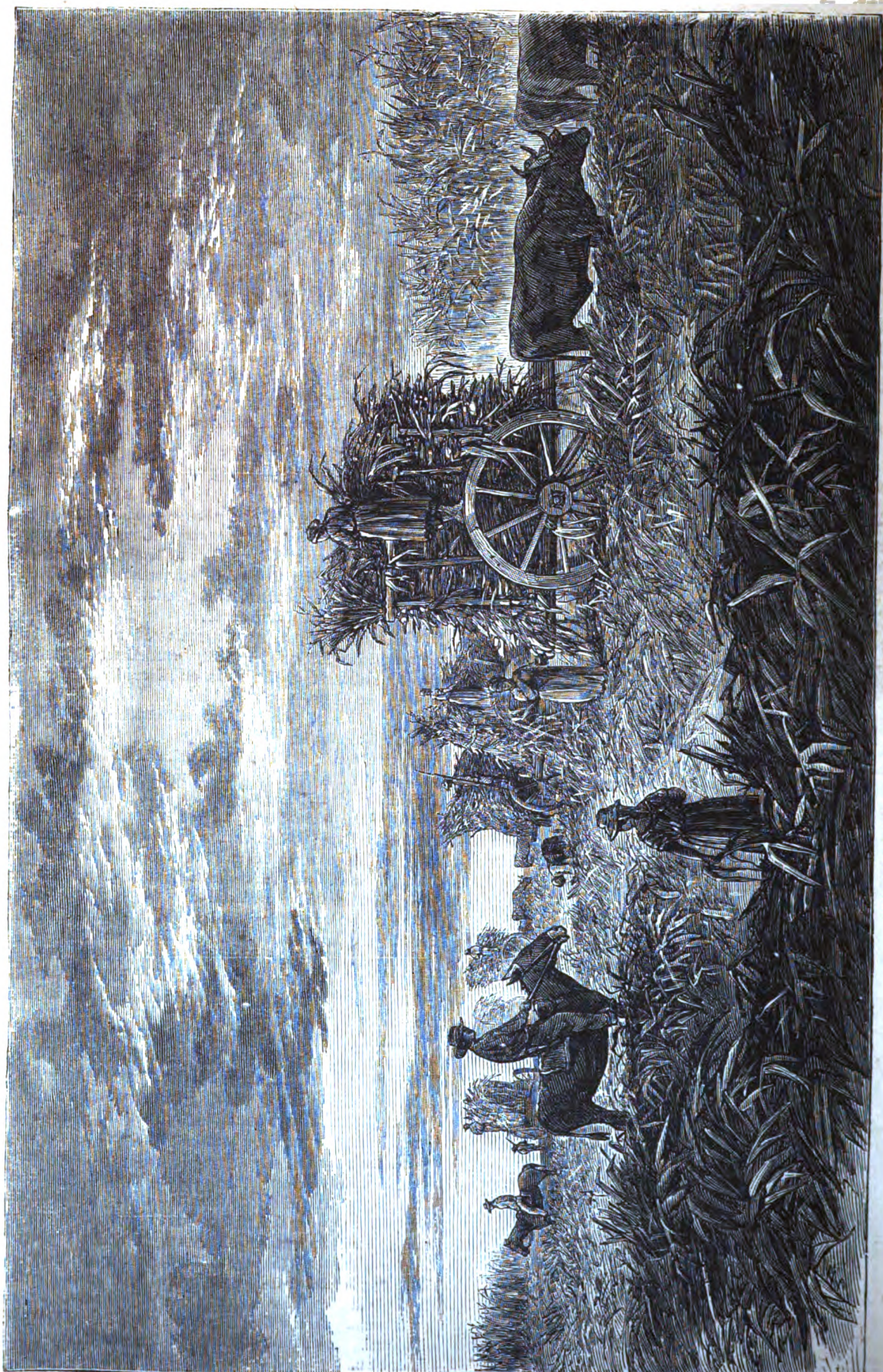
I approached to read the inscription. It was erected in honor of Doctor Antomarchi, Napoleon's physician at St. Helena, who died here of yellow fever in 1838.

Beyond the cemetery is the miserable little village of Caney, the magnificent country around making its wretchedness all the more striking. It was lively at the time, however. A festa, like that of Cobre, was in full blast. Beyond, around Angostura, are plantations, many of them devoted to tobacco and sugar.

While in Cuba, we were accustomed to walk out in the evening into the quiet country, sometimes lighted by the sweet brightness of the stars, or silvered over by the pale rays of the moon, or plunged into profound obscurity when the sky, ordinarily so beautiful, had covered itself with black and sombre clouds.

At that hour, the breeze is refreshing, and seems like a soft caress. Amid the general repose, the hum of insects, the croaking of the frogs, the solitary song of some bird playing the part of nature's poet, all penetrated us with a kind of melancholy emotion, which had its charm, but which after a time became fatiguing. Breaking away from such feelings, we found amusement in catching the Cucuyos, which shone in fantastic fashion in the darkness, and came flying around us, attracted by the light of our cigars, and making the air vibrate with the noise of their wings. They are a kind of scarabeus, of the family of the elaterides. These strange insects throw out at will a vivid light, which proceeds from three phosphorescent sacs, two in the head and one under the body.

The little negroes of the kitchen, who sat up quite late, were much interested in our hunt. We abandoned to them our captures, which they received with eagerness, and, inclosed in calabashes, pierced with an infinite number of holes. From these numberless openings, the rays of light burst forth, producing a most curious effect. As they executed their antics, with these globes of living fire, which lighted up so strangely their black faces, they seemed like little imps beside themselves with happiness at having escaped from the infernal realms. A much more artistic and refined enjoyment, however, is derived from these insects when the belles of Cuba, inclosing them tenderly in little bags of the finest gauze, pin them fast to their hair or to their dresses, thus making starry diadems or breastpins, or other ornaments that for a time outshine the brightest diamonds, and lend to their fair wearers a charm peculiarly their own.



GATHERING SUGAR CANE ON A PLANTATION NEAR SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

THE RAPE OF EUROPA.—FROM THE PAINTING BY PAUL VERONESE.

CAMPAGNIAN.

By Joaquin Miller.

Part I.

Sir Francis and a lady fair
Rode far from out the walls of Rome.
A star was in her midnight hair,
Her hand shone with a starry stone
That lit their bridle path. The dome
Of proud Saint Peter's distant stood,
Like some tall shepherd, shepherding
His flock beside the soundless flood.
The snapping bat was on the wing,
A dog howled from the distant wood;
And right and left, and white and lone,
There stood some mighty marble stone—
Like monuments stood foot and head
Above the buried city dead.

'Twas night; 'twas on the stroke of nones.
Gray owls perched on the graveyard stones;
And yet they rode all silently,
Until the great, white-girdled moon,
As soft as Summer afternoon,
Came wheeling down the Alps, and lay
Her broad, white shoulders bare as day;
As if at some fair, festal ball
Of gathered stars, or carnival.

At last he reined, he turned him home,
And at his side still Maud Jerome
Rode silent and as sad as he:
Rode still and constant, as if she
Had been his guardian angel, bound
To lead him through some dark profound.

His soul was as some ship that drew
All silent through the burst of seas,
Pursuing some far distant star
That spun unfixed for ever through
The boundless upper seas of blue.
She seemed so near, and yet so far.
Just now she seemed as near as woe;
Just now she seemed as far as though
They dwelt in the antipodes.

They silent rode. She looked away,
As one that had no word to say.
She had her secret, this he knew;
Yet ofttime in the night alone,
He walked and wondered if the true
And heart-rent history was known,
If painted in its blackest hue,
'Twould make a shadow to his own.

Two strange, uncommon souls were these,
That silent sailed uncompassed seas,
Far out from any ship or shore,
Far out from reef or breakers' roar.

Where ships of commerce never drew
A keel, these two ships crossed, and knew
Each other as they sailed alone,
And on to under worlds unknown.

O golden, sacred silentness!
Take thou the silver coin of speech,
And bribe your way to hearts, so less
Than hearts the silences shall reach.

Two strangers rode in silence down
Against the sounding, teeming town;
Two strangers. Yet two souls that knew
Hearts' histories far better than
The wisest and profoundest man
That ever read earth's archives through.

Didst ever think how souls have size
And weight and measure in God's eyes,
So other than the weight and span
And measure given them by man?

Why, there be hunchback souls that stand
Beside tall souls, broad-browed and grand;
And these bend ever and look down
Upon the great soul's rumpled gown,
And see upon its trail a stain,
Obtained, perchance, in some great fight,
In silent battle for the right;
And then they mock and make complain,
And wagging point the world the stain.

Then there be shallow souls that seem
To foam along like shallow stream,
As if they feared the while you would
Forget that they had ever been,
Did they not keep their clang and din:
And, come to think, perhaps, you should.

In middle heaven moved the moon.
Still slow they rode and silently,
Till sudden distant thunder fell
From out fair heaven.
Like a knell
Of some departed afternoon,
That dying, leaves a heritage
Of undivided memory
Of most delicious lore it fell
Upon the wrapt Sir Francis Jain
And startled him.
He threw the gage
To fate, rose full, clutched at his rein.
Struck heel to flank, threw back his hair,
Spoke loud, and laughed with careless air
Of tempest driving up the skies—
And lifting unto her, his eyes,
At touch of large, slant drop of rain,
He gathered up his strength again,
And doffing hat to Miss Jerome
He plunged and led right hard for home.

The desolation of the plain,
The perfect solitude, the reign
Of ghosts and spirits of the dark
Came down.
The tempest's wild complain
Was monsterlike. The driving rain
And loud-voiced furies rode the air.
Nor lamp nor light stood out that night,
Nor star in heaven set a mark—
'Twas darkness, darkness, every

Their road led underneath the ground;
The arches echoed far profound,
The winding paths led in and out,
The tempest rode in merry rout;
They rode against the slanting rain,
They rode a circle round and round,
And rode in circle yet again.

And still they rode, still round and round.
By ancient arch, beneath the ground,
The while the hoofs made ghostly sound.
At last quite wild and quite worn out,
Sir Francis turned and gave a shout
From underneath an arch. From out
A deeper arch, or cave, hard by,
There came a sharp responding cry.

"Ho! ho! A call for help! We come!
Come! Up! my comrades; come with me!"
Sir Francis turned his head, and he
Stood still, as one struck blind and dumb;
For lightnings fell in sheets just then,
And showed a line of desp'rate men.
But these Sir Francis heeded not:
His flashing eyes the instant fell
Upon their leader; one who stood
The tallest tree of some dark wood.
He stood as one that time forgot,
Or feared to tackle, or to lay
A hand upon—he stood so well,
And so went by the other way.

And still Sir Francis sat and sat
His steed, and stared and stared thereat.
He looked right in the robber's face,
Who stood and boldly stood his place;
The while the men drew circle round,
And made secure their vantage-ground.

Their leader bowed, and stepped before
Sir Francis, and laid hold the rein.
His lifted brow was white and broad,
His presence like a demigod.
He was all coolness—leisure now,
He shook his brown locks from his brow
Half smiled, and blandly bowed again;
And then he turned, half raised a hand
Toward his men, gave some command,
Held high his lamp before Sir Jain,
Half laughed, then smiling, bowed again.

Again he jerked his lantern high,
Half turned, and caught the lady's eye,
And lowly then he bowed once more,
And stepping back, with bended head
And courteous bearing, gayly said
He did most certainly deplore
The state of weather; 'twas severe;
A sort of equinox, he thought;
He said to-morrow surely ought,
In conscience, to be bright and clear,
For sunshine surely follows rain;
Then turned him to Sir Francis Jain.

He haughty bowed his broad, high head,
And in the Queen's best English said:
"But now this weather question, sir—
The winds, the rains, the sudden rise
Of choler in the angered skies;
The fall of the barometer,

The storms by land—the calms by seas—
Are fixed by Probabilities!
You meet your neighbor now at morn,
Shake hands, how-how, then hesitate.
You first look fluttered, then forlorn.
You cannot speak. You know the great
Eternal question now is done.
Six thousand years men met together
And calmly talked about the weather,
But now the papers run the sun;
A man asks, "Will it rain to-day?"
Give him two cents and go your way.

"And you, my friend, if you had thought
This evening as you galloped out
And hailed a poor newsboy and bought
A first-class paper, why, no doubt
The small investment, sir, had been
A big investment for your tin.

"And this reminds me, by-the-way,
That tin is what we want. I know
A very common want to-day,
But so extravagant, and so
Exacting are the ladies, and
So many are the needs of men
To hold respect and to have a place
In woman's heart—Ah, madam! I,
I do assure you, I had rather die
Than make offense, or so disgrace
Myself and fellows, as to stand
In your sweet presence here and say
One word against the sex for which
We hazard all. Ah, madam, you
Could hardly think what men pull through
To be illustrious, grand, or rich;
To please you, charm you, win the prize
Of love in love's enchanting eyes.
And, sir! I end as I begin,
By hinting, I am out of tin.
But not for self, believe me, sir,
I make demand, but all for her.

"The ships that plow the foamy track,
The mines that open mouths of gold,
The smoke of battle rolling back,
Enshrouding thousands stark and cold,
All these make woman's worshiper;
The tracking of the trackless climes,
The thousand crowns, the thousand crimes,
All won or done alone for her.

"And now one word with you, I pray:
Your bold, bad merchants of to-day—
The politician with his hand
Clutched tight around the country's throat,
While helpless millions weeping stand
And shiver in their rags before
The mills with melody no more—
These men they nothing risk at all
Save reputation. And take note
That that is most exceeding small.
Now, sir, we pay you our respects
Like men. We rob, but do not lie.
We take your purses openly,
We also rob, but risk our necks.

"Ah! so you would proceed. No doubt!
Nay, stop! Stand, sir! Stand! Take out
That quick right hand that you have just
This moment in your bosom thrust!
Take out your hand! No? Shall it be
Purse? or pistol? Look at me!
You see I do not flinch. My face
Is lifted unto yours.
My place
Is peril's front. I know not fear.
You have the drop. Then slay me here,
Then gallop into town and say
Yourself the hero of a day.

"Now draw! Shoot centre! deadly, true!
What, sir? Your purse! By heaven, you
Were born a king! Whom can you be,
To madly spare a man like me?
Where drew you breath?
I know but one—
But one grand man beneath the sun
Who thus could turn and scornfully
Give back the life that clutched at his,
And with it purse well filled as this.

"And that one man, he wore a chain
For many a long year at my side
In wild Australia.
And that name,
My true chain-fellow—chained in shame—
I speak it with a lofty pride—
'Twas Jain, Sir Jain! Sir Francis Jain!

"Nay, nay, my lady! Start not so!
No harm shall happen you, I swear.
Stand back, my men. Now may they go;
There is a wildness in his air
That even I would hardly dare
To trifle with.
Stand wide, my men,
And lift your hats with gallant grace:
We shall not see his like again.
Come! let my lantern strike his face!
Now as he gallops from the place;
And note him well, that after this
No harm shall hap to him or his;
And mark—By heaven, it is Jain!
'Tis Jain, 'tis Jain! Sir Francis Jain!
Come back! Come, take your gold; why, I—
I will not touch it though I die.

"You will not turn! Then take the right
Upon the rise. You see the light
Above the city's centre rise
Like London, dashing all the skies?
Then ride for that. Ride straight, and you
Will strike the lighted avenue;
And mind, Sir Jain—Sir Francis Jain,
To-morrow eve we meet again.
I, the learned divine, and you,
The lion of the Avenue;
I, the Irish priest, denied—
Gods! they are gone! hear how they ride!"

PART II.

Sir Francis' face was on his hand,
His eyes looked blankly, helpless down;
His brow was dark with sullen frown.
His hair was tumbled wildly, and
His face was flushed as one that wept,
And yet wept not, nor waked, nor slept.

A pistol nestled close beside
A nervous and outreaching hand;
A thing familiar and long tried,
That waited as for some command.
He rose and slowly walked the floor,
Then sat him down and slowly wrote,
With fevered hand, a hurried note.
Then quick he rose, and clutched and tore
What he had writ, and with a frown,
Strode long and thoughtful up and down.

At last he stopped, as one outworn,
Sat down, took up the fragments torn,
And sadly smiled. And now he caught
Convulsively, as one in pain,
The pen, spread out the page again
And wrote as one made mad with thought.

"Farewell, farewell, yet not farewell.
I know the sullen, clanging knell
Of clod on coffin-lid means all
Is over. Yet the bleeding heart
Is oft too wounded to depart,
And so creeps in the buried pall.

"Oh, let my broken heart come home
To me with olive branch to rest
From thy proud presence. This were best;
Oh, this were best, proud Maud Jerome.

"Mine ark is as some broken bark,
That ever buffets storm. The dark
Has mantled me. My fluttered dove
Went forth a fond, devoted love.
Now give it peace and send it home,
Oh, fair and faultless Maud Jerome.

"I loved you, lady—love you now,
With love intensified to pain;
But we must never meet again.
I write to give you back your vow.

"Oh, fair, white dove, the olive bough,
Lies deep submerged. My ship drives on
In deluge and in darkness. Night
Has compassed me at last, and now
Must you escape and live. The dawn
Of peace, of rest, of calm delight
And love, but rise to perish from my sight.

"Lo! here I sit, forlorn, to-night,
And calmly write and sign for you
Mine own death warrant.
The disdain
Of universal earth was naught
Had you but hovered in my sight.
I could have lived, in you forgot
The deep indignity, the stain,
The perils my young life passed through,
The hard reproaches and heart pain.
But all is over. It is due
To your position, and to you,
To tell you I am that same Jain,
The convict Jain, Sir Francis Jain.
I bore that name because it was
My noble, gentle, father's name;
A name renounced the day he wed
My mother, and brought on his head
A father's curse.
In pride or shame,
I wore, and I shall wear that name.
I love, I love that name, because
It was my sire's—all that he
In dying could bequeath to me.

"I would not palliate, nor claim
One touch of tenderness, no tear
From you, fair girl; from any one
Beneath the broad, all-seeing sun.
But I would have you know that name
Is my real name; that it is dear;
That I have worn it e'er, my friend,
Unshamed, and so shall to the end.

"I might have worn a nobler still,
Perchance might now, the lord of Rude.
But mine own proud, impatient will,
It rose and led me on, and hewed
Another path.
In solitude
My sire's sire childless weeps,
And waits, and mournful vigil keeps
For my return. I cannot bear
Nor brook the thought to turn me there
To front again that iron face,
That let my father helpless die
Because he wed a peasant wife,
And chose a lowly walk in life—
That let my dying mother lie
In hovel and alone, while I
For battling for my mother's race
Prayed death from prison and disgrace. . . .

"O sea-green glory of the sea,
Sweet isle of song and history,
And fair-haired woman with the grace
Of heaven in thy lighted face—
Thou, Erin, I was true to thee. . . .

"We sometimes laugh so loud that we
From very joy must turn and weep.
The world is round. Extremes must meet.
We sometimes mourn so very deep
That we do laugh hysterically,
As if the bitter had been sweet.

. . . "It comes to be my strange belief,
From what my life has heard and seen,
That you may bend your ear, and you
May whisper soft as far-off bird,
Against the wall that lifts between
Intensest joy, intensest grief,
And so be quite distinctly heard.
The world is round. Extremes must meet.
The sweet is bitter; bitter sweet.

"Why, I sit smiling now. The tears
That had been prisoned long, long years
Hard frozen—that refused to flow
For mine or for my father's woe,
Have flowed to-night in streams above
The grave of this new-buried love. . . .

"'Tis pitiful, 'tis painful. Yet
With all this agonized regret,
That all is o'er, there has come
A strange, uncommon sense of rest.
My feet shall rest. My lips be dumb,
For earth has nothing I request.
And now to life's conclusion must
My lips be stopped as stopped with dust.

"As one, far traversing the West,
Finds some vast sea and troubled wave,
Some trackless sea of boundless shore
That shuts the world he would explore,
And so sits down, and digs his grave,
And calmly waits his final rest,
So I sit waiting, sad, yet fond,
Half glad that earth is naught beyond.

"Not one firm foot-print marks my shore.
The Sea stretched forth his cold, white hands,
And leveled smooth the shining sands
Where your feet passed the day before.
Now all lie blank. Now, nevermore
I look before. Let me look back
Along my lone life's dubious track.

"I had a friend, one friend, who stood
Like some high lifted, lighted tower,
Above the stormy, sea-foam flood
On peril's sea, in peril's hour.
Oh, lady, know you what it is
To know unshaken soul like this?

"The stakes were freedom and renown.
God's freedom to the grandest race
That ever groaned in the disgrace
Of foreign court and foreign crown.
'Twas freedom or a felon's chain,
We staked and lost. . . . We would again.

"My fellow-captive was my friend,
An elder, abler man than I;
A man who ever sought to die,
And so lives on unto the end.
You ask me where may now abide
This friend so chivalrous, so tried?

"Hold back your face. You may not care
To hear his name and place till you
Have seen how faithful and how true
He was, and what his soul could dare
In deadly circumstance, or how
He grew the knave I find him now.

"Why, we were chained—chained hand to hand,
And in this prisonment we grew
In firmer friendship than they knew;
And, spite of hard oppression, stood
Like two tall poplars of the wood,
Half wedded, for he was as grand
As any noble of the land.

"At last one night we broke this chain,
In wild Australian fortress. We
Could only hear the tumbling sea
Break hard against the beetling wall,
And lift and fall, but that was all;
We knew not where we were, no more
Than midnight clouds of driving rain
That beat the sea and shook the shore.

"We reckless climbed the beetling wall,
Down which it seemed a ghost would fall,
And when we breathed free air again,
And when we touched the fields and fled,
Why, every loose link of my chain,
The iron ball I dragged in pain,
He bore upon his shoulders broad
All day, as if some demigod,
While I crept by as one nigh dead.

"We broke the chains anew, and then
Once more were free, unfettered men.
But serpents leave a trail and trace
Ofttime, that time shall not efface.

"At last, outworn and faint we stood
Far off against the upland wood,
Where stretched two dim, dividing trails.
One led o'er mountains, one through vales,
And all were as unknown to me
As unnamed isles of middle sea.

"We knew no road, no sign, or chart,
Knew naught at all. We only knew
That there would be a deadly chase
Through valley land or mountain base;
For we were leaders; were the two
That stood as pillars to the gate
Of freedom where the brave passed through,
And bore full heritage of hate.

"We knew that we must instant part,
Take divers ways, in hopes that one
Might grope the tangled jungle through,
And with a bold, unbroken heart
Escape, to undertake anew
The work we nobly had begun.

"He bade me take my choice of trails.
I did refuse. He smiling drew
A halfpence forth, and gayly threw
Our only fortune in the air.
"Come! choose, my comrade! Heads or tails?"
How he did counterfeit the care
That burrowed deep his mighty heart!
I knew his heart was breaking—knew
The while that all this dash and dare
Was done for me, to make me bear
With fortitude my further part.
I chose. And so we parted there
That instant, with one last embrace,
All silent, with averted face.

"Through lonely vales he took his flight;
My way led up the mountain height;
And mark what followed: Weak and worn,
My body bent, my bare feet torn,
I sought for shelter for the night
In densest copse along the height,
Where great rocks rose above a cave,
As if it were some giant's grave.

"I gathered sticks, struck flint and steel,
And when the flames leapt up, behold!
The cave was one vast mass of gold—
More gold than England's vaults conceal;
To only think that all this dross
Depended on a copper's toss!

"I gathered gold. In pain and fear
I sought the sea with burdened hands—
I bribed my way to better lands;
But secret I returned next year,
To seek my comrade far and wide,
And up and down; and all in vain.
Each year I gathered heaps of gold
From my great coffers hidden deep,
Where spotted tigers house and sleep.
I gave—gave generous and bold
As Cæsar, so to bribe, reward
The sheep-men, officers or guard,
To bring me my lost friend again.

They told me he had surely died
From beasts or flood. They lied! they lied!

"Forgive me, love. Yea, pity me.
Man's face is fronted to a wall.
He prophesies to-morrow. All
His days, he plans of days to be;
And yet, poor fool, he cannot see
One inch before, around, or o'er
The wall that circles him. And I
Am even as the blindest. Could
I foreknow that he should rise,
Red-handed in my road at night,
Arrayed in this dark robber's guise?
This man who erst stood up to die
For honor's sake?
We two once stood
On peril's bristled height alone;
We two in God's high lifted light
Exulting but in purity.
Shall I desert him overthrown?
Forsake my friend because his soul
Is slimed and perishing?
Ah, me!
'Twere base to fly and leave a friend
All bleeding on the battle-field,
Without one shelt'ring hand or shield
To help when battle's thunders roll.

"But that were little. Dying there
On glory's front, with trumpet's blare
And battle's shout blent wild about,
The sense of sacrifice, the roar
Of war, the soul might well leap out—
The large, the snow-white soul leap out
The door of wounds, and up the stair
Of heaven to God's open door,
While yet the hands were bent in prayer;
But oh! to leave a soul o'erthrown,
And doomed, to slowly die alone!

"The body is not much. 'Twere best
Take up the soul and leave the rest.
It seems to me the man who leaves
The soul to perish is as one
Who gathers up the empty sheaves
When all the golden grain is gone.

"Farewell! I reach this man the hand
That had been yours, that he may stand.
Farewell! Forget me, lest you hear
The world your love insult with sneer.
Farewell; this robber was my friend,
Is now, and shall be to the end.

"Farewell! God help me now. For such
Hard conflicts tide about my heart
That I do hesitate.
The part
Of man is in the ranks to die
Hard battling for the shining right;
But when all things partake a touch
Of darkness, and a touch of light;
When grand achievement hath for aim
So often tyranny and shame;
When high-born men prove puny knaves,
And leave earth's noblest deeds to slaves,
The skein comes tangled. Then the woof
And warp of life proves reason proof.
O heaven! for a sword so true
Of edge that I might cleave this through!

"The years lift like a stair. Arise
And climb the stairway to the skies
And look possession of the world
That lies quite conquered at your feet.
Yet range not far, I do entreat;
Black clouds will cross the fairest skies.
The fullest tides must ebb and flow;
The proudest king that e'er unfurled
His banners, met his overthrow.

"Farewell, farewell! nor yet farewell,
Yet must I end as I began.
I love you, love you, love but you—
I love you, Maud, as never man
Has loved since man and woman fell,
Or God gave man inheritance,
Or sense of love, or any sense.
And that is why, O love, I can,
Lift up to you my burning brow
To-night, and so renounce you now."

* * *

Long years thereafter fell in fight
A brave man battling for the right,
The robber chief. The moon fell white
And fair above his lowly head.
Two strangers bent above the dead
Man in that deadly battleplace.
Each looked each other in the face—
Sir Francis, now a priest, was one;
The other, his lost love, a nun.

LEGUAT'S ADVENTURES.

In August, 1689, Francis Leguat, a Huguenot gentleman of Bresse, was driven to Holland by the revocation of the celebrated Edict of Nantes. There he heard that the Marquis Duquesne was preparing to found a colony on the island of Mascareigne, which is situated off the western coast of Africa, just north of Madagascar.

Tired of the world, having nothing further to lose, and desiring to die in peace, far away from all political and religious agitation, Leguat solicited and obtained permission to be admitted to the number of emigrants.

The *Hirondelle*, a small vessel carrying six cannon and ten sailors, was chartered to carry the little colony. Twenty-five men had agreed to go; but, as usual, when the time came many faltered, and only ten really embarked. These were, Francis Leguat, fifty-two years old, and appointed governor of the colony; Peter Bele, James de la Case, John Testard, Isaac Boyer, John de la Haye, James Guiger, John Pagny, Robert Anselin, and little Peter, only twelve years old, a bootblack of Rouen, without relatives.

The *Hirondelle* left Amsterdam on the 10th of July, 1690, and on the 25th of April, 1691, came in sight of the Island Rodrigo, one of the Mascareigne Islands. On the 30th of April they landed on the northeast portion of the island to begin their new colony.

The ship remained in harbor a fortnight, landing the effects belonging to the colonists. The stores provided by the French Government consisted of biscuit, beef, guns, pistols, gunpowder, and lead, agricultural instruments, carpenters' tools, kitchen utensils, handmills, etc.—everything that was necessary to make them comfortable.

The death of Jean Pagny reduced the number of colonists to nine; but the full number was made up by the decision of Peter Thomas, one of the sailors, who had quarreled with the captain, to stay behind on the island. But on the night before the ship sailed, James Guiger and little Peter went on board with the captain, and forgot to come ashore again.

They settled on the banks of a creek, near its mouth. Two houses were built on the left bank of the creek; the one nearest the sea contained Peter Bele and Isaac Boyer; next to them lived John Testard. Between these two houses was the common garden, about sixty feet square, surrounded by a stout palisade, seven feet high, to protect it from wild animals. Besides the general garden, each house had a private one.

Opposite the general garden, Leguat built a bridge across the creek. This bridge had two arches, and rested on a pier built on a small island in the creek, where Peter Thomas chose to live.

On one occasion this Thomas, who was a brave man, was surprised by a rapid rise of the creek. He calmly took refuge in a large tree, and waited there until the waters went down again, amusing himself the while by singing at the top of his voice, playing the flute, and shouting to his companions, who stood at the water's edge, unable to assist him.

The bridge opposite the general garden led to the centre of the colony, where they had built a house twice as large as the other houses, styled "The City Hotel." Robert Anselin kept this hotel, and did the cooking for all the inhabitants of this large city of eight. In rainy weather the meals were served in the hotel dining-room; but, as was oftener the case, when the weather was pleasant, they sat down to a circular table, built around a huge tree in front of the hotel. It was in the hollow trunk of this tree that they concealed their memoirs and valuables when they left the island.

Further up the stream was the house of John de la Haye, who had been a goldsmith at home; but here he set up a blacksmith's shop, and hammered away, singing psalms all day long.

On the other side was the house of Francis Leguat, overshadowed by an immense tree; and next to it was the house of James de la Case. All the houses were built on the same model, and about fifteen feet square. The walls were made of logs, and the roof of palm-leaves; the environs were well wooded, but being used for building purposes and fuel, there were finally only left sufficient trees for a shade and a small park.

After building their houses, their first great care was to plow and sow their gardens. The seeds brought from Holland were found to be quite spoiled. Luckily, they had brought some from the Cape of Good Hope, so they raised wheat, watermelons, chicory, artichokes, parsley, turnips, and mustard.

The turnips were destroyed by worms before they grew very strong, the artichokes did not succeed very well, the wheat degenerated, and only produced a species of cheat, thus depriving them of bread; but the chickory did extremely well, and the melons produced enormously, the fruit being of large size and excellent flavor. From the creek they got enormous eels and many varieties of fish. The breadfruit-tree and all the varieties of palm-trees abounded in the island. Last, but not least important, the seashore was frequented by turtles so numerous that one might walk two or three miles on their backs without stepping on the sand. Wild geese were plenty, and they discovered a large bed of oysters near the shore.

Taken altogether, the life of these colonists could not be called insupportable. During the day they worked in their gardens, fished or hunted, and in the evening they played chess, backgammon, draughts, or jackstraws. Some caught parrots, and amused themselves an idle hour in teaching them to talk. They did not neglect their religious duties either.

Their friends had agreed to send a vessel annually with fresh supplies, but lost sight of their promise entirely.

The little colony began to pine for civilization. They were, however, destitute of a boat, and almost of means to build one. A teak-tree, driven ashore, however, supplied material, and this they sawed clumsily into planks, and with few tools, at last, after a year's labor, completed a boat twenty-two feet long, six feet beam, and four deep, calked with their old linen, using oil and gum for pitch.

In this rude concern they attempted to reach the Island of Mauritius, then in the hands of the Dutch. They first, however, drew up a history of their settlement, and deposited it in the hollow tree.

Their first attempt at navigation was unfortunate. Being but unskillful sailors, they capsized when endeavoring to run through the breakers on the long reef opposite the island. They all got safely ashore, but one of their number, from injuries and exposure, took sick and died.

Leguat opposed a second attempt to leave the island, but without effect; so he contented himself by adding the history of their shipwreck to the scroll deposited in the tree.

They succeeded in passing the reef, with its frightful breakers, in safety, yet their situation was not a very pleasant one, for the vessel would not obey her helm, and they were obliged to get out the oars and row. One of them broke the first time it was used, so the other was only used to keep their bark in the proper position before the wind.

For seven days they were driven here and there by the winds, when a fierce tempest arose, during which they were just able to keep the boat afloat by continual bailing. The violent tempest drove them in sight of the Island of Mauritius, which they had so ardently longed to gain, and on the 29th of May they arrived in the Black River, where some Dutch colonists made them very welcome.

The seven adventurers remained one month here before they made their presence known to the governor of the island, a Swiss, named Rudolph Diodati, who promised them a passage home by the first ship.

But his friendship was soon changed to deadly enmity.

John de la Haye, the goldsmith, had found a large piece of amber, weighing six pounds, while at Rodrigo, and sold it at Frederick-Henry to a jeweler for a mere nothing, being assured that it was not a valuable piece of gum. The jeweler afterward boasted of his fraud, which, coming to the ears of John de la Haye, he went back to the Dutch jeweler and demanded more money. This being refused, the case was brought before the governor, who decided in favor of the Dutchman.

The governor began his oppression by burning their boat and appropriating the sails for the use of his soldiers. He then forced Thomas, the sailor, and Anselin into the Dutch East India Company's service, and assigned quarters to the rest, forbidding them to go more than a thousand feet from them.

Two of the unhappy Frenchmen, Case and Testard, then endeavored, with the aid of a soldier, named Namur, who was in disgrace, to seize a boat and escape; but Namur betrayed them; and not only they, but also Leguat and the two not in the plot, were sent to a barren rock in the harbor, six miles from the town. On this islet, which was about two hundred feet in length by half that in breadth, and destitute of trees or vegetation of any kind, sheltered only by a miserable shed, the five Frenchmen were mercilessly thrown.

Once a week, and after a time once a fortnight, a scanty allowance of musty salt beef or pork and of water was

brought to them. Fish-hooks were denied them, and even their own pans to catch water.

Under this cruel treatment, Leguat was seized with a dysentery and nearly died. The physician sent to examine him advised his removal to the town as the only chance of saving his life, but the brutal governor refused.

When they had been here four months, an East India Company's ship arrived, and on this, by law, they should have been sent to Batavia or Cape Town for trial. But Diodati was not anxious for an investigation. Seeing no steps taken to put them on board, Leguat, Bele and De la Haye took the two barrels in which their water was kept, and, with a couple of sticks of wood and a liberal use of sea-weed, they constructed a raft capable of holding two of them.

Bele and De la Haye, being young, vigorous, and good swimmers, ventured on the raft, and crossed the six miles of water in twelve hours.

They found the officers of the ship at the house of the governor, and there disburdened themselves of their woes.

Diodati replied that there were three innocent men and two guilty ones; but as they were Frenchmen and companions, he could not distinguish between them in the punishment they had drawn upon themselves.

Then they were conducted to the dungeon, and next morning reconducted to the rock. To prevent any further attempts at an escape, the water was brought in a large barrel, with the head knocked out.

The officers of the ship visited them on their rock, and, moved by compassion, left them three hundred pounds of rice, some biscuit, and some bottles of wine and brandy.

When the Dutch ship, on her passage to the Cape of Good Hope, passed the rock at the distance of half a league, Case, who was a good swimmer, endeavored to reach her by swimming, trusting that the captain would permit him to remain on board.

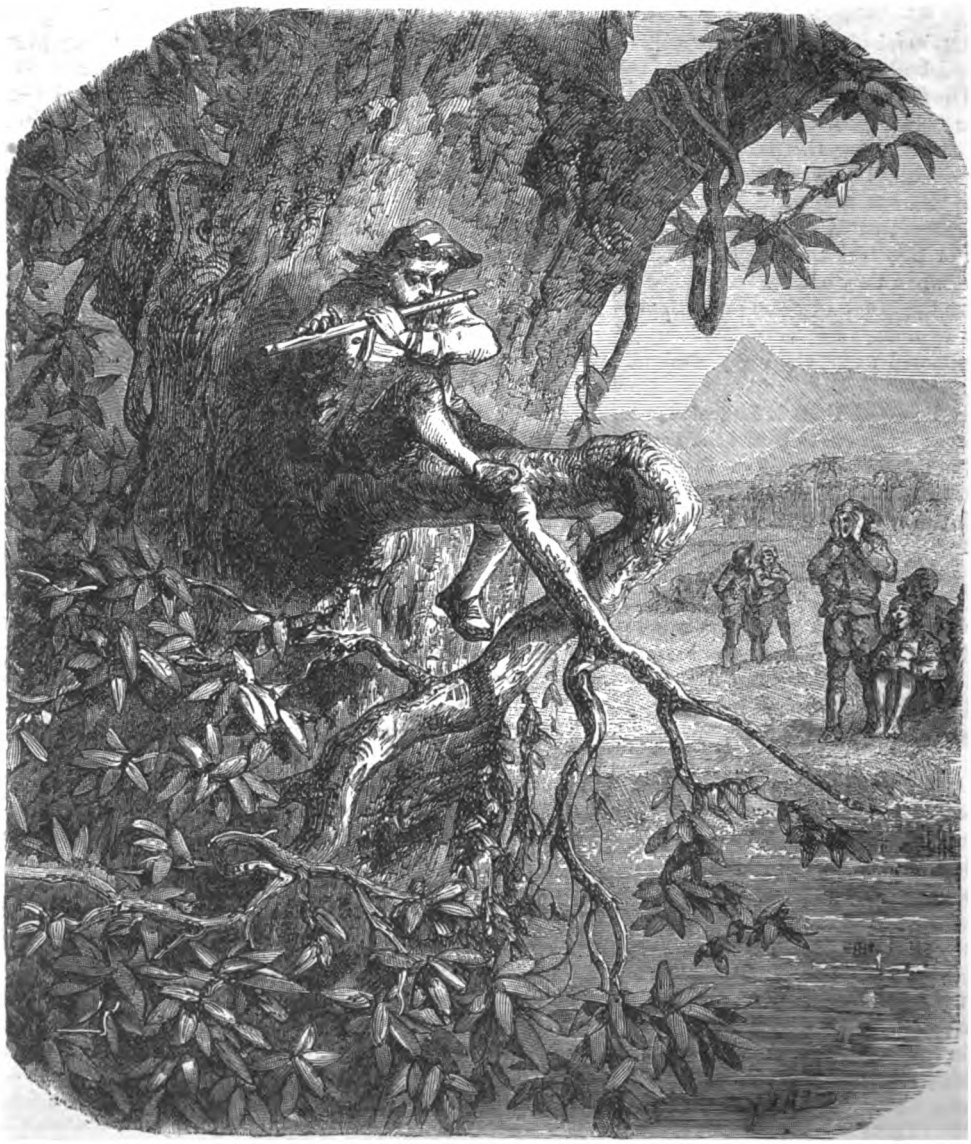
His companions freed him of his irons, and he struck out for the ship, for liberty, and health; but his strength was not equal to the task, and he would have been drowned if the sailors had not come to his rescue. He was carried on board ship, and allowed to remain long enough to regain his strength, when he was carried back to the island. After this, Testard made a raft from the old house, and started about midnight for an island in sight, leaving letters to his companions. He was, no doubt, drowned, for a hurricane destroyed their house completely, and would have blown the remaining four into the sea, had they not sought shelter in a cavern. Testard was never heard of again.

Having procured some green hides and poles, under the pretext of putting up a tent in place of the house, Case made a boat by stretching the skins over three sticks and sewing the poles up with strips of hide, and actually escaped to Mauritius, where he wandered in the woods for a week before he was discovered and taken back to his prison.

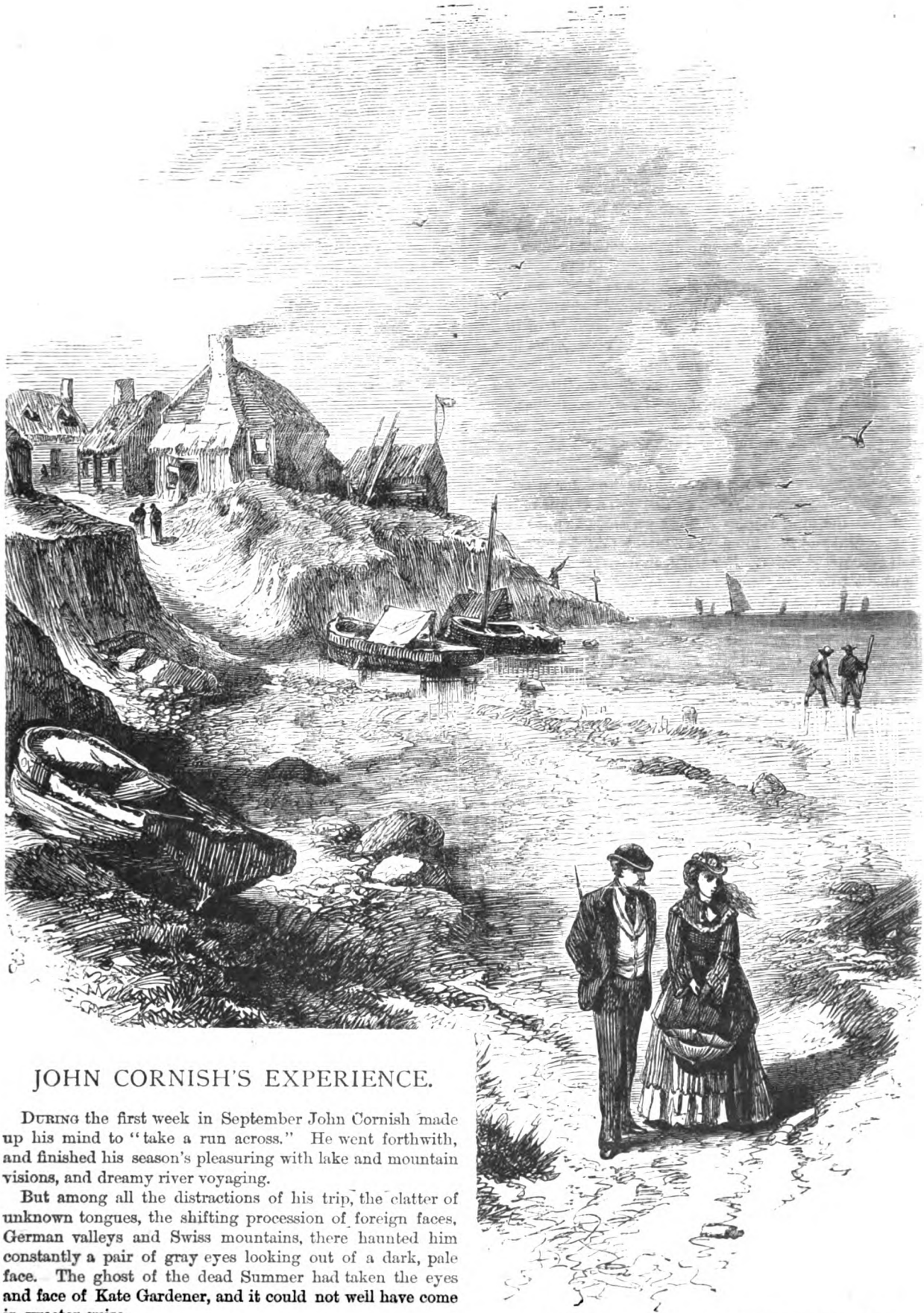
About this time the Dutch ship Suraag arrived in port, bringing orders for the Frenchmen to be sent to Batavia for trial. The officers of the *Perseverance* had reported the case to the officers of the Dutch East India Company.

Arrived at Batavia, they were tried and sentenced to serve the Company long enough to pay for the expense of keeping them in prison three years, and then were permitted to return to Holland. A few days before the ship sailed that was to carry them home, De la Haye died of dysentery.

The remaining three arrived in Holland just eight years and ten months after leaving it.



LEGUAT'S ADVENTURES.—"THERE, UNTIL THE WATERS WENT DOWN, HE AMUSED HIMSELF BY PLAYING THE FLUTE AND SHOUTING TO HIS COMPANIONS, WHO WERE UNABLE TO HELP HIM."—SEE PAGE 558.



JOHN CORNISH'S EXPERIENCE.—"ONE AFTERNOON THEY WERE SAUNTERING TOGETHER DOWN THE BEACH."

JOHN CORNISH'S EXPERIENCE.

DURING the first week in September John Cornish made up his mind to "take a run across." He went forthwith, and finished his season's pleasuring with lake and mountain visions, and dreamy river voyaging.

But among all the distractions of his trip, the clatter of unknown tongues, the shifting procession of foreign faces, German valleys and Swiss mountains, there haunted him constantly a pair of gray eyes looking out of a dark, pale face. The ghost of the dead Summer had taken the eyes and face of Kate Gardener, and it could not well have come in sweeter guise.

John Cornish, as is the manner with the American young

man, had lounged away the hot months at the fashionable centres of idleness. In August he went to the seaside, and there he met met Miss Gardener.

He had no thought beyond a repetition of the story of other Summers. He talked and laughed and wasted his time on the sands, let the days slip, and took no note of time till the young lady came.

He did not think her so beautiful at first. Then, somehow, he came to comparing her face with others, and watching it in its odd, pale changes, and concluded at last that, beautiful or not, it stood quite by itself among the rose-and-white crowd of other women. He knew her quite well by that time—as such acquaintances go—and little by little they dropped unawares into an intimacy that was as unobtrusive as close.

All his life long John Cornish had had what he wanted. Never having been thwarted, he considered himself a man of exceedingly moderate demands. The accident of birth had made him a gentleman in the grain, so at twenty-five he was as well worth loving as most men are.

Ah, well! it was the old, old story. The spell wove itself, as it does still in these practical days—color, perfume, music, the manifold perfections of a sweet, world-trained woman. John Cornish was hard hit, and the worst of it was, that he did not know it.

One afternoon they were sauntering together down the beach. The sun was going down through a yellow haze; at their feet the long ripples hushed up and down. Cornish never considered that the past fortnight might not prolong itself through eternity. For fourteen days he had forgotten all about himself. Sometimes men keep their eyes shut willfully, refusing to wake. *He* did not even know he was dreaming. He came to a sense of his condition presently.

It was the last day of August. The pathetic minor of the early coming Fall made itself felt through the sunshine and sea-wind. Aldrich precipitated the crisis. A bit of his tuneful rhyme came into Cornish's mind, and spoke itself half unawares:

> "If we could only stay so,
> In such a happy dream,
> We would never care to waken,
> But drift along with the stream."

Miss Gardener flashed a keen look up into the unobservant face. Then her broad lips dropped softly again.

"Yes," she said, quietly, "that's the worst of dreams, the inevitable waking up afterward. One goes about in a maze for—a whole day, sometimes."

Miss Gardener wore something thin and white, shot through with threads of vivid green—cool and foamy-looking. He remembered just how the shadow of her parasol fell across her face—just the tie of the pale green ribbon at her throat. He was stupid and self-involved, as men in love for the first time are apt to be. In the silence that followed it never occurred to him that her words meant anything. He was just dreaming along there, on the edge of the Summer sea, his head in the clouds.

They rounded a long curve in the beach. The stage had come in during their absence, and two gentlemen—strangers—had come down to the shore, and stood close before them. Miss Gardener exclaimed just above her breath, and made a few quick steps forward into the arms of a man, majestic, gray-bearded, paternal. The other, neither gray-bearded nor paternal, awaited his own greeting with serene assurance. She turned toward him in an instant, gave him both her hands; there was the barest shadow of hesitation, then his mustache brushed her lips. Perhaps he thought he might as well at once define his position.

Cornish came forward as they turned toward him. There was a trip-hammer pounding in his brain—sea and shore were tilting back and forth in circles of white light and blinding dark. But he had sense enough not to make a visible idiot of himself.

"Papa, this is Mr. Cornish. Mr. Jordan, Mr. Cornish."

The two younger men bowed ceremoniously. She did not look up at her late escort, slipping her hand through her father's arm, and going toward the house.

Cornish got himself away somehow, and sauntered back along the shore till he was out of sight of the house. Then he started off as if death were at his heels. He wanted to cry, to swear, to dash himself against the rocks. *Something* had happened; there had been a crash, and not a nerve in body nor brain that did not quiver with the novel agony. He was in a whirl, and the only thing he could do was to keep up that killing pace.

He stopped at last, hot, breathless, dead tired. He was on a point of rocks running far out into the sea. The sun had gone down; a ghostly twilight wrapped the world. He threw himself face downward on the poor, bare turf, and there, in the night, the great agony of his life came upon him. Heretofore he and Fate had gone together; now the surprise of the blow was as maddening as the hurt.

Ah, well! he lay there, and had it out with himself, and was as alone in his misery as if his case had been solitary in the universe. By-and-by, after he had cried—choking sobs and great tears like a woman—the propriety of going home presented itself. The night wind blew wet and chilly, an angry haze had swallowed the stars. And then he found that the tide had cut him off.

There was not a chance for tragedy. The point was an island at high water, that was all. He must wait for the ebb, and that did not come till near morning.

He was tired out now. He lay down, and after a while fell fast asleep—the dead, heavy sleep of fatigue. When the cold dawn woke him, and he found a slippery, wet path open to the mainland, he felt a thousand years old. He got back to the hotel somehow, and made his way up to his room through sleepy servants, and the early, dusty, doleful stir of a great house.

He dressed, and went down to breakfast. He would not spare himself one coal of torment. After the meal, Miss Gardener came out of her way to speak to him.

"I tried to find you last night. I was afraid I might not see you again. We are going this morning."

She had not looked at him while she spoke. Something, his silence, perhaps, drew her eyes up, against her will. She saw the tired, stern mouth and mournful eyes, the whole haggard face, young and handsome and proud still, and a curious shadow flitted over her own. She had put out her hand when she first spoke, and he had taken it. She stood gazing at him for a breath. They were alone together; she laid her other hand over his, holding it so between both hers, raised it, and dropped her cheek against it for one swift instant.

"Good-by!" she said, as she turned and fled.

That was why John Cornish went to Europe in September.

He was a bit of a fatalist. He accepted what had happened as final. He never thought of any winning chance for himself. She was to be married in November. The thing was over as hopelessly as if the world had come to an end.

He had neither purpose nor plans, but in the middle of December some shifting eddy of incident turned his face westward. He had no kin, almost no correspondents. He missed all his letters—few enough—in Paris and Liverpool. When he landed in New York he was utterly unaware of what lay before him.

It was late that night when he went to his hotel. In the morning he saw no near acquaintance before he set about

supplying his nearest want—money. Then he found that, financially, he was a ruined man.

I have not patience nor space to tell how it all happened. It was one of those things possible to our shifting American fortunes. He was worth in the world just what his personal possessions would sell for.

He had a diamond or two, some costly trifles of art, his sportsman's outfit was elaborate and expensive. He actually turned them into money, and then set about finding himself a niche in the world. He had never realized before what a crowded place it must be. He had been easy, careless, frank enough as he stood in the sunshine; now some unsuspected jealous pride in his nature made the asking or receiving of a favor a very bitter matter. The same pride wrapped him still in that lazy, unconcerned grace of manner; but his face grew thin, and the brave, blue eyes took a shadowy and far-off look. It took four months for him to get so near the end of his resources that he really felt the matter desperate.

He went to an acquaintance, then an old man, who had been successful, as success goes. He had barely seen him since his new estate had befallen him.

"I want work," he said, abruptly.

Mr. Rogers looked up from his letters with a gleam of interest in his eyes.

"What can you do?" he asked, deliberately.

"Nothing."

"A good recommendation, certainly. A good many men can offer that, Mr. Cornish."

"But what am I to do? I have not twenty dollars in the world, and no more to come unless I earn it."

The older man sat silent, his eyes on the paper-cutter with which he was playing. Cornish went on:

"I have tried everything I could think of, and there hasn't been one in which I could get a foothold at all where I could earn potatoes and salt at the beginning. That is the main thing now. I have an unfortunate habit of eating three times a day, you see."

"Perhaps you have aimed too high. You have never had a business training, and most beginners are younger than you. Haven't you been too ambitious?"

"Ambitious?" with a little, scornful laugh. "Well, perhaps so. I answered an advertisement for a light porter yesterday, and didn't get it. The firm thought I was chaffing, I believe."

Mr. Rogers looked up at the slight, supple figure leaning against the wall. Cheaply dressed, and his boots at the extreme verge of respectability, he yet looked wonderfully like the fabulous prince in disguise.

"No, you don't look much like that sort of thing, that's true."

Cornish glanced down at his soft, slender hands. He was humble enough now; he thought his companion's speech a reproach, instead of the involuntary half-compliment that it was."

"I know it; but I'm ready to take anything—*anything!*"

"There's only one thing in my hands now," Rogers said, slowly, after a minute's pause. "I have an influence on a city railway. I might get you a place there, if you liked."

One week after, John Cornish was duly installed conductor on one of the horse-railway cars in Boston.

It might be a difficult matter in any city for a man in such a capacity to be recognized among his equals, though his graces of mind and soul were never so near perfection. But Dives's case was not a more hopeless one than John Cornish's, sunk beneath the classic upper stories of Boston. The next three months were one dead level of monotonous misery. In all that time he never heard one word addressed to himself as a man from the lips of one person who had been on the same social grade as himself. Now and then an acquaintance passed, unrecognizing, in the crowds on the sidewalks. He had changed much. His smooth-shaven face was thin and brown, and, albeit as handsome as a young Greek god, the metal badge on his coat was as high as most persons looked.

The man was dying from mental starvation and homesickness. The wretched weariness of his day's work was nothing beside the isolation which wrapped him. Of Mr. Rogers he had heard not one word. He did not know that that gentleman, overwhelmed with household trouble, had gone abroad almost immediately after he, Cornish, had come to Boston.

One day—a burning August day—he stood on the rear platform of his car, his hat drawn down over his eyes, mechanically doing his work, but thinking, with the lethargic hopelessness of a sick man, of those other Summer days, barely a year away. He had been wrapped in the purple ever since he was born. Was it any wonder that the "hodden-gray" chafed him? But, then, he was not consciously fretting about that. The fine, artistic nature, used all his life to elegant fitnesses of surroundings, cried out with desperate appeal. He was ill, and did not know it. A group of ladies on the sidewalk signaled his car.

He stood with his hand on the check-strap as they filed in, not noticing anything about them. Then he passed through the car, collecting his fares, still in a maze.

"Does this car pass through"—a pause and a gasp—"Berkeley Street!" in a half-choked whisper.

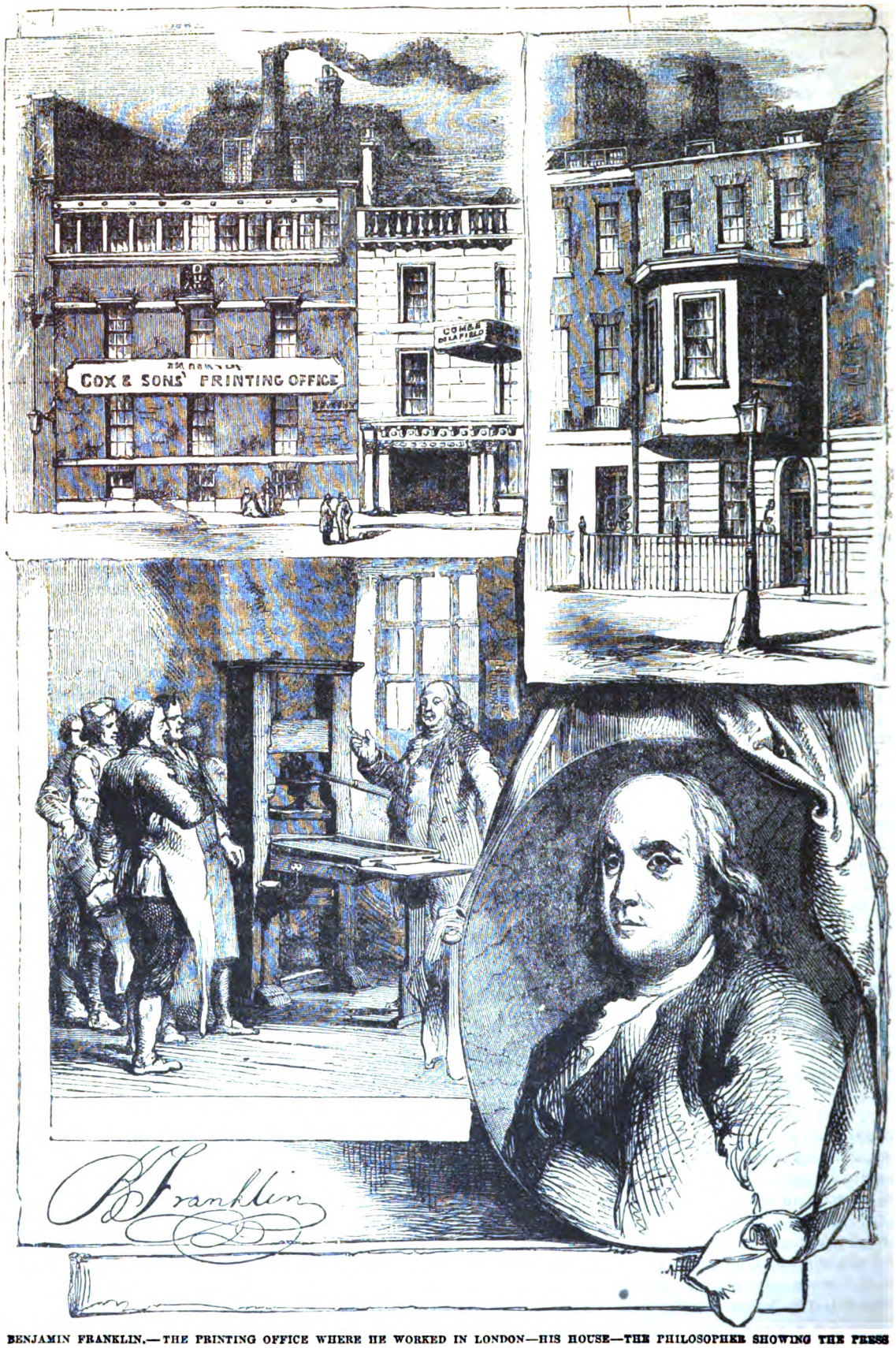
One of the ladies who had last entered the car asked the question. She had been sitting with her face turned away, chatting to her companion, as women in horse-cars do chat, with a touching confidence that no one overhears them. She turned, as she began her question; her hearer pushed back his hat, stooping a little to answer it; and John Cornish and Kate Gardener were face to face, and recognizing each other.

The shock came in that break in her words. There was an instant of certainty gone like a flash. The proprieties stepped in, and helped her finish her question. The more she thought about it, the more she doubted. She had heard some vague story of Cornish's broken fortunes, and fancied him abroad. He had changed, undeniably. She watched all she dared till she left the car, and found herself more and more puzzled. And Cornish, misreading it all, saw in her pause involuntary recognition, in her resumed question and little after confusion of manner, deliberate avoidance of him in his new position.

I do not know that he had thought of or looked for anything different. But a sharp pain had added itself to the vague ache in his heart. Another man's wife, as she was—he had never questioned the fulfillment of that report about her wedding—he could not bear that his goddess should show herself capable of petty meanness.

The very next day he was transferred to another line of road. Two weeks afterward Mr. Rogers stepped on his car, and greeted him as heartily as if the hand he shook was clean and white as of old. He explained his long silence and absence, watching the young man's face with anxious eyes while he spoke. The next day Cornish was promoted to a clerkship in the company's office.

That promotion was all that was needed to finish his physical prostration. The confinement in the close, hot room, after the long hours of open-air exposure, was more than he could bear. One noon he left his desk, too ill and dizzy to go on with his work. In the afternoon he crawled about the shady squares with a vague sense that green leaves and west wind would somehow reach the heart of his malady.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.—THE PRINTING OFFICE WHERE HE WORKED IN LONDON—HIS HOUSE—THE PHILOSOPHER SHOWING THE PRESS AT WHICH HE HAD WORKED.

Just opposite a church he encountered a bridal party coming out. His dazed wits just comprehended *her* face in a mist of white, and in the group somewhere—for everything changed and melted into broken shapes before his eyes—the man he had met by the sea, Henry Jordan. Like a lightning-flash, he took it all in. Her wedding had been

postponed, and he at last had seen her as a bride. And then wits and senses, and everything else that keeps a man among other men, went out, and he dropped like a log almost at her very feet.

Of course she screamed, and there was flurry and confusion in the bridal party, and a policeman bustled up, ready for arrest. But as he lifted the prostrate man, Mr. Rogers—in the company—saw his face; and the end of it was that, instead of being ignominiously jolted off to the station-house, he was carried away softly in a luxurious carriage, in which a scent of roses yet lingered. But he was unconscious of his state and style, and staid so for days that ran into weeks.

He came back at last. Through a shaded window a little wind rippled in, bringing a glint of close-at-hand sunshine with it. The room was still and cool, luxurious and airy. So much lay straight before his eyes. He would not have turned his head if the fate of half the universe depended upon it. Never again, probably, as long as he stays this side of Jordan, will he be so sublimely indifferent to everything earthly, as he was for those few minutes.

There was a soft rustle beyond him, and a woman's figure came lightly and softly across the range of his vision. At the sight of the wide-open, sane eyes, she stopped, with a little, half-frightened gesture. He essayed speech, and achieved a whisper:

"Kate!"

If he had not been more out of than in the body, he would never have so addressed her. As much as he thought anything, he had a vague notion that he was in some sort of preparatory Paradise, and she was there, too, of course.

She came toward him very quietly. He tried to put out his hand toward her, and discovered that, little as there was of his body, it was too much for him. She held something cool and tasteless to his lips, and then, obeying his eyes rather than his voice, sat down beside him, his head still resting on her arm. And so, with her face before him—a blessed, restful vision, after all the horrors of the past—he drifted out of consciousness again.

Mrs. Rogers coming in half an hour afterward, found her niece with the empty medicine-glass overturned at her feet, and both she and her patient fast asleep.

There came a waking. There always does come that, after everything, good or bad, and an explanation. The lady did the most of it, Cornish being equal only to broken sentences, and very few of those.

"I came to my cousin's wedding. Mrs. Rogers is my aunt."

"Mrs. Jordan," interrupting, and choking a little on the name.

"No, sir," a faint color coming into her face. "Mr. Jordan and I changed our minds a long time ago; but we are the best of friends. He was married to Hattie Rogers six weeks ago, and you nearly frightened the whole of us to death by fainting away among the bridesmaids. Mr. Rogers had you brought here to his brother's house. Now you may go to sleep again."

"Don't leave me!"

"No," a little sober look on her face.

"Never."

And the great heart-throb under the word made it a half-gasp.

"Never," bending over, and touching her lips to his forehead and cheek.

He was too weak for heroics. He drew a long breath of great content, and slipped away into a state too deliciously conscious for sleep, too dreamily irresponsible for waking.

Well, so that chapter of his experience ends, almost. Nobody left him any money, and his own fortune did not come back; at least, it has not yet done so. But Mr. Rogers's interest secured him a situation, where, if he has brains and business faculty, he has a chance to reach a paying partnership. And he and Kate Gardener were quietly married in November.

FRANKLIN.

The life of Benjamin Franklin is familiar to all from boyhood. His career we trace from the cradle almost to the grave. Whether working at his press in a London office, or, risen to greatness, standing there amid the craftsmen who had succeeded him—whether struggling up the toilsome way to fame and honors in Boston and Philadelphia, or standing a plain republican in France, to receive honors from all ranks and classes, he is the ideal American.

His character has thus been finely portrayed, and no words of ours could add to the picture:

"With placid tranquillity, Benjamin Franklin looked quietly and deeply into the secrets of nature. His clear understanding was never perverted by passion, or corrupted by the pride of theory. The son of a rigid Calvinist, the grandson of a tolerant Quaker, he had, from boyhood, been familiar, not only with theological subtleties, but with a catholic respect for freedom of mind. Skeptical of tradition as the basis of faith, he respected reason rather than authority; and, after a momentary lapse into fatalism, escaping from the mazes of fixed decrees and free-will, he gained, with increasing years, an increasing trust in the overruling providence of God. Adhering to 'none of all the religions in the colonies, he yet devoutly, though without form, adhered to religion.'

THE TOMB OF FRANKLIN.

"But, though famous as a disputant, and having a natural aptitude for metaphysics, he obeyed the tendency of his age, and sought, by observation, to win an insight into the mysteries of being. Loving truth, without prejudice and without bias, he discerned intuitively the identity of the laws of nature with those of which humanity is conscious; so that his mind was like a mirror, in which the universe, as it reflected herself, revealed her laws. He was free from mysticism, even to a fault. His morality, repudiating ascetic severities, and the system which enjoins them, was indulgent to appetites of which he abhorred the sway; but his affections were of a calm intensity; in all his career, the love of man gained the mastery over personal interest. He had not the imagination which inspires the bard or kindles the orator; but an exquisite propriety, parsimonious of ornament, gave ease of expression and graceful simplicity even to his most careless writings.

"In life, also, his tastes were delicate. Indifferent to the pleasures of the table, he relished the delights of music and

harmony, of which he enlarged the instruments. His blandness of temper, his modesty, the benignity of his manners, made him the favorite of intelligent society; and with healthy cheerfulness, he derived pleasure from books, from philosophy, from conversation—now calmly administering consolation to the sorrower, now indulging in the expression of light-hearted gayety.

"In his intercourse, the universality of his perceptions bore, perhaps, the character of humor; but, while he clearly discerned the contrast between the grandeur of the universe and the feebleness of men, a severe benevolence saved him from contempt of his race, or disgust at his toils. To superficial observers, he might have seemed as an alien from speculative truth, limiting himself to the world of the senses; and yet, in study, and among men, his mind always sought, with unaffected simplicity, to discover and apply the general principles by which nature and affairs are controlled—now deducing from the theory of calorics improvements in fireplaces and lanterns, and now advancing human freedom by firm deductions from the inalienable rights of man.

"Never professing enthusiasm, never making a parade of sentiment, his practical wisdom was sometimes mistaken for the offspring of selfish prudence; yet his hope was steadfast, like that hope which rests on the Rock of Ages, and his conduct was as unerring as though the light that led him was a light from heaven. He never anticipated action by theories of self-sacrificing virtue; and yet, in the moments of intense activity, he, from the highest abodes of ideal truth, brought down, and applied to the affairs of life, the sublimest principles of goodness, as noiselessly and unostentatiously as became the man who, with a kite and hempen string, drew the lightning from the skies.

"He separated himself so little from his age, that he has been called the representative of materialism; and yet, when he thought on religion, his mind passed beyond reliance on sects to faith in God; when he wrote on politics, he founded the freedom of his country on principles that know no change; when he turned an observing eye on nature, he passed always from the effect to the cause, from individual appearances to universal laws; when he reflected on history, his philosophic mind found gladness and repose in the dear anticipation of the progress of humanity."

The remains of Franklin lie by the side of his wife, in the burying-ground of Christ Church, Philadelphia, and, in conformity with his directions, are covered with a simple marble slab. The inscription reads:

BENJAMIN and DEBORAH } FRANKLIN,
1790.

When the philosopher was but twenty-three years of age, he seems to have contemplated his earthly resting-place, and at that time wrote the following famous epitaph:

The Body
of
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN,
Printer,
(Like the cover of an old Book,
Its contents torn out,
And stript of its lettering and gilding),
Lies here, food for worms.
Yet the work itself shall not be lost,
For it will, as he believed, appear once more,
In a new
And more beautiful edition,
Corrected and amended
By
The Author.

It is full of feeling, full of wit, one of the most Ben-Franklin-ish things that ever came from his pen. Why has it not been wrought into the marble that marks his grave?

GAUCHOS ATTEMPTING TO LASSO A LOCOMOTIVE.

SOME years ago, I was one of a party of engineers running a railroad track across the pampas of Buenos Ayres, and a queer life we had of it. Civilization and the nineteenth century were suddenly thrust amid those wild Gauchos, true Arabs of the past. They instinctively looked upon us as foes, and sought to rob, kill, or thwart us. We were like a small garrison surrounded by savage hordes.

At last we got ready for a trial trip. As the locomotive ran across the boundless prairie with its smoke and its clatter, Gauchos might be seen starting up in all directions, and then come flying toward us, half in terror, half bewildered with curiosity. Most of them reined in at a distance from the line, where their snorting stallions did not themselves suddenly halt.

We had run the distance we intended, and made ready for our return. As we had tested the road, we felt more secure, and put on the steam. Away we flew; but, to our amazement, we saw two Gauchos start out ahead of us, circle round, and halt on the track, to catch the new beast with the lasso. Before we could check our speed the lasso flew; but as it circled around the smokestack, horse and man went down before it, the lasso dragging the unfortunate Gaucho under the wheels.

Our position was one of danger; but we stopped, and did all that we could, taking up the body of the madman, and bearing it on to our destination, his friends following, but afraid to enter.

We endeavored to explain to them the nature of steam and its terrible power, but argument was useless; nothing could make them believe that boiling water could outstrip and outpull a horse. Horses in the iron box were, to their minds, a sensible explanation of what they saw.

BESSY SMALL.

CHAPTER I.

I FALL IN LOVE.

THE old farmhouse was not a very lively place; but my widowed mother clung to it with a tenacity with which age always clings to home and early associations. No arguments of mine could induce her to fix her residence in the great city, only a few miles distant.

At my solicitation, she had, years before, when I was first admitted to the bar, taken up her abode there; but she had soon grown tired of its noise, bustle, and unsociability, and gladly returned to the old farmhouse and her early friends.

So I was bound, when I had any spare time—and, in fact, I had too much, as my father's death had left me in possession of ample means; and, having no spur to exertion, I did not follow my profession so ardently as I might have done had I depended upon it for a livelihood—to visit her at the old place, gladden her fond eyes with the sight of her sole offspring, and relieve the monotony of her existence by a month of my society.

These periodical visits did us both good; as they pleased her, and the country air was like a tonic to me after a lengthened sojourn in town, which—I may as well confess it—I passed in rather a "fast" style, having acquired all the small vices of the age.

I invariably selected the Summer for my visits; as the

fishing was excellent in the neighborhood, and I am rather partial to old Izaak Walton's gentle pastime.

So I passed the time on the broad sheet of water which the inhabitants dignified with the title of "lake," boating or fishing; or else in scouring the green lanes on the back of my favorite pony, as black as night, with an eye of fire, a perfect terror to the village urchins as I dashed by them; for my style of riding was a wild gallop, which Ebony, as I call him, infinitely prefers to a gentle canter.

My mother took little heed of my incomings and outgoings. So long as I enjoyed myself, and the fresh air and exercise brought back the color to my cheeks that a city life had made pallid, and constant bathing crisped my brown hair into a resemblance to the curly-headed darling she had trotted on her knee before gray threads were mixed with her own dark tresses, she was content.

I chatted with her old cronies, and no matter how much they bored me, I never suffered it to become manifest.

I was always on my good behavior at home, for I knew how sensitive the village folks were to any slight or ridicule.

One subject of difference alone arose between my mother and myself. She was most anxious to have me marry and settle down in life; she having formed the opinion that I was not exactly capable of taking care of myself, but needed a wife to give me steadiness, as a ship does ballast.

Some glimpses of my metropolitan life had been revealed to her, and she suddenly grew alarmed at the thought of my being a little too "wild." With true womanly instinct, she conceived the idea that a good wife was the necessary corrective; and perhaps she was not far from right, after all.

Having come to this conclusion, she unburdened her mind to me; and, as I neither assented nor dissented, she cast about her to see what young lady in the neighborhood was worthy of becoming her daughter-in-law.

Though I rather ridiculed the idea of choosing a wife as one would a horse, she persisted in the intention until it finally grew into a hobby, and became a little annoying.

I was trotted around to visit all the eligible young ladies in the neighborhood, receiving the somewhat flattering admonition from my mother that I "had but to choose."

Of course the natural result followed. I did not make my choice. The idea of being led up to a young girl, with the intimation that her father was worth so much, that it was an excellent match, that I could not do better, and so on, was rather revolting to my feelings, as I had some poetry in my composition, and possessed the idea that, when the right one came, I should know it without any prompting, and accept my "manifest destiny."

My mother grew annoyed at her repeated failures, said I was too particular, and recited for my benefit an ancient fable, the argument of which was that a certain individual—a prince, I think, he was—being led into a forest of beautiful birds, was told to take his choice, with the understanding that he must make that choice before he got out of the wood.

The prince proceeds upon his journey, but becomes bewildered by the gaudy plumage of innumerable birds, and pushes on, waiting to choose the handsomest, until he finally reaches the end of the forest without making any choice, and there is nothing left for him but an ugly old raven. There was no misunderstanding the application of this elegant allegory.

Notwithstanding this, I made no choice, but took to fishing stronger than ever; and when I was thinking of anything but women, I fell in love. It happened in this way.

At the end of the lake was a little hotel, kept by an old fellow by the name of Ben Dribrats, which was quite a resort to the fishermen, and he was somewhat celebrated for getting up fish suppers. When I was joined in my sport by any of the young fellows in the neighborhood, or from town, as often happened, we used to take our fish to the little hotel, get Ben to cook them, and serve them up. He did this very tastily; and as he had the good sense to keep the best of wines and cigars, we generally had a very nice time of it.

The meal was usually set in a small apartment looking out upon the lake, from which we always had a cool breeze, and served by some rustic maid from the village, more celebrated for a general healthy look than for beauty.

One afternoon, to my great astonishment, instead of the rosy-cheeked, buxom damsel who was accustomed to serve us, a new attendant made her appearance.

The change did not seem to affect my companion much—Tom Hayricks, the worthy deacon's hopeful son and heir—he had evidently seen her before.

But she made such an impression upon me—and I am not very susceptible, I assure you—that I actually could not eat my supper.

It seemed as if my soul went out to her at the very first glance. I had met my fate; I knew it, and resigned myself to my destiny. Yes; I, Henry Pastern, a wealthy man and considered as *blasé* in the beauties of town, had fallen in love with a servant-girl in a paltry hotel. Wouldn't my mother's hair bristle up with indignation if she knew it?

All this time I know you expect a description of my charmer.

You have prepared yourself to hear of something transcendantly lovely—a realization of a poet's dream, who goes mad over the description of his mistress's charms.

But this girl had nothing of the sort. I question if you would have thought her worthy of a second glance. Tom Hayricks did not; for, when I remarked, as she left the room, that she was rather pretty, he answered, carelessly, "Oh, so so."

It was plain she had created no impression upon him; and I felt quite a satisfaction at the thought, for Tom was a good-looking fellow.

Why had she created such an impression upon me? Upon my life, I cannot say. Love is an epidemic; its subtle essence is in the air, and you are inoculated before you know it.

She was not handsome, as I said; some people would have called her plain. Her features were not regular, or formed in classic mold. Her complexion was dark, almost to sallowness, and she had not the slightest tinge of color in her cheeks. Her forehead was broad and unnaturally high, she had a long, straight nose, a large, hazel eye, the smallest of mouths, and a pointed chin. Her hair was black, and arranged in smooth bands on either side of her broad brow. There was a world of decision in the thin lips, and a slumberous fire in the dreamy eyes. She carried her head with a peculiar, disdainful air, impossible to describe—a mixture of haughtiness and humbleness. Her form was well proportioned and lithe, and her every motion grace itself. Notwithstanding the dress she wore—nothing could have been plainer or neater—she gave me the idea of a queen in masquerade. I claim to be something of an adept in discovering character.

The girl's face was the title-page of a story which I was determined to read. It interested me as no face had ever done before.

Chapter II.

RESEARCHES AFTER TRUTH.

"So Ben has got a new girl," I remarked to Tom, as I helped him to a fish, nicely browned.

"Yes," he returned, briefly.

GAUCHOS ATTEMPTING TO LASSO A LOCOMOTIVE.—SEE PAGE 566.

"Who is she? Where did she come from?" I asked, assuming a careless tone to conceal my eager curiosity.

"Nobody knows where she came from. She is not particularly communicative upon that point, for I asked Ben myself the first time I saw her here. She has been here about a week, now."

"I never saw her before."

"No? Well, there is nothing remarkable about her. She came to the village a poor girl seeking employment, and Ben took her in. She gave her name as Bessy Small—which the boys have already twisted into 'Small Bessy,' on account of her size. Ben thinks, and I am of the same opinion, that the name is only an assumed one, as she is somewhat close in regard to her antecedents. The probability is that she has seen better days, and some sudden and unexpected reverse of fortune has thrown her out upon the world to get her living the best way she can. She has evidently received a good education—her conversation betrays that—and there is a certain air about her that speaks of gentle breeding."

"I observed that at the first glance."

"Indeed! I suppose it is the old story: brought to sudden poverty, she was too proud to depend upon her relatives, but determined to work her own way through the world. I admire her pluck—don't you?"

"I certainly do."

We finished our supper without any further allusion to Bessy Small, but I went home with my mind full of the strange girl; and that night black hair and hazel eyes mingled, in delightful confusion, in my dreams. In the morning I had come to the conclusion that my "destiny" was Bessy Small, and I determined to work it out.

My visits to the lake were now of daily occurrence. Fishing was a capital excuse; but my rod lay idle on the bank, and I sat in the shade, puffing away leisurely at a cigar, and waiting for an opportunity to exchange a word with Bessy Small as she flitted by in the pursuit of her avocations. She was very shy and distant at first; but she thawed gradually, and we soon became good friends.

At the moment we began to be intimate, I discovered a fact that aroused the demon jealousy in my breast. Bessy had become quite a favorite with the frequenters of the little hotel. She had a ready tongue to answer all, and her smiles were bestowed, I thought, altogether too indiscriminately. Old Ben's business began to improve wonderfully; all the young fellows came to eat their suppers, and chat with "Small Bessy," as she was now invariably called.

Another circumstance filled me with alarm. Bessy had grown handsome. The fresh country air had brought back the color to her cheeks, her eyes sparkled with a healthy lustre, her step was light and buoyant, and she caroled like a bird from morn to night.

No wonder old Ben prized her, and treated her more like a daughter than a servant. Even his brother, old Caleb Dribrats, who had passed all his life in New York, in a musty office, until he had become as dry and withered as his old parchments, shared in the favorable opinion with which Bessy was regarded. Caleb was on a visit to his brother—his usual practice of a Summer—when Bessy first made her appearance at the hotel.

Caleb was rather a singular character—a specimen of that class who make money their idol, and worship it with a fervency life-lasting.

A poor country lout, he had left his native village, and cast his lot in the great city, drudged and toiled and scraped and hoarded, until he was said to be worth quite a snug sum.

It was he who had built the little hotel, and put Ben, his junior by some ten years, into it.

At this time Caleb was fifty years of age—an old bachelor—he could not afford to get married, he said—a skinny, greasy little man. He was now the confidential clerk to a great broker in the city.

Some people said that old Caleb had not been over-scrupulous in his pursuit of wealth, and had soiled his fingers in some very peculiar transactions. Be that as it may, the old sinner had been cunning enough to keep clear of the law, and had never been "hauled over the coals" for his shortcomings.

One affair, however, in which he was concerned, had been noised about considerably; and Mr. Brasmuch, his present employer, had been equally associated in the affair.

It was a singular one.

I was in town at the time, and heard all that was ever made public, which was very little.

As near as I can remember, Mr. Brasmuch and Caleb were then both employed by a private banker—a Mr. Wainwright—who had received large sums from different parties for investment.

One day he declared that his safe had been robbed of valuable securities; but somehow a rumor got out that this was merely a trick to defraud his depositors. There was a run on his bank, and he was ruined; and though he sacrificed every dollar of his private fortune, which was quite a large one, and paid every demand against him, his credit was destroyed.

He took the affair so much to heart that he removed his family from the city, and was never heard of afterward.

Mr. Brasmuch resumed the business in his own name; and his former employer, Mr. Wainwright, passed out of memory like a man dead.

Old Caleb, as I have said, when the Summer solstice came on, left his dingy office in the city, and came to the lake to rusticate, as if anything could put new life into his dry bones.

I soon discovered that there was more humanity in his withered carcass than I had given him credit for. Keenly alive to every circumstance, and with eyes rendered watchful by jealousy, I soon perceived that Caleb was smitten with the fresh charms and rosy youth of Bessy Small.

BESSY SMALL.—"I STOLE QUIETLY BEHIND A TREE TO LISTEN." SEE PAGE 566.

BESSY SMALL.—"I FOUND A SMALL PACKAGE MARKED WITH THE NAME OF WAINWRIGHT."

I did not wonder at that.

Your old man is just as susceptible as your young one, and quite as inflammable.

But what I did wonder at was that Bessy seemed to encourage the old sinner, and flirted with him outrageously. It was as much as I could do to keep my hands off the antiquated lover.

Many a time of a cool Summer's evening, when her work was done, and she sat in the little balcony sewing, with the old dotard seated beside her, whispering soft nonsense, and leering at her out of his bleared eyes, it was as much as I could do to refrain from rushing upon him, and pitching him neck and heels into the lake.

I think a sudden and unexpected cold bath would have cooled his passion. But I did refrain. It was she that made me.

She seemed to know instinctively when the jealous fit was on me, and gave me a look from one of those speaking eyes of hers, which said plainly, "Don't. Can't you see I am only jesting with the old ape?"

And so I refrained; for somehow those eyes had acquired a strange power over me, and I had got into the habit of obeying their slightest request. But this state of things could not last for ever. Our courtship hitherto had been one of glances altogether.

True, we understood each other. She did not need for me to tell her that I loved her, and I was satisfied that I did not press an unwelcome suit; but I determined to come to an understanding, to have an assurance from her lips, and put a stop to this flirting, if possible, which seemed entirely uncalled for, and a great waste of time, which otherwise might be devoted to me.

I am not apt to delay the execution of any plan when I have once determined upon it. It never was my policy to beat about the bush, but to go straight on to the given point. So, when I said "good-night," I gave her a look, and then walked down the road until I was lost in the shadows.

I paused under the elm-tree in the bend. In ten minutes light footsteps came tripping along, and Bessy came up to my side. There was no moon that night. The lights from the hotel gleamed faintly. I could scarcely distinguish her features in the gloom.

Chapter III.

UNDER THE ELM.

"Are you there?" asked Bessy.

"Yes," I answered. "I want to speak with you."

"I know you do. Do you know, sir, that I am conferring a great favor on you by coming to meet you? What would the good people hereabouts say, if they knew that Bessy Small met Harvey Pastern, the rich widow's son, under the great elm, alone, and at night? Why, Mr. Dribrats would give me warning at once."

She laughed; but it was a short, abrupt laugh, containing more scorn than merriment. I was not to learn now that Bessy had a rather disdainful opinion of the "good people" by whom she was surrounded; but, strangely enough, this disdain was carefully concealed from every one but myself. She had ever spoken her mind to me with the most unbounded trust. She evidently knew her confidence was not misplaced.

"Let them say what they please," I answered, somewhat hotly; "and if anybody does discover this meeting, and makes any comments upon it, just tell him or her, whichever it may chance to be, that you came to meet the man who stands ready to marry you just as quick as you will have him."

She clapped her hands together, and laughed gleefully—a free and natural laugh this time.

"Only listen to him!" she cried. "And did you entreat me to come here, with such a beseeching look, merely to tell me that?"

"Precisely."

"Why, I knew all that before."

And she laughed again.

"The language of the eyes nas not failed, then?"

"Of course not. The way you fidget about whenever I speak to Mr. Caleb Dribrats is enough to open other eyes besides mine."

"The old dotard! Why do you waste time on him?"

Her brow darkened, I could see it even in the dim light in which we stood, and her thin lips contracted with a cold, hard expression.

"I may have a purpose," she answered, absently.

"What purpose? Surely, you would never think of marrying him?"

"Marry him?" she laughed long and loudly. "Oh no! I should just as soon think of marrying my grandfather. Marrying is the last thing I think of at present."

"Don't say that. I began to have hopes that I could persuade you to marry me."

"Did you?" She laughed again. "Do you know what you are talking about, Harvey Pastern? You are young, wealthy, and of a good family; you might take your pick—for you really are, without flattery, a fine type of manhood; while I am poor, obscure, and of a family whose name might be a disgrace. And yet you have made me a proposal of marriage. What do you think your friends would say if they knew it?"

"D— deliver me from my friends!" I exclaimed. I was going to be a little profane, but I wisely refrained. "I marry to please myself, not my friends."

"Very true; but still it is very annoying to meet the contempt and derision of former associates."

"The world is wide, Bessy; and I have wealth enough to make a home far from all annoyance. Two united hearts need neither friends nor associates."

"True again," she answered, gravely. "But your mother; have you thought of her? She would not consent; and could you deprive her of the pleasure she feels in your society?"

I became thoughtful. I had very strong doubts of gaining my mother's consent, myself. I had not yet arranged matters if she refused, leaving them until I had decided the question.

"Now then," said Bessy, rightly guessing the cause of my silence, "acknowledge that I am right, shake hands, and say good-night, and forget that so humble a personage as Bessy Small ever crossed your path."

She held out her hand; and I took it in mine, and held her fast. I had more to say.

"I dare say, Bessy," I began, "that you have given me the very best of advice; but unfortunately, being in love, I am not in a condition to profit by good advice. I love you fervently, with the first passion of my life. You are the only woman I have ever met whom I consider worthy of a second thought. I shall never cease to love you, and could not, even if such was my desire, which it is not, drive your image from my mind. You are not, I feel assured, in the position to which your birth and education entitle you. Confide in me—you know you can do so in safety—and suffer me to restore you to that place in society which some misfortune or accident has deprived you of."

"Why should you think me otherwise than I seem?" she asked, abruptly.

"Your manner, air, conversation, all convince me of the fact."

She seemed annoyed at my words.

"Have I played my part so badly, then?" she murmured, almost petulantly. "Do you think others share in your opinion?" she added, quickly, aloud.

"Perhaps, but not to the same extent as myself. They have not been so interested in discovering your true character as I have."

My answer appeared to afford her great satisfaction.

"It seems to me," she laughingly exclaimed, "that your discoveries have not amounted to much."

"True. I look to you for a solution of what still mystifies me."

"Proceed, Mr. Lawyer, with your cross-examination, for such appears to be your desire."

"Briefly, then, who and what are you?"

"You shall have my history in a nutshell. I call myself Bessy Small, I am twenty years of age, and I am maid-of-all-work at Mr. Benjamin Dribrats's hotel."

"Is that all you can tell me?"

"That is all I can tell even you."

She laid a strong stress on the *you*.

"Do you think you are dealing justly with me, Bessy? I love you."

"I do not doubt it. Do you know the first article of a lover's creed?"

"Upon my word, I must plead ignorance."

"I will tell you—faith. The man who loves me, and hopes one day to win me, must have faith—entire, absolute, implicit faith. Whatever I do, no matter how circumstances may be against me, or however strange my conduct may appear, he must never doubt me for a moment. If you cannot accede to that condition, you may as well go home, for you are only wasting your time here."

Did ever lover have a mistress so absolute, so provokingly cool?—I attempted to temporize.

"Bessy, you are scarcely fair. Where there is love there must be confidence. Come, now, confess your name is not Bessy Small."

"My name is Bessy," she answered, promptly; "and that I am small, your own eyes can convince you."

In law we would call that "dodging the question." I tried again.

"You are here for some secret purpose?"

"If I am, I intend to keep it a secret," she answered, with provoking coolness.

"Even from me?" reproachfully.

"Even from you," coldly.

"You do not love me!"

"Do you think so?" archly, and in that vivacious tone which was so charming from her lips.

"Bessy, I am going home!"

"Good-night."

She held out her hand.

I took it. It lay passively in mine.

"Do you know what I shall do when I reach home?"

"Go to bed?"

"Not at once. I shall go to my mother, shall tell her that I have at last found a girl whom I think worthy to become her daughter-in-law, and ask her consent to our marriage."

The little fingers closed over mine with a gentle pressure.

"You are beginning to have faith in me?"

"Yes."

The next instant, Bessy bounded away in the darkness. That was our "good-night."

I walked home like one in a dream—an ecstatic delirium. If you ever have been in the same position, you know just how I felt; if not, words are inadequate; and, as card-players say in *euchre*, "I pass."

Chapter IV.

WHAT I SAW IN THE WOOD.

N arriving home, I found my mother busy at her usual evening's occupation—knitting woollen stockings. I drew a chair beside her, and opened the ball at once. I need not recount our entire conversation—which was prolix, and of a somewhat stormy nature.

I began by reminding her that her great desire was to see me happily married and settled for life. She immediately displayed the greatest interest. I then told her that I had at last found the one I had been looking for. Of course she was naturally curious to know who it was. There was no help for it; she had to be told all I knew myself; which, as you know, was not much.

Her indignation knew no bounds; and the "idol of my affections" was spoken of as a "deceitful huzzy," a "cunning minx," and in other epithets equally choice, who had artfully entrapped an "innocent young man" (I was the innocent, and in this connection my mother used the word in its fullest sense) into a promise of marriage.

I quote from my mother now. "The good-for-nothing huzzy need never expect to be received as my daughter. Mother to a tavern-girl! Good heavens! what were we coming to? and your dead father's coat-of-arms hanging over the mantelpiece, and he so proud of it too; paid $100 to have it engraved. And we descended from the old Romans. Talk about descending from William the Conqueror? what was he to the old Romans? Julius Cæsar was one of them."

And so she went on like the sluice of a milldam; and I sat quietly, and heard it all, waiting until the water—figuratively speaking—had run out. The words only stopped with her breath.

"Bessy Small!" she gasped at length, shutting down the gates. "Good Lord!"

And she recommenced her knitting in the most energetic manner.

Then I began. I ventured to suggest that true desert did not arise from any position in life; with a slight touch from Bulwer, that "kings had stooped from their high sphere" to wed with peasant maids.

She had mentioned William the Conqueror. It was considered a great honor to be descended from that illustrious robber—I mean warrior; and yet, after all, he was only the son of a tanner's daughter, whose character would not bear the closest inspection. In fact, I mixed up history and logic until I got befogged myself, and completely bewildered my maternal relative.

Her anger died away in speechless wonder, her knitting-needles fell unheeded in her lap, and she sat gazing at me with open-mouthed admiration.

"Ah, Harvey!" she said at length, shaking her head, gravely, "you are smart, though I say it; and if you would only be a little more attentive to business, you would make the smartest lawyer in the country. Your father always said that a good education was the best thing in the world; and often and often I have heard him wish he had had the same opportunity he gave you. Well, you know, after all, what you want. If you love the girl, and she is what you say she is—pretty and well educated—why, marry her. I suppose you have made up your mind to do that, any way. But take my advice on one thing. Don't marry her here; take her to town, and keep her there a year or two. Don't tell people where you found her, and they will never know it. Good Lord! I wouldn't have our relations know anything about it for a mint of money. Don't bring her here; but when you are settled I will come and see you."

I was too much pleased to gain her consent to grumble at the conditions, though I had an idea that she would feel it an honor some day to receive Bessy Small beneath her roof. And so the affair was ended between us. Bessy Small's name was never mentioned from that night, and matters went on as usual; only my mother would smile significantly whenever I took my fishing-pole and started off for the lake.

One evening, after leaving the little hotel, where I had supped as usual, attended by Bessy, who was strangely thoughtful and absent, Tom Hayricks persuaded me to take a walk up to his house, to show me a "stunning" meerschaum which he had just purchased. His house lay on the other side of the lake, beyond the hotel. The road took quite a curve; but there was a short cut through the woods. I was familiar with this short cut, and, after taking a few whiffs at Tom's meerschaum, as it was a moonlight night, I came back that way.

As I approached a small grove of trees which lay at the back of the hotel, I saw a woman's white dress shining in the moonlight, and I heard the sound of voices. I paused, and then stole quietly behind a tree to listen. I performed this discreditable action because I had discovered that the woman was Bessy, in close and earnest conversation with a man. "All's fair in love," you know. If I had a rival, I was justified in using an accident which might lead to the discovery.

I could see Bessy's face quite plainly; but her companion, the man, was so muffled up (this in the Summer, mind—a very suspicious circumstance), that I could not distinguish a single feature. Nor could I, from where I stood, overhear a word of their conversation.

How long the conference had lasted, I know not. I had arrived just in time to see the end. There was a close embrace, a ringing kiss, and the man disappeared through the trees, making for the road. My first impulse was to follow him, and annihilate him upon the spot; but, on second thoughts, I considered that if anybody was to blame it was Bessy; so I resolved to give her "a piece of my mind."

She was so absorbed in thought that she did not perceive my approach until I stood at her side. Then she started, with a shrill cry of alarm. But the moment she recognized me, the look of terror vanished from her face, and she grew quite at ease. She held out her hand to me and smiled a welcome.

"Is it you, Harvey?" she said. "Only you? You quite startled me."

I was rather bewildered at this reception, after what I had seen. I rejected her hand, folded my arms, and sternly confronted her.

"Jealous again, eh?" cried this incomprehensible woman, with a ringing laugh.

"Have I not cause? I saw the man who just left your side, after such an affectionate farewell."

"Saw him, did you?" she asked, eagerly. "Then you would know him again?"

"No. I did not see his face. I only saw that it was a man."

"How do you know that it was not a woman dressed up in a man's clothes?" she asked.

"I am satisfied it was a man," I returned with decision; "and now, who was it?"

"I decline to answer that question," was the curt reply.

"Have I not a right to ask?"

"No. Our compact was 'implicit faith.' If your eyes see black, and I tell you it is white, you must believe me, not your eyes. This much to satisfy you: you have no rival; and what you have seen to-night needs no justification, did you know who that man was."

"That is precisely what I want to know."

"That is precisely what you cannot know, at present."

"Do you take me for a fool?"

"Oh, no! If I did, I should not take you at all; and I expect I shall have to one of these days."

It was no use—she had bewitched me. I felt my anger and jealousy melting into thin air.

"If you do not like my conditions," she continued, "renounce me. But so long as you follow me, you must be blind and deaf at my will. Now listen: I leave here to-morrow."

"Leave? Where are you going?"

"To New York—to be housekeeper for Mr. Caleb Dribrats. He is in love with me, and thinks I will marry him. What fools love makes of the men!"

"Me included?"

"Oh! that is your own application. Now kiss me. Good-by—it is late."

"I shall, without fail, follow you to New York."

"I know you will. I may have a use for you."

She was gone—dancing through the trees like a fairy.

I went home more in love than ever.

You would not have been such a fool? Oh! wouldn't you? Just you get in love once, and try it on!

The next morning very urgent business required my immediate presence in New York.

My mother smiled.

"Do not bring her here," she said. "William the Conqueror's mother may have been a tanner's daughter; but the ancient Romans came over before the Conqueror."

I had reopened my office, and had resumed my business, to all appearance, though few clients favored me with a call.

CHAFFINCHES FEEDING THEIR YOUNG.—SEE PAGE 575.

The chief part of my time was occupied in loitering around the habitation of Mr. Caleb Dribrats, with the hope of catching an occasional glimpse of Bessy. I could not call upon her, as she had expressly forbidden me to do so. Thus a fortnight passed away.

One day, while I was seated in my office, busily engaged in sketching pen-and-ink portraits of Bessy on a blotter, a lady was announced. She seated herself in the chair I proffered, and, when we were alone, raised her vail. It was Bessy

herself. She laughed heartily, in her usual free and easy manner, at my astonishment.

"You here?" I stammered, as soon as I recovered from my surprise.

"As you see," she returned, merrily. "The mountain could not come to Mahomet, and so Mahomet comes to the mountain."

"It is an age since I have seen you."

"A lover's age—only a fortnight. You are looking remarkably well. You have not pined away to a shadow yet. Why don't you protest how glad you are to see me? Where are all your rhapsodies? Dumb as an oyster? I have come to take you into my confidence."

"At last! It is about time."

"Don't be too sanguine; I don't intend to tell you any more than I can help. Don't look so disconsolate; remember, 'faith' to the end; which, I hope, is not far distant."

BEATRICE CENCI.—FROM THE PORTRAIT BY GUIDO. SEE PAGE 575.

"I am rejoiced to hear it."

"In the first place, of course, you are anxious to know what I have been doing in the last fortnight. I have received two offers of marriage, and—accepted both!"

"The deuce you have!"

"That is to say, I have made both my swains believe that I have accepted, which amounts to the same thing."

"I don't exactly see it in that light."

"No matter; I know what I am about."

"I wish I did."

"All in good time; patience, my estimable friend. Now listen. I came here as Mr. Caleb Dribrats's housekeeper, with the understanding, on his part, that I am soon to change that title for the more sounding one of Mrs. Dribrats. But mark what follows; his employer, Mr. Brasmuch, calls to see him, and I receive him in the absence of the ancient Caleb. Mr. Brasmuch is a widower, without kith or kin; a pompous old schemer, with uncounted wealth. He is quite charmed with me, and chats an hour while he awaits the arrival of Caleb. I improve the opportunity. Caleb comes at last, and is very much chagrined at finding us together. The jackal is afraid of the lion, and with reason. Mr. Brasmuch goes away very much in love. He repeats his visits, always happening to come when Caleb is out. He is in want of a housekeeper, and hints vaguely at placing me at the head of the finest establishment in town. Why not? Gold often buys youth and beauty, though the hand that offers it is palsied. I desert the disconsolate Dribrats, and take up my residence with the millionaire; and when I wish to be Mrs. Brasmuch, I have only to say so."

"I'd give a small sum, Bessy, to know exactly what you are driving at."

"Would you? The idea of a little woman like me puzzling a lawyer! But I won't forget you in my good fortune."

"Thank you," I returned, dryly.

I was not altogether pleased with what I had heard.

"Do you know Mr. Brasmuch?"

"No, I never saw him."

"Do you think he knows you—that he has ever seen you?"

"Not to my knowledge. I never mixed with his set."

"I thought not. Then you will do very nicely. Yesterday Mr. Brasmuch mentioned in my presence that he was very much in want of a confidential secretary for some new speculation he is about to engage in, and would prefer a young man from the country, if he could get one, unacquainted with New York life; in short, he wants a green hand, who might be made a tool of to further some rascality. A thought flashed through my mind like an inspiration; and I instantly replied that I had a brother, well educated, and a good penman, who was most anxious to obtain a situation in New York. He jumped at the chance,

BEATRICE CENCI IN PRISON THE NIGHT BEFORE HER EXECUTION.—FROM THE STATUE BY MISS HOSMER.

and told me to write for my brother—that the place should be his."

"Where is this brother?"

"Not very far off—about the length of your chair from mine."

To say that I was thunderstruck is a mild description of the effect her words had upon me.

"Me? I your brother? Do you mean to say that you intend to introduce me to Mr. Brasmuch as your brother, and that you expect me to become his private secretary?"

"That is just what I intend to do, and what I expect you to do," she returned, in the most positive manner. "It is the easiest thing in the world. You have only to shave your mustache, and cut your hair short; you are pretty well browned up fishing on the lake, and you will not look unlike a country youth of twenty-three."

There never was a woman who had such a decided way of making everybody (witness, old Caleb and Mr. Brasmuch) she came in contact with do just as she pleased. She overruled every objection, pooh-poohed all my scruples, laughed at my wounded dignity, and the affair ended (as, of course, you knew it would) by my consenting to everything she wished.

I shaved my mustache (I had been six months cultivating it), clipped my curls until I looked like a prize-fighter, put on a last year's suit, so as not to appear too fashionable, packed up a few necessaries in an old valise, was driven to the house of Mr. Brasmuch, where I was introduced as Mr. Harvey Small (and small enough I felt) by the artful Bessy, and speedily installed as "private secretary," entering at once upon the discharge of my duties.

Chapter V.

I AM INDUCED TO COMMIT ROBBERY.

I soon discovered that Mr. Brasmuch had engaged in a hazardous speculation, and my business was to send a stereotyped letter to the gudgeons who were nibbling for shares, and acknowledge the receipt of the money which they were fools enough to send.

I enjoyed myself amazingly, however, being domiciled beneath the same roof with Bessy, and having the pleasure of escorting her to the various places of amusement, and upon excursions up the river. Of course Mr. Brasmuch saw no harm in this, as I was her brother.

But I observed one singular circumstance about Bessy whenever we went abroad. She invariably wore a thick vail, and never by any chance suffered her face to be seen.

Mr. Brasmuch also noticed this, and was much pleased at it.

He attributed it to her innocence and modesty—the old fool was completely wrapped up in her. His amorous cooings, which he took no particular pains to conceal from the brother, made me sick and mad.

It was as much as Bessy could do to keep me within bounds, and prevent an explosion, which would have ruined her scheme, whatever that might be. It was a trying time, and I wonder now, looking back, how I ever got through it.

There was a peculiarity about Mr. Brasmuch which—for I am singularly careless about other people's affairs—I should not have noticed myself, had not my attention been called to it by Bessy.

In a corner of the apartment which he used as library and office, and which was the scene of my labors, was a small safe, of which he kept the key, and which he never suffered anybody to go to but himself.

It had got pretty well into the dog-days, and one afternoon, when I was sweltering over my desk, Bessy came into the office.

This was a general habit with her, as Mr. Brasmuch always took a late breakfast, went into the city to his office, and did not return until six o'clock to his dinner—so we had the house from twelve until that time to ourselves.

When Bessy had put the house in order and the servants at work, she brought her sewing and kept me company.

I scratched away, and Bessy stitched in silence.

I looked up suddenly, and there she sat like a statue, her work in her lap, and her eyes riveted, so to speak, on the safe in the corner.

"Why, Bessy, what in the world are you thinking about?"

She started guiltily, and colored to the very temples.

I was surprised at this display of emotion in one generally so emotionless.

"Harvey," she said at length, drawing a long breath, and casting a cautious glance around, "I would give ten years of my life to be permitted to examine the contents of that safe."

"Curiosity, thy name is woman!" I returned, sententiously. "Remember the fate of Bluebeard's wives!"

"It is not altogether curiosity that sways me; but a deeper, stronger motive. I must see the contents of that safe!"

"Steal the key, then," I answered, carelessly.

"Impossible."

"Why so? Don't you know where he keeps it?"

"Yes; he keeps it upon his person, never leaving it for a moment. Oh, if I could steal it, just for one half-hour!"

Here was a new phase in Bessy's character. She had designs on Mr. Brasmuch's strong-box.

"My dear Bessy," I said, a little ironically, "don't you think we can get along without robbing Mr. Brasmuch of his money?"

"His money?" she answered, with infinite scorn. "What do I care for his money? That safe contains nothing but papers."

"Papers? Well, what then? How in the world can they concern you?"

"More than you think, Harvey. No questions; my lips are still sealed, and will be until you help me to open that safe."

"But how can I open it? I am not a locksmith."

"I have heard of impressions on wax taken from a keyhole, and a key thereby made to fit the lock; why could it not be done in this case?"

"It might."

"Then do it!" she cried, impulsively.

"Look here, Bessy," I remarked, laying down my pen, and wiping off the perspiration from my forehead. I was hot before, but her words put me in a perfect stew. "Look here, Bessy; are you aware that you are suggesting a nice little scheme that will send us both to prison, if we are found out?"

"I do not think so," she answered, coolly. "If that safe contains what I think it does, Mr. Brasmuch will not dare to lift a finger against us; but if it does not, he is too much in love to proceed against me. I will bear all the blame; your complicity in the affair shall never be known."

"It is a very ticklish business," I hesitated. "I am already in his house under false pretenses; and if we should be detected in breaking open his private safe, I do not very well see how we could get out of it."

"Harvey," she said, earnestly—more earnestly than she had ever spoken to me before—"the happiness of a life, the honor of a once respectable family, is at stake. The safe must be opened, or I can never become your wife; for I will never wed you while a stain rests upon the name I bear."

"Are there no other means?"

"None; that safe contains the solution of all my mystery. Open it, and you shall know who and what I am."

It ended as all our discussions ended—in my agreeing to do what she required. Besides, I began to get a glimmering of the truth. Short as my acquaintance was with Mr. Brasmuch, I had discovered that he was a rascal. Undoubtedly he had wronged Bessy in some swindling scheme, of which she was seeking proof among his private papers. So I agreed to open the safe.

I had arranged a very simple plan to accomplish that. It was to go to a safe manufactory and say that I had lost the key of my safe, and request that a man should be sent to open it for me—appointing an hour when Mr. Brasmuch was sure to be out. If the safe contained what we sought, well and good; if not, we should leave it open with its contents intact, leaving Mr. Brasmuch to believe he had accidentally left it unlocked. Bessy entirely approved the scheme.

"Had I known it was so easy," she said, "I should have done it myself without calling you to my assistance. Two heads are better than one, after all; and if I find what I want in that safe, Harvey, you are welcome to mine for the balance of my life."

The next day we put our scheme in operation. The man came and opened the safe, when I gave him an order for a new key, and he departed. We were alone in the office, the safe was open, and we stood before it, trembling with excitement.

"Now, Harvey, quick," cried Bessy. "Find if there are any papers bearing the name of 'Wainwright.'"

I plunged into the safe, and began the search, cautiously replacing things as nearly as possible in their original position. At last, after a thorough search, Bessy growing more feverish every moment, I found a small package marked with the name of "Wainwright." I took it out and placed it in Bessy's hands. She examined it eagerly, and uttered a cry of joy.

"You need look no further, Harvey!" she exclaimed. "These are the missing securities; my task is over, and I have triumphed."

"But what does all this mean?" I asked. "And what is this 'Wainwright' to you?"

"John Wainwright is my father," she answered, proudly. "These securities were stolen from him by Richard Brasmuch, his clerk; and that loss caused his ruin. I was then at a seminary near New York. I returned to find my father a beggar. He suspected Brasmuch; but to have accused him would have led to the destruction of the securities, and with them all proof. I devised my present scheme, with my father's sanction. It was he who aroused your jealousy by embracing me in the wood, where he had come to hear how I had progressed. My scheme was to make the acquaintance of Caleb Dribrats, and through him of Brasmuch. Neither had seen me since I was a child, hence there was not much fear of recognition. So I came to the little hotel to wait on Harvey Pastern, and fascinate him first of all. You know how I have succeeded with the others. My task is over, my father's fortune and credit will be restored with these, and I shall not come to you a dowerless bride; for if a man ever truly and faithfully won a wife, you are that man."

I waited patiently for the end of this long speech, and then gave the brave little girl a tremendous hug. We left the Brasmuch mansion at once, and went to the humble dwelling where Mr. Wainwright was living in retirement.

He was put in possession of the facts, and I received a cordial welcome.

He resolved to call on Mr. Brasmuch and see what he had to say for himself. We all went together.

We found Mr. Brasmuch contemplating the open safe in a melancholy attitude.

He surrendered at once, disgorged his plunder, and was let off, as we all had a repugnance to making the affair public.

The restored papers were enough to exonerate Mr. Wainwright, which was all he cared for.

A short time afterward I sent a letter to my mother, of which the following is an extract:

"As I am going to be married to Elizabeth Wainwright, daughter of John Wainwright, the banker, I thought you would like to witness the ceremony."

She did witness it, and after it was all over, she said to me:

"What's become of that artful huzzy that you were in such a hurry to marry, and would, too, if it hadn't been for me? What would become of these boys if they hadn' mothers?"

"She is *non est inventus*," I replied.

But as my mother doesn't understand the Latin for "she has disappeared," she gravely shook her head.

CHAFFINCHES FEEDING THEIR YOUNG.

If the chaffinch shows a bad example by a general divorce, in which either all the wives or all the husbands run away; or, perhaps, as happens among the unfeathered bipeds, the fault is on both sides, they cannot be accused of disregard for their parental duties.

The chaffinch builds his own nest, and is not, like some birds, a squatter on his neighbor's demesne. Nor is his nest the first found by the schoolboy, as it is never easily seen, and requires a special training of the eye to detect it. In the tall hawthorns or crabtrees they build their nest, for the hen to lay her beautifully spotted eggs. The chief material of the nest is wool, matted so as to form a kind of loose felt, and with this felt are woven delicate mosses, spider webs, cottony down, and lichen, the latter stuck on the outside as if to mask the nest from observation. This pretty nest is deep, and lined with hair, especially from the cow, which it seeks industriously on trees and fences where the cattle are accustomed to rub. When the young brood is hatched, the parents are among the most attentive of birds in the pursuit of proper food, and the regularity with which they bring it to the eager little mouths. It is, indeed, a picture for a lover of nature to study.

BEATRICE CENCI.

The portrait of Beatrice Cenci, painted by Guido, is one of the sweetest in art, as her history is one of the saddest in the records of time.

The daughter of one of the richest and most powerful of the Roman nobles, she was cursed with a father, whose fiendishness was such, that even Cæsar Borgia was comparatively an angel. Not content with murdering two of his sons, he conceived an unnatural passion for his daughter, and so grossly outraged her that her betrothed, Count Orsini, with her connivance, assassinated him, and ridded the world of a monster. For this she was executed by the Papal Government, on the 11th of September, 1599.

Shelley, in his fearful tragedy of Cenci, has elaborated this revolting subject so magnificently as to deprive it of part of its natural horror.

The recumbent statue, representing the unfortunate Beatrice in prison the night before her execution, is the work of Harriet Hosmer, the distinguished American sculptress, and

ranks among the most beautiful of the many charming creations of that talented lady. It is now, we believe, in the Hall of Statuary attached to the Mercantile Library at St. Louis.

JOSEPH II.

It is well known that the Emperor Joseph II. of Austria disliked parade and ostentation, and indulged his tastes for simple and private habits. One day, when riding out in a small calèche, which he drove himself, and attended only by one servant, he was overtaken by heavy rain, and returned toward Vienna; he was yet at some distance, when a person on foot, who was also going in that direction, hearing the noise, turned and made a sign to the driver to stop.

The Emperor stopped his horse.

"Sir," said the traveler, who was a sergeant, "if it be not too great a liberty, I should be glad of a lift; you have room enough, and I should save my uniform, which I put on new this morning."

"Let us save the uniform, my brave fellow," said Joseph. "Place yourself here. Where do you come from just now?"

"Ah, ah! Where do I come from? I come from the house of a gamekeeper, one of my friends, who has given me a famous breakfast."

"What had you, then?"

"Guess."

"Nay, how can I guess?—beef?—soup?"

"Well done; yes, soup, and better than that."

"Some saurkraut?"

The sergeant chuckled, and repeated ·

"Better than that."

"A breast of veal, then?"

"No, better than that."

"Well, then," said the facetious sovereign, "I can guess no longer, I must give it up."

"Why, then, a pheasant, my worthy—a pheasant killed on the preserve of his Majesty. What do you think of that, eh?" cried the sergeant, slapping his unknown companion smartly upon the shoulder.

"Ah, indeed!" replied he; "killed on the Emperor's preserve! It must have been all the better for that, I'll answer for it."

As they approached the city, and the rain continued to fall, Joseph asked him where he wished to be set down.

The sergeant made his excuses.

"No, no," said Joseph. "Your street?" and at length the sergeant informed his Majesty where he lodged, and begged to know to whom he was indebted for so many civilities.

"It is now your turn," said Joseph—"guess."

"A military man—I dare say, a lieutenant?"

"Better than that," said the monarch.

"A captain, then?" interrogated the sergeant.

"Better than that?"

He began to open his eyes.

"Perhaps better still."

"What the devil!" said the poor sergeant, shrinking into a corner of the calèche; "can you be field marshal?"

He feigned a grave voice, and said:

"Something better still."

"Ach, mein Gott! is it the Emperor?"

"Himself," said Joseph, unbuttoning his plain coat, and showing his decorations.

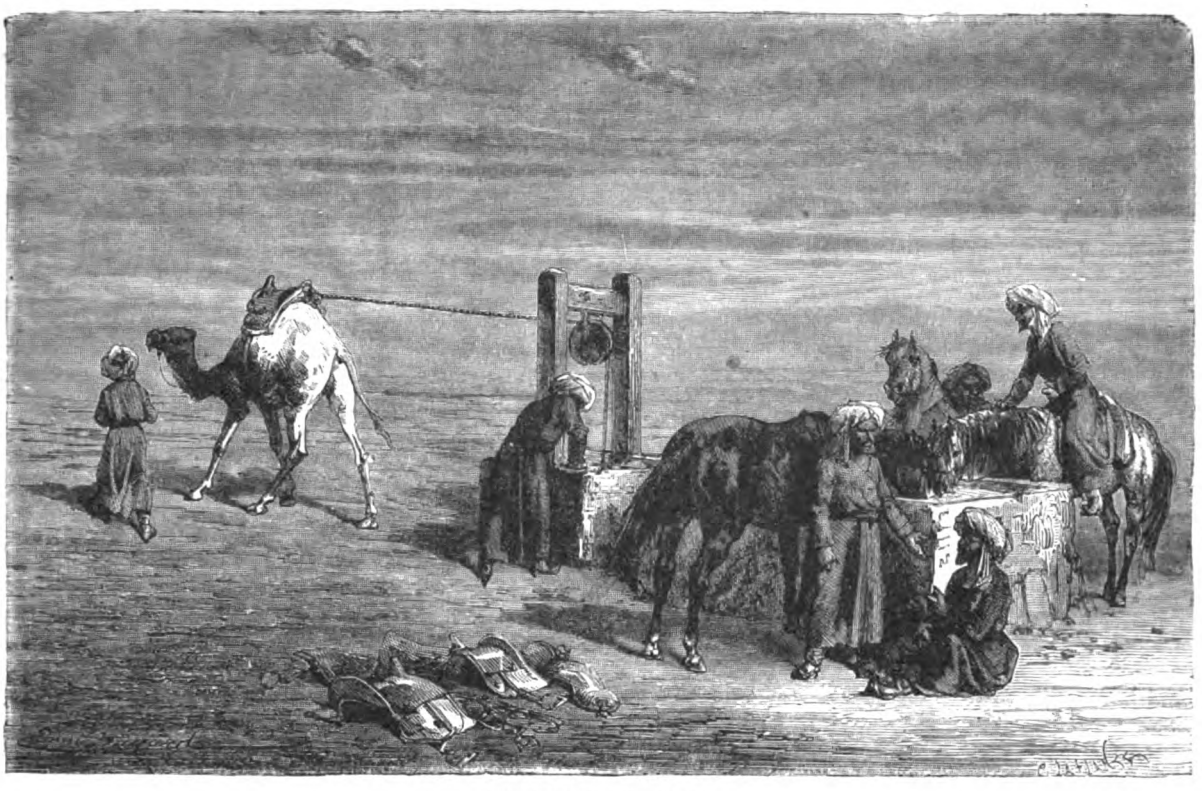
The poor fellow, in an agony, entreated the Emperor to let him alight.

"No, no; not yet," said Joseph. "After having eaten my pheasant, you would be too lucky if you got rid of me so easily; I shall certainly see you to your quarters."

And thus continuing to amuse himself, he drove him to them, after promising to forgive the sergeant for having made a poaching meal at the imperial expense.

THE LITTLE FARMER.

It is in the minute circumstances of a man's conduct that we are to inquire for his real character. In these he is under the influence of his natural disposition, and acts from himself; while in his more open and important actions he may be drawn by public opinion, and many other external motives, from that bias which his disposition would have taken.



THE WELL IN THE DESERT.

WIFE IN NAME ONLY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "ON HER WEDDING-MORN," "REDEEMED BY LOVE," "A WOMAN'S WAR," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

MISS L'ESTRANGE was standing alone in the small conservatory on the morning following her eventful conversation with Lord Arleigh, when the latter was announced. How she had passed the hours of the previous night was known only to herself. As the world looks fairer and fresher for the passing of a heavy storm, the sky more blue, the color of flowers and trees brighter, so she, on this morning, after those long hours of agony, looked more beautiful than ever; her white morning-dress, made of choice Indian muslin, was relieved by faint touches of pink; fine white lace encircled her throat and delicate wrists. Tall and slender, she stood before a large plant with scarlet blossoms when he came in.

Lord Arleigh looked as he felt—ill at ease. He had not slept through thinking of the conversation in the balcony—it had made him profoundly wretched. He would have given much not to renew it; but she had asked him to come, and he had promised.

Would she receive him with tears and reproaches? Would she cry out that he was cold and cruel? Would she torture himself and herself by trying to find out why he did not love her? Or would she be sad, cold, and indifferent?

His relief was great when she raised a laughing, radiant face to his, and held out her hand in greeting.

"Good-morning, Norman," she said, in a pleasant voice. "Now confess that I am a clever actress, and that I have given you a real fright."

He looked at her in wonder.

"I do not understand you," he returned.

"It is so easy to mislead a man," she said, laughingly.

"I do not understand you, Philippa," he repeated.

"Did you really take all my pretty balcony scene in earnest last night?" she asked.

"I did indeed," he replied; and again the clear, musical laugh seemed to astonish him.

"I could not have believed it, Norman," she said. "Did you really think that I was in earnest?"

"Certainly I did. Were you not?"

"No," she answered.

"Then I thank Heaven for it," he said, "for I have been very unhappy about you. Why did you say so much if you did not mean it, Philippa?"

"Because you annoyed me by pleading the cause of the duke. He had no right to ask you to do such a thing, and you were unwise to essay such a task. I have punished you by mystifying you—I shall next punish him."

"Then you did not mean all that you said?" he interrogated, still wondering at this unexpected turn of events.

"I should have given you credit for more penetration, Norman," she replied. "I to mean such nonsense—I to avow a preference for any man! Can you have been so foolish as to think so? It was only a charade, acted for your amusement."

"Oh, Philippa," he cried, "I am so pleased, dear! And yet—yet, do you know, I wish that you had not done it? It has given me a shock. I shall never be quite sure whether you are jesting or serious. I shall never feel that I really understand you."

"You will, Norman. It did seem so ridiculous for you, my old playfellow, to sit lecturing me so gravely about matrimony. You took it so entirely for granted that I did not care for the duke."

"And do you care for him, Philippa?" he asked.

"Can you doubt it, after the description you gave of him, Norman?"

"You are mocking me again, Philippa," he said.

"But you were very eloquent, Norman," she persisted. "I have never heard any one more so. You painted his Grace of Hazlewood in such glowing colors that no one could help falling in love with him."

"Did I? Well, I do think highly of him, Philippa. And so, after all, you really care for him?"

"I do not think I shall tell you, Norman. You deserve to be kept in the dark. Would you tell me if you found your ideal woman?"

"I would. I would tell you at once, he replied, eagerly.

"If you could but have seen your face!" she cried. "I feel tempted to act the charade over again. Why, Norman, what likeness can you see between Philippa L'Estrange, the proud, cold woman of the world, and that sweet little Puritan maiden at her spinning-wheel?"

"I should never have detected any likeness unless you yourself had first pointed it out," he said. "Tell me, Philippa, are you really going to make the duke happy at last?"

"It may be that I am going to make him profoundly miserable. As punishment for your lecture, I shall refuse to tell you anything about it," she replied; and then she added, "You will ride with me this morning, Norman?"

"Yes, I will ride with you, Philippa. I cannot tell you how thankful and relieved I am."

"To find that you have not made quite so many conquests as you thought?" she said. "It was a sorry jest to play, after all; but you provoked me to it, Norman. I want you to make me a promise."

"That I will gladly do," he replied. Indeed, he was so relieved, so pleased, so thankful to be freed from the load of self-reproach, that he would have promised anything.

Her face grew earnest. She held out her hand to him.

"Promise me this, Norman," she said—"that, whether I remain Philippa L'Estrange or become Duchess of Hazlewood—no matter what I am, or may be—you will always be the same to me as you are now—my brother, my truest, dearest, best friend. Promise me."

"I do promise, Philippa, with all my heart," he responded. "And I will never break my promise."

"If I marry, you will come to see me—you will trust in me—you will be just what you are now—you will make my house your home, as you do this?"

"Yes—that is, if your husband consents," replied Lord Arleigh.

"Rely upon it, my husband—if I ever have one—will not dispute my wishes," she said. "I am not the model woman you dream of. She, of course, will be submissive in everything; I intend to have my own way."

"We are friends for life, Philippa," he declared; "and I do not think that any one who really understands me will ever cavil at our friendship."

"Then, that being settled, we will go at once for our ride. How those who know me best would laugh, Norman, if they heard of the incident of the Puritan maiden! If I go to another fancy ball this season, I shall go as Priscilla of Plymouth, and you had better go as John Alden."

He held up his hands imploringly.

"Do not tease me about it any more, Philippa," he begged. "I cannot quite tell why, but you make me feel both insignificant and vain; yet nothing would have been further from my mind than the ideas you have filled it with."

"Own you were mistaken, and then I will be generous and forgive you," she said, laughingly.

"I was mistaken—cruelly so—weakly so—happily so," he replied. "Now you will be generous and spare me."

He did not see the bitter smile with which she turned away, nor the pallor that crept even to her lips. Once again in his life Lord Arleigh was completely deceived.

A week afterward he received a note in Philippa's handwriting; it said, simply:

"DEAR NORMAN: You were good enough to plead the duke's cause. When you meet him next, ask him if he has anything to tell you. PHILIPPA L'ESTRANGE."

What the Duke of Hazlewood had to tell was that Miss L'Estrange had promised to be his wife, and that the marriage was to take place in August. He prayed Lord Arleigh to be present as his "best man" on the occasion.

On the same evening Lady Peters and Miss L'Estrange sat in the drawing-room at Verdun House alone. Philippa had been very restless. She had been walking to and fro; she had opened her piano and closed it; she had taken up volume after volume and laid it down again, when suddenly her eyes fell upon a book, prettily bound in crimson and gold, which Lady Peters had been reading.

"What book is that?" she asked, suddenly.

"Lord Lytton's 'Lady of Lyons,'" replied Lady Peters.

Philippa raised it, looked through it, and then, with a strange smile and a deep sigh, laid it down.

"At last," she said—"I have found it at last!"

"Found what, my dear?" asked Lady Peters, looking up.

"Something I have been searching for," replied Philippa, as she quitted the room, still with the same strange smile on her lips.

CHAPTER XV.

THE great event of the year succeeding was the appearance of the Duchess of Hazlewood. Miss L'Estrange, the belle and heiress, had been very popular; her Grace of Hazlewood was more popular still. She was queen of fashionable London. At her mansion all the most exclusive met. She had resolved upon giving her life to society, upon cultivating it, upon making herself its mistress and queen. She succeeded. She became essentially a leader of society. To belong to the Duchess of Hazlewood's "set" was to be of the *crême de la crême*. The beautiful young duchess had made up her mind upon two things. The first was, that she would be a queen of society; the second, that she would reign over such a circle as had never been gathered together before. She would have youth, beauty, wit, genius; she would not trouble about wealth. She would admit no one who was not famous for some qualification or other—some grace of body or mind—some talent or great gift. The house should be open to talent of all kinds, but never open to anything commonplace. She would be the encourager of genius, the patroness of the fine arts, the friend of all talent.

It was a splendid career that she marked out for herself, and she was the one woman in England especially adapted for it. The only objection to it was that while she gave every scope to imagination—while she provided for all intellectual wants and needs—she made no allowance for the affections; they never entered into her calculations.

In a few weeks half London was talking about the beautiful Duchess of Hazlewood. In all the "Fashionable Intelligence" of the day, she had a long paragraph to herself. The duchess had given a ball, had had a grand *réunion*, a *soirée*, a garden party. The duchess had been at such an entertainment, when a long description of her dress or costume would follow. Nor was it only among the upper ten thousand that she was so pre-eminently popular. If a bazaar, a fancy fair, a ball, were needed to aid some charitable cause,

she was always chosen as patroness; her vote, her interest, one word from her, was all-sufficient.

Her wedding had been a scene of the most gorgeous magnificence. She had been married from her house at Verdun Royal, and half the county had been present at what was certainly the most magnificent ceremonial of the year. The leading journal, the *Illustrated Intelligence*, produced a supplement on the occasion which was very much admired. The Duke gave the celebrated artist, Monsieur Delorme, a commission to paint the interior of the church at Verdun Royal as it appeared while the ceremony was proceeding. That picture forms the chief ornament now of the grand gallery at the Court.

The wedding presents were something wonderful to behold; it was considered that the duchess had one of the largest fortunes in England in jewels alone. The wedding-day was the fourth of August, and it had seemed as though nature herself had done her utmost to make the day most brilliant.

It was not often that so beautiful a bride was seen as the young duchess. She bore her part in the scene very bravely. The papers told how Lord Arleigh was "best man" on the occasion; but no one guessed even ever so faintly of the tragedy that came that morning to a crisis. The happy pair went off to Vere Court, the duke's favorite residence, and there for a short time the public lost sight of them.

If the duke had been asked to continue the history of his wedding-day, he would have told a strange story—how, when they were in the railway carriage together, he had turned to his beautiful young wife with some loving words on his lips, and she had cried out that she wanted air, to let no one come near her—that she had stretched out her hands wildly, as though beating off something terrible.

He believed that she was overcome by excitement or the heat of the day; he soothed her as he would have soothed a child; and when they reached Vere Court he insisted that she should rest. She did so. Her dark hair fell round her white neck and shoulders, her beautiful face was flushed, the scarlet lips trembled as though she were a grieving child; and the young duke stood watching her, thinking how fair she was and what a treasure he had won. Then he heard her murmur some words in her sleep—what were they? He could not quite distinguish them; it was something about a Puritan maiden Priscilla and John—he could not catch the name—something that did not concern him, and in which he had no part. Suddenly she held out her arms, and in a voice he never forgot, cried, "Oh, my love, my love!" That of course meant himself. Down on his knees by her side went the young duke—he covered her hands with kisses.

"My darling," he said, "you are better now. I have been alarmed about you, Philippa; I feared that you were ill. My darling, give me a word and a smile."

She had quite recovered herself then; she remembered that she was Duchess of Hazlewood—wife of the generous nobleman who was at her side. She was mistress of herself in a moment.

"Have I alarmed you?" she said. "I did feel ill; but I am better now—quite well, in fact."

She said to herself that she had her new life to begin, and the sooner she began it the better; so she made herself very charming to the young duke, and he was in ecstasies.

Thenceforward they lived happily enough. If the young duke found his wife less loving, less tender of heart, than he believed her to be, he made no complaint.

"She is so beautiful and gifted," he would say to himself, "I cannot expect everything. I know that she loves me, although she does not say much about it. I know that I can trust her in all things, even though she makes no protestations."

They fell into the general routine of life. One loved—the other allowed herself to be loved. The duke adored his wife, and she accepted his adoration.

They were never spoken of as a model couple, although every one agreed that it was an excellent match—that they were very happy. The duke looked up with wondering admiration to the beautiful, stately lady who bore his name. She could not do wrong in his eyes; everything she said was right, all she did was perfect. He never dreamed of opposing her wishes. There was no lady in England so completely her own mistress, so completely mistress of every one and everything around her, as her Grace of Hazlewood.

When the season came round again, and the brilliant life which she had laid out for herself was hers, she might have been the happiest of women but for the cloud which darkened her whole existence. Lord Arleigh had kept his promise—he had been her true friend, with her husband's full permission. The duke was too noble and generous himself to feel any such ignoble passion as jealousy—he was far too confiding. To be jealous of his wife would never have entered his mind; nor was there the least occasion for it. If Lord Arleigh had been her own brother, their relationship could not have been of a more blameless kind; even the censorious world of fashion, so quick to detect a scandal, so merciless in its enjoyment of one, never presumed to cast an aspersion on this friendship. There was something so frank, so open about it, that blame was an impossibility. If the duke was busy or engaged when his wife wanted to ride or drive, he asked her cousin Lord Arleigh to take his place, as he would have asked his own brother. If the duke could not attend opera or ball, Lord Arleigh was at hand. He often said that it was a matter of perplexity to him which was his own home—whether he liked Beechgrove, Verdun Royal, or Vere Court best.

"No one was ever so happy, so blessed with true friends, as I am," he would say; at which speech the young duchess would smile that strange, fathomless smile so few understood.

If they went to Vere Court, Lord Arleigh was generally asked to go with them; the duke really liked him—a great deal for his own sake, more still for the sake of his wife. He could understand the childish friendship having grown with their growth; and he was too noble to expect anything less than perfect sincerity and truth.

The duchess kept her word. She made no further allusion to the Puritan maiden—that little episode had, so it appeared, completely escaped her memory. There was one thing to be noticed—she often read the "Lady of Lyons," and appeared to delight in it. When she had looked through a few pages, she would close the book with a sigh and a strange, brooding smile. At times, too, she would tease Lord Arleigh about his ideal woman; but that was always in her husband's presence.

"You have not found the ideal woman yet, Norman?" she would ask him, laughingly; and he would answer:

"No, not yet."

Then the duke would wax eloquent, and tell him that he really knew little of life—that if he wanted to be happy he must look for a wife.

"You were easily contented," the duchess would say. "Norman wants an ideal. You were content with a mere mortal—he never will be."

"Then find him an ideal, Philippa," would be the duke's reply. "You know some of the nicest girls in London; find him an ideal among them."

Then to the beautiful face would come the strange, brooding smile.

"Give me time," would her Grace of Hazlewood say; "I shall find just what I want for him—in time."

CHAPTER XVI.

IT was a beautiful June morning. For many years there had not been so brilliant a season in London; every one seemed to be enjoying it; ball succeeded ball, *fête* succeeded *fête*. Lord Arleigh had received a note from the Duchess of Hazlewood, asking him if he would call before noon, as she wished to see him.

He went at once to Verdun House, and was told that the duchess was engaged, but would see him in a few minutes. Contrary to the usual custom, he was shown into a pretty morning-room, one exclusively used by the duchess—a small, octagonal room, daintily furnished, which opened on to a small rose-garden, also exclusively kept for the use of the duchess. Into this garden neither friend nor visitor ever ventured; it was filled with rose-trees, a little fountain played in the midst, and a small, trellised arbor was at one side. Why had he been shown into the duchess's private room? He had often heard the duke tease his wife about her room, and say that no one was privileged to enter it; Why, then, was such a privilege accorded him?

He smiled to himself, thinking that in all probability it was some mistake of the servant's; he pictured to himself the expression of Philippa's face when she should find him there. He looked round; the room bore traces of her presence—around him were some of her favorite flowers and books.

He went to the long French window, wondering at the rich collection of roses, and there he saw a picture that never forsook his memory again—there he met his fate—saw the ideal woman of his dreams at last. He had treated all notion of love in a very off-hand, cavalier kind of manner; he had contented himself with his own favorite axiom—"Love is fate"; if ever it was to come to him it would come, and there would be an end of it. He had determined on one thing—this same love should be his slave, his servant, never his master; but, as he stood looking out, he was compelled to own his kingship was over.

Standing there, his heart throbbing as it had never done before, every nerve thrilling, his face flushed, a strange, unknown sensation filling him with vague, sweet wonder, Lord Arleigh met his fate.

This was the picture he saw—a beautiful, but by no means a common one. In the trellised arbor, which contained a stand and one or two chairs, was a young girl of tall, slender figure, with a fair, sweet face, inexpressibly lovely—lilies and roses exquisitely blended—eyes like blue hyacinths, large, bright, and star-like, with white lids and dark, long lashes, so dark that they gave a peculiar expression to the eyes—one of beauty, thought, and originality. The lips were sweet and sensitive, beautiful when smiling, but even more beautiful in repose. The oval contour of the face was perfect; from the white brow, where the veins were so clearly marked, rose a crown of golden hair, not brown or auburn, but of pure, pale gold—a dower of beauty in itself.

The expression of the face was one of shy, virgin beauty. One could imagine meeting it in the dim aisles of some cathedral, near the shrine of a saint, as an angel or a Madonna; one could imagine it bending over a sick child, lighting with its pure loveliness the home of sorrow; but one could never picture it in a ball-room. It was a face of girlish, saintly purity, of fairest loveliness—a face where innocence, poetry, and passion all seemed to meet and blend in one grand harmony. There was nothing commonplace about it. One could not mistake it for a plebeian face; "patrician" was written on every feature.

Lord Arleigh looked at her like one in a dream.

"If she had an aureole round her head, I should take her for an angel," he thought to himself, and stood watching her.

The same secret, subtle harmony pervaded every action; each new attitude seemed to be the one that suited her best. If she raised her arms, she looked like a statue. Her hands were white and delicate, as though carved in ivory. He judged her to be about eighteen. But who was she, and what had brought her there? He could have stood through the long hours of the sunny day watching her, so completely had she charmed him, fascinated his every sense.

"Love is fate!" How often had he said that to himself, smiling the while? Now here his fate had come to him all unexpectedly—this most fair face had found its way to the very depths of his heart, and nestled there.

He could not have been standing there long, yet it seemed to him that long hours parted him from the life he had known before. Presently he reproached himself for his folly. What had happened to him? Why should he look upon himself as so completely changed? What had taken place? He had seen a fair face, that was all—a face that embodied his dream of loveliness. He had realized his ideal, he had suddenly and without thinking of it, found his fate—the face, the figure, the beauty that he had dreamed of all his life.

Nothing more than that; yet the whole world seemed changed. There was a brighter light in the blue skies, a new beauty had fallen on the flowers; in his heart was strange, sweet music; everything was idealized—glorified. Why? Because he had seen the face which had always filled his thoughts.

It seemed to him that he had been there long hours, when the door suddenly opened, and her Grace of Hazlewood entered.

"Norman," she said, as though in sudden wonder, "why did they show you in here?"

"I knew they were doing wrong," he replied. "This is your own especial sanctum, Philippa."

"Yes, it is, indeed; still, as you are here, you may stay. I want to speak to you about that Richmond dinner. My husband does not seem to care about it. Shall we give it up?"

They talked for a few minutes about it, and then the duchess said, suddenly:

"What do you think of my roses, Norman?"

"They are wonderful," he replied; and then, in a low voice, he asked:

"Philippa, who is that beautiful girl out there among your flowers?"

She did not smile, but a sudden light came into her eyes.

"It would be a great kindness not to tell you," she answered. "You see what comes of trespassing in forbidden places. I did not intend you to see that young lady."

"Why not?" he asked, abruptly.

"The answer to your question would be superfluous," she replied.

"But, Philippa, tell me at least who she is."

"That I cannot do," she replied; and then the magnificent face was lighted with a smile.

"Is she like your ideal woman, Norman?" she asked.

"My dear Philippa," he answered, gravely, "she is the ideal woman herself—neither more nor less."

"Found at last!" laughed the duchess. "For all that, Norman, you must not look at her."

"Why not? Is she married, engaged?"

"Married? That girl! Why, she has only just left

school. If you really wish to know who she is, I will tell you; but you must give your word not to mention it."

"I promise," he replied.

He wondered why the beautiful face grew crimson and the dark eyes drooped.

"She is a poor relative of ours," said the duchess—"poor, you understand—nothing else."

"Then she is related to the duke?" he interrogated.

"Yes, distantly; and, after a fashion, we have adopted her. When she marries we shall give her a suitable *dot*. Her mother married unfortunately."

"Still, she was married?" said Lord Arleigh.

"Yes, certainly; but unhappily married. Her daughter, however, has received a good education, and now she will remain with us. But, Norman, in this I may trust you, as in everything else?"

"You may trust me implicitly," he replied.

"The duke did not quite like the idea of having her to live with us at first—and I do not wish it to be mentioned to him. If he speaks of it to you at all, it will be as my caprice. Let it pass—do not ask any questions about her; it only annoys her—it only annoys him. She is very happy with me. You see," she continued, "women can keep a secret. She has been here three weeks, yet you have never seen her before; and now it is by accident."

"But," said Norman, "what do you intend to do with her?"

The duchess took a seat near him, and assumed quite a confidential air.

"I have been for some time looking out for a companion," she said; "Lady Peters really must live at Verdun Royal—a housekeeper is not sufficient for that large establishment—it requires more than that. She has consented to make it her home, and I must have some one to be with me."

"You have the duke," he put in wonderingly.

"True, and a husband must, perforce, be all that is adorable; still, having been accustomed to a lady companion, I prefer keeping one; and this girl, so beautiful, so pure, so simple, is all that I need, or could wish for."

"So I should imagine," he replied. "Will you introduce her into society, Philippa?"

"I think not; she is simple as a child, yet wonderfully clever. No, society shall not have her. I will keep her for my own."

"What is her name?" asked Lord Arleigh.

The duchess laughed.

"Ah, now, man-like, you are growing curious! I shall not tell you. Yes, I will—it is the name above all others for an ideal—Madaline."

"Madaline," he repeated. "It is very musical—Madaline."

"It suits her," said the duchess; "and now, Norman, I must go. I have some pressing engagements to-day."

"You will not introduce me, then, Philippa?"

"No—why should I? You would only disturb the child's dream."

Chapter XVII.

Lord Arleigh could not rest for thinking of the vision he had seen; the face of the duchess's companion haunted him as no other face had ever done. He tried hard to forget it, saying to himself that it was a fancy, a foolish imagination, a day-dream; he tried to believe that in a few days he should have forgotten it.

It was quite otherwise. He left Verdun House in a very fever of unrest; he went everywhere he could think of to distract his thoughts. But the fair face, with its sweet, maidenly expression, the tender blue eyes, with their rich, poetic depths, the sweet, sensitive lips were ever present. Look where he would, he saw them. He went to the opera, and they seemed to smile at him from the stage; he walked home in the starlight—there they were, smiling at him from the stars; he tried to sleep—they haunted his dreams. What was he to do? No other face had so haunted him. He had seen faces, perhaps, more brilliant, eyes as beautiful had moved him; none had followed him as those eyes did.

"I think my heart and brain are on fire," he said to himself. "I will go and look once again at the fair young face; perhaps if she smiles at me or speaks to me I shall be cured."

He went; it was noon when he reached the Duke of Hazlewood's mansion. He inquired for the duchess, and was told that she had gone to Hampton Court. He repeated the words in surprise.

"Hampton Court!" he said. "Are you quite sure?"

"Yes, my lord," was the footman's reply. "Her Grace has gone there, for I heard her talking about the pictures this morning."

He could hardly imagine the duchess at Hampton Court. He felt half inclined to follow, and then he thought that perhaps it would be an intrusion; if she had wanted his society, she would certainly have asked for it. No, he would not go. He stood for a few minutes irresolute, wondering if he could ask whether the duchess had taken her young companion with her, and then he remembered that he did not even know her name.

How was the day to pass? Matters were worse than ever. If he had seen her, if he could have spoken to her, he might perhaps have felt better; as it was, the fever of unrest had deepened.

He was to meet the duchess that evening at the French Embassy; he would tell her that she must relax some of her rigor in his favor. She was talking to the ambassador when he entered, but with a smiling gesture she invited him to her side.

"I hear that you called to-day," she said. "I had quite forgotten to tell you that we were going to Hampton Court."

"I could hardly believe it," he replied. "What took you there?"

"You will wonder when I tell you, Norman," she replied, laughingly. "I have always thought that I have a great capacity for spoiling people. My fair Madaline, as I have told you, is both poet and artist. She begged so hard to see the pictures at Hampton Court that I could not refuse her."

"I should not think the history of the belles of the Court of Charles II. would be very useful to her," he said; and she was quick to detect the jealousy in his voice.

"Norman, you are half inclined to be cross, I believe, because I did not ask you to go with us."

"I should have enjoyed it, Philippa, very much."

"It would not have been prudent," she observed, looking most bewitchingly beautiful in her effort to look matronly and wise.

He said no more, but if her Grace had thought of a hundred plans for making him think of Madaline, she could not have adopted one more to the purpose.

From the moment Lord Arleigh believed that the young duchess intended to forbid all acquaintance with her fair *protégée*, he resolved to see her, and to make her like him.

The day following, he went again to the mansion; the duchess was at home, and wished to see him, but at that moment she was engaged. He was shown into the library, where in a few minutes she joined him.

"My dear Norman," she said, with a bright smile of greeting, "Vere told me if you came to keep you for

luncheon; he wants to see you particularly. The horse that won the Derby, he has been told, is for sale, and he wants you to see it with him."

"I shall be very pleased," replied Lord Arleigh. "You seem hurried this morning, Philippa."

"Yes; such a *contretemps!* Just as I was anticipating a few hours with you, the Countess of Farnley came in, with the terrible announcement that she was here to spend the morning. I have to submit to my fate, and listen to the account of Clara's last conquests, of the infamous behavior of her maid, of Lord Farnley's propensity for indiscreet flirtation. I tell her there is safety in number. I have to look kind and sympathetic while I am bored to death."

"Shall I accompany you, and help you to amuse Lady Farnley?"

She repeated the words with a little laugh.

"Amuse Lady Farnley? I never undertake the impossible. You might as well ask me to move the Monument; it would be quite as easy."

"Shall I help her to amuse you, then?" he said.

"No, I will not impose on your friendship. Make yourself as comfortable as you can, and I will try to hasten her departure."

Just as she was going away Lord Arleigh called to her.

"Philippa!" She turned her beautiful head half impatiently to him.

"What is it, Norman? Quick! The countess will think I am lost."

"May I go into your pretty rose-garden?" he asked. She laughed.

"What a question! Certainly; you may go just where you please."

"She has forgotten her companion," he said to himself, "or she is not about."

He went into the morning-room and through the long, open French window; there were the lovely roses in bloom, and there—oh, kind, blessed fate!—there was his beautiful Madaline, seated in the pretty, trellised arbor, busily working some fine point-lace, looking herself like the fairest flower that ever bloomed.

The young girl looked up at him with a startled glance—shy, sweet, hesitating—and then he went up to her.

"Do not let me disturb you," he said. "The duchess is engaged, and gave me permission to wait for her here."

She bowed, and he fancied that her white fingers trembled.

"May I introduce myself to you?" he continued. "I am Lord Arleigh."

A beautiful blush, exquisite as the hue of the fairest rose, spread over her face. She looked at him with a smile.

"Lord Arleigh," she repeated. "I know the name very well."

"You know my name very well—how is that?" he asked, in surprise.

"It is a household word here," she said. "I hear it at least a hundred times each day."

"Do you? I can only hope that you are not tired of it."

"No, indeed, I am not;" and then she drew back with a sudden hesitation, as though it had just occurred to her that she was talking freely to a stranger.

He saw her embarrassment, and did his best to remove it.

"How beautiful these roses are!" he said, gently. "The duchess is fortunate to have such a little paradise here."

"She ought to be surrounded by everything that is fairest and most beautiful on earth," she declared, "for there is no one like her."

"You are fond of her?" he said.

She forgot all her shyness, and raised her blue eyes to his.

"Fond of her? I love her better than any one on earth—except, perhaps, my mother. I could never have dreamed of any one so fair, so bewitching, so kind as the duchess."

"And she seems attached to you," he said, earnestly.

"She is very good to me—she is goodness itself;" and the blue eyes, with their depth of poetry and passion, first gleamed with light and then filled with tears.

"We must be friends," said Lord Arleigh, "for I, too, love the duchess. She has been like a sister to me ever since I can remember," and he drew nearer to the beautiful girl as he spoke. "Will you include me among your friends?" he continued. "This is not the first time that I have seen you. I stood watching you yesterday; you were among the roses and I was in the morning-room. I thought then, and I have thought ever since, that I would give anything to be included among your friends."

His handsome face flushed as he spoke; his whole soul was in his eyes.

"Will you look upon me as one of your friends?" he repeated, and his voice was full of softest music. He saw that even her white brow grew crimson.

"A friend of mine, my lord?" she exclaimed. "How can I? Surely you know I am not of your rank—I am not of the class from which you select your friends."

"What nonsense!" he exclaimed. "If that is your only objection, I can soon remove it. I grant that there may be some trifling difference. For instance, I may have a title; you—who are a thousand times more worthy of one—have none. What of that? A title does not make a man. What is the difference between us? Your beauty—nay, do not think me rude or abrupt—my heart is in every word that I say to you—your grace would ennoble any rank, as your friendship would ennoble any man."

She looked up at him and said, gently:

"I do not think you quite understand."

"Yes, I do," he declared, eagerly; "I asked the duchess yesterday who you were, and she told me—she trusted me with your whole story."

It was impossible for him not to see how she shrank with unutterable pain from the words. The point-lace fell on the grass at her feet—she covered her face with her hands.

"Did she? Oh, Lord Arleigh, it was cruel to tell it!"

"It was not cruel to tell me," he returned. "She would not tell any one else, I am quite sure. But she saw that I was really anxious—that I must know it—that it was not from curiosity I asked."

"Not from curiosity!" she repeated, still hiding her burning face with her hands.

"No, it was from a very different motive." And then he paused abruptly. What was he going to say? How far had he already left all conventionality behind? He stopped just in time, and then continued, gravely, "The Duchess of Hazlewood and myself are such true and tried friends, that we never think of keeping any secrets from each other. We have been, as I told you before, brother and sister all our lives. It was only natural that she should tell me about you."

"And, having heard my story, you ask me to be one of your friends?" she said, slowly. There was pain and pathos in her voice as she spoke.

"Yes," he replied; "having heard it all, I desire nothing on earth so much as to win your friendship."

"My mother?" she murmured.

"Yes—your mother's unfortunate marriage, and all that came of it. I can repeat the story."

"Oh, no!" she interrupted. "I do not wish to hear it. You know it, and would still be my friend?"

"Answer me one question," he said, gently. "Is this sad story the result of any fault of yours? Are you in any way to blame for it?"

"No; not in the least. Still, Lord Arleigh, although I do not share the fault, I share the disgrace—nothing can avert that from me."

"Nothing of the kind," he opposed; "disgrace and yourself are as incompatible as pitch and a dove's wing."

"But," she continued, wonderingly, "do you quite understand?"

"Yes; the duchess told me the whole story. I understand it, and am truly grieved for you; I know the duke's share in it and all."

He saw her face grow pale, even to the lips.

"And yet you would be my friend—you, whom people call proud—you, whose very name is history! I cannot believe it, Lord Arleigh."

There was a wistful look in her eyes, as though she would fain believe that it were true, yet that she was compelled to plead even against herself.

"We cannot account for likes or dislikes," he said; "I always look upon them as nature's guidance as to whom we should love and whom we should avoid. The moment I saw you I—I liked you. I went home, and I thought about you all day long."

"Did you?" she asked, wonderingly. "How very strange!"

"It does not seem strange to me," he observed. "Before I had looked at you for three minutes I felt as though I had known you all my life. How long have we been talking here? Ten minutes, perhaps—yet I feel as though already there is a something that has cut us off from the rest of the world and left us alone together. There is no accounting for such strange feelings as these."

"No," she replied, dreamily, "I do not think there is."

"Perhaps," he continued, "I may have been fanciful all my life; but years ago, when I was a boy at school, I pictured to myself a heroine such as I thought I should love when I came to be a man."

She had forgotten her sweet, half-sad shyness, and sat with a faint flush on her face, her lips just parted, her blue eyes fixed on his.

"A heroine of my own creation," he went on; "and I gave her an ideal face—lilies and roses blended, rose-leaf lips, a white brow, eyes the color of hyacinths, and hair of pale gold."

"That is a pretty picture," she said, all unconscious that it was her own portrait he had sketched.

His eyes softened and gleamed at the *naïveté* of the words.

"I am glad you think so. Then my heroine had, in my fancy, a mind and soul that suited her face—pure, original, half sad, wholly sweet, full of poetry."

She smiled, as though charmed with the picture.

"Then I grew to be a youth, and then to be a man," he continued. "I looked everywhere for my ideal among all the fair women I knew. I looked in courts and palaces, I looked in country houses, but I could not find her. I looked at home and abroad, I looked at all times and all seasons, but I could not find her."

He saw a shadow come over the sweet, pure face, as though she felt sorry for him.

"So time passed, and I began to think that I should never find my ideal, that I must give her up, when one day, quite unexpectedly, I saw her."

There was a gleam of sympathy in the blue eyes.

"I found her at last," he continued. "It was one bright June morning; she was sitting out among the roses, ten thousand times fairer and sweeter than they."

She looked up at him with a startled glance. Not the faintest idea had occurred to her that he was speaking of her.

"Do you understand me?" he asked.

"I—I am frightened, Lord Arleigh."

"Nay, why should you fear? What is there to fear? It is true. The moment I saw you sitting here I knew that you were my ideal, found at last."

"But," she said, with the simple wonder of a child, "I am not like the portrait you sketched."

"You are unlike it only because you are a hundred times fairer," he replied; "that is why I inquired about you—why I asked so many questions. It was because you were to me a dream realized. So it came about that I heard your true history. Now will you be my friend?"

"If you still wish it, Lord Arleigh, yes; but, if you repent of having asked me, and should ever feel ashamed of our friendship, remember that I shall not reproach you for giving me up."

"Giving you up?" cried Lord Arleigh. "Ah, Madaline—let me call you Madaline, the name is so sweet—I shall never give you up! When a man has been for many years looking for some one to fill his highest and brightest dreams, he knows how to appreciate that some one when found."

"It seems all so strange," she said, musingly.

"Nay, why strange? You have read that sweetest and saddest of all love-stories, 'Romeo and Juliet'? Did Juliet think it strange that, so soon after seeing her, Romeo should be willing to give his life for her?"

"No, it did not seem strange to them," she replied, with a smile; "but it is different with us. This is the nineteenth century, and there are no Juliets."

"There are plenty of Romeos, though," he remarked, laughingly. "The sweetest dreams in life are the briefest. Will you pluck one of those roses for me and give it to me saying, 'I promise to be your friend?"

"You make me do things against my will," she said; but she plucked a rose, and held it toward him in her hand. "I promise to be your friend," she said, gently.

Lord Arleigh kissed the rose. As he did so their eyes met; and it would have been hard to tell which blushed the more deeply. After that, meetings between them became more frequent. Lord Arleigh made seeing her the one great study of his life—and the result was what might be imagined.

Chapter XVIII.

THE yacht of Mr. Conyers, one of the richest commoners in England—a yacht fitted as surely no yacht ever before had been fitted—was for sale. He was a wealthy man, but to keep that sea-palace afloat was beyond his means. The Duchess of Hazlewood was sole mistress of a large fortune in her own right; the duke had made most magnificent settlements upon her. She had a large sum of money at her command; and the idea suddenly occurred to her to purchase Mr. Conyers's yacht unknown to her husband, and present him with it. He was fond of yachting—it was his favorite amusement. She herself was a wretched sailor, and would not be able to accompany him; but that would not matter. It was not of her own pleasure that the Duchess of Hazlewood was thinking, while the old, strange, brooding smile lingered on her beautiful face and deepened on her perfect lips.

"It would be the very thing," she said to herself; "it would afford me the opportunity I am seeking—nothing could be better."

She purchased the yacht and presented it to the duke, her husband. His pleasure and astonishment were unbounded.

She was, as a rule, so undemonstrative that he could not thank her sufficiently for what seemed to him her great interest in his favorite pursuit.

"The only drawback to the splendid gift, Philippa, is that you can never enjoy it; it will take me away from you."

"Yes, I do indeed deplore that I am a wretched sailor, for I can imagine nothing pleasanter than life on board of such a yacht as that. But, while you are cruising about, Vere, I shall go to Verdun Royal and take Madaline with me; then I shall go to Vere Court—make a kind of royal progress, set everything straight and redress all wrongs, hold a court at each establishment. I shall enjoy that more than yachting."

"But I shall miss you so much, Philippa," said the young husband.

"We have the remainder of our lives to spend together," she rejoined; "if you are afraid of missing me too much, you had better get rid of the yacht."

But he would not hear of that—he was delighted with the beautiful and valuable present. The yacht was christened *Queen Philippa;* and it was decided that, when the end of the season had come, the duke should take his beautiful wife to Verdun Royal, and, after having installed her there, should go at once to sea. He had invited a party of friends—all yachtsmen like himself—and they had agreed to take *Queen Philippa* to the Mediterranean, there to cruise during the Autumn months.

As it was settled so it was carried out; before the week had ended, the duke, duchess, and Madaline were all at Verdun Royal. Perhaps the proud young wife had never realised before how completely her husband loved her. This temporary parting was to him a real pain.

A few days before it took place he began to look pale and ill. She saw that he could not eat, that he did not sleep or rest. Her heart was touched by his simple fidelity, his passionate love; although the one fell purpose of her life remained unchanged.

"If you dislike going, Vere," she said to him one day, "do not go—stay at Verdun Royal."

"The world would laugh if I did that, Philippa," he returned; "it would guess at once what was the reason, because every one knows how dearly I love you. We should be called Darby and Joan."

"No one would ever dare to call me Joan," she said, "for I have nothing of Joan in me."

The duke sighed—perhaps he thought that it would have been all the better if she had had; but, fancying that there was something, after all, slightly contemptuous in her manner, as though she thought it unmanly in him to repine about leaving her, he said no more.

One warm, brilliant day he took leave of her, and she was left to work out her purpose. She never forgot the day of his departure—it was one of those hot days when the Summer skies seem to be half obscured by a copper-colored haze; when the green leaves hang languidly, and the birds seek the coolest shade; when the flowers droop with thirst, and never a breath of air stirs their blossoms; when there is no picture so refreshing to the senses as that of a cool, deep pool in the recesses of a wood.

She stood at the grand entrance, watching him depart, and she knew that, with all her beauty, her grace, her talent, her sovereignty, no one had ever loved her as this man did. Then, after he was gone, she still stood on the broad stone terrace, with that strange smile on her face which seemed to mar while it deepened its beauty.

"It will be a full revenge," she said to herself. "There could be no fuller. But what shall I do when it is all known?"

She was not one to flinch from the course of action she had marked out for herself, nor from the consequences of that course; but she shuddered, even in the heat, as she thought what her life would be when her vengeance was taken.

"He will never forgive me," she said—"he will look upon me as the wickedest of women. It does not matter; he should not have exasperated me by slighting me."

Then the coppery haze seemed to gather itself together—great, purple masses of cloud piled themselves in the sky, a lurid light overspread the heavens, the dense, oppressive silence was broken by a distant peal of thunder, great raindrops fell—fierce, heavy drops. The trees seemed to stretch out their leaves to drink in the moisture, the parched flowers welcomed the grateful down-pour; and still the Duchess of Hazlewood stood out on the terrace, so deeply engrossed in her thoughts that she never heeded the rain.

Madaline hastened out to her with a shawl.

"Dear Duchess," she cried, "it is raining; and you are so absorbed in thought that you do not notice it."

She laughed a strange, weird laugh, and raised her beautiful face with its expression of gloom.

"I did not notice it, Madaline," she said; "but there is no need for anxiety about me," she added, proudly.

They re-entered the house together. Madaline believed that the duchess was thinking of and grieving over the departure of the duke. Lady Peters thought the same. They both did their best to comfort her—to amuse her and distract her thoughts. But the absent expression did not die from her dark eyes. When they had talked to her for some little time, she took up the "Lady of Lyons."

"How much you admire that play!" said Madaline. "I see you reading it so often."

"I have a fancy for it," returned the duchess; "it suits my taste. And I admire the language very much."

"Yet it is a cruel story," observed Madaline; "the noblest character in it is *Pauline*."

"She was very proud; and pride, I suppose, must suffer," said the duchess, carelessly.

"She was not too proud, after all, to love a noble man when she once recognized him, duchess."

"She learned to love the prince—she would never have loved the gardener," remarked Philippa; "it was a terrible vengeance."

"I do not like stories of vengeance," said Madaline. "After all, though, I love the *Claude* of the story, and find much true nobility in him—much to admire. When reading the play, I am tempted all the time to ask myself, How could he do it? It was an unmanly plot."

There was a strange light in the dark eyes, a quiver on the scarlet lips, as Philippa said:

"Do you think so? Suppose that some one offended you as *Pauline* offended *Claude*—laughed at the love you offered, scorned, mocked, despised you—and that such vengeance as his lay in your power; would you not take it?"

The sweet face flushed.

"No; I would rather die," Madaline replied, quickly.

"I would take it, and glory in it," said the duchess, firmly. "If I were wounded, insulted, and slighted as *Claude* was, I would take the cruelest revenge that I could."

Madaline took one of the jeweled hands in her own and kissed it.

"I should never be afraid of you," she said; "you could not hurt any one. Your vengeance would end in the bestowal of a favor."

"Do you think so highly of me, Madaline?" asked Philippa, sadly.

"Think highly of you! Why, you would laugh if you knew how I love you—how I adore you. If all the world

were to swear to me that you could do the least thing wrong, I would not believe them."

"Poor child!" said the duchess, sadly.

"Why do you call me 'poor child'?" she asked, laughingly, in her juvenile innocence.

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"Because you have such implicit faith, and are sure to be so cruelly disappointed."

"I would rather have faith and bear the disappointment than be without both," said Madaline.

CHAPTER XIX.

ON the day of his departure, the duke had said to his wife:

"I have invited Norman to spend a few weeks with you; have some pleasant people to meet him. He tells me he shall not go to Scotland this year."

"I will ask Miss Byrton and Lady Sheldon," Philippa had promised.

"Only two ladies!" the duke had laughed. "He will want some one to smoke his cigar with."

"I will trust to some happy inspiration at the time, then," she had replied; and they had not mentioned the matter again.

Early in August, Lord Arleigh wrote that if it were convenient he should prefer paying his promised visit at once. He concluded his letter by saying:

"My dear Philippa, your kind, good husband said something to me about meeting a pleasant party. I should so much prefer one of my old style of visits—no parties, no ceremonies. I want to see you and Verdun Royal, not a crowd of strange faces. Lady Peters is *chaperon*, if you have any lingering doubt about the 'proprieties.'"

So it was agreed that he should come alone, and later on, if the duchess cared to invite more friends, she could do so.

The fact was that Lord Arleigh wanted time for his wooing. He had found that he could not live without Madaline. He had thought most carefully about everything, and had decided on asking her to be his wife. True, there was the drawback of her parentage—but that was not so grievous, not so terrible. Of course, if she had really been lowly born—descended from the dregs of the people, or the daughter of a criminal—he would have trampled his love under foot. He would have said to himself, "*Noblesse oblige*," and, rather than tarnish the honor of his family, he would have given her up.

This was not needed. Related to the Duke of Hazlewood, there could not be anything wrong. The duchess had told him distinctly that Madaline's mother had married beneath her, and that the whole family on that account had completely ignored her. He did not remember that the duchess had told him so in as many words, but he was decidedly of the opinion that Madaline's mother was a cousin of the duke's, and that she had married a drawing-master, who had afterward turned out wild and profligate. The drawing-master was dead. His darling Madaline had good blood in her veins—was descended from an ancient and noble family. That she had neither fortune nor position was immaterial to him. He had understood from the duchess that the mother of his fair young love lived in quiet retirement. He could not remember in what words all this had been told to him, but this was the impression that was on his mind. So he had determined upon making Madaline his wife if he could but win her consent. The only thing he feared was her own unwillingness. She was fair and fragile, but she had a wonderful strength of will.

He had thought it all over. He remembered well what the duchess had said about the duke's not caring to hear the matter mentioned. Lord Arleigh could understand that, with all his gentleness, Hazlewood was a proud man, and that, if there had been a *mésalliance* in his family, he would be the last to wish it discussed. Still, Lord Arleigh knew that he would approve of the marriage. It was plain, however, that it would be better for it to take place while he was away from England, and then it would not, could not, in any way compromise him. A quiet marriage would not attract attention.

If he could only win Madaline's consent! She had been so unwilling to promise him her friendship, and then so unwilling to hear that he loved her. He could form no idea as to how she would receive the offer of marriage that he intended to make her.

That was why he wished to go alone. He would have time and opportunity then. As for Philippa, he did not fear any real objection from her; if she once believed or thought that his heart was fixed on marrying Madaline, he was sure she would help him.

Marry Madaline he must—life was nothing to him without her. He had laughed at the fever called love. He knew now how completely love had mastered him. He could think of nothing but Madaline.

He went down to Verdun Royal, heart and soul so completely wrapped in Madaline that he scarcely remembered Philippa—scarcely remembered that he was going as her guest; he was going to woo Madaline, fair, sweet Madaline—to ask her to be his wife, to try to win her for his own.

It was afternoon when he reached Verdun Royal. The glory of Summer was over the earth. He laughed at himself, for he was nervous and timid; he longed to see Madaline, yet trembled at the thought of meeting her.

"So this is love!" said Lord Arleigh to himself, with a smile. "I used to wonder why it made men cowards, and what there was to fear; I can understand it now."

Then he saw the gray towers and turrets of Verdun Royal rising from the trees; he thought of his childish visits to the house, and how his mother taught him to call the child, Philippa, his little wife. Who would have thought, in those days, that Philippa would live to be a duchess, and that he should so wildly worship, so madly love, a fairer, younger face?

He was made welcome at Verdun Royal. Lady Peters received him as though he were her own son. Then the duchess entered, with a glad light in her eyes and a smile that was half wistful. She greeted him warmly; she was pleased to see him—pleased to welcome him; the whole house was at his service, and everything in it. He had never seen the duchess look better; she wore her favorite colors, amber and white.

"I have attended to your wishes, Norman," she said; "you must not blame me if you are dull. I have asked no one to meet you."

"There is no fear of my ever being dull here, Philippa," he returned. "You forget that I am almost as much at home as you are yourself. I can remember when I looked upon coming to Verdun Royal as coming home."

A shadow of pain crossed her face at this reference to those early, happy days. Then he summoned up courage, and said to her:

"Where is your fair companion, Philippa!"

"She is somewhere about the grounds," replied the duchess. "I can never persuade her to remain in-doors unless she has something to do. So you have not forgotten her?" added the duchess, after a short pause.

"I have not forgotten her, Philippa. I shall have something very important to say to you about her before I go away again."

She gave no sign that she understood him, but began to talk to him upon a number of indifferent matters—the warmth of the weather, his journey down, the last news from her husband—and he answered her somewhat impatiently. His thoughts were with Madaline.

At last the signal of release came.

"We need not play at 'company,' Norman," said the duchess. "As you say, Verdun Royal has always been like home to you. Continue to make it so. We dine at eight—it is now nearly five. You will find plenty to amuse yourself with. Whenever you wish for my society, you will find me in the drawing-room or my boudoir."

He murmured some faint words of thanks, thinking to himself how considerate she was, and that she guessed he wanted to find Madaline. With a smile on her face she turned to him as she was quitting the room.

"Vere seemed very uneasy when he was going away, lest you should not feel at liberty to smoke when you liked," she said. "Pray do not let the fact of his absence prevent your enjoying a cigar whenever you feel inclined for one."

"A thousand thanks, Philippa," returned Lord Arleigh,

inwardly hoping that Madaline would give him scant time for the enjoyment of cigars.

Then he went across the lawn, wondering how she would look, where he should find her, and what she would say to him when she saw him. Once or twice he fancied that he saw the glimmer of a white dress between the trees. He wondered if she felt shy at seeing him, as he did at seeing her. Then suddenly—it was as though a bright light had fallen from the skies—he came upon her, standing under a great linden-tree.

"Madaline!" he said, gently. And she came to him with outstretched hands.

Chapter XX.

LATER on that afternoon the heat seemed to have increased, not lessened, and the ladies had declared even the cool, shaded drawing-room, with its sweet scents and mellowed lights, to be too warm; so they had gone out on to the lawn, where a sweet western wind was blowing. Lady Peters had taken with her a book, which she made some pretense of reading, but over which her eyes closed in most suspicious fashion. The duchess, too, had a book, but she made no pretense of opening it—her beautiful face had a restless, half wistful expression. They had quitted the drawing-room all together, but Madaline had gone to gather some peaches. The duchess liked them freshly gathered, and Madaline knew no delight so keen as that of giving her pleasure.

When she had been gone some few minutes, Lord Arleigh asked where she was, and the duchess owned, laughingly, to her fondness for ripe, sun-kissed peaches.

"Madaline always contrives to find the very best for me," she said. "She is gone to look for some now."

"I will go and help her," said Lord Arleigh, looking at Philippa's face. He thought the fair cheeks themselves not unlike peaches, with their soft, sweet, vivid coloring.

She smiled to herself with bitter scorn as he went away.

"It works well," she said; "but it is his own fault—Heaven knows, his own fault."

An hour afterward, Lady Peters said to her, in a very solemn tone of voice:

"Philippa, my dear, it may not be my duty to speak, but I cannot help asking you if you notice anything?"

"No, nothing at this minute."

But Lady Peters shook her head with deepest gravity.

"Do you not notice the great attention that Lord Arleigh pays your beautiful young companion?"

"Yes, I have noticed it," said the duchess—and all her efforts did not prevent a burning, passionate flush rising to her face.

"May I ask you what you think of it, my dear?"

"I think nothing of it. If Lord Arleigh chooses to fall in love with her, he may. I warned him when she first came to live with me—I kept her most carefully out of his sight; and then, when I could no longer conveniently do so, I told him that he must not fall in love with her. I told him of her birth, antecedents, misfortunes—everything connected with her. His own mother or sister could not have warned him more sensibly."

"And what was the result?" asked Lady Peters, gravely.

"Just what one might have expected from a man," laughed the duchess. "Warn them against any particular thing, and it immediately possesses a deep attraction for them. The result was, that he said she was his ideal, fairly, fully and perfectly realized. I, of course, could say no more."

"But," cried Lady Peters, aghast, "you do not think it probable that he will marry her?"

"I cannot tell. He is a man of honor. He would not make love to her without intending to marry her."

"But there is not a better family in England than the Arleighs of Beechgrove, Philippa. It would be terrible for him—such a *mésalliance*; surely, he will never dream of it."

"She is beautiful, graceful, gifted and good," was the rejoinder. "But it is useless for us to argue about the matter. He has said nothing about marrying her; he has only called her his ideal."

"I cannot understand it," said poor Lady Peters. "It seems strange to me."

She would have thought it stranger still if she had followed them and heard what Lord Arleigh was saying.

He had followed Madaline to the southern wall, whereon the luscious peaches and apricots grew. He found her, as the duchess had intimated, busily engaged in choosing the ripest and best. He thought he had never seen a fairer picture than this golden-haired girl standing by the green leaves and rich fruit. He thought of Tennyson's "Gardener's Daughter."

"One arm aloft—
Gowned in pure white that fitted to the shape—
Holding the bush, to fix it back, she stood. . . . .
The full day dwelt on her brows, and sunned
Her violet eyes, and all her Hebe bloom,
And doubled his own warmth against her lips,
And on the beauteous wave of such a breast
As never pencil drew. Half light, half shade,
She stood, a sight to make an old man young."

He repeated the lines to himself as he stood watching her, and then he went nearer and called:

"Madaline!"

Could he doubt that she loved him? Her fair face flushed deepest crimson; but, instead of turning to him, she moved half coyly, half shyly away.

"How quick you are," he said, "to seize every opportunity of evading me! Do you think you can escape me, Madaline? Do you think my love is so weak, so faint, so feeble, that it can be pushed aside lightly by your will? Do you think that, if you tried to get to the other end of the world, you could escape me?"

Half blushing, half laughing, trembling, yet with a happy light in her blue eyes, she said:

"I think you are more terrible than any one I know."

"I am glad that you are growing frightened, and are willing to own that you have a master—that is as it should be. I want to talk to you, Madaline. You evade me lest you should be compelled to speak to me; you lower those beautiful eyes of yours, lest I should be made happy by looking into them. If you find it possible to avoid my presence, to run away from me, you do. I am sure to woo you, to win you, to make you my sweet, dear wife—to make you happier, I hope, than any woman has ever been before—and you try to evade me, fair, sweet, cruel Madaline!"

"I am afraid of you, Lord Arleigh," she said, little dreaming how much that naïve confession implied.

"Afraid of me! That is because you see that I am quite determined to win you. I can easily teach you how to forget all fear."

She raised her blue eyes to his.

"Can you?" she asked, doubtfully.

"Yes, I can indeed, Madaline. Deposit those peaches in their green leaves on the ground. Now place both your hands in mine."

She quietly obeyed the first half of his request as though she were a child, and then she paused. The sweet face crimsoned again; he took her hands in his.

"You must be obedient," he said. "Now look at me."

But the white lids drooped over the happy eyes.

"Look at me, Madaline," he repeated, "and say, 'Norman, I do love you. I will forget all the nonsense I have talked about inequality of position, and will be your wife.'"

"In justice to yourself I cannot say it."

He felt the little hands tremble in his grasp, and he released them with a kiss.

"You will be compelled to say it some day, darling. You might as well try now. If I cannot win you for my wife, I will have no wife, Madaline. Ah, now you are sorry that you have vexed me!

'And so it was—half sly, half shy;
You would and would not, little one,
Although I pleaded tenderly,
And you and I were all alone.'

Why are you so hard, Madaline? I am sure you like me a little; you dare not raise your eyes to mine, and say, 'I do not love you, Norman.'"

"No," she confessed, "I dare not. But there is love and love; the lowest love is all self, the highest is all sacrifice. I like the highest." And then her eyes fell on the peaches, and she gave a little cry of alarm.

"What will the duchess say?" she cried. "Oh, Lord Arleigh, let me go!"

"Give me one kind word, then."

"What am I to say? Oh, do let me go!"

"Say, 'I like you, Norman.'"

"I like you, Norman," she said; and, taking up the peaches, she hastened away. Yet, with her flushed face and the glad light in her happy eyes, she did not dare to present herself at once before the duchess and Lady Peters.

Chapter XXI.

WAS there some strange, magnetic attraction between Lord Arleigh and Madaline, or could it be that the valet, knowing or guessing the state of his master's affections, gave what he no doubt considered a timely hint? Something of the kind must have happened, for Madaline, unable to sleep, unable to rest, had risen in the early morning, while the dew was on the grass, and had gone out into the shade of the woods. The August sun shone brightly, a soft wind fanned her cheeks.

Madaline looked round before she entered the woods. The square turret of Verdun Royal rose high above the trees. Then she opened the little gate, and passed under the trees. They were tall and thick-set, with great, umbrageous boughs and massive, rugged trunks, the boughs almost reaching down to the long, thick grass. A little brook went singing through the woods—a brook of clear, rippling water. Madaline sat down by the brookside. Her head ached for want of sleep, her heart was stirred by a hundred varied emotions.

Did she love him? Why ask herself the question? She did love him—she trembled to think how much. It was that very love which made her hesitate. She hardly dared to think of him. In her great humility she overlooked entirely the fact of her own great personal loveliness, her rare grace and gifts. She could only wonder what there was in her that could attract him.

He was a descendant of one of the oldest families in England—he had a title, he was wealthy, clever, he had every great and good gift—yet he loved her; he stooped from his exalted position to love her, and she, for his own sake, wished to refuse his love. But she found it difficult.

She sat down by the brookside, and, perhaps for the first time in her gentle life, a feeling of dissatisfaction rose within her; yet it was not so much that as a longing that she could be different from what she was—a wish that she had been nobly born, endowed with some great gift that would have brought her nearer to him. How happy she would have been then—how proud to love him—how glad to devote her sweet, young life to him! At present it was different; the most precious thing that she could give him—which was her love—would be most prejudicial to him. And just as that thought came to her, causing the blue eyes to fill with tears, she saw him standing before her.

She was not surprised; he was so completely part and parcel of her thoughts and her life that she would never have felt surprised at seeing him. He came up to her quietly.

"My darling Madaline, your face is pale, and there are tears in your eyes. What is the matter? What has brought you out here when you ought to be in-doors? What is the trouble that has taken away the roses and put lilies in their places?"

"I have no trouble, Lord Arleigh," she replied. I came here only to think."

"To think of what, sweet?"

Her face flushed.

"I cannot tell you," she answered. "You cannot expect that I should tell you everything."

"You tell me nothing, Madaline. A few words from you would make me the happiest man in the world, yet you will not speak them."

Then all the assumed lightness and carelessness died from his manner. He came nearer to her; her eyes drooped before the fire of his.

"Madaline, my love, let me plead to you," he said, "for the gift of your love. Give me that, and I shall be content. You think I am proud," he continued; "I am not one-half so proud, sweet, as you. You refuse to love me—why? Because of your pride. You have some foolish notions that the difference in our positions should part us. You are quite wrong—love knows no such difference."

"But the world does," she interrupted.

"The world!" he repeated, with contempt. "Thank Heaven, it is not my master! What matters what the world says?"

"You owe more to the name and honor of your family than to the world," she said.

"Of that," he observed, "you must allow me to be the best judge."

She bowed submissively.

"The dearest thing in life to me is the honor of my name, the honor of my race," said Lord Arleigh. "It has never been tarnished; and I pray Heaven that no stain may ever rest upon it. I will be frank with you, Madaline, as you are with me, though I love you so dearly that my very life is bound up in yours. I would not ask you to be my wife if I thought that in doing so I was bringing a shadow of dishonor on my race—if I thought that I was in even ever so slight a degree tarnishing my name; but I do not think so. I speak to you frankly. I know the story of your misfortunes, and, knowing it, do not deem it sufficient to part us. Listen and believe me, Madaline—if I stood with you before the altar, with your hand in mine, and the solemn words of the marriage service on my lips, and anything even then came to my knowledge which I thought

prejudicial to the fame and honor of my race, I should without hesitation ask you to release me. Do you believe me?"

"Yes," she replied, slowly, "I believe you."

"Then why not trust me fully? I know your story—it is an old story, after all. I know it by heart; I am the best judge of it. I have weighed it most carefully; it has not been a lightly considered matter with me at all, and, after thinking it well over, I have come to the conclusion that it is not sufficient to part us. You see, sweet, that you may implicitly believe me. I have no false gloss of compliments. Frankly, as you yourself would do, I admit the drawback; but, unlike you, I affirm that it does not matter."

"But would you always think so? The time might come when the remembrance of my father's——"

"Hush!" he said, gently. "The matter must never be discussed between us. I tell you frankly that I should not care for the whole world to know your story. I know it—the duke and duchess know it. There is no need for it to be known to others; and, believe me, Madaline, it never will be and never need be known—we may keep it out of sight. It is not likely that I shall ever repent, for it will never be of any more importance to me than it is now."

He paused abruptly, for her blue eyes were looking wistfully at him.

"What is it, Madaline?" he asked, gently.

"I wish you would let me tell you all about it—how my mother, so gentle and good, came to marry my father, and how he fell—how he was tempted and fell. May I tell you, Lord Arleigh?"

"No," he replied, after a short pause, "I would rather not hear it. The duchess has told me all I care to know. It will be better, believe me, for the whole story to die away. If I had wished to hear it I should have asked you to tell it me."

"It would make me happier," she said; "I should know then that there was no mistake."

"There is no mistake, my darling—the duchess has told me; and it is not likely that she has made a mistake, is it?"

"No; she knows the whole story from beginning to end. If she has told you, you know all."

"Certainly I do; and, knowing all, I have come here to beg you to make me happy, to honor me with your love, to be my wife. Ah, Madaline, do not let your pride part us!"

He saw that she trembled and hesitated.

"Only imagine what life must be for us, Madaline, if we part. You would perhaps go on living with the duchess all your life—for, in spite of your coyness and your fear, I believe you love me so well, darling, that, unless you marry me, you will marry no one—you would drag on a wearied, tried, sad, unhappy existence, that would not have in it one gleam of comfort."

"It is true," she said, slowly.

"Of course it is true. And what would become of me? The sun would have no more brightness for me; the world would be as a desert; the light would die from my life. Oh, Madaline, make me happy by loving me!"

"I do love you," she said, unguardedly.

"Then why not be my wife?"

She drew back trembling, her face pale as death.

"Why not be my wife?" he repeated.

"It is for your own sake," she said. "Can you not see? Do you not understand?"

"For my sake. Then I shall treat you as a vanquished kingdom—I shall take possession of you, my darling, my love!"

Bending down, he kissed her face—and this time she made no resistance to his sovereign will.

"Now," said Lord Arleigh, triumphantly, "you are my very own, nothing can separate us—that kiss seals our betrothal; you must forget all doubts, all fears, all hesitation, and only say to yourself that you are mine—all mine. Will you be happy, Madaline?"

She raised her eyes to his, her face bedewed with happy tears.

"I should be most ungrateful if I were not happy," she replied; "you are so good to me, Lord Arleigh."

"You must not call me 'Lord Arleigh'—say 'Norman.'"

"Norman," she repeated, "you are really so very good to me."

"I love you so well, sweet," he returned. The happy eyes were raised to his face.

"Will you tell me," she asked, "why you love me, Norman? I cannot think why it is. I wonder about it every day. You see girls a thousand times better suited to you than I am. Why do you love me so?"

"What a question to answer, sweet! How can I tell why I love you? I cannot help it; my soul is attracted to your soul, my heart to your heart, Madaline. I shall be unwilling to leave you again; when I go away from Verdun Royal, I shall want to take my wife with me."

She looked at him in alarm.

"I am quite serious," he continued. "You are so sensitive, so full of hesitation, that, if I leave you, you will come to the conclusion that you have done wrong, and will write me a pathetic little letter, and go away."

"No, I should not do that," she observed.

"I shall not give you a chance, my own; I shall neither rest myself nor let any one else rest until you are my wife. I will not distress you now by talking about it. I shall go to the duchess to-day, and tell her that you have relented in my favor at last; then will you let us decide for you, Madaline, will you not?"

"Yes," she replied, with a smile; "it would be useless for me to rebel."

"You have made some very fatal admissions," he said, laughingly. "You have owned that you love me; after that, denial, resistance, coyness, shyness, nothing will avail. Oh, Madaline, I shall always love this spot where I won you! I will have a picture of this brookside painted some day. We must go back to the house now; but, before we go, make me happy, tell me of your own free will that you love me."

"You know I do. I love you, Norman—I will say it now—I love you ten thousand times better than my life. I have loved you ever since I first saw you; but I was afraid to say so, because of—well, you know why."

"You are not afraid now, Madaline?"

"No, not now," she replied; "you have chosen me from all the world to be your wife. I will think of nothing but making you happy."

"In token of that, kiss me—just once—of your own free will."

"No," she refused, with a deep blush.

"You will, if you love me," he said; and then she turned her fair face to his. She raised her pure, sweet lips to his and kissed him, blushing, as she did so, to the very roots of her golden hair.

"You must never ask me to do that again," she said, gravely.

"No," returned he; "it was so remarkably unpleasant, Madaline, I could not wish for a repetition;" and then they went back to the house together.

"Norman," said Madaline, as they stood before the great gothic porth, "will you wait until to-morrow before you tell the duchess?"

"No," he laughed, "I shall tell her this very day."

Chapter XXII.

It was almost noon before Lord Arleigh saw Philippa, and then it struck him that she was not looking well. She seemed to have lost some of her brilliant color, and he fancied she was thinner than she used to be. She had sent for him to her boudoir.

"I heard that you were inquiring for me, Norman," she said. "Had you any especial reason for so doing?"

"Yes," he replied, "I have a most important reason. But you are not looking so bright as usual, Philippa. Are you not well?"

"The weather is too warm for one to look bright," she said; "much sunshine always tires me. Sit down here, Norman; my room looks cool enough, does it not?"

In its way her room was a triumph of art; the hangings were of pale amber and white—there was a miniature fountain cooling the air with its spray, choice flowers emitting sweet perfume. The fair young duchess was resting on a couch of amber satin; she held a richly jeweled fan in her hands, which she used occasionally. She looked very charming in her dress of light material, her dark hair carelessly but artistically arranged. Still there was something about her unlike herself; her lips were pale, and her eyes had in them a strange, wistful expression. Norman took his seat near the little couch.

"I have come to make a confession, Philippa," he began.

"So I imagined; you look very guilty. What is it?"

"I have found my ideal. I love her, she loves me, and I want to marry her."

The pallor of the lovely lips deepened. For a few minutes no sound was heard except the falling of the spray of the fountain, and then the Duchess of Hazlewood looked up and said:

"Why do you make this confession to me, Norman?"

"Because it concerns some one in whom you are interested. It is Madaline whom I love, Madaline whom I wish to marry. But that is not strange news to you, I am sure, Philippa."

Again there was a brief silence; and then the duchess said, in a low voice:

"You must admit that I warned you, Norman, from the very first."

"You warned me? I do not understand."

"I kept her out of your sight. I told you it would be better for you not to see her. I advised you, did I not?"

She seemed rather to be pleading in self-defense than thinking of him.

"But, my dearest Philippa, I want no warning—I am very happy as to the matter I have nearest my heart. I thank you for bringing my sweet Madaline here. You do not seem to understand?"

"Do you love her so very much, Norman?"

"I love her better than any words of mine can tell," he said. "The moment I saw her first I told you my dream was realized—I had found my ideal. I have loved her ever since."

"How strange!" murmured the duchess.

"Do you think it strange? Remember how fair and winsome she is—how sweet and guileless. I do not believe there is any one like her."

The white hand that held the jeweled fan moved more vigorously.

"Why do you tell me this, Norman? What do you wish me to do?"

"You have always been so kind to me," he said—"you have ever been as a sister, my best, dearest, truest friend. I could not have a feeling of this kind without telling you of it. Do you remember how you used to tease me about my ideal? Neither of us thought in those days that I should find her under your roof."

"No," said the duchess, quietly, "it is very strange."

"I despaired of winning Madaline," he continued. "She had such strange ideas of the wonderful distance between us—she thought so much more of me than of herself, of the honor of my family and my name—that, to tell you the truth, Philippa, I thought I should never win her consent to be my wife."

"And you have won it at last," she put in, with quiet gravity.

"Yes—at last. This morning she promised to be my wife."

The dark eyes looked straight into his own.

"It is a miserable marriage for you, Norman. Granted that Madaline has beauty, grace, purity, she is without fortune, connection, position. You, an Arleigh of Beechgrove, ought to do better. I am speaking as the world will speak. It is really a wretched marriage."

"I can afford to laugh at the world and please myself in the choice of a wife. There are certain circumstances under which I would not have married any one; those circumstances do not surround my darling. She stands out clear and distinct as a bright jewel from the rest of the world. To-day she promised to be my wife, but she is so sensitive and hesitating that I am almost afraid that I shall lose her even now, and I want to marry her as soon as I can."

"But why," again asked the duchess, "do you tell me this?"

"Because it concerns you most nearly. She lives under your roof—she is, in some measure, your *protégée*."

"Vere will be very angry when he hears of it," said the duchess. And then Lord Arleigh looked up proudly.

"I do not see why he should. It is certainly no business of his."

"He will think it so strange."

"It is no stranger than any other marriage," said Lord Arleigh. "Philippa, you disappoint me. I expected more sympathy at least from you."

The tone of his voice was so full of pain that she looked up quickly.

"Do not think me unkind, Norman. You could not expect any true friend of yours to be very delighted at such a marriage as this, could you?" It seemed as though she knew and understood that opposition made his own plan seem only the dearer to him. "Still, I have no wish to fail in sympathy. Madaline is very lovely and winning—I have a great affection for her—and I think—nay, I am quite sure—that she loves you very dearly."

"That is better—that is more like your own self, Philippa. You used to be above all conventionality. I knew that in the depths of your generous heart you would be pleased for your old friend to be happy at last—and I shall be happy, Philippa. You wish me well, do you not?"

Her lips seemed hard and dry as she replied:

"Yes, I wish you well."

"What I wished to consult you about is my marriage. It must not take place here, of course. I understand, and think it only natural, that the duke does not wish to have public attention drawn in any way to Madaline. We all like to keep our little family secrets; consequently I have thought of a plan which I believe will meet all the difficulties of the case."

The pallor of the duchess's face deepened.

"Are you faint or ill, Philippa?" he asked, wondering at her strange appearance.

"No," she replied, "it is only the heat that affects me. Go on with your story, Norman; it interests me."

"That is like my dear old friend, Philippa. I thought a marriage from here would not do—it would entail publicity and remark; that none of us would care for—besides, there could scarcely be a marriage under your auspices during the absence of the duke."

"No, it would hardly be *en régle*," she agreed.

"But," continued Norman, "if Lady Peters would befriend me—if she would go away to some quiet seaside place, and take Madaline with her—then, at the end of a fortnight, I might join them there, and we could be married, with every due observance of conventionality, but without calling undue public attention to the ceremony. Do you not think that a good plan, Philippa?"

"Yes," she said, slowly.

"Look interested in it, or you will mar my happiness. Why, if it were your marriage, Philippa, I should consider every detail of high importance. Do not look cold or indifferent about it."

She roused herself with a shudder.

"I am neither cold nor indifferent," she said; "on the contrary, I am vitally interested. You wish me, of course, to ask Lady Peters if she will do this?"

"Yes, because I know she will refuse you nothing."

"Then that is settled," said the duchess. "There is a pretty, quiet little watering-place called St. Mildred's—I remember hearing Vere speak of it last year—which would meet your wishes, I think, if Lady Peters and Madaline consent."

"I am sure they will consent," put in Lord Arleigh, hopefully.

"There is another thing to be thought of," added the duchess—"a *trousseau* for your fair young bride."

"Yes, I know. She will have every fancy gratified after our marriage; but there will not be time for much preparation before it."

"Let me be fairy godmother," said the duchess. "In three weeks from to-day I engage to have such a *trousseau* as has rarely been seen. You can add dresses and ornaments to it afterward."

"You are very good. Do you know," he said, "that it is only now I begin to recognize my old friend? At first you seemed so unsympathetic, so cold—now you are my sister Philippa, the sharer of my joys and sorrows. We had no secrets when we were children."

"No," she agreed, mournfully, "none."

"And we have none now," he said, with a happy laugh. "How astonished Vere will be when he returns and finds that Madaline is married! And I think that, if it can all be arranged without any great blow to his family pride, he will not be ill-pleased."

"I should imagine not," she returned, listlessly.

"And you, Philippa—you will extend to my beloved wife the friendship and affection that you have given to me?"

"Yes," she replied, absently.

"Continue to be her fairy godmother. There is no friend who can do as you can do. You will be Madaline's sheet-anchor and great hope."

She turned away with a shudder.

"Philippa," he continued, "will you let me send Lady Peters to you now, that I may know as soon as possible whether she consents?"

"You can send her if you will, Norman."

Was it his fancy, or did he really, as he stood at the door, hear a deep, heart-broken sigh? Did her voice, in a sad, low wail, come to him—"Norman, Norman!"

He turned quickly, but she seemed already to have forgotten him, and was looking through the open window.

Was it fancy again, when the door had closed, or did she really cry—"Norman!"

He opened the door quickly.

"Did you call me, Philippa?" he asked.

"No," she replied; and he went away.

"I do not understand it," he thought; "there is something not quite right. Philippa is unlike herself."

Then he went in search of Lady Peters, whom he bewildered and astounded by telling that it lay in her power to make him the happiest of men.

"That is what men say when they make an offer of marriage," she observed; "and I am sure you are not about to make one to me."

"No; but, dear Lady Peters, I want you to help me to marry some one else. Will you go to the duchess? She will tell you all about it."

"Why not tell me yourself?" she asked.

"She has better powers of persuasion," he replied.

"Then I am afraid, if so much persuasion is required, that something wrong is on the *tapis*," said Lady Peters. "I cannot imagine why men who have beautiful young wives go yachting. It seems to me a terrible mistake."

Lord Arleigh laughed.

"The duke's yachting has very little to do with this matter," he said. "Lady Peters, before you listen to the duchess, let me make one appeal to you. With all my heart I beseech you to grant the favor that she will ask."

He bent his handsome head and kissed her hand. Tears of emotion rose to the lady's eyes.

"Is it something for you, Lord Arleigh?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied, "for my own unworthy self."

"Then I will do it if possible," she replied.

But, when the Duchess of Hazlewood had told her what was needed, and had placed the whole matter before her, Lady Peters looked shocked.

"My dear Philippa," she said, "this is terrible. I could not have believed it. She is a lovely, graceful, pure-minded girl, I know; but such a marriage for an Arleigh! I cannot really believe it."

"That is unfortunate," said her Grace, dryly, "for he seems very much in earnest."

"No money, no rank, no connection, while he is one of the finest matches in England!"

"She is his ideal," was the mocking reply. "It is not for us to point out deficiencies."

"But what will the duke say?" inquired her ladyship.

"I do not suppose that he will be very much surprised. Even if he is, he will have had time to recover from his astonishment before he returns. The duke knows that 'beauty leads man at its will.' Few can resist the charm of a pretty face."

"What shall I do?" asked Lady Peters, hopelessly; "what am I to say?"

"Decide for yourself. I decline to offer any opinion. I say simply that if you refuse he will probably ask the favor of some one else."

"But do you advise me to consent, Philippa?" inquired Lady Peters, anxiously.

"I advise you to please yourself. Had he asked a similar favor of me, I might have granted or I might have refused it; I cannot say."

"To think of that simple, fair-faced girl being Lady Arleigh!" exclaimed Lady Peters. "I suppose that I had better consent, or he will do something more desperate. He is terribly in earnest, Philippa."

"He is terribly in love," said the duchess, carelessly; and then Lady Peters decided that she would accede to Lord Arleigh's request.

(To be continued.)

OUR CASTLE.

By Catharine Earnshaw

In perfumed air of orient climes,
In sunlight of serenest gold,
Which, flickering through our arched limes,
Flecks yellow on that verdant mold—
Beneath these royal, purple skies,
Here shall our castle's turrets rise.

Its battlemented walls shall gleam
With crimson glows and fairy lights,
And through its mullioned glass shall stream
The starlight of enchanted nights;
While soft the scented airs shall blow,
And hours that come shall never go.

In gardens with our languid blooms
The fireflies keep their revel dance—
And darting through the dewy glooms
Their elfin torches glance;
And in this odorous dusk we roam
Queens regnant of our castle home.

Such roses never bloomed before
As bloom and kiss our castle walls,
The airs that sighed in days of yore
Breath sweeter through our fountained halls;
'Neath magic skies, in magic lands,
Our charmed Spanish castle stands.

With scarlet lips, the dying day
Breathes splendor o'er our rampant heights-
The bul-bul's long, melodious lay
Pours sweetness through the Eden nights;
Through starry-bloomed pomegranate trees
Flows sweet the dreamful evening breeze.

Afar, the sea in violet flush
Lies dreaming to the listening night—
And we, in this entrancing hush
Quaff all we dream of dear delight—
A lonely life 'neath Southern skies,
The books we love—each other's eyes.

For you and I, my friend,
Our castle's turrets stand;
For us those days that never end
Bring bliss to our Elysian land—
Imperial hours of pleasures rare,
For love and you and everywhere.

WATCH OF CHARLES I.

WATCH OF CHARLES I.

The watch which this unfortunate monarch wore habitually and which on the scaffold he presented to Sir Thomas Herbert, has been preserved to this day as a precious souvenir of the ill-fated Stuart. The present owner, Townley Milford, Esq., recently placed it among the articles exposed to the public eye in an Exhibition of Medieval Art in London.

The face of the watch is beautifully engraved, and the back and rim are elaborately engraved and pierced with foliage and scroll-work. From its undoubted authenticity, this is probably one of the most interesting relics of King Charles I. now remaining; and from its being one of his last gifts, it is more historically interesting.

People always fancy that we cannot become wise without becoming old also; but, in truth, as years accumulate, it is hard to keep as wise as we were. Man becomes, in the different stages of his life, indeed, a different being; but he cannot say that he will surely be better as he grows onward, and in certain matters he is likely to be as right in his twentieth as in his sixtieth year.

WATCH OF CHARLES I

WAITING FOR THE TRAIN.

"WAITING for the train, ma'am?"

"Yes, sir."

He growled. I smiled.

"Confound 'em! They're always late!" he growled again.

Of course, I, too, confounded them in my heart of hearts; but, being a woman, I hid my sorrows in my breast, and endured heroically.

WAITING FOR THE TRAIN.—"'STOP! STOP!' SHOUTED THE INFURIATED OLD MAN. THE DRIVER LAUGHED SIGNIFICANTLY, AND DROVE OFF."

Heroically! If there isn't heroism in waiting patiently for a train three hours over-due; in enduring the smell of tobacco; the profanity of rough men; the gas from the great monster of a coal-stove that always dwells in waiting-rooms; in suffering the pangs of hunger; in dying of headache and heartache; in knowing that your complexion is begrimed by cinders; that your chignon is coming down, and your crimps straightening out; that your bonnet is awry; that your hands are dirty; that you present, upon the whole, a woefully battered appearance, which is painfully suggestive of having been out over night, and not getting home in the morning—if to be and to know all this, and still to smile, and smile and be amiable, is not heroism, pray what is?

I had been there three mortal hours. I had eaten all my sandwiches, and read all my newspapers; moreover, I had committed to memory all the posters on the walls. I had composed several cantos of poetry, and a tragedy, deep and bloody enough to thrill the hardest heart.

It was only a small effort more in the same direction to look benignly on the old man, and even attempt consolation.

"I dare say the train will be here soon now," I said, pleasantly.

He turned his face toward me, and snarled. In so doing, he showed an array of long, yellow, pointed teeth. It was not an agreeable spectacle. And now that I noticed it, his wizened, wrinkled, old face—his narrow, cold, leaden eyes, which could scarcely light up, I fancied, but at the impulse of anger—his grizzled, shaggy beard and slouching figure,

made up a *tout ensemble* far from prepossessing. "You dare say!" he growled. "What do you know about it? They'll come when it's too late. The deuce take 'em!"

He scowled and muttered, and bit his finger-nails.

"If you were my father, old fellow," I thought, "I should run away, or drown myself."

But he wasn't, most fortunately; and so I felt a curious desire to poke him up a little—make him show his teeth and growl, like the ugly old bear that he was.

"You seem to be in a hurry to go on," I said.

"In a deuce of a hurry, ma'am," he snapped out, very shortly.

I looked at him, wondering why. He turned upon me suddenly.

"See here! you look like a sensible person. I'm tempted to tell you my errand. Ah! you look curious now. After all, perhaps, you'll sympathize with that pair of young fools," he sneered.

"I must say, sir, that I think there's more excuse for a young fool than an old one," I said, quietly.

He bounded out of his chair, went to the door, opened it, and slammed it behind him.

"For mercy's sake, ma'am!"

This was the little, red, fat station-master. He was engaged in feeding with fuel the monster of a stove I have mentioned, and he paused in his work, and surveyed me with open-eyed wonder.

"What have I done?" I asked, laughing.

"Done! done!" he repeated; and he swung his hands, and chuckled alarmingly. "Why, there ain't a man, woman, or child who ever heard of him that would dare to say so much to him. Why, that's Old Grinder!"

"Old Grinder! Is it?"

"Old Grinder, ma'am. I reckon you've heard of him?" in a tone which implied that not to know Old Grinder would be to argue one's self unknown.

"Oh, yes! I had heard of Old Grinder. Of course I had. Wasn't he a miserly, cruel old fellow, and hadn't he a dear, sweet little blossom of a daughter called Nannie—I had seen her once, and never shall I forget the tender, patient, sorrowful face—and wasn't there something about a lover?"

The station-master smiled. He was a man who dearly loved a dish of gossip; and I was a woman, curious and sympathetic. He told me the story then. Parts of it I knew, for I had spent long, idle Summers in Old Grinder's close neighborhood.

He was the richest old curmudgeon in all the country round. There was a time when he was not called Old Grinder, but John Oakley, which was his real name; and in those days he won a fair, gentle woman, who was drawn to him by heaven knows what attraction, invisible to all eyes but hers.

Poor, pretty Nannie Oakley lived through a few pale years of wedded life, and then died, leaving behind her another Nannie, her daughter. This girl was of different metal from her mother. The rougher nature of her father, modified by her mother's gentleness, bloomed anew in a sweeter, more beautiful form. Nannie was full of spirit, but tender as a dove; vivacious and graceful at once, with rare imagination, and rare faculty.

Meanwhile, as Nannie grew up, her father grew old, grew cross, grew miserly, grew unendurable and exacting to an intolerable degree. Prudence in youth is apt to degenerate into parsimony in old age. When Nannie was fifteen, she was left to go barefooted, left without any instruction whatever. She grew up as innocent and as wild as any young savage of the woods.

The situation had its elements of romance. A pure, sweet, blithe young girl imprisoned in a rickety old house, and tyrannized over by a Nero among men! No doubt she cast longing eyes outward into the great, unknown, wonderful world—the world full of all beautiful possibilities—the world which a young girl's imagination explores over and over with a new delight.

No doubt she had dreamed—of the tenderness of love, the sweetness of friendship, of a home full of all gracious happiness. And, perhaps, sometimes her hope forsook her, and her courage died. For the people who saw her, said that at last she got the look of a patient, suffering creature in her eyes—that her beauty grew into such pathos that it touched all hearts.

But at last, and just in time, the fairy prince came.

He came this time in the humble guise of a clerk—a youth of two-and-twenty, who bent his young back, and strained his young, bright eyes over the almost inextricable tangle into which John Oakley's ignorance of new ways, his penuriousness and greed had precipitated his affairs.

Richard Sherman brought order out of this chaos, and the result came in profits which began to pour in.

Oakley was glad, not grateful.

"I'll raise your salary next year. I'll give you——"

And he named a sum at which the young man colored, but not with pleasure.

"I can't keep a wife, sir, on that sum."

"A wife!" thundered the old man. "What do you want of a wife, you young idiot?"

Richard got down from his desk.

"I think, Mr. Oakley, we had better part. I can command twice my present salary elsewhere, easily. I should not have stayed with you so long, if it hadn't been for your daughter."

It was all out now.

John Oakley's face grew purple with rage. He raved—he swore. At last, as the readiest way to punish the young man, he poured out his rage upon Nannie.

Imagine the young girl's torture—how she was driven from misery to despair, till at last, one bitter Winter's night, she fled from the place she had called home, with a woman's trust in his love. They had got upon the railway at the nearest station, and, in any event, would have two hours' start of the old man. Now, thanks to some inexplicable delay, there would be five.

"I tell you, miss," said the station-master, concluding his story, "it's the most blessedest Providence that ever happened. They'll get the knot tied before the old man overtakes 'em."

I brightened up. It was for this I had suffered the tedium of waiting—for this I had eaten cold bread and butter, and gone without a cup of tea for twelve hours! My sufferings were nothing. I could have danced and sung songs. The sight of John Oakley trudging up and down the platform, thrashing his arms about in impatient anger, afforded me exquisite satisfaction.

"May the train be delayed," I prayed in my heart, "till the lovers are united past the power of John Oakley to separate them."

The minutes flew all too fast now.

The hours chased each other. And presently, to my great sorrow, the train came.

I got a seat in sight of John Oakley. Somehow I had a premonition that I was called to special service in Nannie's behalf.

The train sped on; the white Winter's day brightened into a golden close.

By-and-by we ran into a little station. Out from the waiting-room came a tall, manly fellow, leading a slight figure, wrapped in a waterproof. In passing the door, her hood slipped aside, and I saw her face. Ah, me! how startled I

was! For I knew that face at once—*spirituelle* and piquant, full of life and fire, yet so feminine and sweet!

Now, what malign fate had sent them here?

The old man was nodding his head upon his breast. Presently I saw the young man start, and in an instant Nannie uttered a suppressed shriek.

I hastily rose and went toward them.

"You are Richard Sherman, and this is Nannie?"

He nodded—looked in my face with frank, true eyes.

I slipped my hand under the waterproof, and clasped hers warmly.

"Keep your face concealed in the hood, my dear," I whispered. "Mr. Sherman, you had better draw your muffler up."

He obeyed mechanically. He was momentarily bewildered, but only for a moment.

"How do you happen to be here?" I asked, distressed.

"We stopped to throw him off the scent. We thought he would follow in the three o'clock train, and that we could take the six o'clock with safety. We knew he would rush straight through town, believing us to be gone West."

"Oh, dear, how unlucky! This *is* the three o'clock train. It was delayed three hours."

Richard glanced over at his enemy, drowsing opposite.

"You had better go straight to town now. You will easily elude him. Perhaps I can help you."

He thanked me by a grateful look, and I crept back to my place.

The train sped on. The darkness deepened. Lights flashed out from happy homes as we passed them. We saw a table spread for tea; a mother suckling her babe, while she waited for its father to come home.

I wonder they did not touch his heart. I wonder no memory of the wife hid away under the violets for so many years, came to soften him; that no tender reluctance to mar his sweet young daughter's life grew up in his soul.

At last, with a rush and a roar, we swept into the station.

The crowd passed out. I put myself between John Oakley and the lovers. I saw them alight. Somebody pushed by, and, somehow, Nannie got separated from Richard.

"Nannie!" I heard him say, in a quick tone of alarm.

John Oakley heard, too. He pushed by me. The bright light in the station fell upon them.

"By heaven, there they are!" he muttered, exultantly.

He flung himself out. Richard saw his danger. In an instant, he had put Nannie into a carriage, and sprang in after her. He gave an order under his breath. The driver mounted the box.

"Stop! stop!" shouted the infuriated old man.

The driver laughed significantly, and drove off. As the carriage turned into the stream of light, Old Grinder's sharp eyes saw the name on the panel.

He turned, blundering upon me in the dark, just as I had discovered my own carriage in waiting.

He seized its door.

"To the Clarendon House, as fast as you can go!" he roared.

The coachman stared.

"It is all right," I whispered; "only drive home, and by the longest way."

My good Christie told me afterward that he thought I was bringing home some lunatic friend from the asylum. Fortunately, he was that rare servant who obeys without question, and so he quietly put me in.

It was not a pleasant situation. The old man growled at my entrance; he muttered to himself; he seemed, indeed, very much like a maniac.

Christie drove off, through lighted streets, through dark alleys, through lighted streets again. Oakley began to be impatient. We came upon a wide, open road. We were bowling over it in fine style, when he turned upon me suddenly. In the chance light from the street-lamp his face was frightful.

"I started to go to the Clarendon House. Where are we?" he said, fiercely.

"You are in my private carriage, sir, on your way to my residence at Brookside."

"The——"

I won't repeat the words he used. When his rage was partly spent, he howled:

"Let me get out—let me get out, I say!"

"You shall get out if you wish, Mr. Oakley; but as we are already half-way to Brookside, I think you had better go on. My husband will take you back in the carriage. You will reach the Clarendon, thus, sooner than you can by walking."

He swore, but he submitted. Presently he became maudlin, talked about conspiracies and ingratitude, and otherwise entertained me in fine style till Christie drove up to my own gate. Then I ran up the steps into arms that waited for and welcomed me.

In a breath I had told the story.

"And, oh, Bertie, you must go back with him; but please don't go as quick as you can."

Bertie laughed, put on his greatcoat leisurely, lighted his cigar, kissed me, and went.

I took out my watch, looked at it, and sighed. It would be an hour and a half, perhaps two hours, before I could look for him back.

I felt myself quite a saint. Had I not sent away my own husband, whom I had not seen for a fortnight, for the sake of these two lovers?

Of course I ought to have been sustained by a consciousness of well-doing, but I wasn't. The time dragged heavily. To be sure, it was sweet to be home again, to feed my paroquet, and tease the little white kitten; to hear the servants say how they had missed me, and how master had moped. But I wanted Bertie, and it was a good two hours before he came.

I ran down to meet him. He came in powdered all over with fresh-fallen snow.

"We shall have snow for New Year's," he said, shaking off a white cloud. "Well, how has my little woman been?" looking down at me with bright, happy eyes.

I forgot my day's adventure at that minute—forgot the long hours I had waited for the train.

"Nannie is such a pretty girl!" said Bertie.

"Oh, never mind that! Only tell me—did they get off? And what did Mr. Oakley say? and where did you leave him?"

"They got off, my lady. We drove to the Clarendon. Mr. Oakley thundered at the clerk. That gentlemanly person opened his book, and smiled as he pointed to an entry, 'Mr. and Mrs. Richard Sherman.' 'They left ten minutes since in the owl train,' he said, blandly."

"And Mr. Oakley?" I asked, breathlessly.

"Raved, of course. I expostulated. Finally he cooled down, bought a homeward ticket, and I left him Waiting for the Train."

NEGRO MUSIC—THE HANDJA OR SANSA.

THE musical instruments of Africa are not very elaborate. The handja represented in our cut is one of the most elaborate. The sansa is another form, with nine iron keys, generally played with the thumb, while the fingers pass behind to hold it. The hollow end faces the breast of the player. Persons of a musical turn, if too poor to buy one of these,

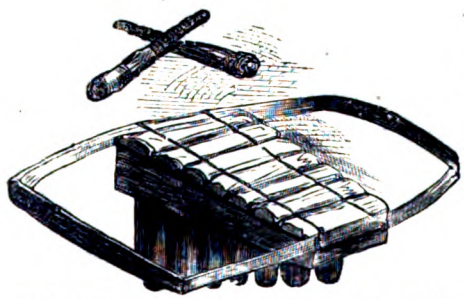
may be seen playing vigorously on an instrument made with a number of thick corn-stalks sewn together, and keys of split bamboo. Sometimes the instrument is played with a calabash as a sounding-board, and bits of shell and metal added to produce a jingling sound.

The superior music of the whites has no little attraction for the African race, and the following curious anecdote will not be amiss in this connection:

There had been a rebellion against the teachings of the missionaries, and the savages came down to the mission-house to strip it. While the spoilers were engaged in their destructive operations, one of them strayed into the burying-ground attached to the establishment, and stepping over what seemed a newly made grave, his heathenish ears were struck by a peculiarly sweet and musical wailing that, without doubt, proceeded from the tomb. Although a backslider from Christian teaching, his conscience smote him with a force that made him gasp again. He stood motionless, gazing over his shoulder with mouth and eyes distended, hesitating whether to stand still and see the dead arise, which he had heard the missionaries preach about, or take to his heels.

In a moment, however, he adopted the latter course, and, darting off to the camp, with breathless amazement, announced to Africaner (the chief) the startling discovery he had made, of life and music in the grave. Fearless of the living as of the dead, the chief arose and ordered his men to follow him to the spot. One jumped and another jumped, and at each succeeding leap succeeding notes of music vibrated on the ear from beneath. Recourse was at once had to exhumation, and the mysterious musician brought to light. It proved to be Mrs. Albrecht's pianoforte, which, being too cumbrous to be taken in a hasty flight had been buried in a soil where, from the entire absence of moisture, it might but for this circumstance have remained unscathed.

THE FIDELITY OF THE DOG.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 608.



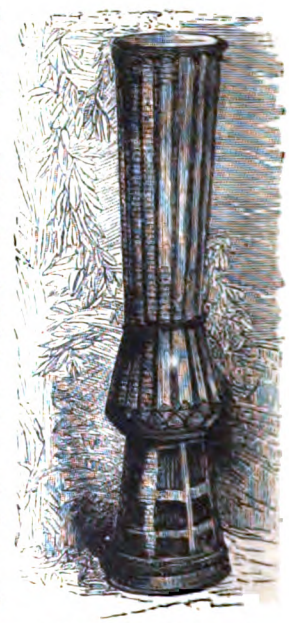
NEGRO MUSIC—THE HANDJA OR SANSA.—SEE PAGE 595.

A POLYNESIAN DRUM.

The Palmra or sacred Polynesian drum was cut out of a block, hollowed at one end, but solid at the other, which served as a pedestal. Over the open top was stretched a piece of shark's skin, from the fringed edges of which a lacework of cocoa-nut threads descended to the base, producing over the carved work a most pleasing effect.

The instrument which we describe is the sacred, not the ordinary, drum. Fallen now into disuse, it is a curiosity, preserved by the virtuoso, but one to be looked upon with awe. As the open palm of the drummer in the temple descended in measured beats, at midnight, on the tight-drawn shark-skin, the wild, mournful, thrilling sound echoed through the frail huts of the natives. The anger of the gods spoke in the weird reverberation, and all quivered with terror. A human victim was required for the altar.

Kawi was a beautiful maiden of Onai, dwelling near the Temple of Manoa, beloved by and betrothed to Kameha; but Alvai, priest of the gods, had claimed her. She rejected his suit and laughed at his threat of vengeance. Her father was too powerful a chief to fear the hated priest. On the night before the marriage she made, in gladness, her preparations for the day of happiness, and lay down on her rustic couch to dream in bliss of a life of peace. But suddenly the Palmra sounded. She started to her feet. What instinct told her that the summons was for her—that the



PALMRA, OR POLYNESIAN DRUM.

HOW THE "ARGOS" WAS SAVED.—"THE GREAT BLACK HULK OF THE WAR-VESSEL APPEARED STEALING ROUND THE POINT, LIKE A LEVIATHAN UPON THE WATERS, AND FROM THE LITTLE BOAT ROCKING IN HER PATH SHOT ONE BLUE LIGHT AND THEN ANOTHER."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

gods designated her as the appointed victim? Fleet as the kinchil, she bounded from her cabin, flinging a brand on her bed, and, amid the darkness, stole toward the mountain by an unfrequented path, where she had often met her beloved.

Scarcely had she plunged into the dense foliage which nature offered for her shelter, than the lurid glare of fire lit up the scene. As she paused and looked back, she beheld by the illumination the priest and his minions rush toward the blazing house; she saw her father, mother, sisters, all safely emerge. Then she heard her name burst in all a mother's anguish from the lips she knew so well.

The priest's voice rose, too:

"Save her, my followers—save the victim whom the gods demand!"

The wretched mother stood appalled! Oh, should her child utter a word, what a death was before her! Did she pray for life or death? In vain her name was repeated; no answer came.

"The gods have claimed my daughter, Alvai, and they have her. The fire is a mightier priest than thou."

A crowd had now assembled, and the furious father cried:

"Men! the priest is tabooed; the gods reject him, and wrest the victim from his polluted hand. Kawi was too pure for the impure Alvai to touch. Let him die!"

In the now dying light, she saw the flashing spears bury their bright heads in the breast of the priest, who had brought destruction on himself.

All mourned Kawi as lost; and, though no trace of her body was found, it was easy for superstitious minds to believe her taken by the gods.

Meantime, she threaded the mountain-paths, supporting life easily by the abundant fruit which nature lavishes on that lovely clime; but her eyes strained anxiously toward her home.

At last, on the third day, Kameha came, pensive and downcast, along the path so often trod in rapturous joy. A shudder seizes him, and a cry bursts from his lips, as Kawi stands before him. A finger raised to her lips warns him to silence; and quickly leading him through apparently impassable thickets, she at last reached a little opening, where he detected signs of her abode.

Here she paused, and soon convinced her lover that she was still his real, living Kawi. Blessing the drum which spoke such a warning, they concerted a plan of escape, and that night his swift boat bore her to a distant island.

THE FIDELITY OF THE DOG.

Books teem with anecdotes of the fidelity of the dog, and their attachment to their master, his property and family. Many of these incidents attest alike memory, judgment, and reflection, no less than affection; and cases which are well authenticated show these in dogs of all degrees, from the noble Newfoundland down to the apparently worthless cur. Wordsworth has beautifully embodied one of these in the following lines:

A barking sound the shepherd hears,
  A cry as of a dog or fox;
He halts, and searches with his eyes
  Among the scattered rocks:
And now at distance can discern
A stirring in a brake of fern;
And instantly a dog is seen,
Glancing through that covert green.

The dog is not of mountain breed;
  Its motions, too, are wild and shy,
With something, as the shepherd thinks,
  Unusual in its cry.

Nor is there any one in sight
All round, in hollow or on height;
Nor shout nor whistle strikes the ear;
What is the creature doing here?

It was a cove, a huge recess,
  That keeps till June December's snow;
A lofty precipice in front,
  A silent tarn below!
Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,
Remote from public road or dwelling,
Pathway, or cultivated land,
From trace of human foot or hand.

There, sometimes, doth the leaping fish
  Send through the tarn a lonely cheer;
The crag repeats the raven's croak
  In symphony austere;
Thither the rainbow comes—the cloud—
And mists that spread the flying shroud;
And sunbeams, and the sounding blast,
That, if it could, would hurry past;
But that enormous barrier binds it fast.

Not free from boding thoughts, a while
  The shepherd stood; then makes his way
Toward the dog, o'er rocks and stones,
  As quickly as he may;
Nor far had gone before he found
A human skeleton on the ground!
Th' appall'd discoverer with a sigh,
Looks round to learn the history.

From those abrupt and perilous rocks
  The man had fallen—that place of fear;
At length upon the shepherd's mind
  It breaks, and all is clear;
He instantly recalls the name,
And who he was, and whence he came;
Remember'd, too, the very day
On which the traveler pass'd this way.

But hear a wonder, for whose sake
  This lamentable tale I tell!
A lasting monument of words
  This wonder merits well.
The dog, which still was hovering nigh,
Repeating the same timid cry—
This dog had been, through three months' space,
A dweller in that savage place.

Yes, proof was plain, that since that day
  When this ill-fated traveler died
The dog had watched about the spot,
  Or by his master's side;
How nourish'd here through such long time
He knows, who gave that love sublime;
And gave that strength of feeling great
Above all human estimate.

HOW THE "ARGOS" WAS SAVED.

By Jane G. Austin.

Two lovers stood in a balcony, with the rich light of a tropic moon above them, and the perfumed air of a tropic night around them—two lovers, whom Fate has brought thousands of miles—he, from his father's baronial castle upon the Rhine; she, from her quiet New England home—here to this little island, midway between, to meet, to admire, to love, and to confess their love, all in that swift and overwhelming fashion in which Fate's decrees sometimes work themselves out, even to the surprise of the actors themselves. Both are silent—she very sad, and he enjoying her sorrow, after the fashion of a man; and from the grove of orange-trees beneath them come the cooing tones of a half-awakened canary bird whispering of his love

in dreams, and further on is heard the rhythmic beat of the rising tide upon the black sands and lava cliffs. He is first to speak:

"Yes, darling, war is declared between my country and France, and the steamer that came in to-day brings the sailing orders of the *Argos*. It is cruel enough for me to have to leave you at all, but so suddenly——"

"And to go to fight; perhaps, oh, Victor!—perhaps to be—killed! I cannot, I cannot bear it."

"Kate, darling—dearest Kate——"

And as the slender figure of the girl sank upon the stalwart chest of her lover, and the dark braids of her hair mingled with the blonde luxuriance of the silky beard that swept over them, the picture was as pretty a one as ever tropic moon looked down upon, or rythmic sea and cooing canaries ever set to music.

"And this French frigate that came into the harbor to-day," asked Kate, presently, as a new thought stung her back to self-command—"what is to prevent her assailing you, even here? She is larger than the *Argos*, is she not?"

"Yes, darling; *Le Roi Charlemagne* is an iron-clad first-class frigate, and the *Argos* is but a wooden corvette," replied the Baron-lieutenant von Holle, composedly, as he raised his head and looked out upon the shining waters, where lay the two vessels, grim, watchful, and ominous, with all their beauty.

"And if she were to fight you, Victor?"

"*Le Roi Charlemagne* could not fail to demolish the *Argos* with one broadside, or to run her down with one blow of her iron beak."

"And why does she not do it?"

"Because, my pet, we lie here, in neutral waters, and the law of nations protects us within three miles of the shores of any neutral power; but let *Le Roi Charlemagne* catch us outside, and we should not have a chance even for a fight before we should be sent to the fishes."

"Oh, Victor, how you frighten me! What shall I do—oh, what shall I do? I *cannot* see you go from me straight to your death. You must resign."

"Hush, Kate, my love—hush! I cannot allow even you to speak to me of resigning, like a coward, at the moment when war is declared, and every soldier and every sailor becomes a drop of his country's life-blood. But, since you are resolved to kill yourself with terror beforehand, my poor little trembler, I must turn traitor and tell you a secret—a secret, Kate, which is to me as valuable as my life, and which I confide to you far less willingly than I would put that life in your hands; but I know that my Kate is fit for a sailor's wife, and fit to be trusted with the secrets of his service."

"I am to be trusted, Victor," replied the girl, simply, and her dark eyes fixed anxiously upon his own.

"Well, then, Kate, the *Argos* is already quietly getting up her steam, and will sail in the dark hours between moonset and sunrise of this very night. The *Charlemagne* will follow, no doubt; but she cannot know what course we are intending to pursue, and will not be likely to have an Island pilot on board—as we shall. We can slip through, too, where she cannot; and if we once get the start, she will not overhaul us before we are safe within the waters of St. George. All depends upon promptness in starting, and in our speed at sea. It will be a sharp race and a short one; but I have faith in the heels of the *Argos*, and my one prayer to Heaven is, that we may shortly meet with a Frenchman of our own calibre, and revenge upon him the ignominy of the present flight."

"Oh, Victor, if the next twenty-four hours were but past! How can I survive the suspense?"

"Darling, you will pray for me, and for my brave comrades; and such prayers must needs avail, if any can. And now, my own, the moment has come for the last words, the last promises."

The girl threw herself, weeping, into his arms, and for many moments no sound was heard but the rhythmic wash of the waves upon the sand, and the sobbing of the night wind as it crept through the orange-groves and bore their perfume out upon the silent reaches of the sea.

An hour later the cutter of the *Argos* pushed off from the quay, with the Baron-lieutenant von Holle at the helm, and every Prussian sailor and officer who had that day been permitted on shore safely on board.

"No deserters—no traitors among the *Argonses*," said the lieutenant, proudly, to himself, as his eye ranged over the double line of familiar faces and no kindly Mentor whispered him that Judas was of the company.

Kate Ludlow, lingering in the balcony where she had parted with her lover, watched the dancing speck upon the waters until the moonlight flashed upon the tossed oars as the cutter touched the side of the *Argos*. Then, whispering "Good-bye, dear love — good-bye!" she placed her hand upon the curtain dividing the balcony from the *salon* of the Casa Branca—the only hotel of the Island, and consequently the common resort of both German and French officers. Several of the latter had lingered after the Germans had left the house; and a few words spoken by one of these, close behind the curtain, arrested the young girl's attention and held her motionless.

"Sails to-night!"

"So the sailor says."

"All right. Let us be off, and carry the news on board."

"Stop! Here is something more and better. This fellow is the steward of the *Argos*, you understand, and has improved his opportunities of eaves-dropping. He had the whole story, and he offers, for a consideration equal to the risk, to injure the machinery of the *Argos* so materially that she shall be obliged to lay-to before reaching the neutral waters of any of the other islands. Then, you see, the *Roi Charlemagne* comes up, and—pouf!"

"He will do all this, this steward?"

"So he swears, and I have promised him a thousand francs in the name of Captain Bonneval, to be paid at the first French naval station we may touch at."

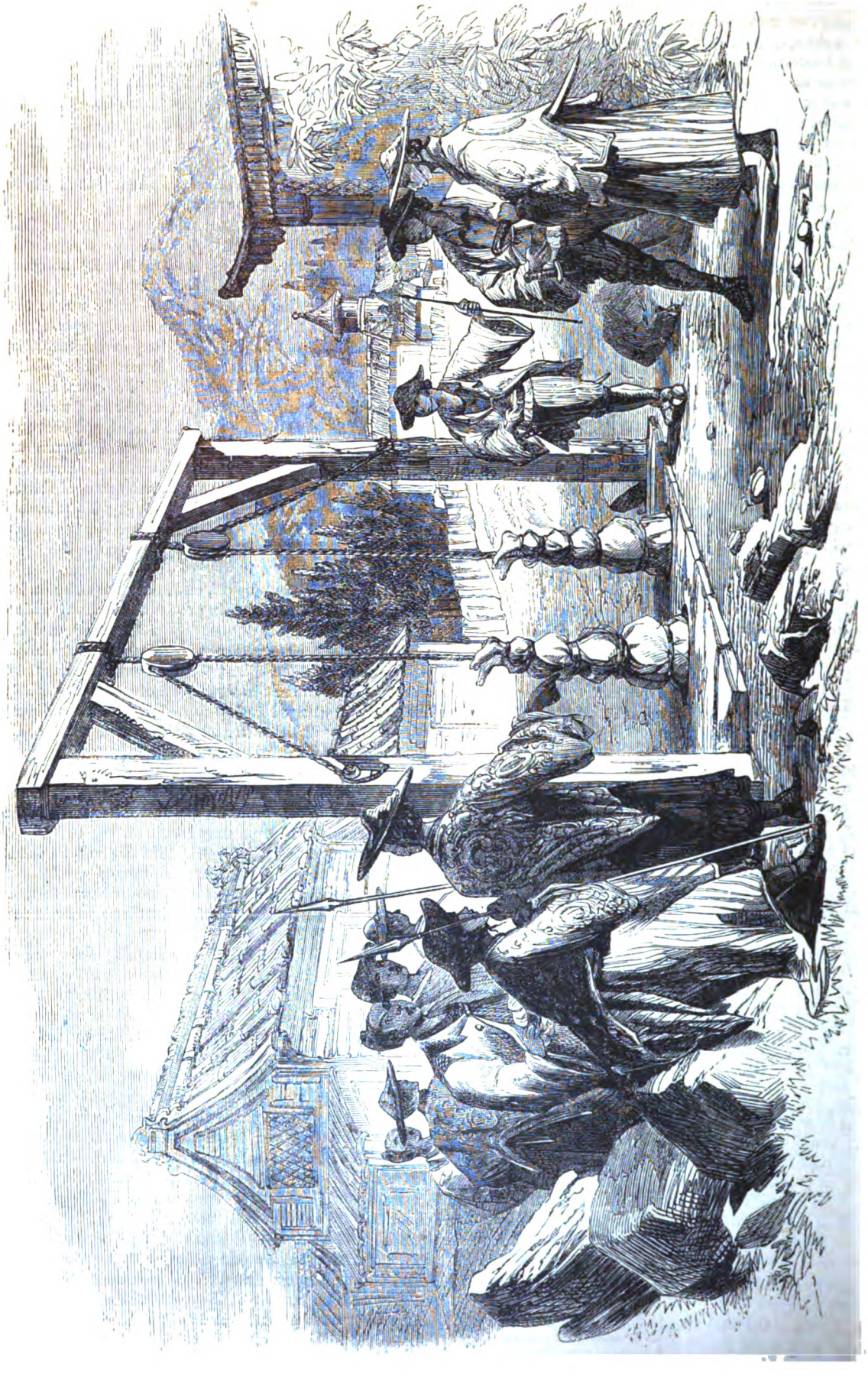
"You were safe in doing that, if he gives up the *Argos*, and when you add to this, the prize-money——"

"Not forgetting the golden acknowledgments sure to be heaped upon me by the grateful messmates who share in the prize-money."

"Ah, bah, Alphonse! Are you yet young enough to look for gratitude! But, come, we must be getting to the quay, and carry our precious news to market."

The last voice died away as the speaker moved through the long saloon, and in a few moments more, Kate, peering cautiously over the balcony, saw the two Frenchmen issue from the arched entrance of the hotel, and take their way toward the quay; two handsome, gay, *débonnaire* young fellows, as one might hope to see, and yet if a mandate of her's could have given them both to death, most assuredly they both had died before they reached the water's edge, for, cruel as the grave, and relentless as destiny is the love of a woman's heart that sees its own in danger, and may defend it by sacrifice of another.

"What shall I do—what shall I do?" muttered the girl, wildly pressing her hands upon her burning temples. "They sail before morning, and I could not find a boat or a boatman at this hour, even if they would allow one to leave the quay without a permit; and, mamma, what will she say—she would forbid anything not rigidly conventional; and I—shall I let all these brave fellows die, or languish in a



A JAPANESE PUNISHMENT IN THE OLDEN TIME—PERSECUTION OF THE CHRISTIANS.—SEE PAGE 606.

foreign prison to save a little dignity, a little pride? I will save them, and I will not tell mamma until the thing is done. I must speak with José."

Which soliloquy proves, if you please, that Kate Ludlow was one of those independent American lasses, at whom European mammas hold up the hands of consternation and the eyes of horror, but who, also, possess a certain amount of heart, resolution, and courage, very convenient in emergencies like the present.

José was the landlord's son, a youth of twenty, slight, dark, glowing, and passionate as the youth and the genius of the tropics is apt to present itself. He was desperately in love with Kate, as a matter of course, and she, quite adequate to the situation, calmly ignored the passion, and made the adorer useful when she chose, rewarding him by smiles and pleasant words, which fed the fever in the poor child's veins, until his eyes glistened, and his pulses throbbed with a delirious joy, all but maddening.

"Oh, Jeronyma! Ask Senhor José to speak with me here for a moment," said Kate, in very fair Portuguese, to one of the wild-eyed girls, lazily clearing the rooms of the *débris* of the late occupancy.

The girl, who adored her young master in very much the same hopeless fashion that he adored Kate, departed scowling and muttering upon her errand, and Kate stepped again into the balcony, where, after a moment, she was joined by José, joyful, eager, and expectant.

"The senhora sent for me," began he, breathlessly, but was pitilessly cut short:

"Yes, José, I want some advice, and, perhaps, some help, in an affair I am determined to carry through, with or without your assistance." And then she told him in brief, strong phrases what she had heard; and ended as she had begun, with a request for advice and help.

"The German Baron was here to-night, and stood in this very balcony, with the senhora for an hour and a half," said the boy, sullenly.

"And I wish to God he stood here now!" exclaimed the girl, passionately. José bowed with a mocking smile.

"Was it to say this that Senhora Katrina desired my presence?" asked he, with bitterness.

"José, you are very ungenerous; you grieve me, and sneer at me when I am in need of a true friend. Go! I will ask help of no one."

"Senhora! For you I will do all and everything that you can ask, even though my life be needed to complete the offering; but why should I annoy myself to help those German dogs, when, after all, I like the Frenchmen best?"

"They spend more money at your father's bar, I dare-say," said Kate, stung to a retort that made her blush even as she uttered it, and which roused a kindred instinct in the heart of the young Portuguese.

"The Germans prefer love-making to spending money," said he, significantly. "It is a cheaper amusement, and they are very economical. I will not intrude my vulgar presence longer upon the senhora if she will graciously dismiss me; or has she complaints to make of the table or the service? Shall I send my father to receive her orders?"

"That will do, José. I was wrong to speak as I did, and I am sorry to have troubled you with my affairs. Good-night."

The boy lingered, his eyes fixed imploringly upon the haughty, handsome face, half averted from him; and had she chosen, Kate Ludlow might, with a word of relenting, have made in that moment a slave who would have served her through fire and water, death and destruction, but though she knew it only too well, she neither spoke nor moved; this boy had insulted her lover and her lover's nation, and should he, after that, be allowed the honor of serving them? And, moreover, could our young republican forget that the insulted was a baron of sixteen quarterings, and the insulter the son of a publican? Ah, no; trust to an American for that! So Kate calmly turned her eyes toward the sea, and her profile to José, and he, after one moment of penitent hesitation, tossed his handsome head, muttered a bitter Portuguese oath behind his clinched teeth, and noiselessly glided away.

TREE-CLIMBING CRAB.— SEE PAGE 606.

"Yes, I will do it; I will do it alone! I will tell mamma, for it is proper to do so; but whatever she says, I will do it, or die in the attempt."

Sealing her resolve with a nod as pregnant of meaning as Lord Burleigh's, Miss Ludlow sought her mother's chamber, briefly narrated to that amiable, but feeble widow, the events of the evening, and her own plans; listened respectfully to the maternal remonstrance, argument, beseeching; replied to the whole with a loving, but most obstinate, reassertion of her plans; and finally, as she had intended from the beginning, wrung a most reluctant assent from the poor, weak woman, and hastily made a few changes in her dress.

"You surely won't go alone, Kate?" remonstrated her mother, from the bed, as Kate at last turned toward the door, twisting a scarf about her neck and head.

"No, mother dear; Jeronyma is to go with me. I spoke to the landlord about it as I came up."

"You did not tell him where you were going?"

"No, indeed; it is a profound secret. I told him I had an important errand to Praya, and could not put it off until morning." He muttered: 'These wonderful Americans!' and sent for the donkeys, "which, by-the-way, I hear clattering into the *sagao* at this moment. Good-by."

"Good-by, if——"

"Being so very willful you must go," laughed Kate, and ran out of the room.

In the paved and covered court called *sagao*, through which Azorean houses are entered, Kate found two donkeys fully equipped; Manoel, their driver—handsome, intelligent, and wicked—and Jeronyma, her dark face varying in expression, from pleasure at an unexpected jaunt, to jealous suspicion and uneasiness at her companionship.

"All ready?" asked Kate, cheerily, as she sprang lightly into the saddle of her favorite Caroche.

"Is senhor José of the party?" asked Jeronyma, in her thick and heavy *patois*.

"Certainly not, Jeronyma. Manoel, help her up, and let us be off. What donkey is that?"

"Senhora, it is Marinero," replied the donkey-boy, hoisting Jeronyma stoutly to the saddle.

"And why not Espagnol? He is a better animal, and I sent for the best," asked Kate, angrily.

"Senhora, Espagnol has been to the Caldera to-day, and can scarcely stand to-night. I left him lying upon his side and panting."

"Poor fellow! I know a companion of his who can lie upon his feet, without panting," remarked Miss Ludlow, in English, and Manoel, although professing not to understand that tongue, replied: "Sim, senhora," with an appreciative grin that made the young lady blush.

With an impatient gesture she seized the reins, shouted "*Passa-ca-asno!*" and shot through the deep archway of the *sagao*, with the lovely moonlighted street, whose stone pavement and echoing walls caught up and repeated again and again the hurrying, clattering footfalls of the beasts, the soft pattering of Manoel's following feet, and the impatient sounds by which the American girl strove to hasten the animal she rode.

Down the quiet moonlit street beside the sea, with the salt spray dashing up through the intervals between the houses, through the Alameda, where stands the ruinous old convent with its broken lattices that no man cares to scale, and its handful of withered virgins whom no man cares to tempt from their allegiance; down the Rue de Concecao, over the massive bridge which spans so frail a thread of water, past the old church of Nossa Senhora de Concecao, until, at the foot of the long, steep hill, with the orange-trees peering over the walls at either hand, and the breath of magnolias weighing down the sultry air, Caroche paused, with that decisive air which no wise person disputes in a donkey, and Jeronyma's voice became audible in panting appeal.

"Misericordia, senhora! Senhor—oh, senhora! I am dying, I am fainting—my heart is broken in two pieces."

"It will mend itself as we go up the hill. Forward!" exclaimed Kate, shaking her donkey's rein,

"Senhora, they must walk up the hill!" remonstrated Manoel, who, during the late rapid course, had found time to roll a corn-husk cigarette, and was determined to save breath enough to smoke it.

"Of course they must walk up the hill, but not a step for the rest of the way. How long will it take to reach Praya, Manoel?"

"From here? It should take an hour, senhora."

"Get me to the beach in half an hour, Manoel, and you shall have a Spanish dollar for yourself."

"*A peso!*" murmured Manoel, whose daily wages were a fifth part of that sum, and he handled his goads in a manner ominous for Caroche and Marinero so soon as they should have risen the long hill. The hill was a mile in length, and though the orange and magnolia groves perfumed all the air, though nightingales sung, and the full moon shone, and the great sea thundered and glittered far below, filling the night with its mighty presence, Kate, lover of nature though she was, neither heard, nor felt, nor saw.

"On, on!" she muttered over and over, and her whole supple body writhed and worked, as if by its own effort it might accelerate the tedious motion. At the top of the hill she paused, and looked eagerly back. Far away in the city harbor lay a dozen great vessels at anchor, and Kate's quick eye selected the *Argos* in a moment, and, at a little distance beyond her, the huge black hulk of *Le Roi Charlemagne*, the lights at her stem and stern so very far apart, as Kate said to herself with a shiver, when compared with those of the *Argos*.

"She would sink her with a single blow, he said so, though he was not a bit frightened," murmured she; "but they shall never come to the trial if I can help it. Come, Manoel—forward, forward! *Pasa-ca-asno!*"

"*Passa-ca-asno!*" echoed the donkey-boy, and with a flourish of his goad sent the two nimble beasts clattering down the hill before them at break-neck speed.

At the first bend in the steep road Marinero tripped, and Jeronyma, with a dismal shriek, flew over his head and into a thicket of fuchsias and wild-roses beside the road.

Kate was forced to halt long enough to make sure that no serious damage had befallen the frightened and angry girl, and during the momentary stillness she caught the regular beat of galloping hoofs a short distance in advance, listened for a moment, and turned toward Manoel, who, having just replaced Jeronyma in her saddle, was picking up his goad.

"Espagnol has recovered from his fatigue, and is not only upon the road, but is a-head of us," said she, in the tone of contemptuous triumph this young woman was a little too apt to assume.

Manoel glanced at her with a malicious grin, but made no reply, except by thrusting the sharp end of his goad into the haunch of poor Caroche, who leaped into the air, threw up his tiny back hoofs, and started down the hill at a rate that put a definite stop to further conversation.

Jeronyma, crying, scolding, and perhaps swearing a little, was forced to follow, and Manoel's lithe, lean form swung along behind, with an ease that spoke volumes for the strength held in reserve within that sinewy frame.

Another turn in the road, and then a long, straight descent, with a circular threshing-ground at the foot, its hard-beaten, earthen surface gleaming whitely in the moonlight, and drawing the eye toward it as toward a glimmering sheet of water. Glancing in its direction as she made the curve in the road, Kate was just in time to see the figure of a man beating forward his galloping donkey past the white disk of the threshing-ground, and disappear in the deep lane beyond.

She turned and looked at Jeronyma, who was close beside her; the blue-black, glittering eyes of the girl were fixed upon the valley below, and as Kate turned she hissed between her teeth:

"Senhor José—here!"

Miss Ludlow smiled to herself, and threw over her shoulder the mandate:

"Faster, O Manoel, faster!"

Manoel nodded, and brought down the goad upon poor

Caroche, who snorted indignantly, but put forth the small remnant of his speed, and, like a vision, the little cavalcade swept down the hill, past the ghostly threshing-ground, and in between the high walls of the village of Praya, halting at last in the space between the church and the sea.

"Thanks to the Holy Virgin, we have stopped at last," moaned Jeronyma, sliding helplessly to the ground, while Marinero made a frantic push toward the empty water-trough. Kate did not dismount, but looked keenly about her, and signed Manoel to approach closely.

"You know Francisco Gorka, whose boat we hired last week—the man who rows so fast and well?"

"Yes, senhora, I know him."

"Which is his house?"

"It is down that lane, the third."

"Run—or no, José will be there before you, and you will help him rather than me. Take the donkey by the bridle, and make him gallop. Take me to the man's house—don't you understand?"

"To the house of Francisco, senhora?" asked Manoel, glancing keenly about him.

"Yes, stupid! Ah, you are looking for José, but I tell you to begin with, that I have money and he has next to none; I can make you rich, do you understand? and if you help me to save the *Argos*, I will do it. Work for me, body and soul, this night, and I will pay you what you will. Money, I tell you, boy, money!"

And, carried away by her resolve to buy this creature, who could help or hinder her as he chose, the girl leaned toward him, with the moonlight glittering in her dark eyes, and flashing from her clinched teeth, and, seizing him by the shoulder, shook him with all her strength.

The lad looked up at her attentively, and took his resolve, even while writhing from beneath her hand.

"The Americans are rich, and they are fools with their money," muttered he, in Portuguese; and aloud he said: "I will help you, senhora, and you will pay me what I ask? It is a bargain, and Senhor José may go to the devil. What is the patronage of the hotel to me? I will go back to San Miguel and keep donkeys of my own."

"If we succeed in hailing the *Argos*, you shall. Now, faster. Is this the lane?"

"But me! Oh, senhora—mine! Me—me—you are then deserting me here in the wilderness."

So wailed Jeronyma, uncomforted even by the pious wish hurled back at her by Manoel, that all the inhabitants of a nameless region might seize her by her clattering tongue and drag her down to eternal perdition—a wish that rolled so nimbly over his Portuguese tongue, that Kate failed to catch his meaning, and took it for a piece of consolation.

The whitewashed cabin of Francisco, with its shuttered, unglazed window-holes showing blackly in the brilliant moonlight, like dark eyes in a pallid face, was reached before the oath was cold upon Manoel's lips, and, leaping lightly up the steps, he put his head in at the nearest opening, and called:

"Oh, Francisco! Come hither quickly, man, quickly. Here are dinheros to be gained more than any of our poor Portuguese senhors can offer, I promise you."

The sound of whispering which had caught the boy's quick ear, and, in fact, suggested the closing sentence of his remarks, suddenly closed, and, after a moment, the door opened, and the stalwart fisherman stepped out into the moonlight, his dark face and arms and crisp black hair showing picturesquely against the white wall of his dwelling. He looked nervous and embarrassed, and Manoel, springing down the steps, hastily whispered to Kate:

"Call him away from the house, senhora. Senhor José is within there, and is listening."

Kate nodded, and beckoned to the man.

"I wish to speak with you, Maestro Francisco. Will you come here?" said she, in tolerable Portuguese.

Francisco hesitated and glanced toward the house. Manoel, carelessly whistling, strode up the steps and whispered in his ear:

"Oh, Francisco, she is an American, and will pay you twice, *three* times what he will," and a turn of his glittering eye translated the pronoun so effectually that the fisherman did not seek to deny the presence of a visitor, but with a shrug and a gesture that said more plainly than words, "So be it! What do I care?" he went down the steps, and followed Kate, who had slipped from her immovable steed, and led the way a little further down the lane.

At last she paused and faced the man, her rich beauty glowing beneath the wonderful moonlight, until Francisco's eyes glistened and his breath came thick with wonder and admiration.

"Oh, senhora, what can I do for you?" asked he, as the girl paused and pressed her hand upon her tumultuous heart.

The admiration in the man's voice and eyes were not to be mistaken, and Kate welcomed the proofs of a new power placed within her grasp; a feebler nature would have been terrified—this was steadied.

"You can do much, maestro," said she, quietly. "The Prussian war-steamer called the *Argos*——"

"I know her, senhora."

"All the better. She will sail at three o'clock or thereabouts, this morning. The channel brings her close in upon the northern headland of your harbor, does it not?"

"Yes, senhora. Close to Ribeirinha?"

"So near that if you are lying off that point in your boat you can easily run across her course and hail her?"

"Surely, yes, senhora; but a Prussian war-steamer would not stop though a whole fleet of fishing-boats should hail her—not to mention that I speak neither Prussian nor English."

"I know all that, and I have provided for it. This is a Roman candle—a blue-light, perhaps, you call it."

"Senhora, I do not call it at all. I know nothing of such things;" and Francisco retreated a little from the neighborhood of what to him was an "infernal machine."

Kate Ludlow made a movement of impatience, and muttered, in English:

"That wretched José! He could have done all this, and spared me the expense. Now, I must go."

Then—resuming her laborious efforts—in Portuguese, she said:

"It is a signal which will surely cause the *Argos* to pause to inquire its meaning. I have three of them, and they were given me by one of the officers, who explained their meaning to me, and who promised, if one should be fired at any time when the *Argos* was within hail, he would come to inquire its meaning."

"No doubt the senhora is right; but I do not comprehend these matters. I am only a poor fisherman."

"But you can fire this, man, without understanding it. I will show you how."

"No, no, senhora; pardon me, but I will have nothing to do with such matters. The padre says——"

"Then Manoel must do it; and he is but a boy, and not a very trusty one. You will row him out."

"I will row him out, senhora. I will row all night, if you choose, and as far as you choose; but I will not go with that thing, and only Manoel to take care of it. What does he know—a donkey-boy like him? We should never come back, and I have a family, senhora."

"You have been bargaining with José Ribeiro, and he

ELEPHANT TRAPPING IN CEYLON.—FEMALE DECOY ELEPHANT PULLING DOWN A CAPTIVE. SEE PAGE 607.

has hired you to prevent my warning the *Argos*," exclaimed Kate, blazing out in wrath, and stepping so close to the boatman that he drew back, spread out his hands, palm-downward, and bowed humbly.

"Pardon, senhora; but you shall try me, and see what I will do within the limits of reason. I am no man's servant, and do not fear Senhor José nor his father."

"Then, will you row in your boat to intercept the *Argos* with me as your passenger? Me—me, I say!"

"And the—the thing, senhora?"

"Yes—all three of them. Are you afraid to go where a woman goes?"

"They do not commonly call me a coward, senhora. I will go."

And with an air of offended dignity, Francisco turned and led the way toward the beach. Kate followed him, and as they crossed the place before the church, she was joined by Manoel and Jeronyma. To the latter she said:

"Wait for me here upon the beach." To the former: "Come with me, and earn your reward."

"Senhora, I will earn it beforehand!" ejaculated the boy, and darted forward like an arrow from a bow."

"The villain!—the wretch! He will murder Senhor José! He saw him, as I did, running down the beach."

So shrieked Jeronyma, and Francisco exchanged his stately march for a run. Kate followed as fast as she could, and Jeronyma brought up the rear. Arrived upon the beach, they found a struggling, writhing mass of humanity floundering upon the sand, beside an overturned boat. Francisco hovered a moment, like an eagle over the struggle of two hawks; then pounced, and came up with one of the combatants in each hand.

"He was going to make a hole in the boat, senhora," panted Manoel, while José shook himself, sullenly, free from the boatman's grasp, but did not speak.

"Oh, José!" said Kate, softly. "And you said you cared for me!"

"I care so much, senhora, that I wished to prevent your disgracing yourself."

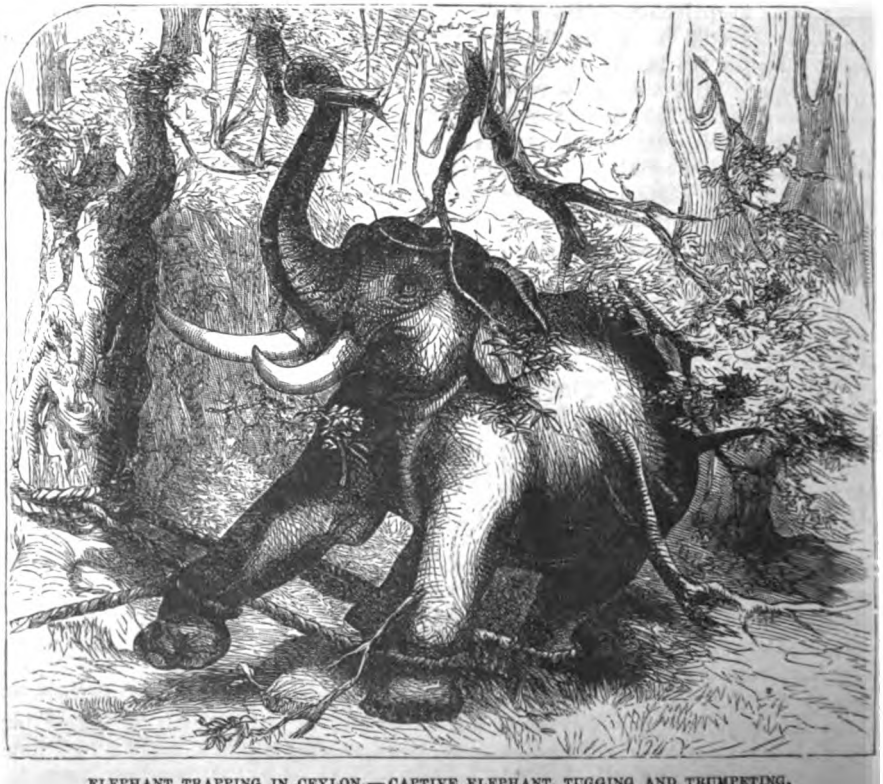
"What do you mean, sir?"

"You are going out to lie in wait for your lover, senhora—I heard you, just now."

"Oh, you listen, do you? Why, I mistook you for a gentleman!" And she turned away, leaving the poor lad shivering as if a dash of ice-water had been thrown in his face.

"The boat is ready, senhora; will you get in?" said Francisco; and as Kate moved toward it, José beckoned to Jeronyma, and turned to walk up the beach.

"Senhora, you should take the girl with you, or Senhor



ELEPHANT TRAPPING IN CEYLON.—CAPTIVE ELEPHANT, TUGGING AND TRUMPETING.

José will carry her home, and force you to return without an attendant. Then people will talk. But if you have your servant with you——"

And again Francisco spread out his palms, shrugged his shoulders, and bowed expressively.

"You are right, and I thank you, Francisco," said Kate, recalling this point of Portuguese social ethics. "Jeronyma, I want you. Come here."

"Senhor José wishes me to go home, senhora," shouted the girl, pursuing her course.

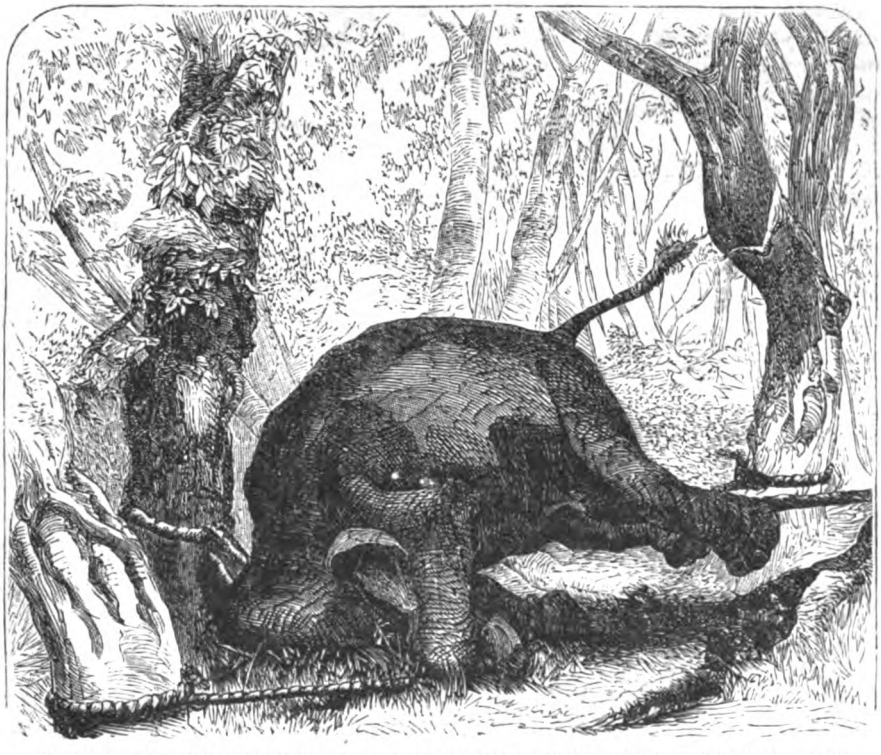
"His father is your master, not he; and he ordered you to go with me. Come here."

"I will bring her, senhora," exclaimed Manoel, darting after the girl, who screamed, and would have clung to José. But he, not caring to risk another ignoble struggle, shook her off, with a sullen command to be gone, and left her no chance but to follow Manoel, who led her back and seated her in the boat, which immediately shoved off.

"It is already three o'clock, senhora," said Francisco, looking up at the stars, after rowing some time.

"And, hark! Do you not hear the steamer?" exclaimed Kate, raising her hand and bending forward to listen.

The boatman held his heavy oars suspended, a shower of diamonds dripping from each as the moonlight flashed upon them, and bent his head toward the water.



ELEPHANT TRAPPING IN CEYLON.—A CAPTURED ELEPHANT IN HIS RAGE BUTTING AGAINST THE GROUND.

"You are right, senhora, and we must hasten, if we are to meet her off the point," said he, dipping the oars again and bending to his task, while Manoel steered for the open sea, and Kate prepared her blue-lights for instant ignition. Ten minutes of suspense, and then the great, black hulk of the war-vessel appeared, steering round the point, like leviathan upon the waters; and from the little boat rocking in her path shot one blue-light, and then another, but still the *Argos* held her way, without a symptom of recognition.

"She will not halt for us, senhora," said Francisco, gloomily.

"Row!—row for your life—straight across her course! Put the boat where they will run us down if they do not swerve!" exclaimed Kate, frantically; and, rising to her feet, she threw off the mantle from her head and stood there, fearless, beautiful, and determined as a young Amazon leading her savage hordes to battle.

The steamer sullenly plowed on, and the boat, beneath the nervous impulsion of Francisco's arm, leaped forward in a line that must surely intersect the other in a very few moments, if both pursued their course. Already they were so near as to distinguish the officer of the watch standing upon the bridge of the corvette, his cap in his hand, and the moonlight glinting from his golden hair. His eyes were earnestly fixed upon the fishing-boat, and, without turning, he was pointing her out to another officer just mounting the steps of the bridge.

"Victor! And he has summoned the captain!" exclaimed Kate; and, still standing upright, she fired her last blue-light, and waved her handkerchief toward the corvette.

Then, at last, some slight commotion became visible on board the *Argos*. A sailor was seen running toward the captain's cabin, returning immediately with a trumpet; a bell was heard to tinkle, answered by a splash of reversing wheels; a little knot of officers, with glasses in their hands, collected behind the after-bulwarks, and the Baron-lieutenant von Holle waved his cap with a recognition into which he contrived to throw an air of deference, recognized and appreciated by the girl who had dared so much, even to the risk of her own good name, to save him and his comrades from death or capture.

"Boat-a-hoy!" was now the hail, and Kate, the only person on board who spoke either English or German, was forced to reply; her rich, full voice contrasting strangely with the hoarse tones of the trumpet.

"A boat from Praya, with very important news for the captain of the *Argos*."

"Private news?"

"Strictly private."

"We cannot lie-to more than a moment. Row alongside, and send a man on board."

"No one here speaks German or English. Can you trust your pilot?"

"Yes—why? Hurry, or we cannot wait."

"I will send a Portuguese on board;" and Kate, who had hitherto spoken in German, now turned to Manoel and muttered, in a low voice and in Portuguese:

"Catch the rope they are getting ready to throw. Climb on board, and tell the pilot—who will translate to the captain—that his steward has agreed, for the sum of a thousand francs, to damage the machinery of the *Argos* so that she shall fall into the hands of the *Roi Charlemagne* before she can reach St. George's. You understand all that?"

"I understand, and I will do it, senhora. That will do,

Francisco; do not bring the senhora nearer to all those grinning fellows. I can swim."

And the donkey-boy, throwing off his sandals and his red, woolen cap, sprang lightly into the water, and swam gallantly toward the rope already trailing beside the corvette. Two minutes more, and he was scrambling up the side, dripping like a merman, and was received by the captain, the officer of the watch, and the pilot. His first gesture was to point to a skulking figure gliding toward the engine-room; his first panting words were:

"Catch hold of that fellow—*senhor dispensario*—quick, or it will be too late!"

"He say, arrest the steward d—n quick, or it be too late," interpreted the pilot.

A few stern words to an officer of marines settled this point, and then Manoel, recovering his breath, delivered his message with tolerable accuracy.

Captain the Count von Gottstein listened to the story, with his gray mustaches bristling with indignation, and at the close turned to the officer of the watch:

"Lieutenant von Holle, you are acquainted with the Fraulein Ludlow, whom I have had the honor of meeting in society several times."

"I am well acquainted with Miss Ludlow and with her mother, captain."

"You vouch for her accuracy and intelligence?"

"With my life, captain."

"Can you speak to her in some language not understood by our men or the Portuguese?"

"We have spoken Italian together, captain."

"Ask her, then, if this story is correct, and how she became informed of the plot. Beckon the boatman nearer."

At a gesture from the officer, Francisco approached within a dozen feet of the side of the corvette.

In the stern of his boat sat two female figures: one shrouded in a voluminous scarf, the other evidently a servant.

"The fraulein knows how to take care of herself. She is prudent as well as brave," remarked the gay young midshipman, and Lieutenant von Holle smiled approvingly as he stepped to the side, and addressed his lady-love in the soft Italian accents they had sometimes used in loving sport.

"Most honored lady," he began, and briefly recapitulated Manoel's story, to whose truth Kate fully assented, and then she as briefly told the story of how she had heard the plot, and the means she had adopted to nullify it. As the last words were upon her lips, the look-out of the *Argos* sang out: "Sail ho!"

And *Le Roi Charlemagne* appeared just rounding the headland of Espelmarca, expecting, no doubt, to find her prey awaiting her in the open sea between the neutral shores.

"There is the proof!" exclaimed Kate, impetuously rising, and pointing toward the French steamer.

"Lady, you have saved his Majesty's corvette, and in his name I thank you," exclaimed Captain von Gottstein, saluting as if to a queen, and Victor von Holle added a few words in Italian dearer to her who heard them than King William's warmest thanks, had they been given in person.

"And now, *carissima*, return home as quickly as you can," added he; "we shall not leave to-night, and I shall see you to-morrow."

Kate obeyed; but, before she reached the shore, the *Argos* had steamed nearly out of sight, leisurely pursuing her course round the island, never leaving more than a mile between herself and the shore; while the *Roi Charlemagne*, pursuing the same course, had the satisfaction in a few hours of finding herself at her old anchorage-ground, and of receiving a polite message from Captain von Gottstein that, as his steward was in irons, and would probably be hung, the sum of a thousand francs would be saved to the service of the Emperor of the French.

How the *Argos* finally sailed from the islands, and her subsequent exploits, are not now to be told, but the broad fact remains that when the Franco-Prussian war ended, one of the Hamburg steamers brought as passenger to New York the Baron-Captain von Holle, and the fashionable journal of that city soon after chronicled with due circumstance a "Marriage in High Life," and the departure of the Baron and Baroness von Holle for that gallant nobleman's "ancestral castle upon the Rhine."

As for José, he made a *mésalliance*, as his family lamented, with Jeronyma Silveiro; and as for Manoel, he returned to San Miguel, where at this hour he lets donkeys at exorbitant rates, and not infrequently relates the story of his midnight excursion with the beautiful American senhora—a story, by-the-way, which no one in the least believes, especially since it is totally denied by Francisco, the fisherman, who has for some years become one of the wealthiest men of his village.

Caroche, Espagnol, Marinero? They still live and suffer.

AN ANCIENT JAPANESE PUNISHMENT.

MAN has racked his brain to devise means of torture for his fellow-man. The study of the modes in which criminals, or those whom the law considers so, are put to death, and less mercifully kept in agony, makes us shudder. Man seems demoniac.

Among the strange and fearful punishments, we find some used in Japan against the Christians, which are little known, and are, therefore, presented here. One of these was the pit. On both sides of a large pit, or well, posts were planted, with a cross-piece at the top. The condemned missionary or Christian convert was pinioned tightly, and his body and limbs tied around at intervals with bands, to prevent his being suddenly suffocated. His feet were tied with a long rope, which passed through a pulley on the cross-piece, and by this he was raised aloft, and slowly lowered into the pit with his head down. When the body descended as far as the waist, a cover was placed on the pit, cut to fit around the body. The pit was filled with loathsome filth—with toads, snakes, and reptiles. Here the wretched sufferer hung, suffering a continual trifling, the blood gushing from every aperture in the head, so that they had to resort to bleeding to relieve the pressure, while the nerves and muscles were strained in the most intense agony. At any sign of a wish to renounce Christianity, the sufferer was raised and released.

The first who died by this torture was Nicholas Keyan Fucunanga—a native of the province of Oomi—a man of sixty-three. He died on the fourth day; but precautions were then taken to prolong life by bleeding, and some have lived in this unutterable torment for eight and ten days. Mastrilli is said to have endured it for seventeen days, relieved, doubtless, from time to time, to prolong his agony. Even then he did not die amid its agonies, but was drawn out, and, after a respite, beheaded. In the persecution of 1633, great numbers underwent this terrible punishment.

TREE CLIMBING CRABS.

VOYAGERS observe with astonishment a singular crustacean, frequently seen on the shores of the coco-islands of the Pacific and Indian Oceans, and sometimes, although rarely by day, climbing upon the coco-palms. The crusted animal is something between a crab and a lobster. From the point

of the claw to the end of the abdomen he generally measures about twenty inches. The color of this crab or lobster is sky-blue, shading into white, with white patches, speckling the blue of the carapace, and of the plates of the abdomen. He has more of the general form of the lobster than of a crab.

Natives of the coco-islands assert that individual crustaceans of this species are sometimes met with, measuring from three to four feet from the point of the claw to the end of the abdomen. The color—blue, it is said—sometimes passes into red, and the white into yellow. The natives call this crab the sepoy-crab, just as we call a similar crustacean the soldier-crab. He is the soldier-crab of the tropical islands. Persons familiar with the soldier-crab, can imagine the appearance of the largest sepoy-crab, by supposing the soldier-crab of a size measured by feet instead of inches. The soldier-crab has a naked and curling abdomen, and must find a shell to protect it from the grabs of its enemies. The Indian sepoy-crab has three rows of rudimentary plates partly covering and protecting the upper part of his abdomen. When surprised by men upon a tree, the sepoy-crab snaps the pincers of his formidable left claw to announce to them that he is ready for battle. He seems, however, more desirous of frightening than of fighting his enemies; for, notwithstanding his menaces, he retreats very rapidly. The sepoy-crabs, about a couple of feet long, are not objects of fear to the natives; but they speak with awe of the rare monsters, which exceed three feet in length, and one of which is said to have once stolen a child.

When the sepoy-crab has climbed up the trunk of the coco-palm, he detaches the nut by tearing the fibres of the stalk until the nut falls. After the fall of the nut, he descends the trunk slowly, and searches for the nut, which he drags, when he finds it, to the mouth of his hole. Three or four days are spent by him in patiently and laboriously tearing off fibre after fibre, until the husk is completely denuded of them. He is too provident an animal to wait until one nut is done before he goes in search of another. On the contrary, he is always peeling, as he is always eating, his nuts. He spends his time in these alternate operations. He searches about in the trees, or upon the trees, for a nut to peel, and when it is peeled, he transfers it to his larder in his hole. He has a peeled nut always in the almond state. A nut lasts him about a week.

The largest kinds of sepoy-crabs hold themselves in their holes with such tenacity that the natives are unable to draw them out. As for the individuals of the ordinary size, the blacks put their arms into their holes, and seizing their claws in a bunch, whip them out suddenly and skillfully. It is surprising how rarely the blacks are pinched.

The sepoy-crab, when in his hole, sleeps and respirates slowly; before his obtuse senses have warned him of the intrusion, his formidable claws are clasped by the muscular hand which pulls him out of his stronghold. When an unlucky or unskillful finger is pinched, the sepoy lets go his hold the instant he is seized by the abdomen. Sometimes a kernel is dropped into the hole, and when the crab takes hold of it, he lets himself be pulled out rather than let go his hold.

In their battles with each other, the sepoy-crabs will seize hold of each other's abdomens, and will not let go until one of them has ceased to live. The sepoy can be made to do the same thing for himself; for when his abdomen is tickled, it is said he will seize hold of it with his great claw, and never relax his hold until he dies.

The sepoy-crabs are excellent eating. Gourmands of the Mauritius have them sent to them alive from the coco-islands. They are sent in boxes, which are strongly nailed down. Such is the strength of these crustaceans that they have been known to lift up the lid of a box with a hundred pound weight on the top of it. There are a few holes made in the box to admit air, and a coco broken in two is placed within it; and then, without further precaution or other furniture, the sepoy-crab arrives in good condition after voyages of seven or eight days' duration.

ELEPHANT TRAPPING IN CEYLON.

The elephant, in Ceylon, is, in its wild state, a marauder, the dread of the cultivator. It is necessary to thin the herds out by capture, either to tame or to kill. This leads to a grand hunt every year, in the dull season, when the rice fields, rapidly advancing to harvest, enable numbers of the peasantry to be drawn off.

At the appointed time vast numbers gather together to put up stockades, cut through the jungle, in some part much frequented by the animals.

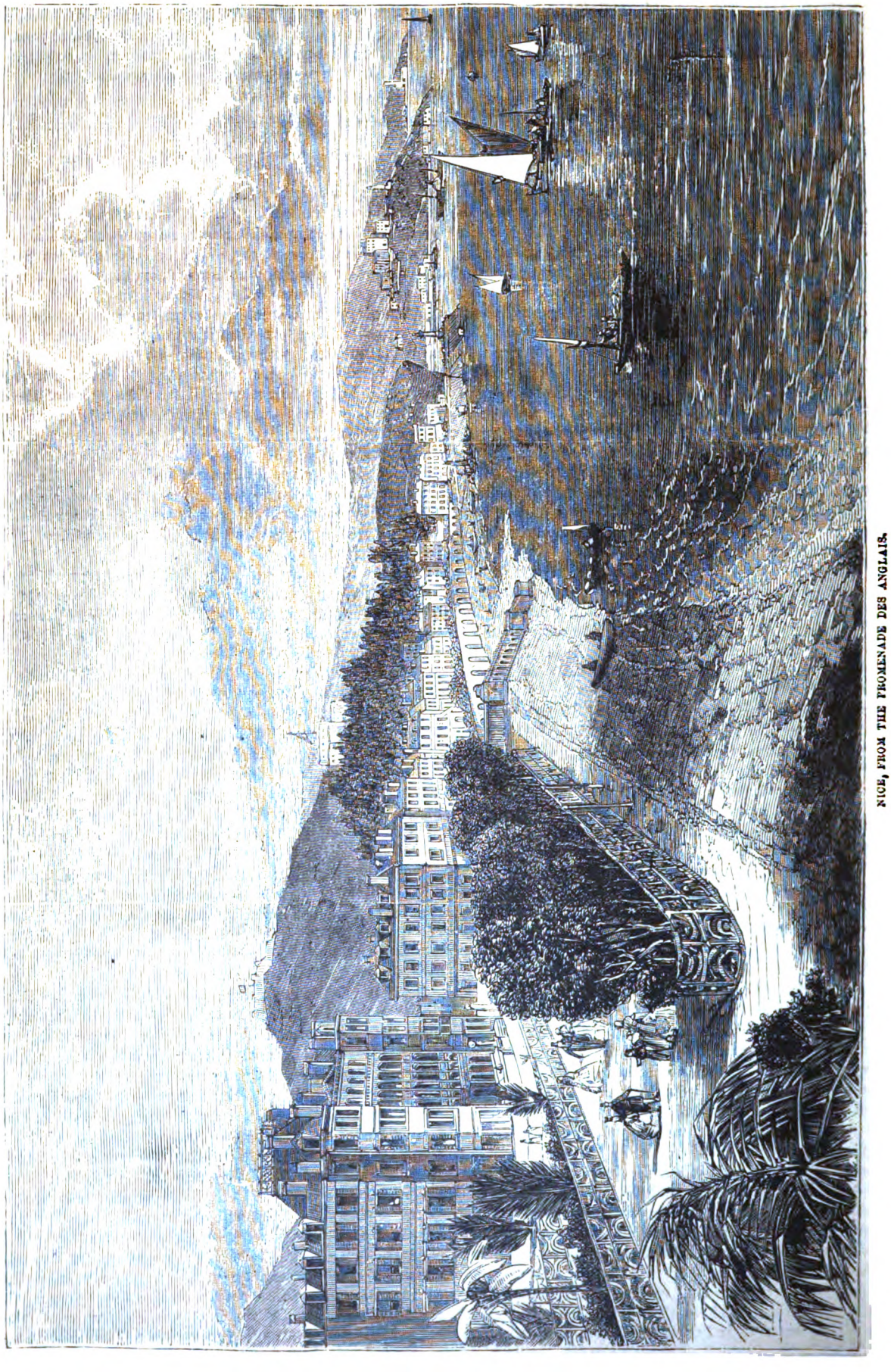
The corral includes a stream, and is not cleared; trees and bushes are left in their natural state. The fence of the corral is made of trees ten or twelve inches in diameter, sunk three feet in the ground, lashed together by transverse beams, and supported by props. A corral will be five hundred feet long by two hundred and fifty broad. The corral completed, the natives spread around in a vast circle, and begin cautiously narrowing in, keeping a close watch, and building fires at very short intervals, the elephants always retreating from fire.

At sunset (says an eye-witness) the scene was of extraordinary interest; the low fires, which had apparently only smoldered in the sunlight, assumed their ruddy glow amidst the darkness, and threw their tinge over the groups collected around them, while the smoke rose in eddies through the rich foliage of the trees. The crowds of spectators maintained profound silence, and not a sound was perceptible beyond the hum of an insect. On a sudden the stillness was broken by the roll of a drum, followed by a discharge of musketry. This was the signal for the renewed assault, and the hunters entered the circle with shouts and clamor; dry leaves and sticks were flung upon the watch-fires till they blazed aloft, and formed a line of flame on every side, except in the direction of the corral, which was studiously kept dark; and thither the terrified elephants betook themselves, followed by the yells and racket of their pursuers.

The animals approached at a rapid pace, trampling down the brushwood and crushing the dry branches; the leader emerged in front of the corral, paused for an instant, stared wildly round, and then rushed headlong through the open gate, followed by the rest of the herd.

As if by magic, the entire circuit of the corral, which to this moment had been kept in profound darkness, now blazed with a thousand lights, every hunter on the instant that the elephants entered rushing forward to the stockade with a torch kindled at the nearest watchfire.

The elephants first dashed to the very extremity of the enclosure, and being being brought up by a powerful fence, started back to regain the gate, but found it closed. Their terror was sublime; they hurried round the corral at a rapid pace, but saw it now girt by fire on every side; they attempted to force the stockade, but were driven back by the guards with spears and flambeaux; and on whichever side they approached they were repulsed with shouts and discharges of musketry. Collecting into one group, they would pause for a moment in apparent bewilderment, then burst off in another direction, as if it had suddenly occurred to them to try some point which they had before overlooked; but again repulsed, they slowly return to their forlorn resting-place in the centre of the corral.



NICE, FROM THE PROMENADE DES ANGLAIS.

COSTUMES OF VILLAGERS NEAR NICE.

NICE.

NICE—Nizza—what memories, what associations cluster about the name! To many who take their pleasure on the Promenade des Anglais, or amuse themselves bric-à-brac hunting along the Quai de Masséna, the place suggests nothing more than is contained in the obvious fact that it is one of the gayest and most delightfully placed cities on the continent of Europe. Delightfully placed, that is, to the stout of frame, who do not mind the icy blasts which sweep down from the adjacent gullies of the Maritime Alps; and "gayest," that is, to the long of purse, who do not mind the long pull, the strong pull, and the pull all together which the Niçois—none better—know how to make upon them. To such folk Nice is incomparably pleasant. There are all the elements of enjoyment procurable by dollars, and there, in the immediate surroundings, are wonderful beauties of sea and landscape which, though they cannot be bought, may be enjoyed.

To those who cannot amuse themselves as rich Americans and Russians do, and who yet are compelled to spend time at Nice from considerations of health or duty, the legends of the place will afford an ample source of interest. Every yard of the city has its history, every acre of the neighborhood its tradition.

At Cimies, at the back of the town, where the Romans, with Roman wisdom, built their city on the hill instead of on the exposed plain, there are ruins enough to enable the imagination to rebuild and to repeople ancient Nice. Does not the road from Nice to the mountains lie through the very amphitheatre in which Roman emperors witnessed the arena sports, and in which gladiators looked nervously to the still extant stalls for the upturned or downcast thumb which was to determine their life or death? Are not the people on those heights, where villas nestle and group themselves, indebted to pre-Christian wells for the water they drink? Do not the Romans yet survive in the ruins of their city?

Upon these and other memories let that intelligent French officer of engineers be your guide, who, being quartered at Nice directly after the French occupation of the principality, set himself to find out all that was knowable about it. With him you shall stand on the very spot where the Moslem invaders were flung time after time from the walls they had scaled; where the brave Niçoise Segurana, when all seemed lost, restored spirit to the defenders and struck terror into the assailants by tearing down with her own hands the green flag of the Prophet; and where the Counts of Provence and the Dukes of Savoy fought times out of number for the ownership of the soil. In the magic mirror of the historical kaleidoscope you shall see Genoese fleets fighting the battle of Christian civilization against the attacks of Islam in the waters of Villefranche, and the defeated but unconquered Knights of Rhodes sallying forth from the port of Nice, to take vengeance on the Infidel. You shall see the absorption of the Republic of Nice, after years of insecure greatness, in the duchy of Savoy; and you shall see in times far within living memory, the removal of the French frontier-line from the Var to a limit which includes the birthplace of Garibaldi and the finest port of the whilom kingdom of Piedmont.

There is very much to see and to think about in this direction at Nice for those who care to see and think about such things at all. Of this number probably there will be few in that 3 P.M. train which leaves Nice daily for Monte Carlo, and quite as few in that large crowd which surges around the band places, and, judging from appearances, is wholly given up to affording milliners an opportunity for comparing notes upon living models.

Nice is certainly not a city of the dead; it is the resort of some of the most active living. Even those who to the corporal eye seem to be beyond mortal touch and speech are not really passed away—they are of the class who, being dead, yet speak; whilst those who congregate now in her streets are of a kind the fact of whose living leaves nothing to the imagination. East and West meet in the fullness of incongruity, the North adds its quota, and the picturesque South is not wanting in representatives. But it is the Westerns who are dominant. If Cannes be accounted the fee simple of the English, Nice is shared by the natives in coparcenary

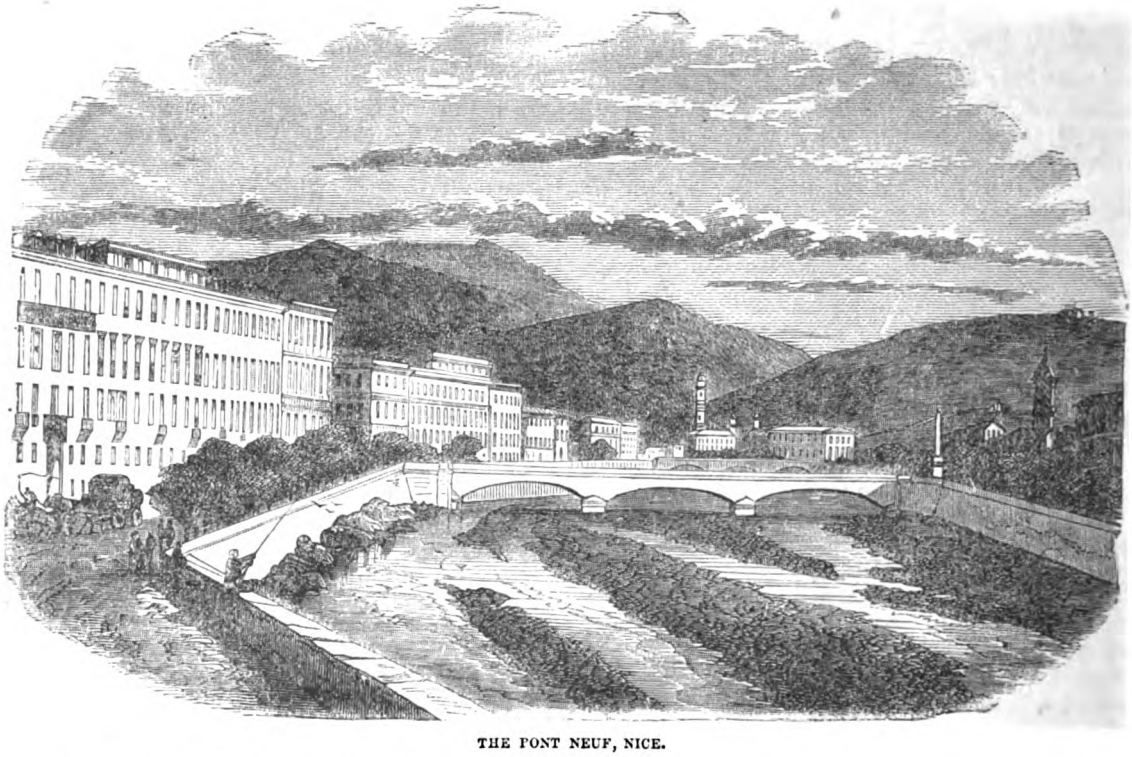
with the Americans. Recognizable American forms occupy the streets, to the complete satisfaction of the shopkeepers. The accents of the American tongue are borne upon the air, and the arrangements of every hotel bear testimony to the Transatlantic *clientèle* out of whom proprietors hope to make money. Villefranche, the sheltered port of Nice, is in truth America's naval station in the Mediterranean. *Hic illius arma, hic currus fuit*, and it was not so long ago that negotiations were actively pressed forward for purchasing the right to that occupation which international courtesy allowed, and still allows. The stars and stripes are more familiar than the tricolor at mastheads of war-ships frequenting Nicene waters, and one sees the effect in the quietly masterful way in which the subjects—one should rather say the children—of the star-spangled banner pursue the even tenor of their way about the place. At the Cercle, at the opera, on the promenades—even on that designated "Des Anglais"—in the *salons*, everywhere, the American nation has the pre-eminence. Were it not for the old-world look of older Nice, and for the unquestionably French appearance of the garrison, one might doubt he was in continental Europe, in the very midst of traditions of a far backward stretching past. The voice that is heard is Jacob's voice, but the place and the surroundings belong to Esau.

Very Esaus indeed do the Niçois account their French masters. Ask that Franco-Italian-looking woman, who keeps the small bookshop in the old town, near the port, what she thinks of the new *régime*. Listen, and, if you can, understand the words she utters—volubly, gutturally, and with much eloquence, albeit of a provincial sort—against the insolence, as she calls it, of the new landlords; their assumption of superiority in the face of a nation and of institutions which were famous when the forbears of the powers that be were the unkempt barbarian vassals of the imperial companions of the local ancestry.

To complete the picture, it would be as well to spend five minutes in the *salon* of the Parisian *modiste*, six doors off, who cannot, for the life of her, comprehend what makes these dull natives *si bête*. "Would madame believe it, they can scarcely be got to acknowledge a simple *bonjour!*" You meet them in a crowded reception—*on ne bouge pas*. At a *café* or concert they will not give place even to a lady."

This is all very terrible; and to people who complain of German conduct in Alsace and Lorraine, it is quite unintelligible. Yet so it is; and between the French and the aborigines in Nice there is a great gulf fixed. The one people may date, it is true, from a thousand years; but the other, as the Basque peasant said to the Montmorency, have left off dating. *Enfin, que voulez-vous?* What is to happen when two incompatible temperaments are linked in forced union? There is small chance at Nice, or anywhere else, under those circumstances, of any strong, practical exposition of the duty toward one's neighbor.

It is a lovely place, this Nice, with its face toward the sea, its back to the mountains, and its flank covered by the long promontory of the Cap d'Antibes on the one side, and the heights of Villefranche, crowned by the old citadel of Nice, on the other. The seashore plain on which it stands was built up centuries ago by the give-and-take process that goes on everlastingly where sea and mountain meet and dispute for the mastery. Between the two, stands now the long stretch of shore that reaches from Nice to Antibes, fifteen miles away; and upon it stands the city which long contended with Marseilles for the title of Queen of the Mediterranean.



THE PONT NEUF, NICE.

Phocæans, Greeks, Romans, Moslems, and Christians of all kinds, have loved and dwelt in the place. Its marvelous beauty as well as its natural strength have made it an object of envy, and bitter have been the struggles for it. Nature, too, has had her methods of compensation for the adornments she has lent. Earthquake and pestilence have ravaged the district more than once; and the local chronology is framed on the plan of dating from some calamity or great event which has had a more abiding interest for the people than the ordinary standards.

The outcome of it all is, nevertheless, very pleasant to us

of the nineteenth century; and he who, in quest of a Winter resort, whether for health or pleasure, wishes for more of a town than Cannes and less of a sanitarium than Mentone, cannot do better than settle at Nice. If shelter from sharp winds be his object, let him climb to Cimies, on the hill at the back. There he will find, in villas of all sorts and sizes, the warmest, coziest, and for distant views the delightfullest, spot in the district. Cimies is to Nice what Canet will some day be to Cannes. Backed directly by the hills, which form the southern guard of the Maritime Alps, it is sheltered from the cold blasts which sweep down from the Alps themselves. The icy winds pass by it overhead; and the houses, clustered in safe nooks, turn their faces and windows to the south, and admit no air that is not warmed by the bright, strong sun, to which northern Winters are strangers.

But those who elect for Cimies must depend upon themselves for amusement. At Cimies is no Cercle, no theatre, no concert, no band-playing, no promenade. Dwellers therein must be content literally to look down upon such things, and literally to be above them. At Nice such things abound, but the most amusing public institution in Cimies is a monastery.

Now the monastery, though not strictly amusing, unless to those English of whom Froissart asserts that they "amuse themselves sadly," is most strictly entertaining in the only direction of entertainment to which Cimies lends itself. Books it has in profusion; and it is a sign of the largeness of the monks' charity, and at the same time of their little contact with the world in general, that they are willing to lend their books—simple men!—hoping that people will return them. Foul befall the man who deceives these good monks, and makes them shut up their compassion and their library from the needy at Cimies!

The needy will then have to depend wholly upon their own resources. For reading books, enjoying the magnificent prospects afforded by the many points of view in the neighborhood, trying to get better, and shaking hands with yourself that you are not as the unfortunates at home—freezing, shivering, unable to take exercise through fear of wicked winds—these are about the daily stock-in-trade of people who set themselves down at Cimies. One hesitates to descend the steep, eight-hundred-feet-high hill that leads to Nice, knowing that he will experience in returning the full force of Virgil's aphorism about the difference between the *descensus* and the *ascensus Averni*.

Visits to Nice are events to be fully recorded in diaries, with details of the way, of the things and people seen in the great city on the plain; perils not to be entered upon without much consideration, nor unattended by solemn rites at their inception and their ending. *Chefs* and such divinities, postmen and the like, go and come, fetch and carry. Is not Cimies fed from Nice? But the majority of the inhabitants remain upon their coign of vantage from day to day; and only visitors at Nice, and the curious among the Niçois, invade their retirement.

Yet what more delightful drive, except, perhaps, along the Corniche road, is there to be found on the Riviera than the drive from Nice down the Promenade des Anglais and through Carabacel to Cimies, and thence through the Roman amphitheatre down the northern road back to Nice? *Crede experto;* and if the result should not prove satisfactory, try the Corniche itself, starting from Mentone.

Hotel and pension open wide their doors and swallow up the traveler, and give him reason in due time to remember his sojourn among them. If charges are somewhat high, the accommodation is very good, and people—especially heads of families—who growl at the "extras" to the pension charge, at the fifty centimes for each bath, and the seventy-five centimes for each candle, should not forget that Nice is habitable during half the year only; that rents are high, taxes very heavy, and that able *chefs* and quick-footed servants are not secured for nothing.

It is no part of the business of the writer of this paper to act as patron or as touter to the hotels. He will follow the example of the undergraduate, and decline, as that gentleman did, to draw invidious distinctions, when he was called on to enumerate the major and the minor prophets. There are many excellent hotels at Nice. Let the traveler choose for himself, and find out by experience whether the houses on the promenades or on the quays are the more frequented by mosquitoes. On arrival outside the station, he will find drawn up, in serried lines, the omnibuses of the hotels, and the only friendly hint given to him here in connection with the subject of housing, is, that he should decide before

THE MONASTERY OF CIMIES.

CHURCH OF ST. REPARATA, AT NICE.

arrival at what hotel he means to stop. With this foreknowledge he will find himself relieved of all luggage troubles by the uniformed attendants of the stage-carriage. Without it, he may find his family partitioned off among the representatives of the Nice hotel proprietary, and his luggage the subject of much animated conversation in a language probably unknown to him. For the language of Nice—of the Niçois—is not French of Paris; neither is it Italian, as Florentines use it. It is compounded of both, with provincialisms interspersed, and with a large admixture of that old Provençal in which troubadours sang and wooed.

As to amusements, the guide-books and the *concierges* will say all that is necessary—and more. There is the Cercle de la Méditerranée, to which men will of course subscribe; and if Monte Carlo does not satisfy them in the matter of play, there is a club at Nice, which the writer will not help them to find out, where they may amuse themselves in this way to the full. There is the Opera, and there is the Théâtre Français; and especially there is, in the Cours, Visconti's great rendezvous, where everybody is to be seen, and every newspaper that is, is to be read. There are concerts, there are balls, and there are *réunions*, which, like the brook, "go on for ever." In short, amusements are plentiful, and of all sorts—from hill-climbing to love-making. Between these two comes a wide range of occupations adapted to the most fastidious tastes, including that of losing or winning your own or some one else's fortune, at the tables of Monte Carlo. The latter amusement is profitable neither to the morals or means of the visitor; but so long as the opportunity is afforded to tempt "*méchant* fortune," there will never lack votaries of the deluding dame. The visitor who seeks Nice, however, in search of health or recreation may enjoy its charming scenery and genial climate without accepting the hospitalities of the "knights of the tables."

Blue Gentians.

"How long, Andrey?"

She lifted her eyes, and looked over the wide expanse of free nature for a symbol of her faithfulness. Between the knolls the brook came gliding, fringed with blue.

"See here, Lynn, as long as the gentian blooms, I will wait for you."

Lynn Lathrop smiled down on the dark young face.

There was no doubting its earnestness—its truth; but this girl, a farmer's simple daughter, hitherto living in seclusion, was all untried.

"It may be so, Andrey; I will hope."

She knit her delicate brows—a wild-rose red came out on her cheeks.

"Why do you speak in that doubting tone?" she asked, quickly. "And what more can I do now than promise?"

"Nothing, dear. Pluck me one of the blue gentians, and I will keep it."

He took the flower from her hand, laid it between the leaves of a memorandum-book, and put it in his breast. He clasped both her little brown hands then, and raised them to his lips.

"It will be five years before we meet again, Andrey—and you are only sixteen."

"I am a woman, Lynn."

As he slipped a plain gold ring on her slender finger, he thought how queenly a one for her years, but he did not speak. She had beauty, talent; she was not always to remain at Blackbird Hill.

Again his heart, already world-wise, cried, "Untried, untried!" He released the little hand softly.

"Now, good-by, dear. How much I love you, Andrey, God only knows. I have been happy here—for the only time in my life. It's a hard world—heaven spare your heart the knowledge, my child!"

She felt his stern lips quiver as he kissed her. She strangled the pang of parting to smile bravely in his face.

"Keep your gentian, Lynn."

With a faint smile he heard her last words, and turned away.

* * * * * * *

When the solitary figure had gone around the last knoll, Andrey Rothmere turned, and, with a quick step and abstracted eye, ascended the hill. The house came suddenly upon you in a clump of alder. She entered the wide open door, threw her hat upon the kitchen settee, and ascended the steep stairs to a little south room.

It was a strange apartment to find in a farmhouse—bare but for an artist's easel and a few plaster models, but the walls covered with unframed pictures in water-colors—human

heads, flowers, and landscapes. Brackets, also, holding cupids; bacchantes and angels, in plaster—Andrey Rothmere's work.

She sat down on a stool and buried her face in her hands. This, then, was her work in life—to uphold one man's faith. Most congenial! She had such trust in the good and true—in herself! She was *glad* to be needed to uphold the right. It was higher, better work than molding ideal heads and faces. Yet, that was good, too, in its way. She loved her work—the Pucks and Ariels that she shaped, and some day she was going to accomplish something excellent in *that* way.

She was young. Wait, and see.

* * * * * * *

"Who did it?"

Mrs. Nabob reached forward, with her feathers and chignon quite concealing the statue from everybody else's view.

"A New Hampshire girl—very young—quite unknown. An *artiste*, isn't she?"

"She must be. Such a sensation!" said Mrs. Nabob, looking around upon the crowd.

The statue was a tiny thing—the light and laughing figure of a child, holding high a garland of roses, the head brimming over with curls, the round face turned back over the dimpled shoulder—a runaway darling.

"A preddy thing," pronounced a German millionaire *connoisseur*, and went in search of the proprietor of the store.

No, the statuette was not sold. Major Leiter gladly purchased it for $100. It was far more than Andrey had dared hope for—her first sale, her first success.

But she was known now. She received letters, compliments, notices of the Press.

She came to New York, and Mrs. Nabob took her up. It was the fashion just then to pet young talent. Mrs. Nabob gave Andrey an invitation to dwell with her, gave her a party, and introduced her to all the other fashionables of her set.

Then commenced for Andrey a life of excitement and feverish endeavor. She turned out cherubs and angels rapidly. They sold quickly. The young *artiste* was all the rage for a year—a brief year.

After that, the novelty began to pall. The wise art-dealers demurred at giving her pieces the most conspicuous place; somebody else was the fashion—a young man who made flesh-colored fauns and dryads.

Andrey was astonished, and consulted a gray-haired professor of art.

"You do not want popularity—you want study," he said.

His words were distasteful. To go back to an apprenticeship!—she *could* not.

Another year went by, in which she struggled with fate and fortune. She was gaining nothing; she was no longer praised; her statuettes sold slowly.

"Trashy things!" she heard a foreign art-dealer say.

Mrs. Nabob, going for the Summer to Saratoga, did not propose that she should join her.

Andrey paused and thought. Her prospects stared her darkly in the face. Could she give up the luxury to which she had now become accustomed, and go back to Blackbird Hill? True, she had been happy in her girlhood's home, but happiness there now seemed impossible.

Sitting alone in her chamber, with its walls of painted panels and silk, the old farm-house, with her plodding father and shrill-voiced stepmother, her narrow bed and bare studio, seemed unendurable.

Art had been much to her there. It would never be the same again, for her glowing, tender buds of hope had blossomed—blossomed scentlessly and faded.

Wearied and dissatisfied, she walked the floor, trailing her robe of silk over the velvet moss of the carpet.

A handsome woman, looking, as ever, older than she was, with her dark, imperious beauty.

"I was made for luxury," said Andrey.

A servant knocked, entered, and handed her a note.

BLUE GENTIANS.—"HIS VOICE—THE TOUCH OF HIS HAND UPON HER HAIR—SHE TREMBLED FROM HEAD TO FOOT."

The peculiar chirography, the rich monogram—Andrey recognized the missive as Dr. Goldthwait's.

He was one of Mrs. Nabob's set, a wealthy fashionable physician, a widower without a tinge of ideality in his composition. He admired Miss Rothmere's beauty, and he asked her to be his wife.

For a moment Andrey's cheeks burned, then she turned slowly pale.

She had not forgotten Lynn Lathrop; she had always expected some time to be his wife. But now, for the first time, she found that it weighed with her to remember that he was a poor man. He had written her thrice in the last two years—he had not grown rich yet.

"He never will. I have learned the way of the world," said Andrey. "The chances are that he will be an average architect with a limited income all his life. And he never wanted to marry poor."

She turned the scented note in her hand. Dr. Goldthwait had a home like a palace.

"What shall I do?" said Andrey.

That night she was taken ill—threatened congestion, caused by mental disturbance and physical exhaustion, Dr. Fay said. Her present atmosphere was very bad for her; as soon as she was able she must go into the country.

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At Blackbird Hill.

It was midsummer. The knolls were like velvet, the sky melted in gold and blue, the birds whistled in the plumy tree-tops.

At the first chance, Andrey slipped from the house, and threw herself on a bed of pine needles upon a shaded slope.

Here the Summer loveliness smiled in her face. As she looked, her brain cleared, her heart spoke.

"That was not happiness. I have not been happy once in the last two years!"

The pines sang over her; sunshine wrapped her warmly; a wild rose shed its balm upon her. She melted into tears.

Suddenly a shapely hand laid a withered flower upon her knee.

"There is your gentian, Andrey. I have kept it well."

She sprang up—caught him gladly about the neck.

"Oh, Lynn! Lynn!"

"What, Andrey?"

His voice—the touch of his hand upon her hair—she trembled from head to foot.

"I have been such a failure," she sobbed.

"A failure? Why, I have heard far and near of your successes, though you never told me."

"Oh, Lynn! I have done nothing really noble. I have worked for popularity, loved money, forgotten your love, thought of selling myself for a luxurious home! Any of the crowd of common women you meet would have done better than I! Oh, I am so mean, so poor a creature!"

She shrank with shame, but he still held her. He stroked her dark, rich hair; he smiled, and then spoke:

"Dear Andrey, I could have told you all this two years ago. It was inevitable."

He paused for an instant.

"I have come back to you now, not rich, but because I longed to see you."

In the depths of her heart Andrey was so glad he had come. Even if they must part again, it was such delicious rest to lie upon his bosom for one little moment!

"I have the prospect of a fair competence now, but I may never be rich. If so, could you be happy with me, Andrey?"

"I could be happy with you," she answered.

He kissed her.

"But if we need wait longer, I think now that I could be true," she added, humbly.

"Poor child!" was all he answered, with a smile.

THE BROWNIE OF THE WEST BOW.

The Scotch are famous for their superstition, and their literature, both oral and written, abounds in stories of spiritual presences. We have illustrated one of the most popular legends, the Brownie of the West Bow.

Thomas Dodds had been married to Janet about five years, when he unhappily met with a pretty, coquettish widow, Mary Blyth. Dodds was a man well-to-do, and lived in his own little house at the West Bow, as that part of Edinburgh was called. No children had blessed their union, and so they did not miss what they had never had, but lived a very quiet, contented life in their frugal, industrious manner. Mary Blyth, however, managed to get so great a control over him, that he was never happy out of her sight. At length his passion so completely overmastered his reason as to lead him to plot against his faithful Janet's life. The wicked widow had suggested the diabolical thought to him; and, as she declared she would not see him again till he had got his wife out of the way, he persuaded Janet to go out with him to the Loch for a walk. While they were walking on the high bank of the lake, Dodds pushed his wife into the deep water, and fled toward the town with all his might. He then raised the cry that his wife had accidentally fallen in and was drowned. About three weeks afterward the body of the unfortunate woman rose to the surface, and was buried with due solemnity, the miserable husband receiving the sympathy of his deluded friends.

Three months afterward he married the wicked widow, Mary Blyth, who had tempted Thomas Dodds to murder his wife.

Not long afterward, just as the gray dawning was breaking in the sky, as the two murderers were lying in their bed, they heard a knock at the door. Mary Dodds hastily threw a shawl over her shoulders, and went to open it. In an instant she returned pale and shivering, with a face blanched with terror. "Who was it?" eagerly demanded her husband. "Don't ask," was her reply. The noise of some person in the next room aroused his attention. Raising himself in his bed, he looked into the kitchen adjoining their bedroom. What was his horror to see his dead wife in the act of sweeping the floor! When this was done she made the fire, and then prepared the breakfast for *one*.

The agony of the guilty pair was dreadful.

When she had laid the breakfast-table she left the house. After a time Dodds and his new wife rose; but their conscience kept them from making any allusion to the dreadful apparition.

A few days afterward the same knock was heard at the door, but nothing could induce the guilty woman to open it. The miserable husband, therefore, rose, and who it was he let in was evidenced by his awestruck face and tottering limbs as he threw himself on the bed.

Again the fire was lit, and the breakfast prepared; but as it was the Sabbath morn, there was no repetition of the sweeping. Instead of that, the spectre took down the old Bible, and read a chapter aloud. She then sang her favorite hymn; and after getting everything ready for her wicked husband's breakfast, she put on her shawl and bonnet, and went out.

This legend is firmly believed by every respectable dweller in Auld Reekie.

FEMALE ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

An accomplishment is, of course, something accomplished —that is, completed or *filled up*—and the word is now popularly used to designate the more ornamental branches of education, as well as those refinements of taste and manner which pertain to a *finished* or completed woman. The Corinthian shaft, with its delicate fluting, exquisite proportions, and gracefully chiseled capital, is more attractive to the eye than the heavy, plain Doric column—unless it appears that strength has been sacrificed to beauty; if it is evident that the pillar is too frail to sustain the weight which it was meant to carry, the more elaborately it is adorned, the more we are disgusted.

There are some women who live for the purpose of exciting admiration. They seem to think that, as there are beasts of burden in the brute creation, so there are human beings who are only designed to be useful; but as there are also birds with lithe wing and scarlet plumage, who do nothing all day but warble among the trees, so it is *their* vocation, inasmuch as a discriminating Providence has conferred upon them the gifts of grace and beauty, to flutter among the flowers and make the landscape gay.

It is the undoubted duty of women to make themselves agreeable; and the wider the range of their accomplishments, the easier it is for them to shed a bland and a genial influence over society. But to impose the same round of ornamental branches upon young girls in general, without regard to their natural taste and inclination, is a great mistake. Why should one, who has no eye for either form or color, be tied down, month after month, to the pencil and the palette? What an enormous amount of time is wasted in laborious beating of the piano-keys by patient victims, who, not having the slightest conception of the soul of music, can never be anything more than mechanical performers, no matter how thorough their instruction may be. It would be much better to furnish them with a respectable barrel-organ, and let them grind away periodically at that. Where the musical gift has been implanted by nature, let it be thoroughly cultivated; but it is a pity that so many young girls should be fastened to an instrument four or five hours every day, which will always be to them nothing but an *instrument*

There is a great variety of tastes in the world, and it is to be presumed that almost every woman has a taste for something, although it may not be painting or music. It is always desirable that they should have some resource outside the daily routine of their domestic duties, to relieve the tedium of ordinary life. The instincts of their nature crave such relief. Men have their sports and clubs, and office gossipings, from which their wives and daughters are excluded. There is something touching and pathetic in some of the heirlooms, which show how they were wont to amuse themselves in days gone by. On the walls of some remote upper chamber there hangs a quaint old *sampler*, covered all over with alphabets in every conceivable form of text, and in all varieties of color, very much faded now, "worked by Abigail W. Brown, 1811, in the thirteenth year of her age." By its side may be seen a funereal piece, with a green willow, bearing a strong resemblance to an umbrella, hanging over a white shaft somewhat out of line, and supported on the sides by two marvelously carved female figures, with a noble defiance of botany in the surrounding grass and flowers, and of the ordinary rules of perspective in the adjacent church. On the opposite wall, elaborate card-racks are suspended, made of varnished and gilded scollop-shells; and in the centre of the room stands a black table, adorned with little pictures of birds and bugs, and buildings and beasts, and anything else that happened to turn up in the pictorials of the day, arranged in rows and circles and squares and triangles, perhaps with a vase of artificial flowers on the top, more brilliant than nature, and a great deal stiffer.

Among the works of a somewhat later generation, we find marvelous specimens of what was significantly called *crewel-work*—Rebekah at the Well, Queen Elizabeth and Sir Walter Raleigh, Washington and Lafayette, and other designs, which remind one very faintly of the Gobelin tapestries. A generation has not passed since "Grecian paintings" were all the rage, capable of being executed by the artist and the white-washer with equal facility. Still later, we had the costly aquarium, in which the fish were so apt to die, when the young lady who ought to have watched over them was absorbed in working delicately shaded slippers for large pastoral feet.

The matters of which we have spoken are, for the most part, accomplishments only in a lower sense of the term. Every young woman who aims at attaining any lofty position in society, would like to become accomplished, not only in her general style and manners, and in the acquisition of those ornamental pursuits which happen to be in vogue, but also in the more advanced departments of solid culture. It is not to be expected that the majority of women should become profoundly learned, or be distinguished as popular writers, or travel about the land enlightening the public with their wisdom. The formal pedant, who seems to look upon society only as a field for the collision of strong minds and the parade of argument, and is always on the watch to start some subtle question of science or philosophy or criticism, is apt to become something of a nuisance. This, however, is not so bad as to be brought in constant contact with one who has no resources beyond the current gossip of the day, and talks of nothing but dress and fashions, and dancing, and entertainments, and the weather.

If this frivolous person ever feels any real emotions, there is nothing to indicate it; and if she has any thoughts, they are never uttered. She courts admiration, not respect or regard; and if nature has gifted her with external attractions, for a while she may receive what she most covets. Sensible men, who ought to know better, may be drawn within the circle of her admirers, just as we see, not only the little moths and gaudy flies dash at the burning lamp, but even the great, black beetle occasionally singeing his horny wings in the alluring flame.

A FIERCE ENCOUNTER.

A Story of the Bush.

"A month's leave, eh, old fellow! That's capital. You'll stay with us, of course. Alice will be delighted, and, I promise you, will make you comfortable," said Fred Cyples, as I dismounted one afternoon before the pretty, flower-embossed portico of his house near Pietromartizburg.

I was a captain in the mounted police of Natal, and my friend was an old schoolfellow, who had married and settled as a sheep-farmer at the place above mentioned.

"I don't quite know whether I can accept your invitation, Fred. I want change sadly, and our surgeon recommends a walking tour as the best thing to set me straight, so I came to ask you to accompany me," I replied, as I resigned my horse to an African and preceded my friend into the house.

"I am so glad to see you, Captain Hanbury," said Mrs. Cyples, her sweet face radiant with smiles as she cordially greeted me. "You've come to stay, I hope! Fred was saying, only yesterday, how dull he felt, and I think he begins already to regret his bachelor freedom."

The laughing kiss with which Cyples sealed his wife's lips fully refuted the lady's last assertion, and we adjourned to a tastefully ornate drawing-room for a cozy chat while dinner was being prepared.

When I had retailed all the gossip of the colony, of which my official position enabled me to have a good fund on hand, dinner was announced, and over that most social meal we began to arrange a plan for spending my holidays.

"I don't like to leave Alice with only these half-caste servants in the house," said Fred, when I proposed that he should accompany me on my walking tour westward.

"I'm sure you need not fear for my safety," replied his wife. "By all means, take him, Captain Hanbury. He has been so dull lately, that I am sure your company and a long ramble will do him a world of good. We've seen no one for weeks, and I began to fear the other day that we should have to follow Mynheer Jansen's example."

"What was that, Mrs. Cyples?" I asked; for I knew the merry little woman had always some piquant anecdote to relate.

"I will tell you. Mynheer Jansen was a Dutch settler, as his name implies. He had amassed money, and lived a strictly retired life with his *frau*, but the solitude and isolation were too much for them, so they took to imbibing large quantities of Schiedam. After dinner they used to sit for several hours at the table, never speaking, but drinking steadily on until they fell asleep. One day, after they had partaken of their usual libations, Mynheer unclosed his eyes just in time to see his wife disappear in a blue flame, nothing but a gray wreath of smoke, circling up from a heap of ashes, telling the story of her mysterious dissolution. She had been consumed by spontaneous combustion. Jansen was as plegmatic as most Hollanders. He gave a sigh, relit his pipe between the bars of the grate, and rang the bell. 'Yacob,' he said, when the domestic entered—'bring clean glasses, and sweep away your mistress.'"

THE BROWNIE OF THE WEST BOW.—SEE PAGE 614.

I laughed heartily, and I think the story gained my point, for Fred consented to accompany me, and the next morning we strapped on our knapsacks, bade adieu to Mrs. Cyples, and, rifles in hand, set out, full of spirits, on our projected walk.

The whole country through which we traveled is most richly endowed with nature's gifts. It possesses an immense depth of fertile soil, but not a stone was to be seen anywhere, excepting at the mouths of rivers, where, on the beach, some agates and other pebbles were to be found, and where the ruddy cliffs, formed from a mixture of sand and clay, became occasionally indurated, by exposure to the sun; when immense rocks fell, and lie immovable like small rocks at their bases—records of time—the tombstones of ages.

Nothing, perhaps, calls more forcibly to the mind the unseen, the silent workings of nature, than these parted fragments over a wild and unfrequented waste. All the animal creation near them must have been in consternation at the moment of their fall—when the lonely solitude must have rung with thundering echoes—the beasts and birds must have burst forth in terrific chorus, and the surrounding hills have trembled with the shock! It is but seldom that these events take place—perhaps not more than twice in a century; some of the enormous fragments bearing strongly the marks of time.

Now and again, on emerging from a forest, the dense foliage of which almost excluded every ray of light, we would suddenly find the grand panorama of the boundless South Atlantic before us. It was a sublime sight—the ever restless blue and silver waves sparkling in golden sunlight as they rolled along to an interminable distance, while the low moan of the surges, as they beat up the rugged cliffs far beneath our feet, sounded like a requiem over the vast number of dead entombed beneath the swelling bosom of the ocean.

When night came on, we used to put up at farmhouses, the occupants of which are, as a rule, most hospitable people, who are only too glad to barter bodily comforts for intelligence of the outer world; months often passing by without a strange face being seen, or an item of news reaching their isolated abodes.

We had a long and tiring march through the Longclough valley, the road in many places being difficult in the extreme —fashioned only by mountain torrents—when we arrived, weary and footsore, at an old-fashioned farmhouse, just as the mountain shadows, uniting with the sable robes of fast-advancing night, cloaked all nature in darkness.

We received a hearty welcome, the best that the house afforded being placed at our immediate disposal, and when we had satisfied the cravings of hunger, we drew close around the fire, and related to eager listeners our tales of town life and adventure.

Mr. Fleming, our host, was an Englishman, who had been settled for many years in the colony. He possessed a fine estate, and with him dwelt his only daughter, who, since the death of her mother, had had sole control over the domestic economy of the house.

Minnie Fleming was a shapely girl of nineteen. She had sparkling blue eyes, that shone upon you like gleams from Paradise; a complexion that outvied the fairest blush-rose in delicate warmth; a faultless mouth, that, acting in concert with two bewitching little dimples, seemed smilingly to indicate the purity and contentment of the heart—in short, Minnie was very beautiful. "A rose blooming in a desert," Cyples, who is rather poetical, called her. But of one thing I am very sure—she did not "waste her fragrance," for she shone like a perpetual ray of sunshine over her father's household.

She was well educated, too, for Mr. Fleming—himself no mean scholar—had done his best to instill into her readily apprehensive mind all the knowledge that raises woman in the estimation of her fellows.

What a merry evening we spent! The "cape-smoke," a sort of toddy, was excellent, the choice cheroots marvelously soothing, and the conversation enjoyable in the extreme. We told old stories, we sang old songs, and were so thoroughly happy that, ere retiring, we cordially accepted our host's hearty invitation to sojourn a few days beneath his hospitable roof-tree, and at once made ourselves quite at home.

A FIERCE ENCOUNTER.—"THE IRON JAWS OF THE TIGER RELAXED THEIR HOLD, AND, PLANTING HIS WEIGHTY FORE-FEET ON MY BREAST, HE STOOD MAJESTICALLY AT BAY."—SEE PAGE 615.

"Good-morning, gentlemen," said Mr. Fleming, on our making our appearance in the breakfast-room the following day. "Slept well, I hope. Minnie is busy in the dairy, but will be in directly. One of my stock-men has just been telling me that one of my herd that strayed out of the kraal yesterday has been slain by a tiger during the night. They've found the mangled carcass in a bush. What do you say to a little sport? The animal is sure to return to-night to finish his meal. Suppose we try to get a shot at him?"

"By Jove, the very thing!" cried Cyples, in ecstacy. "I've often longed for a day's tiger-hunting, but could never get the chance of one anywhere near Natal."

"You are not likely to obtain a *day's* sport *here*, Mr.

Cyples. Night is the only time wild beasts leave their lairs in this part of Africa, and we shall have to lay a subtle trap, for they are very wary," answered our host.

After breakfast we went over the farm, admired the cattle, bestowed lavish praise upon Miss Fleming's immaculate dairy, and built up a sort of temporary stockade near the remains of the slaughtered cow, behind which we could secrete ourselves after nightfall, to await the tiger's advent.

"Pray be careful, and do not run any unnecessary risks; I'm not very timid, but I dread what might happen if the tiger surprised you," whispered Miss Fleming, laying her hand gently on my arm, and looking up with an expression of anxiety on her face, as we prepared to set out, shortly after dusk.

"I will take every care of your father, I promise you," I answered, laughingly.

"And of yourself also, I beg," she added, almost imploringly, as I quitted her side.

In due course of time we arrived at our rendezvous, ensconced ourselves behind the stockade, and kept vigilant watch for the tiger's approach. The night was calm and still, the moon shone brightly down, and only the whirring of the glittering fire-flies in the thicket disturbed the solemn silence that reigned around. We had not long to wait; the first intimation we received of the nocturnal forager's approach was a rustling noise in the bushes close behind us, and we were not prepared for this. Having naturally surmised that he would retrace his footsteps of the previous evening, we had only built up a straight wall of bushes and poles, and, before we had time to retreat to the other side, the handsome animal bounded out of the brake, and crouched, ready for a spring, directly before us, his eyes gleaming like opals, and his sweeping tail lashing in fury.

Quick as thought I brought my rifle to the front, leveled straight at the scintillant eyes of our foe, and fired.

A loud, angry roar, a terrific blow in my side, and, though half stunned, I felt myself being dragged rapidly through the bush. Then the iron paws of the tiger relaxed their hold, and, planting his weighty forefoot on my breast, he stood majestically at bay.

A sharp report rang in my ears, a jet of warm blood streamed over my face, and the ponderous body of the tiger fell right across my arm, almost crushing it.

When I recovered consciousness I could not conjecture where I was, or what had happened. I was cognizant of being in a strange room, which evidently had been purposely darkened. I could not move, and it seemed to me as if I was awakening from a dull sleep, in which the only vision I had seen had been that of a fair girl hovering forever near me. I tried to speak, but could not articulate distinctly; then the angel of my vision returned, and I recognized the lovely features of Minnie Fleming, as her long, golden ringlets fell in clusters over my face, while her bright eyes beamed down upon me.

From Mr. Fleming's account, it appeared that my ball had wounded the tiger in the foot, augmenting his rage, and that had he not been lame, my chance of escape would have been a sorry one. As it was, my companions came quickly up to him; a lucky bullet from my friend Fred's unerring rifle terminated my foe's career, and I received a new lease of life.

Need I tell how rapidly I recovered from my wounds, and regained health and strength under the ever-watchful treatment of my gentle nurse? Need I relate how, while convalescent, I wooed and won her? I think not. I need only add that residence in Natal became sweetly bearable when she came to share my home; and I have never regretted the accident which, I have always considered, led, in a great measure, to Minnie's becoming my devoted wife.

THE FOREST GLEANER.

THE pictures of Mr. Dobson are popular on both sides of the Atlantic, and most deservedly. There is a sweet humanity about them which appeals to all hearts. The one we have engraved for the present number breathes of two natures—that of the woods and childhood. Like most of Dobson's pictures, it tells its own story. It is a child returning home with the bundle of firewood she has gleaned. She knows that her mother depends upon her for fuel, and she feels at once happy and important. With the usual instinct of childhood, the little wood-gleaner has gathered quite as much as she can carry, and we dare say she will drop many a twig on her way home, and in stooping to pick them up drop more.

The children of the poor, in all cases, have many privations and hardships to endure; but most certainly we feel more for the little ones who dwell in one of those loathsome pandemoniums called Tenement Houses, than we do for the children of the poor who have fresh air in the country, and roam through woods and meadows.

LAYING THE GHOST.

ARY! oh, Mary! quick!" called out my husband's voice, entreatingly, after me, just as I was about to enter our own bedroom, having left him but a moment previous in the parlor below, reading.

I hurriedly retraced my steps.

"Well, dear, what's wanted?" I asked, abruptly opening the parlor-door, and interrupting its occupant in the cool perusal of his morning's newspaper.

I had to speak twice, so deeply engaged was he, before I could gain his attention. I succeeded at last, however, after repeated effort.

"Eh?—what?" he finally and spasmodically ejaculated, with the last word throwing down my "rival" upon the carpet at his feet. "What on earth did I call you for so persistently if I didn't want you? Why, my dear wife, you must have been dreaming. I haven't called you at all!"

I was in a great hurry at the time, I recollect; so, decidedly appeased and muttering a somewhat ungracious apology, I hastily retraced my steps in the direction of the bedroom regions, marveling much at what I heard, however, as I went—and reached there only to be greeted, my foot upon the threshold, by the same voice of agonized entreaty as before:

"Mary! oh, Mary! quick!"

For a moment I stood irresolute, transfixed, and, I will *now* own, paralyzed, literally, with something that was not *all* amazement, remembering well that the house was a detached building, standing apart in its own garden, and that, with the exception of a deaf old Scotchwoman, as cook and laundress in the kitchen, my husband and myself, with a non-talkative baby of six months, were its sole occupants. Yes, I will own that, for an instant, my cheek actually blanched with terror. As quickly, however, the color returned—sent thither in a torrent of red-blooded indignation by a sudden thought. "I'll teach him!" I said to myself, audibly, as I sprang to the banisters, and leaned wrathfully over them.

"Henry!" I shrieked, in anything but dulcet tones, "be good enough to come to that door for an instant!"

In the prescribed "instant" I heard his footsteps, obedient to the certainly rather unwifely, or, more properly, "*Caudle-ish* summons," start for the direction designated, and a moment after he appeared, paper in hand, in the open doorway.

"Upon my word, sir——" I began, bravely, but at that distance in my "lecture" I stopped suddenly, interrupted as before—my innocent husband in full view of me—by that fearful voice again, entreatingly:

"Mary! oh, Mary! quick!"

My husband heard it, too, this time, and with the blankest species of astonishment depicted upon his countenance, his eyes met my own now thoroughly alarmed ones, as, with a sudden bound, he cleared the stairs, and stood by my side.

"Why, who on earth was that calling you, my dear?" he very naturally asked, on reaching it.

"Upon my word, it is certainly *now* a complete mystery!" I quite as naturally answered. "Until its third repetition—but an instant since, the one you just heard—I certainly thought it was you, dear, playing off some incomprehensible joke. That is why I called you so wrathfully."

My husband half smiled at the remembrance of my moment's tone of menace, but, as well as myself, still looked strangely puzzled.

Together, his arm about my waist, we entered our sleeping-room, and looked carefully about it. Its investigation proved nothing, however; for, save the living fact of our sleeping boy, of the tender age above specified, cradled and cozily nestled away in his healthful little pink slumber by the mantelpiece, no living object rewarded our search or gaze.

It was evident that absolute and grave perplexity was fast taking the place of the first annoying but rather amused wonderment which had till now been the dominant thought of my husband's mind; a literally chilling fear, I don't hesitate to own, had for some time past obtained thorough mastery of mine.

"Is it possible that this young gentleman can have been indulging in imaginary exclamations, or colloquial rejoinders, in his dreams?" his father finally asked, jocosely, crossing over to the foot of our unawakened darling, and bending fondly over him. "You know, Mary, he is a remarkably bright boy—the veritable 'eighth wonder' of Babydom!"

"His father in miniature, I own," I added, complimentarily, and with as much lightness of tone as I could possibly assume for the moment; "but scarcely equal yet to the marvelous mastery of the English tongue complete in one lesson, or——"

"The audacity of calling his maternal parent by her Christian name!" he added, laughingly.

"Just what I was about to say," I succeeded in articulating in reply, and might have added a few words further, when, instead, I foolishly fell fainting to the floor, in absolute unconsciousness, on a *fourth* repetition of this terrible voice, seemingly in the very baseless air beside us, and in the stereotyped words of entreaty:

"Mary! oh, Mary! quick!"

Not to drag my story, I will skip details, and inform my reader at once that for six weeks subsequent to its first hearing, that fearful phrase above quoted became the terror of my life, and, indeed, of all our lives in that cottage.

Strangers in the then small town of Detroit, Ill., we had but lately moved from the East and settled here, my husband as a lawyer, and I, with what encouragement I might, as a teacher both of French and German to as many would-be experts in those languages as Providence would kindly permit to be served with "*verbes*" to order, in the matter of a trifling addition to a rather slender present income. We were doing well. For a year or more we had managed, outside of our moderate expenditure, to save a sufficient sum in this, the second year only, of our Western residence, and but six months subsequent to our precious baby's birth, to enter upon a married woman's dream of heaven in earnest—housekeeping, and at home, alone with her husband and baby—or as near it as the facilities of earth permit.

Three days after our entering into the pretty *ménage* which we had chosen and arranged out from all our present world—rather rude surroundings—our cruel awakening came, in the manner above narrated.

Yes, the house was haunted, verily haunted! or had that reputation. Being strangers, in the interest of the property the fact had not been told us. The house had lain vacant over three years or more, during which time it had had no less than seven tenants, none of whom had staid beyond the first month's occupancy.

As yet, in the course of a residency extending to a period of a little over six weeks, we had heard nothing worse than the same plaintive adjuration with which my story commences, never seen anything, and, in fact, heard that only in our own bedroom, or, rather, in our bedroom that was; for, in order to calm my nervous fears, which I no longer hesitated to own, my indulgent husband had moved our bedroom to the one opposite, and as yet the change had seemed an auspicious one, for, up to this time, *it*—the voice—had never obtruded itself across the hall in that direction.

I shall never forget the night it followed me there!

My husband picked me up, he told me afterward, senseless, at the foot of the baby's cradle. No need to ask what caused the swoon.

By one messenger—our only one, dear Barbara aforesaid—he sent off at once for both the doctor and the land agent from whom he had purchased the property.

In an hour both had come and gone. The opinion of the former in relation to your humble servant evidently was (but internally), that she was a weak, nervous fool, who unnecessarily threw the household into alarm because of her foolish, groundless whims; (but aloud), that of a "lady in an extremely delicate state of the nervous system, who required the utmost attention and devotion, on the parts both of her husband and attendant physician, in order to bring about a rapid toning;" and having been safely delivered of said professional apophthegm, the doctor bowed and departed, leaving me a dozen of tiny white powders, to be dissolved each into a "gallon of Lake Michigan," as my husband said, and taken hourly throughout the night.

Well, I took them, but must confess that, on the whole, I felt no better for my homeopathic dosing.

From the land agent we learned that which bore more directly upon my special case—viz., that a lady—the wife of a sea-captain who had been drowned at sea but a few months after their marriage—had formerly occupied our house; and, furthermore, after much questioning, both direct and roundabout, we came into possession of the knowledge that the lady aforesaid, whom he described as "a sweet, gentle soul," finally died there—all alone, but for one servant.

"I will wager anything," I whispered to my husband, in a loud *sotto voce*, "that the poor lady's name was Mary. Ask the gentleman, dear, if he knows."

At my instigation, my husband did so, and, by reference to his memorandum-book, the agent informed us that it was; showing us, in confirmation, a written leaf therein, on which was inscribed, "Mrs. Mary Dayton, April 23d, 1849."

The agent finally took his departure, leaving me, in my thoroughly aroused nervous state, more abnormally disturbed in fancy than ever, for now I insisted that the house was haunted by the spirit of the deceased captain, who walked "to and fro, up and down," restless as his sable

majesty in the Book of Job, calling forever entreatingly upon the name of his lost, dead wife, "Mary, oh, Mary! quick!"

My husband tried in vain to soothe me, but it was of no avail. By this time I was really ill, and there's no knowing to what lengths my absurdity might not finally have led me, when, fortunately for me and all the members of that entire haunted household, it was abruptly put to flight by the diversion, incident upon the arrival—sudden and totally unexpected arrival—of my husband's elder brother from Calcutta.

Said brother being our favorite one, and a great traveler and learned *savant* as well, great was our joy at this sudden meeting, and hearty the welcome accorded him, after a long separation caused by his past three years' sojourn in the Orient, by his anxious relatives of the Western Hemisphere.

THE FOREST GLEANER.—SEE PAGE 618.

Of course, *the* topic of the house and hour was soon touched upon, and dwelt upon as well, to some length. My brother promised to give the matter his full attention, and, somehow, so great was my veneration for his judgment, and so absolute my confidence in his skill, that I really began to mend, both in health and spirits, from the moment of his welcome arrival among us. And at the end of three days, I, at least, was scarcely surprised by his statement, that he was now "fully prepared to lay that ghost at once and forever, or gallantly perish in the attempt."

His stipulation being, however, that we must do exactly as he said, or, in other words, that he must have matters, for the nonce, all his own way, of course we consented, and after turning us out of our original bedroom, to which we had in disgust returned, he invited us up again, an hour afterward, to a grand incantation scene, which, with the utmost solemnity of manner, he insisted upon going through; and—to shorten a rather lengthy story—the incense he burned, and the gibberish he chanted, in "Pigeon English," the which dwells in my memory yet.

The incantation lasted about an hour, during which time the incense burned incessantly. At the end of that time, our brother gravely informed us that the performances were over, and that we had better open the windows, and let out the vapors; also, light a little fire in the grate, to purify the air, and on his word of honor as "a man and a brother" veritable, we would never again be troubled by the ghost.

LAYING THE GHOST.—"HE FOUND US BOTH—MY HUSBAND AND MYSELF—DOWN ON OUR KNEES BEFORE THE GRATE, BLOWING WITH ALL OUR MIGHT, IN ALTERNATE TRIALS, AT THE DRY KINDLING-WOOD."—SEE PAGE 618.

We carried out his instructions literally, even in the matter of lighting a fire in the grate.

At the end of a quarter of an hour, or thereabouts, the high priest dropped in again in *propria persona*, to see how matters were progressing. He found us both—my husband and myself (old Barbara being down with a severe attack of the rheumatism at the time—down on our knees before the grate, blowing with all our might in alternate trials at the dry pine kindling-wood which, instead of politely bursting into a bright blaze beneath our united efforts, insisted on puffing whiffs of thick, blue smoke out into our already inflamed eyes. It was no use, and we presently so pronounced it.

Clearly, there was some obstruction in the chimney. My husband and brother went up-stairs in the garret, and on top of the house, to personally examine into the state of the chimney. They had been gone but a few moments, when I, still on my knees in front of the grate, was surprised by the sound of something falling down the chimney; and the instant afterward, almost on my very nose, tumbled the huge, feathery body of a dead macaw!

At the same moment my two tormentors entered the room. A smile of triumph simultaneously lit both mustached lips. With the appearance of the dead parrot, I began to smell "a small mice."

"Well, Mary, how about the incantation, now? Am I or am I not a true Isaiah, Jr.?" greeted my brother, banteringly.

"Shall I answer a fool according to his folly?" I replied, discourteously, but relevantly as well.

Whereat they both laughed, and I made haste to heal my brother's wounded vanity by an opposite quotation fully as complimentary as was the other rude.

"Expect no incense at my hands, brother mine," I added, gayly. "You see I burn none under your or my nose, though you treat me with far less consideration. In this parrot, then, I recognize your 'ghost'; and your incantation——"

"Was to smoke her parrotship out of her snug quarters in the chimney," he interrupted, with a smile.

"But how did you know it was there? We have never seen it before, husband?"

My husband shook his head in negation.

"And, oh!" I resumed, in sudden recollection of the cruelty of the procedure, "how *could* you smoke it to death."

"One question at a time, my indignant sister," my brother replied, amusedly, drawing me to a seat between himself and my husband, on the sofa. "First, How did I know of its existence? I saw it, my dear—saw it, late the other night, from the carriage-window, as I drove up from the boat. Naturally attracted by the strange phenomenon of a large, white bird fluttering about the chimney-tops, I next

day mounted the roof, to investigate. I found it, without much difficulty, crouched away out of sight in one of the chimneys. I saw at a glance that it could not live long, being very old and feeble—certainly not a day less than thirty years of age—and concluded it would be a mercy to put it out of its sufferings; for, eventually, when it got too feeble to fly in and out, or leave its chimney, it would necessarily die of starvation. While upon the roof, and yet unseen by it, I heard it utter the identical phrase which has so troubled you, viz.: '*Mary! oh, Mary! quick!*'

"Satisfied, then, in my own mind, I yet kept it a secret from you both, intent upon carrying out the little harmless practical joke you have just witnessed. So, still intrusting my discovery to no one, I suddenly conceived the experiment of the incantation, which you must both own has been a complete success. As for what you are pleased, womanlike, to designate the extreme cruelty of the procedure, I must beg leave to 'deny the soft impeachment,' as I purposely used plenty of chloroform in the incense, in order to make the old macaw's death as utterly painless as possible:

"Poor old Polly!" he added, turning over the old gray parrot's carcass with his foot. "She was doubtless a brave old bit of snappish Cayenne, in her day. Doubtless she belonged to the lady who used to occupy this house, whose name was 'Mary,' you recollect; and, in all probability, was a present from her sea-captain husband. Ever since her death, the bird must have lived all alone in its own chimney corner, supplying itself in some inexplicable manner with food, but unmolested by the inmates of the house."

"Yes; doubtless," I made answer. "And playing ghost, meanwhile, to its heart's content."

"Doubtless, doubtless!" he replied, laughingly; "but, of a surety, you must own that I've honorably won my spurs; and that, in the encounter of flesh *versus* devil, I claim, for ever and for aye, to have laid your ghost!"

ESCAPE OF DAVID MENZIES.

On the breaking out of the Cherokee war, prior to the American Revolution, Colonel Sinclair sent Mr. David Menzies, a surgeon, to visit a gang of negroes at a new settlement, situated on the Oconie River, which is a stream of the Altamaha, and joins a branch of the Savannah about seventy miles from the town of Augusta, in Georgia, and about one hundred miles distant from the nearest town of the Indians. The following account of the sufferings which Mr. Menzies endured is from his own pen, and has been confirmed by the celebrated Logan, who rescued him:

"On the night I arrived at Colonel Sinclair's plantations we were surrounded by a party of Cherokees; and, as we made no resistance, were all taken alive. We were then driven away before them, laden with pillage, into their own country, excepting two negroes, who, being sick and unable to keep pace with us, they scalped and left on the path. In proceeding to the Indian town, I understood (having some knowledge of their language) that these Cherokees had lost in the expedition one of their head warriors, in a skirmish with some of our rangers, and that I was destined to be presented to that chief's mother and family in his room; at which I was overjoyed, as knowing that I had thereby a chance, not only of being secured from death and torture, but even of good usage and caresses. I perceived, however, that I had much overrated my matter of consolation, as soon as I was introduced to the mother of their hero. She sat squat on the ground, with a bear's cub in her lap, as nauseous a figure as the accumulated infirmities of decrepitude, undisguised by art, could make her; and instead of courteously inviting her captive to replace, by adoption, her slain child, she fixed her bloodshot, haggard eyes upon me; then, riveting them upon the ground, gurgled through her throat my rejection and destruction.

"The famous Logan, a chief of another territory, some of whose hunters were in the party who took us, sent to interpose for my life, and offered a great supply of gunpowder, shot, flints, provisions, and rum for my ransom; but his offers were refused—the feast of revenge was too delicious for the old, ferocious savage.

"My head ran on nothing now but stones, sticks, pitch-pine, scalping-knives, tomahawks, and other instruments of savage cruelty; but I was mistaken in that, too, and reserved, alas! for new and unheard-of torments. These Indians, in one of their late excursions into South Carolina, had met, it seems, with some larded venison, which pleased their taste; in consequence of which they had carried off some larding-pins, as well as a quantity of bacon; and my cannibal mistress had determined to make, by means of an Indian who had seen the operation in Carolina, an application of this discovery to human flesh.

"When it was evening, these barbarians brought me, entirely naked, before a large fire, kindled in the midst of the diabolical heroine's hut, around which the three or four other families, who were also inmates of this Indian house, with other savages, were collected, with a store of rum before them, and every other preparation toward a feast. Two young torturers, having first bound me to a stake, began to experiment on me the culinary operation of larding. After they had larded my left side, so as to exhibit a complete half-side of bacon, they turned it close to the fire, and proceeded on the other. This performance took up much time, on account of the inexperience of the operators, as well as my struggling, in which I afforded infinite merriment to the old hag and her company—the pin not merely going through the insensible epidermis, but lacerating also the pyramidal *papillæ* of the *cutis*, which anatomists agree to be the seat of feeling; and as the savages all the while plied their rum incessantly, the whole assembly were soon intoxicated.

"Fortunately, at this moment an alarm was given that Logan was arrived, and had set fire to the town; my executioners fled, leaving me roasting, and the old hag and some others fast asleep. I did not let this providential opportunity slip me; but instantly disengaged my right arm (at the expense of the *palmaris brevis muscli*, and with a dislocation of the eighth bone of the *carpus*), and fell to untying myself with expedition. I then escaped into the town, whence I dashed into the woods, having only staid just long enough to place some of the firebrands in a position to fire the cabin, and not having forgotten to lay a small one in the lap of my inhuman she-tyrant.

"When I perceived that I was not pursued, I looked back, and saw, with great satisfaction, the Indian town in flames. I continued my flight through the wilderness, chiefly by night, steering southwest.

"I penetrated at last through all difficulties to Augusta, where I was entertained with great humanity and civility by Justice Ray; and was cured of my wounds, and of the fever, their symptomatic consequence. And so far am I from experiencing any material detriment by this Indian treatment (for I am above accounting a few scars on my cheek such), that I have received, I imagine, a momentous benefit from it, as I have got entirely rid of a paralytic complaint, with which I had been for years afflicted in my left side, which was roasted.

Very few men can be wholly wrong. The clock that does not go at all is right twice every twenty-four hours.

A FLORAL WOOING.

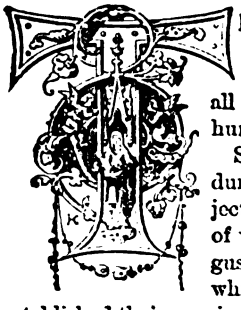
I LINGER at my lattice
That fronts the rosy dawn
When morning's misty curtains
About the world are drawn;
I listen for his footstep—
I hear it from afar,
And follow it, as, through the gloom
Of night, star follows star.

Each morning, down the laurel walk,
In shadow, or in sun,
To meet him and to greet him,
My happy fancies run.
As on the rusty gate he lays
Some knightly token fair—
A nosegay for my window-sill—
A rosebud for my hair.

He tells his love to me alone
In Summer's rarest blooms,
He breathes his soul into the rose
In passionate perfumes.
Some day his lips shall whisper
What these sweet flowers confess—
"My love, wilt thou be mine, indeed?"
And I will answer "Yes."

A GOOD WOMAN.

A FAIRY STORY.



THERE was, once upon a time, a Good Woman, who was kind, candid, and courageous. She had experienced all the vicissitudes which can agitate human existence.

She had resided at court, and endured all the storms to which it is subject—treasons, perfidies, infidelities, loss of wealth, loss of friends. So that, disgusted with dwelling in a place in which dissimulation and hypocrisy have established their empire, and weary of an intercourse wherein hearts never appear as they really are, she resolved to quit her own country and go to a distance, where she could forget the world, and where the world would hear no more of her.

When she believed herself far enough off, she built a small house in an extremely agreeable situation. All she could then do was to buy a little flock of sheep, which furnished her with food and clothing.

One day she was astonished at seeing run toward her three little children, more beautiful than the fairest day. She was delighted to see such charming company. They loaded her with a hundred caresses, and as she seated herself on the ground, in order to receive them more conveniently, one threw its little arms round her neck, another encircled her waist from behind, and the third called her "mother."

She waited a long time, to see if some one would not come to fetch them, believing that those who had led them thither would not fail to return for them. All the day passed without her seeing any one.

She resolved to take them to her own home, and thought Heaven had sent her this little flock instead of the one she had lost. It was composed of two girls, who were only two or three years old, and a little boy of five. Each had a little ribbon round its neck, to which was attached a small jewel. One was a golden cherry, enameled with crimson, and engraved with the name of "Lirette." She thought that this must be the name of the little girl who wore it, and she resolved to call her by it. The other was a medal, on which was written "Mirtis"; and the little boy had an almond of green enamel, around which was written "Finfin." The Good Woman felt perfectly satisfied that these were their names.

The little girls had some jewels in their head-dresses, and more than enough to put the Good Woman in easy circumstances.

The children grew, and passed their days innocently; they loved the Good Woman, and were all three excessively fond of each other. They occupied themselves in tending their sheep, fishing with a line, spreading nets to catch birds, working in a little garden of their own, and employed their delicate hands in cultivating flowers.

Lirette was now twelve years old, Mirtis thirteen, and Finfin fifteen, when one evening, after supper, they were all seated in front of the cottage with the Good Woman, who instructed them in a hundred agreeable things. The youthful Finfin, seeing Lirette playing with the jewel on her neck, asked his dear mamma what it was for? She replied that she had found one on each of them when they fell into her hands. Lirette then said:

"If mine would but do as I tell it, I should be glad."

"And what would you have it to do?" asked Finfin.

"You will see," said she; and then, taking the end of the ribbon, "Little cherry," she continued, "I should like to have a beautiful house of roses."

At the same moment they heard a slight noise behind them. Mirtis turned round first, and uttered a loud cry; she had cause, for, instead of the cottage of the Good Woman, there appeared one of the most charming that could possibly be seen. It was not lofty, but the roof was formed of roses that would bloom in Winter as well as in Summer. They entered it, and found the most agreeable apartments, furnished magnificently.

The little family lived thus tranquilly, occupied with different employments, according to the seasons. They always attended to their flocks, but in the Summer their occupations were more pleasant. They hunted much in the Winter; they had bows and arrows, and sometimes went such long distances that they returned, with slow steps and almost frozen, to the house of roses.

The Good Woman would receive them by a large fire; she did not know which to begin to warm first.

"Lirette, my daughter Lirette," she would say, "place your little feet here." And taking Mirtis in her arms—"Mirtis, my child," continued she, "give me your beautiful hands to warm; and you my son, Finfin, come nearer."

Then, placing them all three on a sofa, she would pay them every attention, in the most charming and gentle manner.

Thus they passed their days in peace and happiness. The Good Woman wondered at the sympathy between Finfin and Lirette, for Mirtis was as beautiful, and had no less amiable qualities; but certainly Finfin did not love her as fervently as the other.

One day, when Lirette was slightly indisposed, and Mirtis and Finfin were out hunting, the Good Woman thought it a convenient opportunity to go in search of Madam Tu-tu, for such was the name of the fairy.

Meanwhile, Finfin and Mirtis had hunted the livelong day, and, being tired, they had placed their game on the ground, and sat down to rest under a tree, where they fell asleep.

The King's son also hunted that day in the forest. He missed his suite, and came to the place where our young shepherd and shepherdess were reposing. He contemplated them for some time with wonder. Finfin had made a pillow

of his game-bag, and the head of Mirtis reclined on the breast of Finfin.

The prince thought Mirtis so beautiful that he precipitately dismounted from his horse to examine her features with more attention. He judged, by their scrips and the simplicity of their apparel, that they were only some shepherd's children. He sighed from grief, having already sighed from love, and this love, even, was followed in an instant by jealousy. The position in which he found these young people made him believe that such familiarity could only result from the affection which united them.

In this uneasy state of mind, not being able to tolerate their prolonged repose, he touched the handsome Finfin with his spear. He started up, and, seeing a man before him, he passed his hand over the face of Mirtis, and awoke her, calling her "sister," a name which dissipated in a moment the alarm of the young prince.

Mirtis rose up, quite astonished; she had never seen any one but Finfin. The young prince was the same age as herself. He was superbly attired, and had a face full of charming expression.

He began by saying many sweet things to her. She listened to him with a pleasure which she had never before experienced, and she responded to them in a simple manner, full of grace. Finfin saw that it was getting late, and he told his sister it was time to go home.

ESCAPE OF DAVID MENZIES.—"WHEN I PERCEIVED THAT I WAS NOT PURSUED, I LOOKED BACK, AND SAW, WITH GREAT SATISFACTION, THE INDIAN TOWN IN FLAMES."—SEE PAGE 622.

"Come, brother," said she to the young prince, giving him her hand, "come with us into the house of roses."

For as she believed Finfin to be her brother, she thought that every one who was handsome, like him, must be her brother also.

The young prince did not require much pressing to follow her. Finfin threw on the back of his fawn the game he had shot, and the handsome prince carried the bow and the game-bag of Mirtis.

In this order they arrived at the house of roses. Lirette came out to meet them. She gave the prince a smiling reception, and turning toward Mirtis, said:

"I am delighted that you have had such good sport."

They went all together to see the Good Woman, to whom the prince made known his high birth. She paid due attention to so illustrious a guest, and gave him a handsome apartment. He remained two or three days with her, and this was long enough to complete his conquest by Mirtis, according to Finfin's request to his little almond.

Meanwhile, the suite of the prince had been much surprised at his absence. They had found his horse, and they believed that some frightful accident had befallen him. They sought him everywhere, and the wicked king, who was his father, was in a great fury at their not being able to find him. The queen, his mother, who was very amiable, and sister of the king whom her husband had cruelly murdered, was in an inconceivable state of grief at the loss of her son.

The king's people made so many inquiries for the prince, and sought him with so much care, that at length they found him at the house of roses.

They led him back to the king, who scolded him brutally, as though he were not the most beautiful youth in the world. He remained very sad at the court of his father, and thinking of his beautiful Mirtis. At length his grief was so visible on his countenance that he was obliged to take his mother into his confidence, who consoled him extremely.

"If you will mount your beautiful palfrey," said he, "and come to the house of roses, you will be charmed with what you will see."

The queen consented willingly, and took her son with her, who was enchanted at seeing his dear mistress again.

The queen was astonished at the great beauty of Mirtis, and also at that of Lirette and Finfin. She embraced them with as much tenderness as if they had been all her own children, and conceived an immense friendship from that moment for the Good Woman. She admired the house, the garden, and all the curiosities she saw there.

One day the Good Woman took the children to see the fairy, Madame Tu-tu, and gave them her instructions.

The young shepherds assured her that they would do exactly as she prescribed; and all four, leading their flocks

into the meadows, left Madame Tu-tu alone with the Good Woman. She remarked some anxiety in her manner.

"What is the matter, madame?" said the fairy; "what cloud has come over your mind?"

"I will not deny," said the Good Woman, "that I am uneasy at leaving them all thus together. I have for some time perceived with sorrow that Finfin and Lirette love each other more than is desirable, and here, to add to my trouble, another attachment springs up; the prince and Mirtis do not dislike each other, and I fear to leave their youth exposed to the wandering of their hearts."

"You have brought up these two young girls so well," replied Madame Tu-tu, "that you need fear nothing; I will answer for their discretion; I will enlighten you as to their destiny in the future."

She then informed her that Finfin was the son of the wicked king, and brother of the young prince; that Mirtis and Lirette were sisters, and daughters of the deceased king, who had been murdered, and was the brother of the queen, whom the cruel usurper had married—so that these four young persons were near relations; that the wicked king had ascended the throne after having committed a hundred atrocities, which he wished to crown by the murder of the two princesses; that the queen did all she could to prevent him, and not being able to succeed, she had called her (the fairy) to her assistance; that she then told the queen she would save them, but that she could only do so by taking with them her eldest son; that she undertook to promise she should see them again some day in happiness; that on these conditions the queen had consented to a separation, which appeared at first very hard; that she had carried them all three off, and that she had confided them to the care of the Good Woman as the person most worthy of such an office.

GOOD WOMAN.—"THE PRINCE CONTEMPLATED THEM FOR SOME TIME WITH WONDER. FINFIN HAD MADE A PILLOW OF HIS GAME-BAG, AND THE HEAD OF MIRTIS RECLINED ON THE BREAST OF FINFIN.—SEE PAGE 623.

After this the fairy begged her to be at ease, assuring her that the union of these young princes would restore peace to the kingdom, wherein Finfin would reign with Lirette.

The Good Woman listened to this discourse with great interest, but not without letting fall some tears. Madame Tu-tu was surprised at this emotion, and asked the cause.

"Alas!" said she, "I fear they will lose their innocence by this grandeur to which they will be elevated, and that so brilliant a fortune will corrupt their virtue."

"No," replied the fairy, "do not fear so great a misfortune; the principles you have instilled into them are too excellent. It is possible to be a king and yet an honest man. Therefore set your mind at rest; I shall be with you as much as possible, and I hope you will not be melancholy here."

The Good Woman believed her, and, after a short time, felt perfectly satisfied. The young shepherds were so happy, also, that they desired nothing but the continuance of their agreeable mode of life. Their pleasures, although tranquil, were not without interest; they saw each other every day, and the days only appeared too short.

The bad king learned that they were with Madame Tu-tu, but all his power could not take them away from her. He knew by what magic spells she protected them; he saw clearly that he could only get the better of them by stratagem; he had not been able to inhabit the house of roses in consequence of the continual tricks played on him by Madame Tu-tu; he hated her more than ever, as well as the Good Woman, and his hatred now extended also to his son.

At last, by a treachery eminently in keeping with all this wicked king did, he managed to get Finfin and Lirette into his power. When they did not return, the Good Woman was in despair, not knowing what could have happened to them. She went to Madame Tu-tu, who consulted her magic volume, when she appeared plunged on a sudden into a state of excessive sadness.

After some time, and just as day was breaking, the Good Woman observing a few tears fall on the leaves of the book, took the liberty to ask the cause of the fairy's sorrow.

"I grieve," she said, "at the irrevocable decree of fate, which I have learned from these pages, and which I shudder and tremble to acquaint you with."

"Are they dead?" cried the Good Woman.

"No," pursued Madame Tu-tu; "but nothing can save them, unless you or I go and present ourselves to the king, and satisfy his vengeance. I confess the truth to you, madame," continued the fairy, "that I do not feel sufficient affection for them, nor enough courage, to go thus and expose myself to his fury, and I question, also, if any one could be found capable of such a sacrifice."

"Pardon me, madame," replied the Good Woman with

great firmness; "I will go seek this king; no sacrifice is too great for me that will save my children. I will pour out for them, with all my heart, every drop of blood which I have in my veins."

Madame Tu-tu could not sufficiently admire so grand a resolution; she promised to assist her in every way in her power. The Good Woman took leave of her, and would not acquaint Mirtis or the prince with her design, for fear of affecting them and weakening her own determination..

She set out with a partridge flying by her side; and as they passed the iron oak, the partridge snatched with her beak a little moss from its trunk, and placed it in the hands of the Good Woman.

"When you are in the greatest peril that can befall you," said she to her, "throw this moss at the feet of the king."

The Good Woman treasured up these words, and hardly had she advanced some steps when she was seized by some of the wicked king's soldiers, whom he always kept in readiness on the outskirts of the domain of Madame Tu-tu. They led her before them.

"I have thee at last, wicked creature," said he; "I will put thee to death by the most cruel torture!"

"I came but for that purpose," replied she, "and thou mayest exercise thy cruelty as thou wilt on me, only spare my children, who are so young and incapable of having offended thee. I offer thee my life for theirs."

All who heard these words were filled with pity at her magnanimity; the king alone was unmoved.

The queen, who was present, shed a torrent of tears. The king was so indignant with her that he would have killed her, if her attendants had not placed themselves between them. She fled, uttering piercing cries.

The barbarous king caused the Good Woman to be shut up, ordering them to feed her well, in order to render approaching death more frightful to her. He commanded hem to fill a pit with snakes, vipers, and serpents, promising himself the pleasure of precipitating the Good Woman into it. What a horrible mode of execution! It makes one shudder to think of it!

The officers of this unjust king obeyed him with regret, and when they had fulfilled this frightful order the king came to the spot. They were about to bind the Good Woman, when she begged them not to do so, assuring them that she had sufficient courage to meet death with her hands free; and feeling she had no time to lose, she approached the king, and threw the moss at his feet.

He was at that moment close to the frightful gulf, and, stepping forward to inspect it again with pleasure, his feet slipped on the moss, and he fell in. Scarcely had he reached the bottom of the pit, when the sanguinary reptiles darted upon him, and stung him to death, and the Good Woman, at the same instant, found herself in company with her dear partridge in the house of roses.

Whilst these things were happening, Finfin and Lirette were almost dead with misery in their fearful prison; their innocent affection alone kept them alive. They were saying very sad and very affecting things to each other, when they perceived on a sudden the doors of their dungeon open and admit Mirtis, the handsome prince, and Madame Tu-tu, who threw themselves on their necks, and who, though speaking all at once, failed not, in the midst of this joyful confusion, to announce the death of the king.

"He was your father, Finfin, as well as that of the prince," said Madame Tu-tu; "but he was unnatural and tyrannical, and would a hundred times have put the queen, your mother, to death. Let us go to seek her."

They did so. Her amiable nature made her feel some regret at the death of the king, her husband.

Finfin and the prince also paid all decent respect to his memory. Finfin was acknowledged king, and Mirtis and Lirette princesses.

They went all together to the house of roses, to see the generous Good Woman, who thought she should die of joy in embracing them. They all acknowledged that they owed their lives to her, and more than their lives, as they were indebted to her for their happiness also.

From that moment they considered themselves perfectly happy. The marriages were celebrated with great pomp. King Finfin espoused the Princess Lirette, and Mirtis the prince.

When these splendid nuptials were over, the Good Woman asked permission to retire to the house of roses. They were very unwilling to consent to this, but yielded to her sincere wish. The widowed queen also desired to pass the rest of her life with the Good Woman, and the partridge and the fawn did likewise. They were quite disgusted with the world, and found tranquillity in that charming retreat. Madame Tu-tu often went to visit them, as did the king and queen, the prince and princess.

Happy those who can imitate the actions of the Good Woman. Such grandeur of soul must ever meet due reward. Little do they fear being wrecked on the shoals of Fortune who can give up all with so much courage. Discretion, Sense, Virtue—what may not mortals owe to you, their truest friends in need.

CENTRAL AFRICAN DWARFS.

The prevailing indigenous races in Central and Southern Africa are the Caffres, Negroes, and Hottentots; the first two have woolly hair, while the Hottentots grow their hair in tufts or bushes, while some of these tribes are called Bushmen. They are closely related to the Papuas of the Polynesian Islands, and evidently belong to the original stock.

Another nearly extinct branch of this race are the dwarfs, found in the interior of Africa. The knowledge lately obtained in regard to the reality of their existence is highly important in an ethnological point of view. Their present existence was doubted for a long time, and was supposed to belong to the history of the past. Aristotle and Pliny spoke of pygmies in Africa, but their reports were interspersed with many incredible fables. Herodotus, however, gave a description, founded on fact, of little men in Central Africa.

In 1840, the missionary Krapt, in Eastern Africa, was informed that such a dwarfish people actually lived far in the interior, and were there called Dokos. These Dokos are only four feet high, of olive-colored complexion, living in a perfectly savage condition like animals, and Krapt himself saw such a Doko. Later, in 1864, the well-known gorilla-hunter, Du Chaillu, saw, not far from the shores of equatorial Western Africa, such a dwarfish people, whose height was from four feet to four feet eight inches, and who were called Obongo; they also had a dirty yellow skin, and hair like the Bushmen. Further south, on the shores of the Loango, Bastian found dwarfs which he names Babongos, and which had been brought as slaves from the interior to the coast.

More interesting, even, were Schweinfurth's discoveries in 1871, when he found, three degrees from the equator, among the Mombuttus, a people among whom cannibalism was legalized, a few Akka dwarfs, who called themselves Tickiticki, and were only four-and-a-half feet high. These people lived eighty to one hundred miles from Lake Nyanza, Schweinfurth attempted to bring one of them to Europe, but he died on the way. At last Miani brought from his tour in this region two Akka dwarfs, the arrival of whom in

Europe, after Miani's death, settled all doubt about the existence of the pygmies.

Anthropologists entertain the idea that these African dwarfs are related to the Bushmen, and are the remnants of a people originally largely diffused through the interior of Africa, and, being of a very low intellectual development, were oppressed and almost exterminated by the larger and more powerful Negroes. However, before having studied the anatomy of these dwarfs, with their language and the relation of these to the bodies and languages of other races, it is impossible to form definite conclusions.

TWO VIEWS OF A SUBJECT,

I.

He kneels to praise my long bright hair,
My strange bright hair, so thick and fine;
My curved, ripe lips, my skin as fair,
As lilies plashed with our red wine.
He swears my beauty is like hers,
Madonna Mia's, in her shrine;
I smile and sneer, and then occurs
Again, his tedious prayer, "Be mine!"

Perhaps I will—an hour or two,
A month, maybe; for who can know
What this same face of mine may do
Though *not* like Mary's—better so;
Your saints do never catch the eye
Of gilded sinners. It is true,
No fairer girl's in Italy.
How should it be if it were you?

Why! just like this—as 'twill with me.
You'd scorn your peasant lover; turn
From daily toil and drudge, to be
The flower that toils not. Best to earn,
I say, your bread with just a kiss,
A soft caress, hear words that burn
Your cheeks at first—to count amiss
Each day in which you do not learn

Some new wile, leading to some end
With pleasure for its core. 'Tis best,
I say, than foolishly to spend
Your whole life in a weary quest
For one day's leisure—one to call
Your own, in which to take your rest.
My plan, you see 's, the wise one—all
Days shall be joyous, unoppressed.

II.—A YEAR LATER.

Jesu be thanked! I'm here at last;
Here, where my great cathedral's span
Of shadow falls . . . the hateful Past
Fades, as the mountain breezes fan
My aching forehead! . . . here again
Near Luigi! Jesu, if I can
But kiss him once, 'twill stop the pain
About my heart. The river ran

Foaming and wide, and yet I crossed
For that one kiss! my weary feet
Bled on the stones; all hopes were lost
But this—to hear *him* call me "sweet,"
To lay my head upon his breast,
Say, "Love, I know 'tis very meet,
This ending of my sin." . . . The rest
I have forgot. . . .

Who spoke then? Who are these that stand
And whisper? Girls with sunbrowned skins,
And eyes that gleam; on either hand
They press, rehearsing all my sins! . . .
Ah me! I am so weary, friends,
Good friends—for I do know you now,
Yes, all—from Beatrice, who spends
Her time in praying, to the low
Browed, gay Bianca—pity me!
Fetch Luigi! Tell him that I fled
From that bright city by the sea,
Hating the wicked life I led;
The quick, hot kiss on lip and cheek,
On throat and body—hating worst
Myself—the words I used to speak,
The pride, that now I know accurst.

I'm dying, friends, and glad to go;
Sore need have I of peace and rest;
Better be dead at Orvieto
Than crowned at Venice. One is blest
With green sod o'er them—*is it thou*—
Thou, Luigi!—quick, kneel, hold me fast—
Close to your heart, and kiss me—so;
Blessed be God for peace at last!

—Ada Vrooman Leslie.

WOMAN'S LOT IN RUSSIA.

John Stuart Mill's theory of the "Servitude of Woman" finds no lack of illustration in the realms of the Czar. Here is a recent example. A peasant in the village of Zalova Baltia, having strong doubts of the fidelity of his spouse, deliberately harnessed her to a cart, in company with a mare. He then got into the cart, in company with a friend, and drove the ill-assorted team some sixteen versts, nearly eleven English miles, without sparing whipcord. When he returned from his excursion, he shaved the unlucky woman's head, tarred and feathered her, and turned her out of doors. She naturally sought refuge and consolation from her parish priest; but he sent her back to her lord and master, prescribing further flagellation.

An appeal to justice by the poor woman and her relatives resulted in a nonsuit, and any recourse to a higher court will probably terminate in the same manner.

The use of the whip seems almost universal in Russia; any magistrate can order the knout to be applied to a malefactor, and a contemporary informs us that the fearful instrument consists of a lash of leather, dipped in glue, and then thickly incrusted with iron filings and powdered glass. It need scarcely be said that death under this punishment is not unfrequent.

Until quite recently, the master or mistress of a household used to horsewhip the domestic servants on New Year's Day, to remind them of their inferior position. The liberation of the serfs does not seem to have completed Russian civilization.

WRITING.

By all business people a plain, legible style of writing is most valued. Therefore, those who would write well should follow these rules: Write your own "hand." Improve it as you will, but keep it your own. Write plainly, forming every letter, and especially take pains to make all proper nouns, or unusual words, very legible. Write as uniformly as possible, and especially when writing your name or signature. Avoid all flourishes. On the ability to follow these simple rules may rest the chance of obtaining a situation.

To those who are writing for the press, or aspire to do so, we have simply to say that they often fail to gain a hearing on account of the "bad copy" they present. Manuscript should be written plainly. If writers only knew the immense trouble that illegible copy gives to editors and compositors, they would endeavor to write more plainly. Every word should be written distinctly, so that there shall be no need for guesswork on the part of the person who is to read it.

THE DEER-MOUSE.

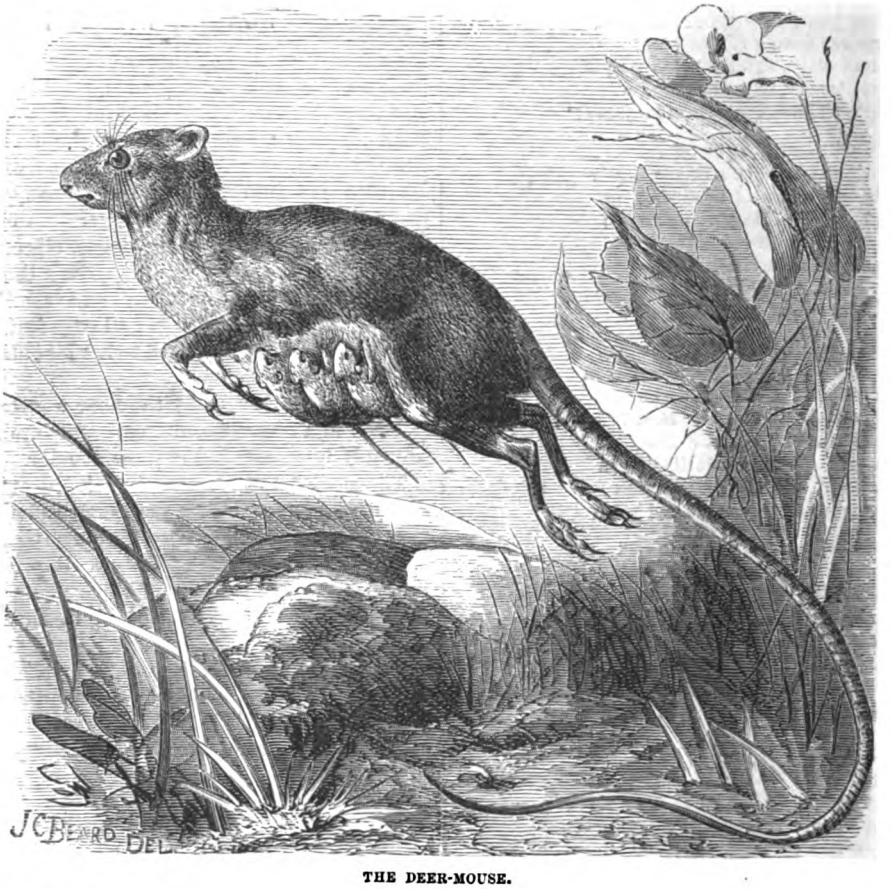
RETURNING home from hunting one evening, I saw something which I at first took to be a house-wren skipping along an old stone wall. On nearer approach, however, I at once recognized it as a deer-mouse. At first I attempted to capture it by surprise, but perceiving me, it retreated into an apple-tree which had been blown down, and which was lying across the wall. Ascending the tree a few feet, it took refuge in an old woodpecker's nest. Climbing the tree, I thrust my hand into the hole, thinking to bring out the mouse, which I did, firmly attached to my finger. It bit me very savagely, and I had some trouble in detaching its teeth from my flesh without injuring the creature. My readers will, however, exonerate it from all blame, as I did, when I tell them that I found four little ones clinging to their mother, whose maternal solicitude rendered her brave to desperation.

These diminutive creatures were as yet blind, and adhered to their mother as closely as ticks. After carefully inclosing the mouse and her offspring in the folds of a silk handkerchief, I stanched the flow of blood from my finger with a puff-ball, popularly known as devil's snuff-box, and made the best of my way home, where Mrs. Mouse and family found ample accommodations in a squirrel's cage.

I kept the little creatures in confinement for several weeks, feeding them on crackers and on bread and milk. They seemed very fond of milk, and would drink themselves into a state of distension that must have been, to say the least of it, rather uncomfortable. When first taken, the old mouse would resent any attempt at familiarity with great savageness, and was very shy; but in a few days she became quite tame, and, in common with her little ones as they grew up, permitted any one to handle her, and seemed glad to escape for a time from her cage. During the day they were very quiet, but when evening came they grew restless, and continued to squeal and gnaw at the woodwork of their cage until morning. They finally fell victims to a large rat, which, forcing an entrance into their cage, devoured them all.

There is an evident approach to the kangaroo marsupials in the anatomy of these little animals, as well as in the manner of carrying their young. When the actual size of the deer-mouse, or *Mus virus Americana*, as naturalists call it, is taken into consideration, the leaps it makes when playing or pursued, eight or ten feet, are truly enormous. It has received the name of deer-mouse from its habit of drawing in its fore-legs like a deer when it leaps. It is sometimes mistakenly called the jumping-mouse, that appellation properly belonging to another and different species. The deer-mouse is found throughout the United States, and is rather a common species. I have observed it as far north as Massachusetts, and I have no doubt it is found still further in the British Provinces.

It is a strictly nocturnal animal, and is seldom seen during the day, unless disturbed in its retreat. I have often found deer-mice in the crops of hawks and in the stomachs of owls, particularly of those of the short-eared owl (*Brachyotus Cassinii*). The little animal can readily be recognized from kindred species by its exceptionally, or, rather, disproportionately, long tail, which is four or five inches in length. Old fences, walls, and heaps of rubbish about meadow-lands are favorite haunts of deer-mice.



THE DEER-MOUSE.

At sunset they steal forth from their cover to play and gather their supper of seeds and grass-roots. At such times they are very playful, and leap from stone to stone, and from tussock to tussock, with great agility. All species of the field-mice are but little known, as they are seldom seen, keeping in cover by day; but in the night they are more bold and venturesome in the open places in the fields, where they are often seized by owls, foxes, and weasels.

EARLY SUMMER IN NEW YORK—A SIDEWALK FLORIST.

FEW persons are aware of the extent of the flower business in and about New York City; and, indeed, it is difficult to estimate either the number of shoots, buds, and full-blown flowers used daily, or the amount paid and received for them. Of the strictly first-class florists in the city, there are upward of twenty, each having a liberal patronage, and employing from ten to fifteen persons.

At this season of the year, the business is exceedingly brisk, and considerable difficulty is experienced in obtaining the necessary quantity of the choice species of camellias,

EARLY SUMMER IN NEW YORK—A SIDEWALK FLORIST.

roses, orange-blossoms, and carnations. To have a ball, an evening party, a wedding, or a funeral, without a bountiful display of attractive flowers, is to ignore the usages of fashionable life, and not unfrequently one of the heaviest items of expenditure will be for the charming gems that now render nature so beautiful.

Flowers are arranged according to the occasion for which they are required, and a very keen perception of the effects of contrast is indispensable to the successful florist. Fashion changes as much with flowers as with articles of attire, and the smooth, symmetrical style of bouquets so long in demand are, this season at least, decidedly out of favor. The orders for bouquets and baskets made up loosely, are greater now than at any former time. The advantages claimed are, that the flowers preserve their freshness longer, do not break apart so quickly, and present a more attractive appearance. At several recent weddings, where the strictest rules of fashion were observed, the bouquets were made of long-stemmed white roses, or white and tea roses mixed. Others, made perfectly round, were composed of the choicest roses, tuberoses, cape jasmines, white carnations, orange-blossoms, and white orchids. The most prominent style of bridal bouquet is that made high in the middle (about half-round), composed of white roses, carnations, cape jasmines, lilies-of-the-valley, candytuft, sweet alyssum, and orange-blossoms, edged with silk fringe about five inches deep. Bouquets of this style, when properly made, may be preserved a very long time after using, by being covered with a glass shade.

While the rarer varieties of flowers are luxuries attainable only by those who possess well-filled purses, the poor are not without their share of nature's chiefest ornament. In the huge, grimy tenements, where the children of toil are huddled together in their narrow quarters, and even in the tumble-down dens where the very poor eke out a miserable existence, it is rare indeed that you will not find some window filled with flowers, carefully tended, and making a spot of brilliant beauty amid the dirt and destitution with which they are surrounded. In early Spring the itinerant flower-venders begin their daily rounds, and then, too, such groups as that represented by our picture may often be seen. The sidewalk florist deals in flowers of every variety, and frequently drives a very active trade.

GEORGE GRAHAM, CLOCKMAKER.

The oldest clock known to be in existence is one in the ancient castle of Dover, bearing date 1348. It has been running, therefore, five hundred and twenty-seven years. Other clocks of the same century exist in various parts of Europe, and the works of which have a considerable resemblance to the church clocks now in use, except that they have but one hand, which points the hour, and require winding up every twenty-four hours. From the fact of so many large clocks of that period having been preserved, in whole or in part, it is highly probable that the clock was then an old invention.

But how did people measure time during the countless ages that rolled away before the invention of the clock? The first time-measurer was probably a post stuck in the ground, the shadow of which, varying in length and direction, indicated the time of day, whenever the sun was not obstructed by clouds. The sun-dial, which was an improvement upon this, was known to the ancient Jews and Greeks. The ancient Chinese and Egyptians possessed an instrument called the Clepsydra (water-stealer), which was merely a vessel full of water, with a small hole in the bottom, by which the water slowly escaped. There were marks in the inside of the vessel which showed the hour. An improvement upon this was made about two hundred and thirty-five years before Christ, by an Egyptian, who caused the escaping water to turn a system of wheels; and the motion was communicated to a rod which pointed the hours upon a circle resembling a clock-face. Similar clocks were made, in which sand was used instead of water. The hour-glass was a time-measurer for many centuries in Europe, and all the ancient literatures abound in allusions to the rapid, unobserved running away of its sand.

The next advance was the invention of the wheel-and-weight clock, such as has been in use ever since. The first instrument of this kind may have been made by the ancients; but no clear allusion to its existence has been discovered earlier than 996, when Pope Sylvester II. is known to have had one constructed.

It was Christian Huygens, the famous Dutch philosopher, who applied, in 1658, the pendulum to the clock, and thus led directly to those more refined and subtle improvements, which render our present clocks and watches among the least imperfect of all human contrivances.

George Graham, the great London clockmaker of Queen Anne's and George I.'s time, and one of the most noted improvers of the clock, was born in 1675. After spending the first thirteen years of his life in a village in the North of England, he made his way to London, an intelligent and well-bred Quaker boy; and there he was so fortunate as to be taken as an apprentice by Tompion, then the most celebrated clockmaker in England, whose name is still to be seen upon ancient watches and clocks. Tompion was a most exquisite mechanic, proud of his work, and jealous of his name. Prior mentions him in his "Essay on Learning," where he says that the name of Tompion on a watch or clock was proof positive of its excellence.

Graham was worthy to be the apprentice of such a master, for he not only showed intelligence, skill, and fidelity, but a happy turn of invention. Tompion became warmly attached to him, treated him as a son, gave him the full benefit of his skill and knowledge, took him into partnership, and, finally, left him in sole possession of the business. For nearly half a century "George Graham, Clockmaker," was one of the best known signs in Fleet Street; and the instruments made in his shop were valued in all the principal countries of Europe. The great clock at Greenwich Observatory, made by him one hundred and fifty years ago, is still in use, and could scarcely now be surpassed in substantial excellence. The mural arch in the same establishment, used for the testing of quadrants and other instruments, was also his work. When the French Government sent Maupertius within the polar circle to ascertain the exact figure of the earth, it was George Graham who supplied the requisite instruments.

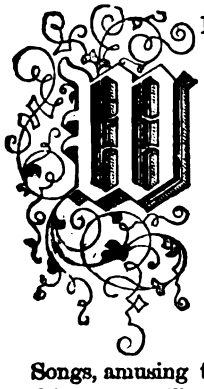
He made two very capital inventions in clock machinery, which are still universally used, and will probably never be superseded. It was a common complaint among clockmakers, when he was a young man, that the pendulum varied in length according to the temperature, and, consequently, caused the clock to go too slowly in hot weather, and too fast in cold. Thus, if a clock went correctly at a temperature of sixty degrees, it would lose three seconds a day if the temperature rose to seventy, and three more seconds a day for every additional ten degrees of heat. Graham first endeavored to rectify this inconvenience by making the pendulum of several different kinds of metal, which was a partial remedy. But the invention by which he overcame the difficulty completely, consisted in employing a column of mercury as the "bob" of the pendulum. The hot weather, which lengthened the steel rods, raised the column of mercury, and so brought the centre of oscillation higher. If the column of mercury was of the right length, the lengthening or the shortening of the pendulum was exactly counterbalanced,

and the variation of the clock, through changes of the temperature, almost annihilated.

This was a truly exquisite invention. The clock he himself made on this plan for Greenwich, after being in use for a century and a half, requires attention not oftener than once in fifteen months.

George Graham died in 1751, aged seventy-six years, universally esteemed as an ornament of his age and country.

A NARROW ESCAPE.



WE camped out at the edge of a prairie near the forest. Our camp-fire gleamed with weird and fantastic flashes on the foliage of the heavy boughs, and lighted up a patch of the plain near us, making all beyond that circle look intensely dark.

I had received permission to accompany a government survey of a hitherto unexplored part of Labrador, and the novelty of such a journey—not without a share of danger—made me enjoy it thoroughly.

Songs, amusing tales and jests accompanied our supper; and it was not till we had set our watch, and were just about to roll ourselves in our blankets for the night, that I touched the arm of one of the surveyors who was nearest me.

"How odd the edge of that light looks," I said. "Don't you see, just where the darkness cuts it round!—there, opposite! it seems to move."

"It is only the flicker of the flame," returned Macarthur. "You're not used to camping out."

I looked again, suspiciously, at the spot I had alluded to.

I did not now see the same odd appearance there, and I was ashamed to betray any fears in the presence of those experienced explorers.

Our baggage was placed not far from our camp-fire, and we sleepers formed an irregular ring round the whole.

The night was rather windy, and the moaning of the neighboring forest made a chorus, often a loud one, with the night winds sweeping over the plain.

In the middle of the night I suddenly awoke, and saw several dark objects near the baggage.

I shouted loudly, and would have seized my rifle. But it was gone!

My comrades started up, only to find their rifles also gone.

A party of Indians had stolen up in the dead of night. It was they, doubtless, who had been moving in the edge of the darkness round the light of our fire.

With the silence and cunning natural to them, they had penetrated among our party; our drowsy sentinels had neither seen nor heard them.

They had stolen our rifles, and now made themselves masters of our baggage, which we had no means of protecting.

All our party, except two, were now bound to trees at the edge of the forest.

Two light wagons, which contained our provisions, clothes, and the instruments belonging to the survey, they took possession of. I and another were made to act as drivers to the bullocks. While these arrangements were made, rifles were pointed at our heads, so that we were quite at the mercy of our captors.

* * * * * * *

All the Indians slept. My hands were tied together, so were my feet. The fire, by which they had cooked the provisions stolen from us, smoldered in the centre of the party.

I had taken an opportunity, during our march, of begging my friend to keep awake, if possible, while the Indians slept, in case any chance of escape should present itself.

The Indians lay over their rifles, so that we could not have taken them if our hands had been free.

I crawled on knees and elbows to the fire, and set fire to the rope that tied my hands together.

When it was burnt nearly through, I plunged my hands into the long grass, wet with heavy dew. This extinguished the flame, and I was able to unbind my feet.

I then liberated my friend, and, in breathless silence, we made our way to a deep gorge to our right, through which, we thought, a river flowed. This was on the fifth day of our captivity.

We reached the gorge, descended a wooded and precipitous bank, and saw, by light of the moon, the flash of water between the trees. And, oh, happiness! we found a boat moored to the bank. If we could reach the opposite shore, there we should, at least, be safe from the rifles of the Indians.

I stepped into the boat; two oars lay within it. My friend, Macarthur, was just about to follow—the bough by which he held broke—a heavy, dull sound met my ear—the boat was all but upset—and when it steadied a little, Macarthur was nowhere to be seen.

I called, whistled—all in vain! He must have sunk at once!

I took the oars, but when I looked round, before bending to them, all seemed changed. The river was, when I entered the boat, bright with moonbeams—now it was dark as a cavern. The trees met overhead, shutting out all the sky. Scarcely had my eyes become accustomed to the darkness, when I was in the midst of a lake-like expansion of the river, bathed in the light of the splendid moon of July.

I now found that the river was flowing with terrible swiftness. No doubt it was hurrying onward to hurl itself over some enormous cliff—to form one of those fearful cataracts that are only seen on this side of the Atlantic.

I rowed with all my might toward the side of the stream. The current here was less violent, and I got within a few yards of the left bank.

Nearer I could not get; and now the river narrowed, and a dreadful sound, to which I had striven to close my ears and my thoughts, grew ever louder and louder.

It was the thunder of the cataract!

I could see the edge of the falls, broken by points of rock or islets. I pulled hard to get between the one nearest to the left bank and the bank itself.

A few boughs hung far over the water; to catch hold of these was my only chance of life. But what a frail one!

Jumping from the boat, I caught hold of the ends of some long, pendent branches. My weight dragged the ends of the boughs down—down amidst roaring cataracts of water, broken by innumerable rocks—water—water! How terrible seemed its green darkness—its incessant, maddening roar!

One foot was in the water—but it was firmly planted on a rock. By grasping the rank vegetation that grew low on the bank, I was able to draw the other foot to the same rock.

Oh, if the bough should break! If I should lose my hold!

Never were prayers more earnestly uttered than those which were drowned in the wild rush of these mighty waters!

They were heard! My left hand firmly grasping the vegetation enabled me to move the fingers of my right higher up

the bough, and I stood now on a rock which was not in the water. Little by little I gained an inch or two, and set my foot in the fork of a bough. Then, with both hands free, I got a better and higher grasp of my faithful branch—trusted myself to it, and swung myself to another platform.

Great was my peril—intense the caution required; but heaven was my aid. I was saved!

Clambering through the dense forest, I at length found myself at the foot of the cataract. There, to my astonishment, I beheld the boat, safe and uninjured, close to the bank! Carried down the falls at another point, it had got into an eddy of the stream, and there it remained. As I had put all my force on one oar, to keep the boat in the desired direction, the other was laid inside. There it still was; so, after eating some berries, and drinking some of the water of the river, I began to paddle down the stream.

Scarcely had I got out of the dreadful noise of the falls, it having been long broad daylight, when a loud halloo rang through the forest.

My friends! I knew their voices. They had been released by some friendly Indians, on the trail of those who had robbed us. Their canoes were in a bight at no great distance, and these were now the means of saving the whole party except Macarthur. Of him nothing was heard for two years. A survey being arranged in place of the one which had failed in so singular a manner, the party came on some Indian huts near the forest.

From these, strange sounds issued. Certainly they were produced by a concertina.

So it was! Macarthur had fallen into the water, but, by means of another bough, saved himself. My boat had by this time shot very far away, and after wandering about the woods for two days, Macarthur was recaptured by the same party who had robbed us. No doubt he would have been killed, had not some musical genius of the survey taken a concertina to amuse the hours of the bivouac on the prairie.

This created the greatest curiosity among the Indians, and they insisted on Macarthur's satisfying them of its purpose.

Luckily he could play a little, and so delighted were they, and their squaws and children, with the music, that he was installed as bard or minstrel of the tribe, and treated with the greatest kindness and consideration.

As the warriors and hunters of the party were abroad on a distant expedition, there was no difficulty in rescuing the musician from his enforced captivity.

Although he looked very savage and uncombed, he was yet fat, and evidently well supplied with such articles as the Indians could give; and the effects of his musical powers caused great amusement when he was once more restored to civilized society.

A NARROW ESCAPE.—"MY LEFT HAND FIRMLY GRASPING THE VEGETATION, ENABLED ME TO MOVE THE FINGERS OF MY RIGHT FURTHER UP THE BOUGH."—SEE PAGE 631.

Home Beauty.

A TASTEFUL woman can make a garret beautiful and homelike, and at little cost; for the beauty of home depends more on educated and refined taste than upon mere wealth. If there is no artist in the house, it matters little that there is a large balance at the bank. There is usually no better excuse for a barren home than ignorance or carelessness. A little mechanical skill can make brackets and shelves for the walls. A thoughtful walk in the woods can gather leaves and lichens and ferns for adorning the unpictured rooms. A trifle saved from daily expenses can now and again put a new book upon the table or shelf. The expenditure of a few dimes can convert the plain window into a conservatory. In these and fifty other ways can a plain, bare room be converted into a scene of beauty.

FOREST INDUSTRIES.

THE MANUFACTURE OF CHARCOAL.

By Prof. Charles A. Joy, LL.D.

There is another forest industry which extends all round the world, and must have been established as soon as the earth brought forth grass, and the tree yielding fruit, and the garden of Eden was planted. It is the carbonization of wood into charcoal. Although this process appears to be very simple, it is, after all, one that requires skill, and, curiously enough, in the process of time has become the specialty of a peculiar class of people, both in Europe and America.

Charcoal-burners are a rude set everywhere, living, as they do, apart from the dwellings of men, often in homes not made with hands, out of the reach of schools and the civilizing influence of religion, scantily provided with food and clothing, swarthy, black, unkempt, they appear to be the direct descendants of the cave-dwellers who, in prehistoric times, peopled Europe and paved the way for the Goths and Vandals who ushered in our present civilization. (Fig. 1.)

Many are the stories that have been woven around the charcoal camp—of monarchs in disguise, seeking to escape pursuit; of outlaws fleeing from the myrmidons of the law; of lost huntsmen, abducted children; of gnomes and wood spirits and kobbolde; of hermits and saintly men—affording a confusion of history, superstition, and religion, which lends to the depths of the forest a charm peculiarly its own.

FIG. 1.—FOREST INDUSTRIES—CHARCOAL PITS IN GERMANY.

It is difficult to say what condign punishment ought to have been inflicted upon the unhappy individual who first

FIG. 2.—BUILDING THE CHARCOAL PIT.

invented charcoal. If he had dug down into the bowels of the earth and brought to light the coal buried there, and had never discovered how to carbonize the wood, it would have been an untold blessing to the beauty of our forests, to the irrigation of our soil, and to the prevention of bloodshed at the cannon's mouth.

The ruthless manner in which the mountains have been stripped of their trees, and the springs and rivers have been dried up for the purpose of obtaining fuel for the blast furnace and carbon for the powder-mill, has often been deplored by writers on political science, and now that it is too late to remedy the loss, many nations have forbidden the further destruction of the forests, and have taken measures to have those already destroyed replanted.

In the meantime, the discoveries of science have taught us how to dispense with charcoal in our furnaces, and in the manufacture of explosives, and there is no longer any excuse for its manufacture beyond the ordinary demands of the times.

The earliest plan of *coaling wood*, as the manufacture of charcoal is called, is as follows: A level piece of ground, called the "hearth," free of moisture, convenient to the supply of wood, is selected and put in order for the heap. The best variety of wood is the oak, elm, beech, and chestnut, which ought to be left to dry during twelve or fifteen months before burning. This precaution is, however, often neglected, and as moist wood will not yield within twenty-five or thirty per cent. so much charcoal as dry wood, there is a corresponding loss on account of this negligence. The "hearth" having been prepared, a thick pole or bundle of brushwood is placed in the centre, around which the wood is arranged, some of the pieces being laid horizontally and others set up at an inclination, to form a truncated cone; the object is to obtain a free circulation of air under the heap, and internal communication with the chimney in the centre, which is formed by withdrawing the pole and brushwood. The large wood is put at the bottom of the heap, and the outside packed as close as possible (fig. 2); the heap is then covered with dry leaves and small brush and afterward with turf or dirt (fig. 3). The dirt is moistened (fig. 4) with a water-pot to make it pack more firmly, and render it impervious to the air; and small vent-holes are left near the bottom, around the base, to furnish the necessary draft when the wood is kindled. The fire is lighted in the centre of the chimney. The flame soon extends, and can be guided to any part by making temporary openings to admit the air, but any other vent must be at once stopped up, or the wood burns to ashes (fig. 5).

When the heap is sufficiently fired all the openings are closed, and lastly the chimney itself. The direction of the wind must be carefully studied, as it will drive the fire rapidly toward the the lee side, and this must be checked by keeping the covering to windward in good order. It is important to have the fire spread uniformly in all directions, a matter which is entirely within the control of the burner. The fire must never be allowed to burn rapidly; the slower the process, if the fire is steady and regular, the better the yield of charcoal. Hard-grained woods take a longer time to cool than soft, open-grained woods, and should be placed in the heap accordingly. The ordinary diameter of the pyramids called "stacks" is 14 to 20 feet, but they are sometimes built three or four times as large. As soon as the smoke and white flame cease to escape up the vent, the whole heap must be closed from the air as carefully as possible, until the charcoal is quite cooled and is ready to draw. This method of carbonizing wood is very ancient, as it is described in detail in the works of a Greek author who wrote 300 years B.C. Pliny reports that at his time, to make charcoal, the wood was stacked up in pyramids and covered with clay or plaster, which was pierced in various places to allow the smoke to escape. The ancients evidently knew how to make charcoal, and were familiar with its properties and uses. The Chinese, who have singularly perfected many branches of industry, carbonize wood in a subterranean furnace, provided with two openings, one to serve as a chimney and the other for ventilation. When the subterranean furnace is filled with wood, piled up vertically, it is covered with twigs and branches of trees, and lastly with earth. It is then ignited at the openings, and as soon as the smoke comes off in sufficient abundance the valves are closed so far as to leave only a very small opening. Five days after the fire has been ignited the smoke commences to clear up, and finally to become perfectly transparent, in proof that the combustion of all the volatile ingredients of the wood is complete. When this point is reached every outlet is hermetically sealed, and in the course of six days more the

contents of the furnace will be found to be sufficiently cool to admit of the removal of the charge.

The Chinese method is one of extreme simplicity, and furnishes 30 to 35 per cent. of hard, resonant charcoal, and is a great improvement on the processes followed in Europe and this country. The manner in which the charcoal is prepared modifies considerably its properties. When it is carbonized slowly it becomes more compact and dense, and is better adapted to most economic uses, as it furnishes volume for volume a much greater quantity of combustible, and, for the same reason, yields a greater heat in burning. It is therefore preferred in mines and metallurgical works. When the carbonization is rapid, the product obtained is in greater proportion, lighter, and of increased volume.

Where charcoal is sold in measure, this property is in favor of the seller, but equally advantageous to the buyer. The vapid charcoal ignites more readily than the compact, and does not give off unpleasant odors, and on that account is acceptable for the kitchen and brasier. For making gunpowder-charcoal, the lighter woods, free of resin, such as the willow, dogwood, and alder, answer best, and in their carbonization care should be taken to let all of the vapors escape, and, if possible, to retain some of the combined hydrogen of the wood, as the explosive power of the powder is increased by the presence of this gas (fig. 6). By the common process of the forest, about 18 per cent. of the weight of the wood is obtained; by the Chinese method, nearly twice as much.

Charcoal for chemical purposes may be extemporaneously prepared by calcining pieces of wood, covered with sand, in a crucible, till no more volatile matter exhales. The charcoal of some wood contains silica, and is therefore useful for polishing metals.

It is said that the engineer Lebon was the first, in 1785, to propose to subject wood to imperfect combination in closed vessels, and thus to obtain at the same time, charcoal, combustible gases, and tar. His suggestion has since been extensively followed in all parts of the world, and has certainly introduced a great saving of material and the manufacture of extremely valuable incidental products.

It is, of course, not practicable to introduce dry distillation into all forests where charcoal is made; but in very many of them it would be perfectly feasible, and prove infinitely more economical than the exceedingly wasteful method now pursued.

To be able to light up the towns on the plains, to manufacture wood spirits, benzole, carbolic acid, paraffine, not to speak of half a dozen other products, ought to prove sufficiently enticing to induce some persons of intelligence to enter into the business, and take it out of the hands of a class of persons who carry it on in a manner to destroy the forests of the country, without making an adequate return for their vandalism. In the southern part of the United States, much wood is distilled for the production of turpentine and crude vinegar, and the resulting charcoal is valuable for fuel, but the works are too remote from settlements to render the gases available for illumination. In some instances, they have been applied in metallurgical works.

In New England, for more than a hundred years, the forests on the hillsides have been despoiled of their trees, and great quantities of charcoal have been made for use in the manufacture of charcoal iron. So much injury has been done to the country by the ruthless manner in which this work has been done, that it is a question whether all of the iron manufactured can compensate for the damage. At the present time, the New England hills are occupied by bands of Canadian-French charcoal-burners, who take contracts for coaling wood, and march like an army of locusts, destroying the beauty of the scenery and bringing on drought, which proves equally disastrous to the farmer and the manufacturer. The economy of this kind of forest industry is very questionable.

Many experiments have been made to ascertain the quantity of charcoal yielded by different kinds of wood. The results are curious, and sufficiently interesting to be mentioned here. One hundred parts by weight of each sort were taken and subjected to identical treatment:

Lignum vitæ	afforded	26	per cent.	charcoal.
Mahogany	"	25.4	"	"
Laburnum	"	24.5	"	"
Chestnut	"	23.2	"	"
Oak	"	22.6	"	"
Walnut	"	20.6	"	"
Beech	"	19.9	"	"
Elm	"	19.5	"	"
Norway pine	"	19.2	"	"

On a large scale these proportions could scarcely be maintained, but they afford an approximation to the amount that can be obtained by careful management. Some years ago it was discovered that wood charcoal removes offensive smells from animal and vegetable substances, and counteracts their putrefaction. This property has been largely used in

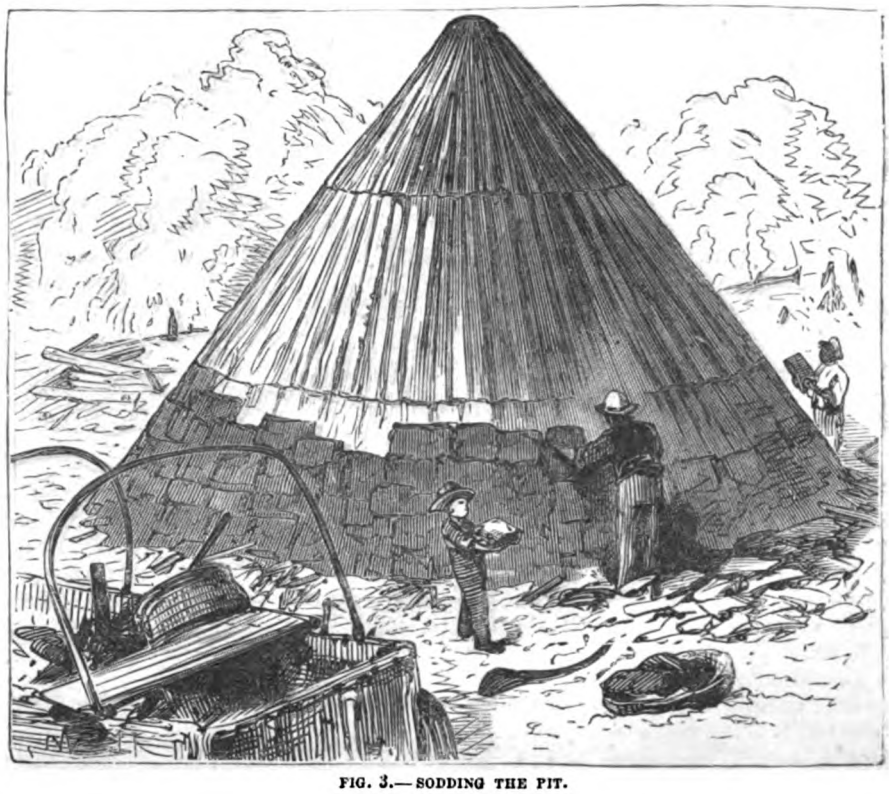


FIG. 3.—SODDING THE PIT.

dwellings, hospitals, sewers, and manufactories. Some gases are absorbed to a large extent: for example, one volume of fresh charcoal will absorb 90 volumes of ammonia, 55 volumes of sulphureted hydrogen, 35 volumes of carbonic acid, and 1.75 volume of hydrogen. Charcoal also absorbs a considerable quantity of water from the atmosphere, and hence becomes much heavier in the course of time, on which account, when it is sold by weight, it is important to purchase it as soon after it is made as possible.

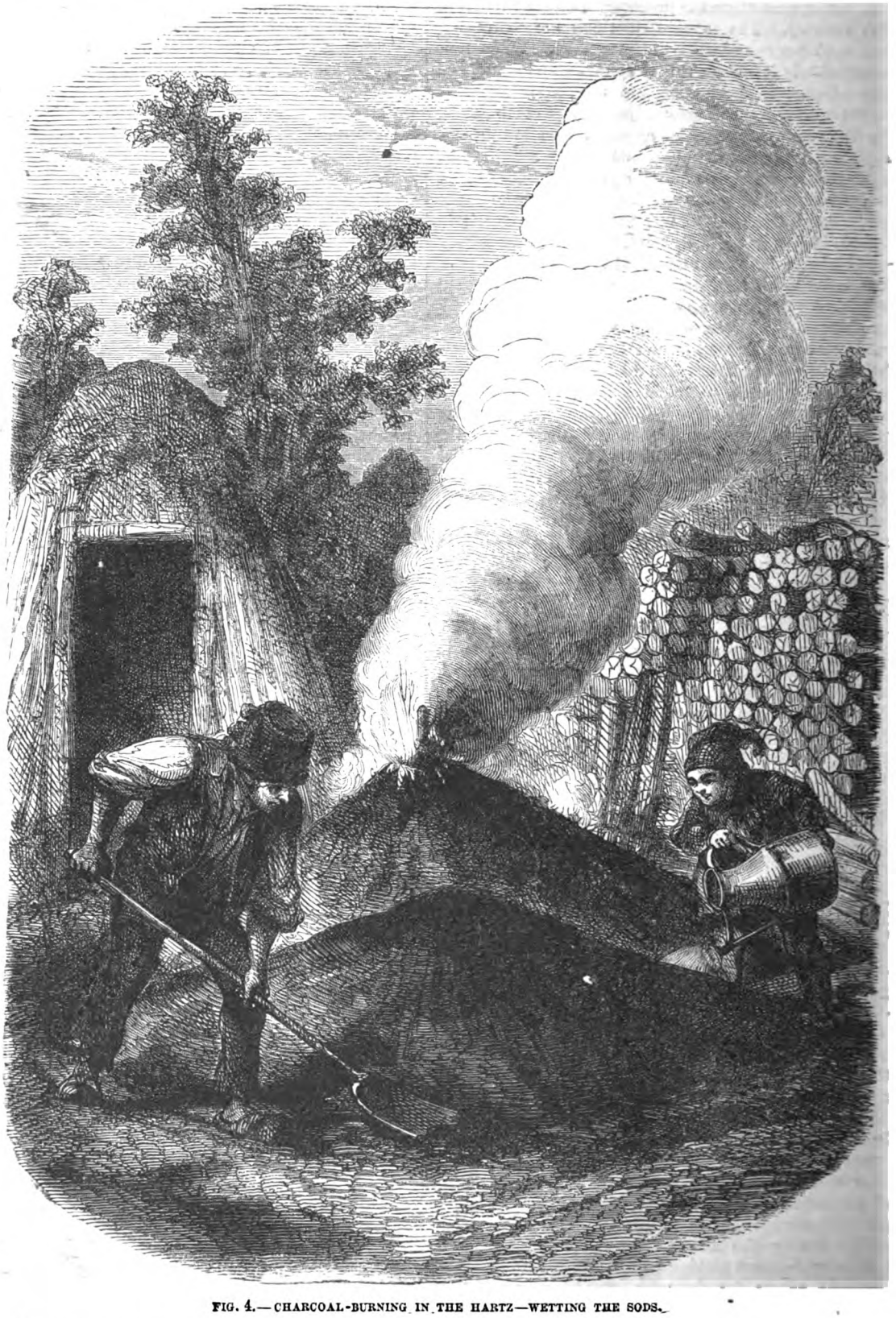


FIG. 4.—CHARCOAL-BURNING IN THE HARTZ—WETTING THE SODS.

For making charcoal crayons, the willow is the best wood that can be employed, as it is uniform in its texture, and degrees of hardness and softness.

FIG. 5.—REPAIRING A BREAK IN THE FIR.

FIG. 6.—CHARCOAL PITS IN PARIS DURING THE SIEGE.

The permanency and indestructibility of charcoal has been known from the earliest times. The Romans charred the stakes which were used for the construction of bridges, and after the lapse of nearly two thousand years, the remains of the woodwork in the foundations of the famous bridge built by Cæsar over the Rhine have been found to be perfectly well preserved.

Most of the houses in Venice stand on piles of wood, which have also been previously charred for their preservation. When charcoal is required for medicinal or chemical purposes it is re-calcined in a close vessel, washed with acids and water, and carefully dried and ground. In the manufacture of gunpowder, it is stamped to a fine powder before being mixed with sulphur and saltpetre. For this purpose the charcoal is usually specially prepared by the process of dry distillation. Charcoal is a poor conductor of heat; a small piece with one end aglow can be held in the hand without discomfort. It is readily ignited, and when consumed yields carbonic acid gas.

When wood is carbonized in carbon disulphide, the charcoal becomes so sonorous that bells can be made of it, as it has the clear ring of a metal. These are a few of the properties of one of our most familiar products. Since the discovery of anthracite and bituminous coal the employment of charcoal in metallurgical works has largely diminished; but other applications have grown up, and it is made and used in large quantities everywhere, and bids fair to remain an important article of commerce to all time.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

TOPOGRAPHICAL SURVEY OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.—This important work has been put into the hands of Mr. James T. Gardner, for a long time connected with the surveys of Western States and Territories. The first year has been devoted to the laying down of base lines and triangulations, to determine the position of certain important sites to be used as landmarks. Even in the short time devoted to the work, the director of the survey has discovered great inaccuracies in the existing maps of the State, and in the latitude and longitude assigned to several of our principal cities. It is doubtful if any State is so badly off in its maps and surveys as New York, and, considering its population and wealth, this state of affairs ought not to be permitted to continue very long. We hear, however, to our regret, that fears are entertained that the survey must be abandoned on account of the opposition of politicians who take the ground that the people do not want it, and that it is unnecessary. As the same logic would put an end to public schools, and veto internal improvements generally, it is to be hoped that the Legislature will follow the advice of enlightened citizens, and make the necessary appropriation.

COLUMBIC ACID MINERALS.—In the early part of this century a new elementary substance was found in the United States, near Middletown, Conn., and named by its discoverer Columbium, in honor of this country. Since that time very few specimens of the mineral containing it have been found. Professor J. Lawrence Smith, the accomplished chemist of Louisville, Ky., calls attention to the occurrence of columbic acid minerals at Marion, N. C., and also in the Amazon stone of Colorado. Columbic acid resembles stannic acid, and the metal would probably be found to possess many of the properties of tin, could it be prepared in any quantity. Should the North Carolina deposit prove to be a rich one, we may have a new metal upon which to experiment and apply in the arts.

THE SUTRO TUNNEL.—First-rate work is being done in the Sutro Tunnel, and the progress is now very rapid. On the 22d of February it was found that 101 feet had been made during the week, being a total now excavated of 16,136 feet. There are sixty men at work, and the average progress is 94 feet per week, driven through the mountain, where, at times, the rock is almost of adamantine hardness. At this rate they will soon reach their destination, below the level of the great silver mines, and open up vast stores of wealth. It remains to be seen, however, whether the undertaking can be made to pay for the immense outlay of time and money it has cost.

INCONVENIENCE OF LIVING.—Science has made so much progress of late, that it has become positively dangerous to live. In order to decorate our rooms, we put on wall-paper, filled with arsenical colors, and breathing out poison at every pore. We draw on red stockings, only to have swollen feet, and dress in cloths and silks, dyed in deadly shades of aniline. A glass of wine is no longer dangerous on account of the worm we believed to be concealed in it, but from poisonous adulterations that have been introduced in its manufacture. It is not safe to take a book out of a circulating library, as such contagious diseases as the smallpox have been communicated in this way. Water we must not drink, as it is contaminated by lead or is full of "fungi scrub," and altogether unwholesome. In whatever direction we turn, we are confronted by some "modern inventions" that threaten to set us on fire, blow us up, smother us in our rooms, poison our food, infect our clothing, adulterate our beverages, and in general render life miserable and difficult to be borne.

AMERICAN SCIENTIFIC AND TECHNICAL JOURNALS.—In few ways has the recent progress of science been more conspicuously shown than in the increase in the number of illustrated technical journals. This class of publications has undergone an entire revolution of late years, and now presents an astonishing array of special serials for nearly every distinct department of technology. Every trade has its special organ, and not the least interesting part of these journals is the space devoted to illustrated advertisements. All kinds of machinery are now so admirably shown by wood-cuts, that the purchaser can have no difficulty in selecting exactly what he wants. Even the minor occupations have become scientific and literary, and the *Lumberman*, *Carpet Trade*, *Tobacco Plant*, and *The Hub*, add to the stores of our knowledge, and help to improve their respective trades.

THE APPLICATIONS OF PHYSICAL FORCES.—Mrs. Norman Lockyer has translated from the French of Guillemin, and J. Norman Lockyer has edited, a most valuable work on the applications of physics, consisting of 742 pp. royal 8vo., with colored plates and illustrations, and published by Macmillan & Co. The work is published in the best style of typography, paper, and illustrations, and in its editorial treatment popularizes many scientific applications which are of great value to mankind. The colored plates and pictures help to explain the text, and render the book not only attractive in appearance, but also of real value. All of the applications of sound, light, heat, magnetism and electricity are fully explained in a popular and intelligible form. Books of this character are of great value in simplifying abstruse topics, and disseminating accurate scientific information.

GLYCERINE IN TANNING.—A mixture of glycerine with carbolic acid is recommended as an excellent preservative for untanned hides; it keeps them moist and green, and when required for the vat it is only necessary to thoroughly rinse them to free them of the acid and glycerine.

THE EYE AS A PHOTOGRAPHIC APPARATUS.—One of the most extraordinary researches undertaken in recent times has just been published by Prof. Kühne, of Heidelberg. This learned physiologist has proved, by incontestable evidence, that the retina of the eye will retain the image last formed upon it for at least twenty-four hours after death. He took a rabbit, and fixed its head and one of its eyeballs at a distance of five feet from a square hole in a window-shutter. The head was covered for five minutes with a black cloth, and then the one eye was exposed to the light passing through the hole, for three minutes. The head was then instantly decapitated, and the exposed eyeball dissected by aid of the yellow light produced by salt and alcohol, and the ball immediately plunged into a 5 per cent. solution of alum. Two minutes after death, the second eyeball, without removal from the head, was subjected to exactly the same process as the first. On the following morning, the milk-white and now toughened retinæ of both eyes were carefully isolated, separated from the optic nerve and turned; they then exhibited on a beautiful rose-red ground a nearly square, sharp image of the hole in the shutter, with well-defined edges. The image taken on the living eye was roseate in hue and less sharply defined than the other. The experiment goes to prove that there is some foundation in the popular notion that the eye of a murdered person contains on its retinæ the image of the last object seen, and would afford incontrovertible evidence of who committed the crime, if it were examined in proper time. If a photograph of the small image formed on the eye could be taken, and subsequently enlarged, the work of recognition could be made complete. According to Professor Kühne, the eye is a photographic camera, giving instantaneous pictures, which remain long enough to become revealed to our senses and then pass away; and that even after death the organ does not lose this power until after the lapse of a few hours.

SALT MINES OF GODERICH, CANADA.—Professor T. Sterry Hunt has recently published an interesting account of the salt mines of Goderich, Canada, where borings to a depth of 1517 feet have been made. At a depth of 876 feet, the salt-bearing structure was struck, and this formation was traced 641 feet downward, including 126 feet of solid rock-salt The rock-salt is represented as forming six beds, but the second and third, and also the fourth and fifth, might each be looked upon as forming but a single bed, divided in two by a few feet of rock. The salt of the different beds is not alike in purity, as some of it is discolored, while one of the beds is pure and white. The work of sinking a shaft will be commenced in the Spring, but the task of opening a mine at such a great depth can scarcely be completed in less than two years, and may require a longer time. The supply of salt would appear to be practically inexhaustible.

ANALYSIS OF THE SWEET POTATO.—Professor S. W. Johnson, of Yale College, has made an elaborate analysis of the sweet potato, and finds it to be composed as follows:

Water	73.39
Starch	15.06
Gum	1.08
Sugar	6.86
Cellulose	0.98
Albumen	1.28
Fat and Wax	28
Ash	1.07
Total	100.00

SPUN GLASS.—By spinning glass upon a rapidly revolving wheel, a thread is obtained which is very fine, and closely resembles floss silk. It can be woven into fabrics, made into brushes to be used on liquids which destroy organic tissue, for example, chromic acid, nitric acid, nitrate of silver, iodine, and the like. It is largely employed in laboratories for filtering acids and alkalies under conditions where paper will be inadmissible. The fabrics made from it can be used for non-conducting packing around steam-pipes and caloric engines, and would be valuable for incombustible theatrical sceneries and properties. The new fibre is now largely manufactured in Austria, and promises to prove valuable for many purposes.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

WHY cannot two slender persons ever become great friends?—Because they will always be slight acquaintances.

SOMEBODY writes to a rural paper to ask "how long cows should be milked." Why, the same as short cows, of course!

A NEW YORK girl sang, "Darling, I am growing old," with an expression so pertinent and truthful, that her procrastinating lover left her for good.

PAT MAGINNIS has a very stubborn mule, which he calls "Old Musket." On being asked why he gave the mule that name, he said, "Because the stubborn beast won't go off without a kick."

"HAVE you any boned turkey?" asked a hungry customer in a Nevada restaurant. The proprietor laid his hand on his revolver and cried, "No insinuations here, young man! We're honest, here, and don't 'bone' nothin'!"

ABOVE THE EARTH OR UNDER THE EARTH, OR WHERE?—A new candidate for novelistic honors thus makes his heroine "do" the picturesque: "Drawing the blind, her eye goes out over a scene the like of which is nowhere to be found on earth."

A CONCEITED young man asked a friend what apology he should make for not being one of the party of the day before, to which he had a card of invitation. "Oh, my dear sir," replied the wit, "say nothing about it; you were never missed."

JUSTICE WILLES was in the habit of interrupting counsel. A lawyer who was thus annoyed one day said to him, "Your lordship is even a greater man than your father. The Chief Baron used to understand me after I had done, but your lordship understands me before I begin."

A COXCOMB, who often intruded in a library where he did not subscribe, one day had his dog turned out by a crusty old fellow, who gave him a tremendous kick, saying, "*You* are no subscriber, at any rate." The master took the hint, and never more annoyed the establishment by his presence.

"MR. BROWN," said a St. Louis landlady, as she put before the oldest boarder the remains of a tough rooster, "you needn't look so savage at that fowl; you can't make it quail." Brown mistook the joke for sauce, and growled back something like what they put across a river just above a saw-mill.

A WELL-KNOWN gunmaker received the following extensive order the other day: "Brig-o'-the-Burn, Desembr the 28. I bek to in Forme you that I Hav a gun neirely new only the Barl is bended and the stok is brokn. She recquir a new stok and the barl strackit and I want her done so reasnable as pocble.—DUGALD MACDONALD."

CONSIDERATE—IN THE WAY OF REJOINDER.—Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, abhorred smoking. His Quaker Council, one day, observing him approach, laid down their pipes. "I am glad to see," said Penn, "that you are ashamed of that vile habit." "Not at all," returned a principal Friend; "we only laid them down lest we should offend a weak brother."

AT a recent petty sessions held not one hundred miles from Holland House, a facetious Boniface is said to have presented petition for leave to alter the sign of his ale-house. "And what is the sign?" inquired the chairman. "Please your worship, it is 'The Gladstone'; but my customers wish me to call it by its old name." "And what was that?" asked the chairman. "Please your worship, 'The Magpie and Stump.'"

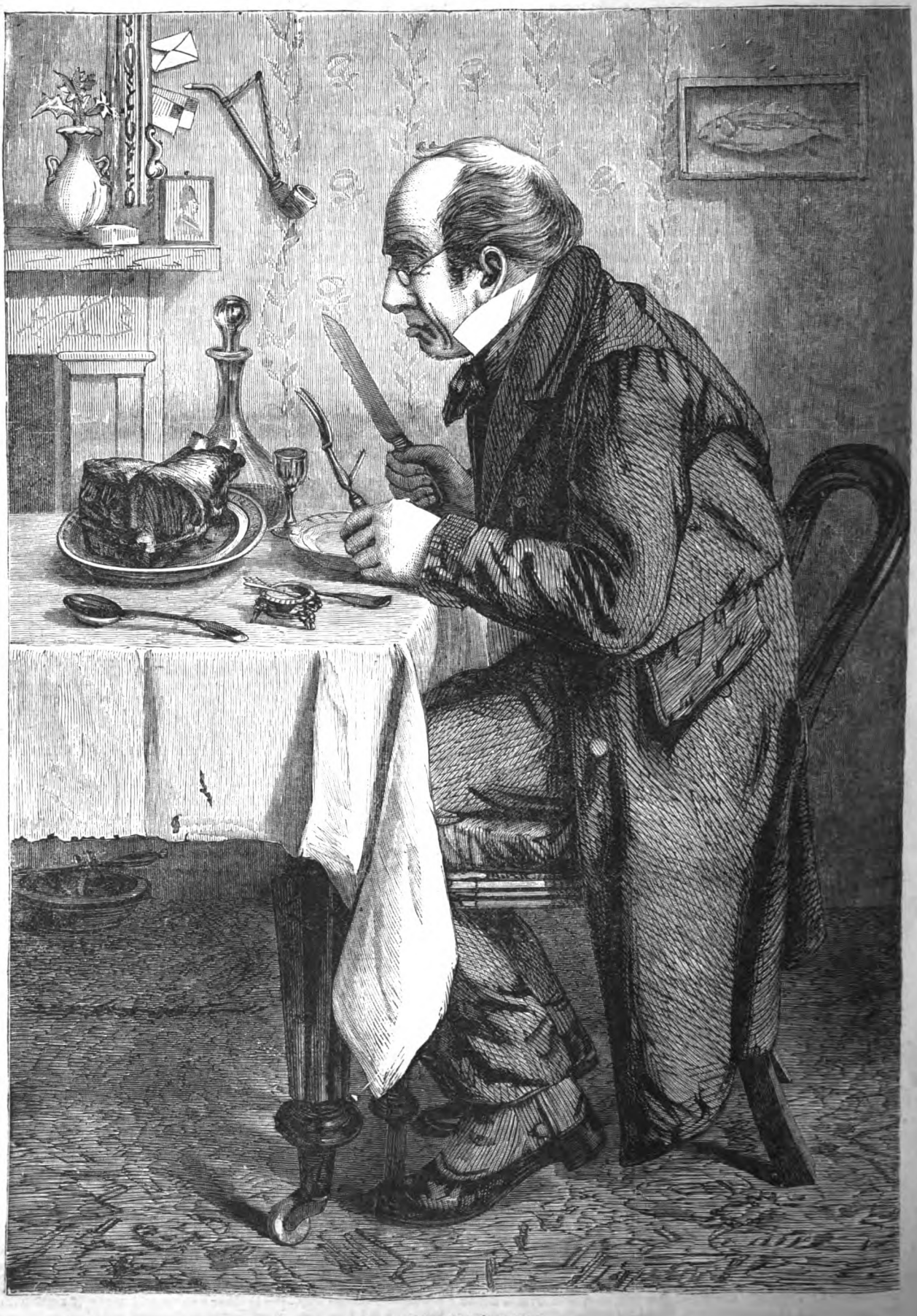
THE two great wits, Foote and Macklin, once met at the Bedford Coffee-house when both were at a low ebb of fortune. Foote, perhaps to keep up the appearance of prosperity, was every now and then showing off a repeating watch, which he kept either dangling in his hand or up to his ear. At last he suddenly exclaimed, "Zounds, Mack, my watch is stopped!" Pooh, pooh," said the Irish wit; "never mind that, Sam. You may depend upon it that it will soon go!"

ONE OF THE OUTER CIRCLE.—"I once heard," says a writer in *Truth*, "the following refreshing remark from a mite of four years old. I had been compelled, having been injudiciously forestalled by a too-zealous nurse, to explain to her the orthodox view of the ultimate fate of the wicked, and was watching rather nervously for some expression of incredulity or alarm, when, turning to the cradle where her baby-brother slept, the child exclaimed, pointing to the infant, 'That's a bad job for him!'"

"'SCUSE THE WRITIN'."—"Massa," said a black steward to his captain, as they fell in with a homeward-bound vessel, "I wish you'd write a few lines for me to send to the old woman, 'cause I can't write." "Certainly," assented the good-natured skipper, taking his writing materials. "What shall I say?" Pompey told the story that he wished his wife to know, which his amanuensis faithfully recorded. "Is that all, Pomp?" asked the captain, preparing to seal the letter. "Yes, massa," replied he, showing his "ivories," "tank you; but, 'fore you close him, jist say, 'Please 'scuse bad spellin' and writin',' will ye?"

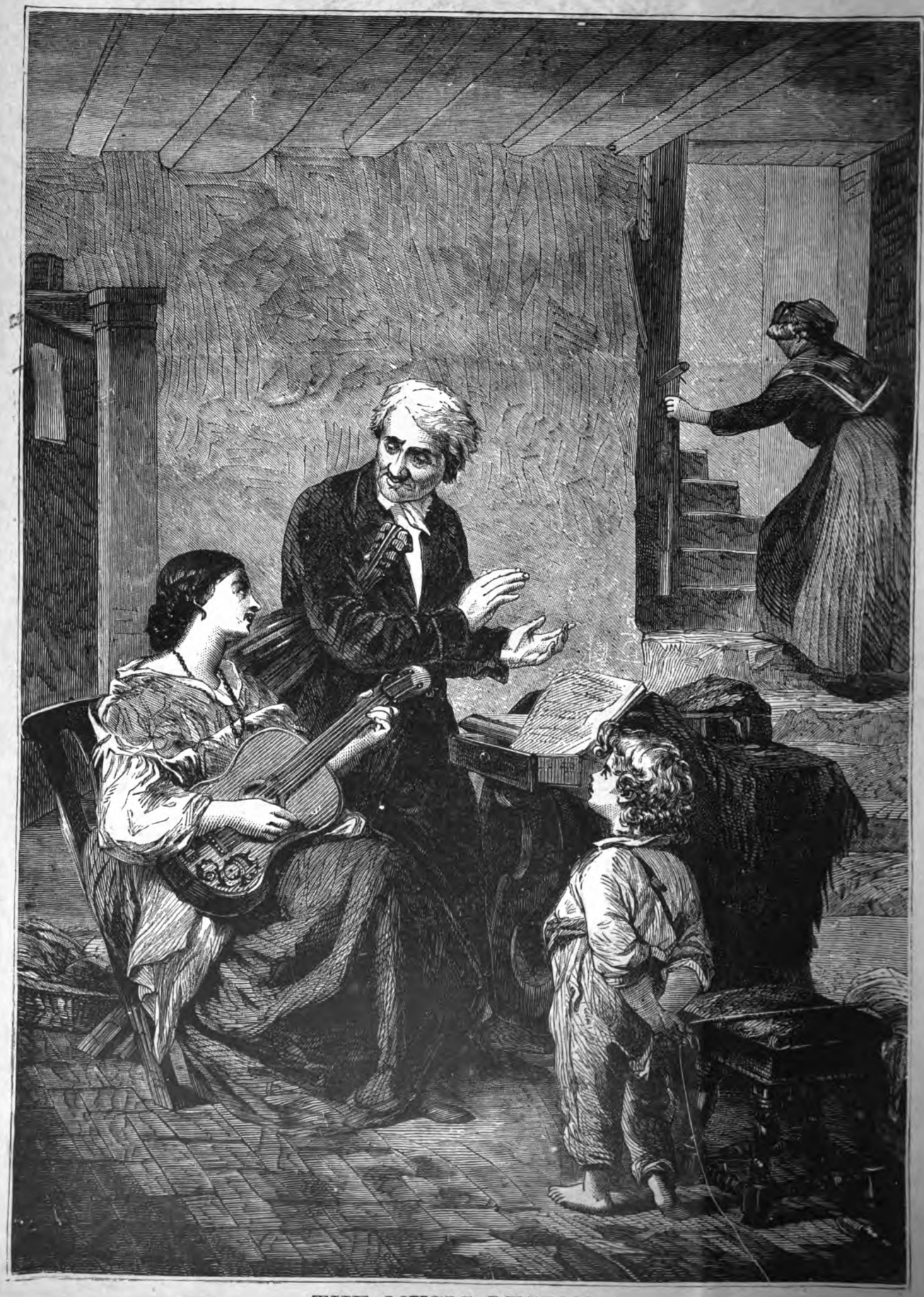
A NERVOUS lady, who imagined herself sick unto death, while sojourning in a southern watering-place, sent for the vicar, a musical man, to administer spiritual comfort. It so happened that the reverend gentleman was also of a nervous disposition, and on entering the invalid's room he seated himself away from her couch, and appeared to be intensely interested in the opposite wall. For some seconds neither spoke, but at last the clergyman abruptly asked, "Who is your maker?" The lady, taken aback by this fundamental question, made no reply, and again silence reigned for a period Presently the visitor repeated his query, "Who is your maker?" adding "Mine is 'Broadwood.'" It is perhaps needless to state that he referred to the piano, which seemed to him to afford an opening for and a congenial subject of conversation.

Two brothers, says the *Sporting Times*, equally enterprising and ignorant, at one time owned a hippodrome in London They ordered some statues for the vestibule from an eminent Italian in Covent Garden. The effigies of the heathen divinities arrived in due course, but one of the brothers, considering that, notwithstanding the unclad condition of his purchases, a little ornament would improve their personal appearance, had them liberally plastered with gold-leaf. The talented artist called shortly afterward to see the effect of his work in its new location. When he beheld Apollo and Venus, and other mythological celebrities, all begilt, he lifted his hands, and in an agony exclaimed to his patron, "If Michael Angelo were to see this sacrilege!" The brother, who was witness of the sculptor's distress, was equal to the occasion. "Don't take on about it," he said, soothingly; "you just bring your friend Mike round here some day—my brother George will make it right with him, you lay your life. What'll you drink, dear boy?"



THE OLD BACHELOR'S DINNER.

UNIV. OF MICH.



THE MUSIC LESSON.

UNIV. OF MICH.

FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

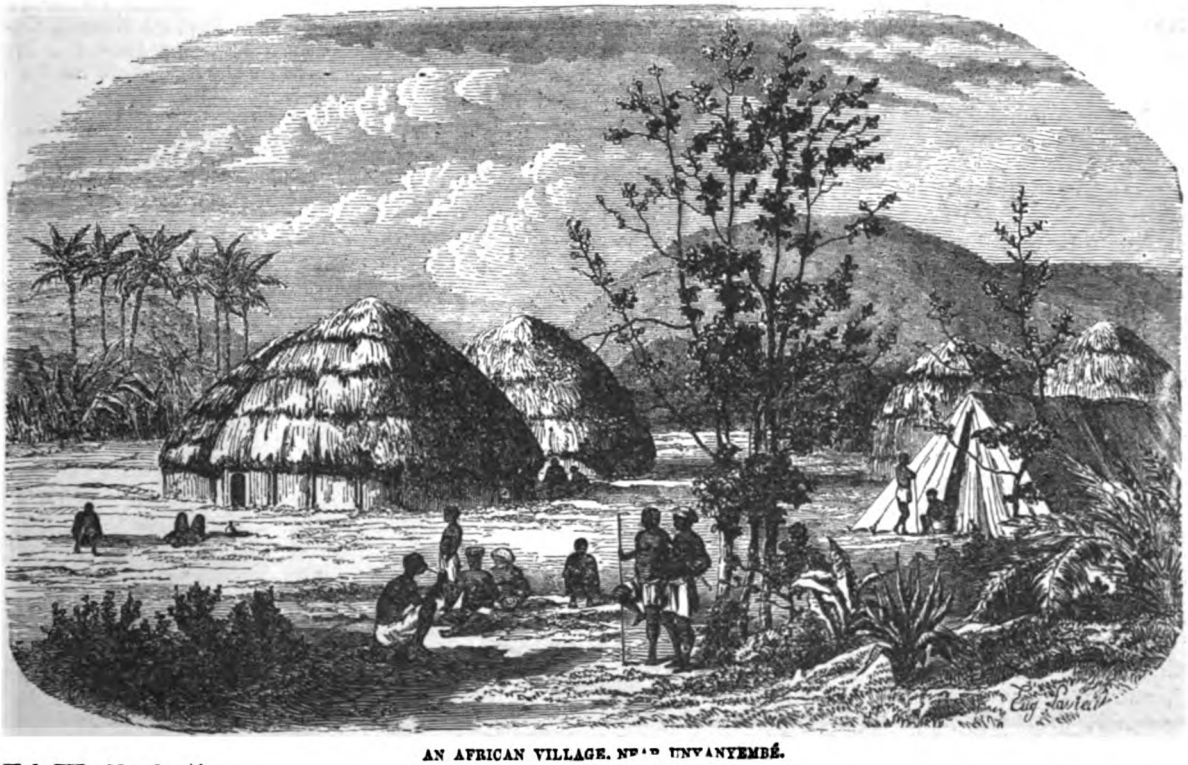
VOL. III.—No. 6. JUNE, 1877. $2.50 PER ANNUM.

AFRICAN EXPLORERS AND EXPLORATIONS.

CLAPPERTON—LANDER—BARTH—LIVINGSTONE—CAMERON—BRUCE—BURTON—SPEKE—STANLEY—BRUCE—BAKER—LONG.

BY ALFRED H. GUERNSEY.

WITH the exception of a narrow strip on the north, bordering upon the Mediterranean, and including Egypt, Africa has borne little part in the general history of the world, except by furnishing slaves to other regions. Of the continent less was known fifty years ago than was known by Strabo and Ptolemy in the early part of the Christian era, and scarcely as much as Herodotus had learned from the Egyptian priests almost five centuries before. Southward and westward from Egypt and Mauritania stretched a great desert known as Ethiopia and Libya. From time immemorial occasional traders and adventurers had traversed this desert until they came to a great river, whose banks were inhabited by peoples much darker than themselves; whence in time the river got the name of *Niger*—the "Black River."



AN AFRICAN VILLAGE. NEAR UNYANYEMBÉ.

HENRY BARTH.

Some said that it flowed eastward, others westward. Whence and whither the Niger came and went became the vexed question among geographers. Some thought that it fell into the unknown western ocean; some thought it lost itself in the sands of the desert; perhaps the prevailing opinion was that it was the Nile, which came pouring northward through Egypt, no one knew whence.

The mystery of the Niger was not solved until after the close of the first quarter of the present century. The first steps were taken by Mungo Park, a Scotchman, born in 1771, who began his African travels in 1795. Starting from the mouth of the Gambia River, on the west coast, in about lat. 14 deg. north, he went eastward in search of the reported great city of Timbuctoo, said to be on the banks of the Niger. Late in July, 1796, he reached the Joliba or Guorra, now known as the main branch of the Niger, where all trace of him was lost for a time. He, however, made his way home in the following year, and published an interesting narrative of his adventures. Every one knows his story of the negro women singing their lamentations over the poor white man who had "no wife to grind his corn." In 1805 he again went to Africa, with the rank of captain, at the head of a body of soldiers, and penetrated to the headwaters of the Gambia and Senegal. Here nearly all his followers died of fever, and he sent his interpreter back to the coast with tidings of what had befallen him. For four years nothing more was heard of him. Then the Governor of Senegal dispatched the interpreter to the interior to learn the fate of the lost explorer. It appeared that he reached the Niger, undertook to descend it in a canoe, and got half way down to the coast, when he was attacked by the natives, and was killed, with all his remaining men, probably in 1806.

Twenty years passed before any other notable effort was made for African exploration. Then the Paris Geographical Society offered a large prize to the first person who should reach Timbuctoo. René Caillé, born in 1799, undertook the task. Leaving the west coast, he made his way to Jenne, near the headwaters of the Joliba, in March, 1828, and a month later reached Timbuctoo. Here he remained a fortnight, and then, joining a caravan, went northward to Morocco, and thence returned to France, where he was hailed with acclamation. The Geographical Society awarded him the Timbuctoo prize, and another for the most valuable geographical discovery during the year. His travels were sumptuously published at the expense of the French Government; and he was enabled to purchase an estate, upon which he lived in retirement for some years. He then projected another African journey, but died in 1838, just as he was about to start.

In the meanwhile the vexed Niger question had been solved by Clapperton and Lander. Hugh Clapperton was born in Scotland in 1798. After an adventurous youth, he joined Oudney's expedition for the exploration of the interior of Africa. Starting from the Barbary coast, they reached Mourzouk, near the verge of the Sahara, in November, 1822. Pushing southward across the desert for 800 miles, they reached Lake Tchad in February, 1823. Then they went westward 700 miles further, the journey occupying ninety days, during which great hardships were experienced. Oudney died, and Clapperton returned to England. His narrative is by far the best work on African exploration put forth up to that of Barth, upon the same and a much wider region.*

* Henry Barth was born in Germany in 1821. After a thorough scientific training, he traveled in Italy, and in 1845 began his African explorations by a journey through the Barbary States, and thence through Egypt, Syria and Asia Minor, expending $14,000 of his private fortune. In 1849 he set out on his great expedition, under the auspices of the British Government, accompanied by Richardson and Overweg. The expedition left Tripoli in April, 1850, traversing the Sahara. Richardson died in March, 1851; the others went on southward, and in June reached the river Benuwe, which was for the first time identified with the Tchadda, the eastern affluent of the Niger, but were obliged to turn back, having in the meanwhile, together or separately, explored a great portion of the desert hitherto wholly unknown. Overweg died in September, 1852, and Barth, under most adverse circumstances, set out alone for Timbuctoo, which he reached in September, 1853. Here he was detained for several months, and was supposed to be dead. He was at length released, and made his way back to Kano, the largest city in Central Africa, where he was found by Vogel, who had volunteered to go in search of him, being the first white man whom Barth had seen for two years. He reached home in 1855, after an absence of six years. His five large volumes, written by himself in both German and English, with their minute maps, though cumbrous in style, contain an amount of topographical, historical and ethnological information which renders them the storehouse from which all succeeding writers upon North-Central Africa must draw. He died in 1864, being then Professor of Geography in the University of Berlin.

JOHN HANNING SPEKE.

Clapperton was soon sent by the British Government on another African expedition. With him went, as servant, a young printer named Richard Lander. Near the close of 1825 they set out from Badgery, near Cape Coast Castle, on the west coast. Pushing into the interior, they crossed the Joliba, without suspecting that it was the Niger, of which they were in search. Advancing, they reached the region which Clapperton had touched in his former journey from the opposite direction, so that he has fairly crossed the continent at almost its widest part. Here Clapperton died, and Lander returned to England with his papers, which he edited, under the title, "Records of Clapperton's Last Expedition to Africa," published in 1829.

Richard Lander, accompanied by his brother, John Lander, was sent back to Africa by the Government, to follow up the explorations of Clapperton. In March, 1830, he again started from Badgery, and in June reached Boossa, on the Joliba, which was now recognized as the long-sought Niger. After ascending the stream for a hundred miles, he turned back, resolved to float down until the unknown mouth of the river was reached. On the way a grand discovery was made. Not far below Boossa a great river, which we know as the Tchadda, from the east, falls into the Joliba. The contradictory reports which had so long puzzled the ancients were now harmonized. Those who reported the Niger as flowing eastward had seen the Joliba; those who reported it as flowing westward had seen the Tchadda, quite likely not many leagues from the same spot. Floating down the united river, Lander soon found himself in the Bight of Benin, into which no one had dreamed that any great river emptied; for the Niger, when reaching the low alluvial coast, spreads through a broad delta, and falls into the ocean by several mouths, many leagues apart.

AFRICAN WOMEN WITH WATER-POTS LISTENING TO NATIVE MUSIC, AT KREBABASA.

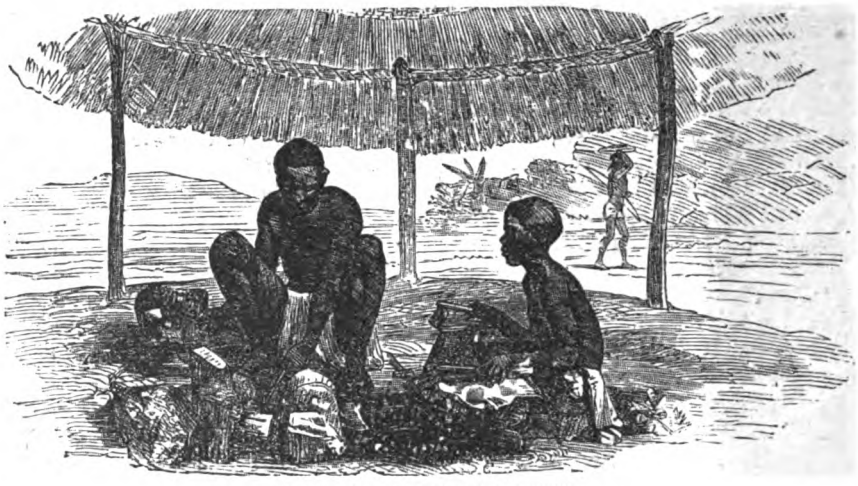
Lander was subsequently sent by Government up the Niger, in the hope of opening up a vast region to trade. The party was set upon by the natives; Lander, severely wounded, escaped to the coast, and died at Fernando Po in 1834, at the age of thirty.

The mystery of the Niger had been cleared up, but the still greater mystery of the Nile remained. For tens upon tens of centuries that beneficent river had been a wonder to all who dwelt upon its banks, and to travelers who came there to learn the wisdom of the Egyptians. It flowed from unknown regions, and for the last thousand miles of its course did not receive a rivulet from either side, and only at rare and uncertain intervals a drop of water from the clouds. For nine months of the year its uniform and majestic flood rolled within its steep banks. Then, almost at a given day, from year to year, the river, with no apparent cause, began to rise, overflowing its banks and transforming the narrow valley into a lake. In a few weeks the flood subsided, leaving behind a thin layer of mud, the source of all the fertility of Egypt. If the inundation reached a certain height, it was a "good Nile," for an abundant harvest was sure. If it fell short of this, it was a "bad Nile," and there would be no corn in Egypt. But so uniform was the inundation that a "good Nile" was the rule, a "bad Nile" the exception; and with the single exception in the days of Joseph, we think there is no case of a succession of several years of famine. No wonder, then, that this double Nile was a marvel to the ancients.

To us, with our wider knowledge of the laws of nature, the explanation is evident enough. The great uniform river must come from lakes so extensive that their elevation does not change perceptibly from season to season; and such lakes must be the reservoirs for the regular rainfall of a great region; while the sudden inundations must come from affluents coming down from mountains where the rain is abundant during a small part of the year, and lacking during the remainder. What theory should have affirmed long ago, observation has demonstrated within the last score of years. The discovery of the source of the Nile and of the great lake region of the African interior is perhaps the grandest result of recent exploration. We shall give a general resumé of the physical structure of Central Africa, as far as now ascertained, and then speak of the principal explorations which have brought the facts to light.

In 1852, Sir Roderick Murchison, reasoning correctly from quite scanty data, promulgated the theory that the whole interior of Africa would be found to consist of a vast watered plateau, somewhat elevated above the level of the sea, but bounded on the east and west by much higher land. Ten years had not passed before this hypothesis was shown to

be the true one by the almost independent explorations of Livingstone, Burton and Speke. The subsequent explorations of Baker, Cameron, Long, and others, have in a good degree settled the question as to the nature and extent of the water-basins of this plateau, although there are still some minor questions of considerable importance remaining in doubt.

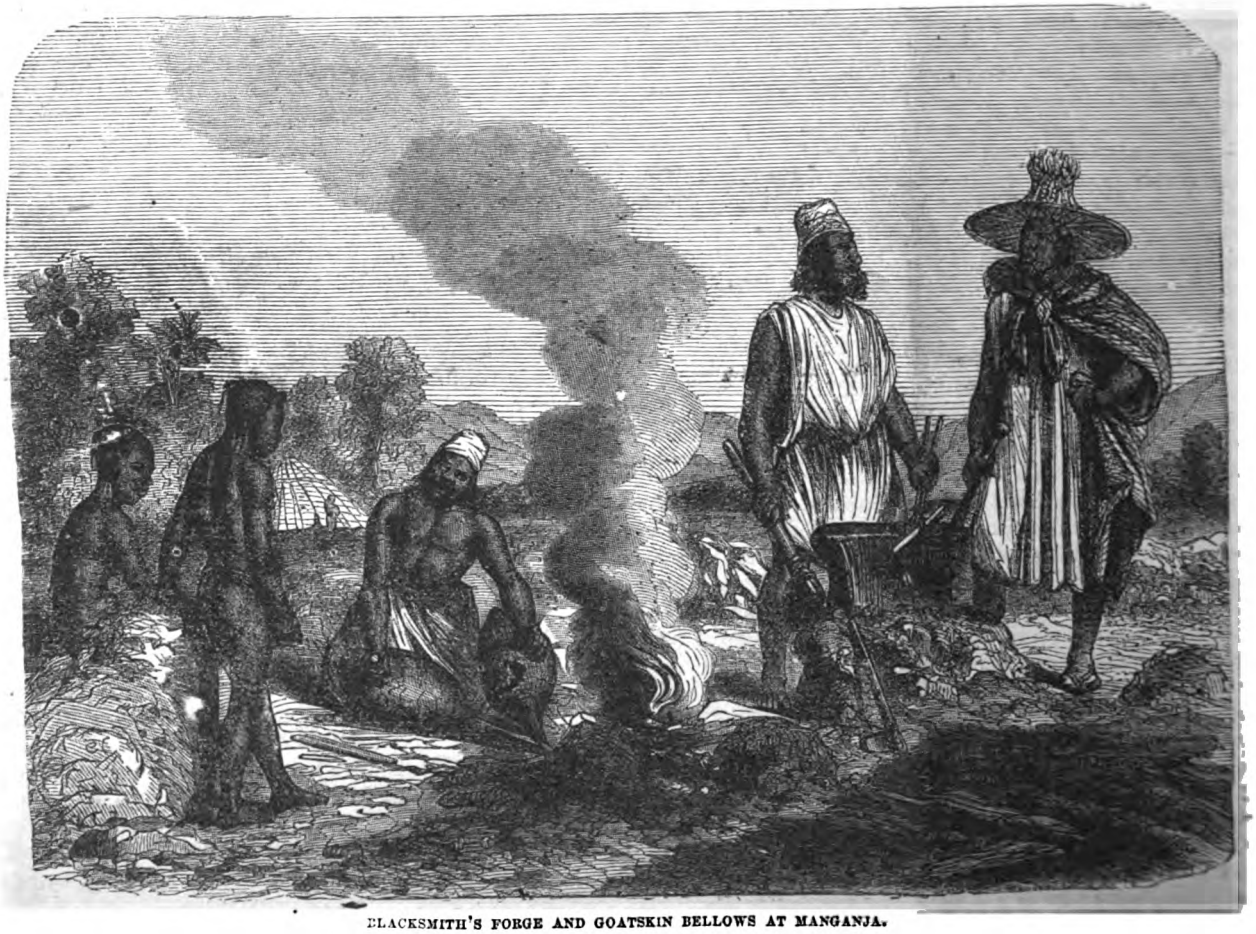


MANGANJA BLACKSMITH AT WORK.

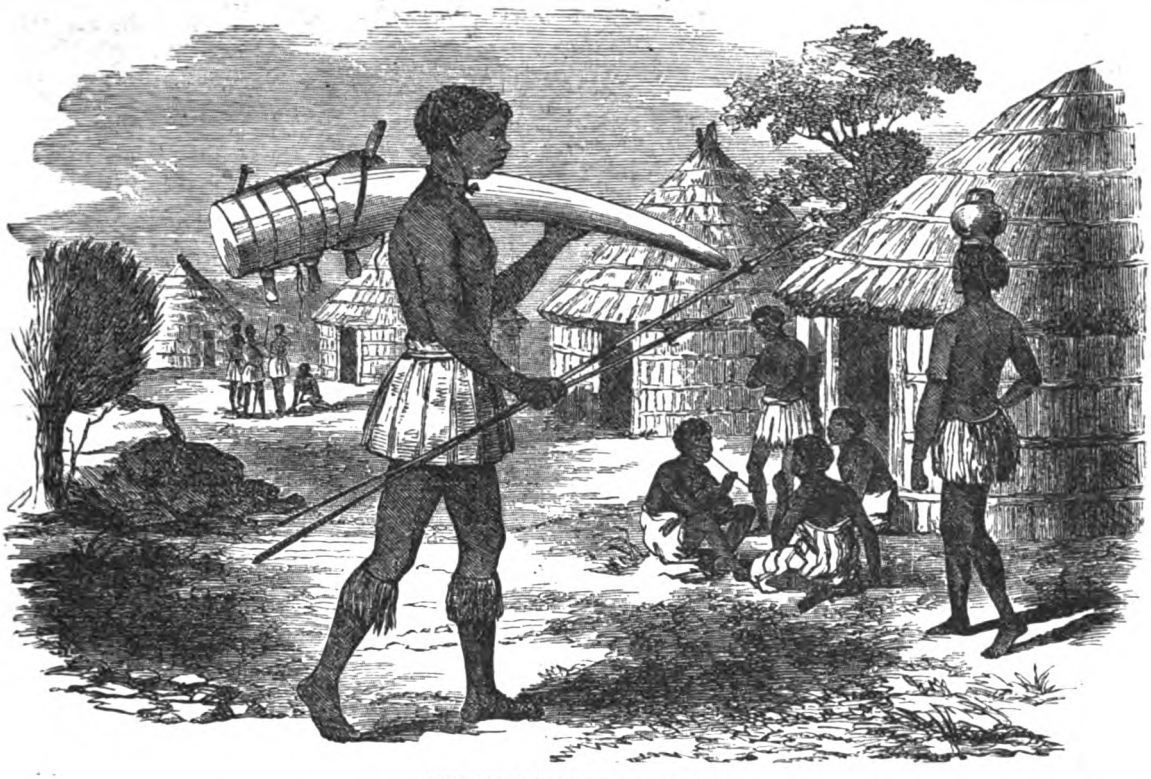
In general terms, tropical Africa consists of an elevated central plateau, separated from low tracts along the coast by lines of hills and mountains, running at various distances from the coast. There are thus three well-marked divisions: the low, unhealthy coast region, the mountain ranges, and the central plateau. Of this plateau the chief water-basins, beginning from the south, are those of the Zambesi, whose waters are discharged eastward into the Indian Ocean; the Congo, whose waters flow westward into the Atlantic; and the Nile, whose waters flow northward into the Mediterranean. It is probable, but as yet by no means certain, that there is also a considerable drainage from this central plateau northward and westward into Lake Tchad, or perhaps into the River Tchadda, the great eastern affluent of the Niger.

The Zambesi rises in about lat. 10 deg. south, some of its affluents reaching to within 250 miles of the western coast. It traverses the whole remaining breadth of the continent in a southeasterly direction; and, after a course of some 1,800 miles, falls into the Indian Ocean by several mouths, in about lat. 19 deg. south. The headwaters of the Congo,* here called the Chambesi, rise probably not far

* It is here assumed, for reasons which will appear hereafter, that the great river Lualaba, which Livingstone tracked, partially and under various names, through eight degrees of latitude and six of longitude, is not the Nile, as he seems to have thought most likely; but, as Cameron believes, the Congo, or at least one of its principal affluents.



BLACKSMITH'S FORGE AND GOATSKIN BELLOWS AT MANGANJA.

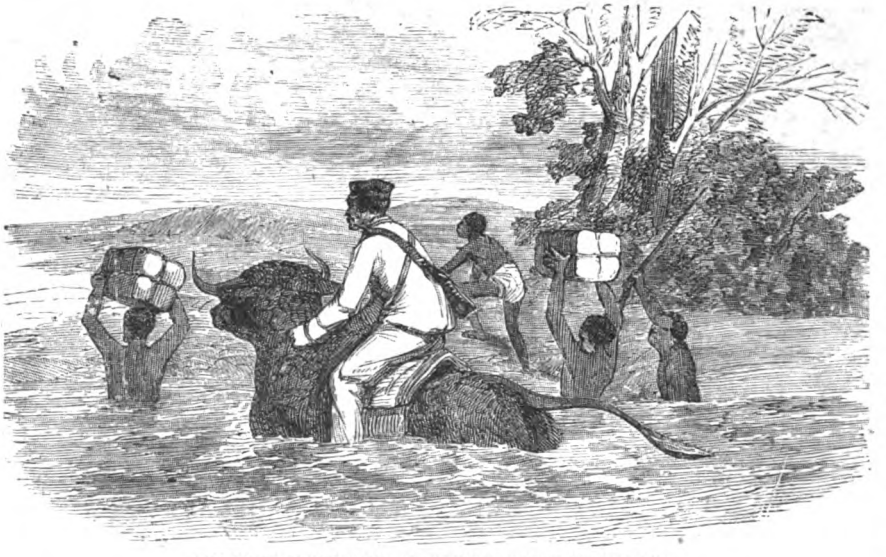


NATIVES OF UNIAMESI, EAST AFRICA.

south of Lake Victoria Nyanza, in about lat. 8 deg. south, and some 450 miles from the eastern coast. It flows southwestwardly for about 200 miles, when it falls into Lake Bangweolo, 150 miles long and 75 miles wide, which also receives several other large streams. From this lake the river emerges under the name of the Luapula, and flows northward into Lake Moero, 60 miles long and 30 wide, from which it emerges, bearing the name of the Lualaba.

Down to this point the river was pretty closely tracked by Livingstone in his various journeys. From here his travels diverged from its source, coming again upon it some 300 miles to the northwest. According to the best information which he could gather, its course in the interval is very tortuous, receiving many large branches, and spreading out into several lakes. The course of the river has never been explored beyond the settlement of Nyangwé, in about lat. 4 deg. south, long. 26 deg. east, almost exactly midway between the eastern and the western coasts. Here it is a great river, a mile wide, flowing northward with a deep and rapid current. Both Livingstone and Cameron were told that below Nyangwé the river bears the name of the Ugarrowa. The argument that this river is not the Nile, as Livingstone was to the last inclined to believe, seems incontrovertible. Here, at Nyangwé, its volume of water is at least six times that of the Nile, except at the flood season, and moreover the careful measurements of Cameron show that its level is lower than that of the White Nile. That it is the Congo is as clear as anything can be which is not proven by actual observation. This great river must fall into the sea somewhere, and on the whole African coast the Congo is the only river which discharges as much water into the ocean as flows in the Lualaba. The Congo is in volume of water second only to the Amazon; but we know absolutely nothing of its lower course for more than 200 miles; but its size shows that it must be the outlet for the waters of an immense basin, and no such basin can be found which does not include that of the Lualaba. As the mouth of the Congo is two degrees south and fourteen degrees west of Nyangwé, the river from this point must pursue a general course a little south of west for its remaining unknown 1,000 miles. Quite

TRAVELING IN AFRICA—THE RAIN-POOL BY THE WAY.



LIVINGSTONE CROSSING AN AFRICAN RIVER ON OX-BACK.

probably, its basin extends northward beyond the equator. There is a remarkable feature connected with the Congo and the Zambesi. Both rivers flow three-quarters of the way across the continent, and for a considerable space parallel to, and at no very great distance from, each other, but in opposite directions: the Zambesi from west to east, the Congo from east to west. The headwaters of some of these affluents indeed interlock on an almost level tableland, which was crossed by both Livingstone and Cameron. The routes followed by Livingstone and Cameron cross each other toward the western coast, and between them they give some tolerable idea of the general character of a belt heretofore unexplored, nearly 1,000 miles wide, and clear across the continent of Africa. We shall now glance at these two great explorers and their explorations.

David Livingstone was born near Glasgow, Scotland, in 1813. In 1840 he went as a missionary to South Africa, where he showed a decided tendency for scientific and geographical investigations. In 1848 he set out to cross the Kalahari desert in search of Lake Ngami, of which he had heard reports from the natives. To his surprise, he found a watered and populous region. This determined him to undertake a more extensive exploration. Starting from the Cape of Good Hope in 1852, he reached the Portuguese settlement of St. Paul de Loanda, on the west coast, whence he set out to cross the entire breadth of the continent from west to east. The journey lasted four years. He came upon a great river, called by the natives, the Leambyé, which he followed down, partly by canoe and partly on its banks, and found it to be none other than the Zambesi of the Portuguese of the east coast, who, however, knew nothing of its course except for a few score miles from its mouth in the Indian Ocean.

In this journey he discovered the cataract of Mosiatunye, to which, with more than questionable taste, he gave the name of Victoria Falls. This cataract may fairly challenge supremacy with Niagara. The river, here more than a mile broad, and flowing placidly along, plunges perpendicularly into a fissure 300 feet deep, and hardly 200 feet wide, running directly across its course. This deep, narrow fissure runs back and forth for several miles in a series of zig-zags almost parallel, separated by perpendicular promontories of basalt, scarcely as wide as the fissure itself. So narrow are these promontories that a person standing in the centre of one of them could easily toss a stone into the chasm with either hand.

The narrative of this journey, published in 1857, excited universal attention; and in the following year Livingstone was furnished with ample funds, from a Government grant and from private subscriptions, to pursue his explorations of the Zambesi and the region near it. His wife, who had gone with him, died during this expedition, and he thenceforth devoted himself to the work of African exploration, which he hoped would result in the extirpation of the slave trade and the introduction of civilization and Christianity into this large and inhabitable portion of the continent.

Having returned to England, and prepared an account of this second exploration, he set out in April, 1865, upon a journey in the region of the great lakes, whose existence had now become known. For four years scarcely anything was heard from him. But in 1869 a letter reached England, written more than a year before, stating that he was near the headwaters of a great river, which would probably prove to be the Nile, or, possibly, the Congo. Then ensued many months more of silence, and there was a vague report that he had been killed. The New York *Herald* now sent Mr. Stanley,*

* Henry M. Stanley was born in Wales in 1840, in a very humble station. His childhood was passed in an almshouse, where he, however, received a fair education, and he was for a short time employed as a teacher in a school. He then shipped as cabin-boy on a vessel bound for New Orleans. Here he found employment with a merchant named Stanley, who, in time, adopted him, giving him his own name instead of his original one of John Rowland. His patron having died, and the civil war breaking out, Stanley enlisted in the Confederate army, was made prisoner, and finally entered the Union service, acting for a time as assistant engineer on a national steamer. After the close of the war he became a traveling correspondent of the *Herald*, in which capacity he accompanied the British army in the Abyssinian war. He subsequently went to various parts of Europe and the East. In 1871 he was ordered to go to Africa, organize an expedition, and find Livingstone, if he were still living. He organized an expedition of nearly 200 persons, and on March 21st set out for Lake Tanganyika, which he reached November 10th, and found Livingstone at Ujiji, on its shore, entirely without resources. Having supplied the wants of Livingstone, Stanley returned to England. His report that he had found the great explorer was at first received with incredulity; but when it was fully authenticated, he was greeted with distinguished honors. After the death of Livingstone had become known, Stanley was placed at the head of an expedition, the cost of which was defrayed by the New York *Herald* and the London *Telegraph*, the purpose of which was to make new explorations in Central Africa. He left Zanzibar in November, 1874, at the head of a party of 350 men, and reached lake Victoria Nyanza in February, 1875, having lost nearly 200 men by death and desertion. He had taken along a boat built in sections, so that it could be transported on men's shoulders. In this, accompanied by a large number of canoes furnished by Mtésé, King of Uganda, he circumnavigated the lake, which proved to be a single great body of water, and not, as had been suspected by some, a group of ponds and lagoons. Subsequently he became engaged in conflicts with natives near the lake, upon whom he inflicted great slaughter. His hurried account of these transactions, written to the newspapers by which he was employed, have called forth great, but we think at least premature, animadversion. It is now many months since any tidings have been received of him. At the last intelligence he proposed to set out upon an exploration of the lake Albert Nyanza, with the ultimate design of proceeding to the west coast. But in April, 1876, the whole length of the lake was traversed by an expedition from Egypt, and there was no evidence that Stanley had ever reached it.

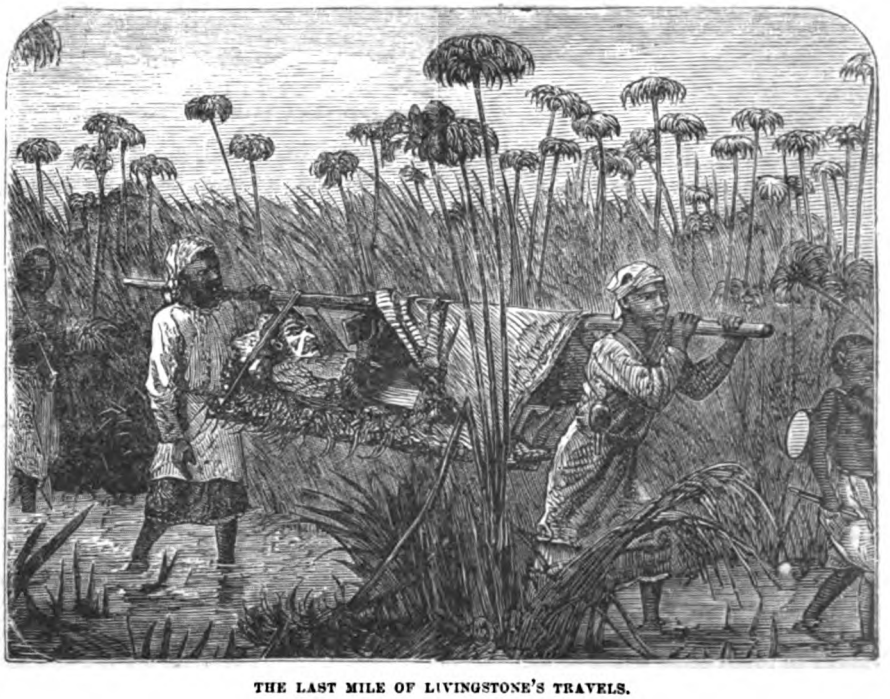
one of its most enterprising correspondents, in search of Livingstone, who was found, November 10th, 1871, at Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika, where he had just arrived after a long journey to the south and west. They circumnavigated the northern third of the lake, and went together eastward as far as Unyanyembé, nearly half way to the east coast, where they separated, Stanley returning to England, and Livingstone, having received the necessary supplies, set out toward the region of his last explorations, expecting to be absent for a year, during which time he hoped to complete his work by solving the remaining problems relating to the river and lake systems of Central Africa. Nothing further was heard from or of him until October, 1873, when Cameron, at the head of another expedition in search of him, learned that the great explorer had died on the first of May, far to the southwest, on the shore of Lake Bangweolo. From the death of Livingstone the interest of African discovery centres mainly upon the long journey upon which Cameron had entered.

Commander V. L. Cameron, of the British Navy, the narrative of whose journey "Across Africa, 1877-75," is the latest, and, beyond question, one of the most interesting works of African travel, is the only European who has as yet succeeded in crossing the continent from east to west. He had served for three years on the east coast, where he had been deeply moved by the horrors of the slave trade. His vessel being put out of commission, he was placed on shore duty in England. An expedition having been projected by the Royal Geographical Society to go in search of Livingstone, he applied for the command of it; but it was given to Captain Dawson. Before this expedition was ready to start for Zanzibar, Stanley arrived there with the tidings that he had found Livingstone, who wrote back that he did not want any slave expeditions sent out to join him. Dawson threw up his command in a huff. It was accepted and then declined by several others, among whom was Oswell Livingstone, a son of David Livingstone. The Geographical Society at length decided to expend the remainder of the fund in fitting out an expedition, to be placed entirely under the orders of Livingstone when it should reach him, and the command of this was conferred upon Cameron, who left England in November, 1872, and reached Zanzibar in January, 1873. Two Europeans had volunteered to accompany him: Dr. Dillon, of the navy, and Lieutenant Murphy, of the Indian army. He was joined by Robert Moffat, a nephew of Livingstone, who had sold his sugar estate near Natal, and come to Zanzibar to devote all his energies and every penny he possessed in the cause of African exploration.

The preparations were made at Bagamayo, a little town on the mainland near Zanzibar. The season was unfavorable, for the caravans for the interior had all set out, and those from the interior had not come in, so that Cameron had to put up for carriers with the refuse of the bazaars of Bagamayo and Zanzibar, who, with scarcely an exception, turned out to be a lazy, drunken, and untrustworthy set. The expedition, in several divisions, set out from the coast near the end of March, 1873. Their first objective point was Unyanyembé, about 450 miles westward, where they hoped to find Livingstone, or at least to get information of his whereabouts. Various untoward circumstances retarded their advance, and at the close of May they had only reached Rehenneko, a little town 150 miles on their way, where the whole expedition was united; but Moffat had died a few days before of a fever while on the march. The expedition now numbered not quite 300 persons. Of these there were three Europeans, 36 *askari*, or armed guards, and 192 *pagazi*, or carriers, the remainder being servants, and a few women, wives of the *askari*. The party was well armed, for the country was disturbed, especially by Mirambo, a native chief, who was waging a desultory war against the Arabs, and plundering indifferently right and left. Before this time 38 pagazi, after receiving their advance pay, had deserted.

Unyanyembé was reached early in August, but there were no tidings of Livingstone. This is an Arab settlement, the chief entrepôt for the ivory trade from the west, with an Arab governor, who received the party with great kindness, and assigned to them a large and comfortable house which had previously been occupied by Livingstone and Stanley. But before preparations could be completed for going on to Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika, the three Europeans were stricken down by successive attacks of remittent fever, which for weeks rendered them incapable of doing anything except during the intervals of the attacks. On September 30th, Cameron notes that they had been there forty-five days, during which he had experienced five attacks, lasting in all twenty-nine days. A week later, Dillon was in still worse plight. He had wholly lost the sight of one eye, and that of the other was threatened. On the 18th of October, Cameron had had several other attacks, and had been quite blind, but was now a little better.

The 20th of October was a notable day. Cameron was down with fever, when Chumsu, the faithful servant of Livingstone, arrived with tidings that his master had died on the 1st of May; that his people had rudely embalmed the body, which they had brought with them for more than 500 miles, packed up and corded like a bale of merchandise, and were resolved to carry it to the coast. Murphy now said



THE LAST MILE OF LIVINGSTONE'S TRAVELS.

that he would go no further, and should return with this party to the coast. Cameron and Dillon resolved to go on to Ujiji, recover a box of papers which Livingstone had left there before setting out on his last journey, and then push on to the west, hoping to complete Livingstone's explorations. But before either party could get off, Dillon's condition became such that it was clear he could not go on, and that his only chance of life was in going back. Murphy now offered to go on with Cameron, but the offer was declined. The two parties separated November 9th, one for the east, the other for the west. Dillon had to be borne on a litter. Before many days he had renewed attacks of fever, accompanied by delirium. In one of the paroxysms he destroyed the papers with which he had been intrusted by Cameron, shot himself through the head, and was buried in the jungle.

Cameron, half blind from ophthalmia, reduced to a mere skeleton, and barely able to ride on a donkey, endeavored to push on, with an ineffective party numbering something more than 100. He had scarcely started, before he found that the usual route was beset by Mirambo, and his men refused to go on. He undertook to go by a circuitous route, but was often obliged to turn aside or halt. He took a whole month to gain forty miles. The rainy season had now set in, and when they had eluded the hostile region the march was slow and difficult, often through swamps where the water was waist-deep. But on February 18th, 1874, he looked down from a considerable height upon the broad waters of Lake Tanganyika, which had been discovered by Burton and Speke eighteen years and five days before. In a few hours more the expedition reached Ujiji.

This is a bustling place for Africa, being the entrepôt for the slave and ivory trade of the region near by and far to the west. Livingstone's papers were recovered, but Cameron was told that it would be impossible to travel to the west of the lake for three months, when the dry season had again set in. All the information which he could pick up here led to the belief that Livingstone's river Lualaba was the Congo, and that at Nyangwé, the furthest point which Livingstone had reached on its banks, he could procure canoes and float down to the ocean.

Cameron utilized the enforced delay at Ujiji, by making a circumnavigation of the southern two-thirds of the lake, of which only the northern third had been sailed over by Livingstone and Stanley; although, as was subsequently learned, Livingstone had skirted the eastern and southern shores at the beginning of his last journey. The circumnavigation was made in two large canoes, with a crew of thirty-five men, including guides hired at Ujiji. The weather was rough, and the men were timid sailors, so that they only coasted along the shores, hauling up on land by night. The voyage lasted from March 12th to May 9th.

Lake Tanganyika is an immense tarn, lying 2,710 feet above the sea, embosomed amid mountains which sometimes reach an elevation of 7,000 feet. The mountains sometimes come precipitously down to the water's edge, and sometimes recede for a considerable space. There is only one break in the environing hills, at a point where Cameron was fortunate enough to discover the outlet of the lake; thus settling an important point in connection with the lake system of Central Africa. This lake is undoubtedly the largest of them all, being 450 miles long, with an average breadth of about 30 miles, never more than 40 and rarely less than 20. The area, therefore, is about 13,500 square miles, about one-half greater than that of Lake Erie. It is very deep—soundings in the lake reaching to 1,965 feet. The amount of water which it receives and discharges during the rainy season is very considerable. Cameron counted ninety-six streams falling into it in the part explored by him, and there are probably half as many more in the remainder. The environments are magnificent. A distinguishing feature is the numerous floating islands of matted vegetation, bearing a mass of tall plants, and sometimes trees of considerable size. Fifty or sixty of these islands are sometimes in sight at once, resembling at a distance a fleet under sail. The outlet of the lake is the River Lukuga, about half way down the western shore. Livingstone, in 1869, passed it in a canoe, but failed to discover its reedy mouth. Cameron found it to be 300 or 400 yards wide where it left the lake, with a depth of six feet at its shallowest part. He would have explored it for a distance, but after five or six miles it was choked by a mass of matted floating vegetation, similar to that on the White Nile, through which a passage could be made only by cutting a way for the canoes. This obstruction, he was told,

MEETING BETWEEN STANLEY AND LIVINGSTONE.

HENRY M. STANLEY.

extended some six miles, and beyond this there were a series of alternate open and obstructed spaces for a long distance. A chief, who resided near the river, said that his people had gone down it for more than a month; that, after receiving considerable affluents, it fell into a great river called the Lualaba, and that no Arabs had ever gone down it.

For more than a hundred miles the eastern shore of the lake was then the great hunting-ground for slave-traders. "Patches of corn among the jungle," says Cameron, "denoted the haunts of wretched fugitives from the slave-hunters." And again: "Signs of recent cultivation and marks where a few huts had stood, were noticeable at our encampment. I inquired where the people were: 'Killed, slaves, or runaways,' was as usual the answer." Further down, and on the western shore, where the slave-hunters had not yet reached, there were marks of no small industry and comfort.

Cameron started for Nyangwé on May 31st, traveling in company with a slave caravan. The distance is about 250 miles, the route for much of the way being nearly the same as that traversed by Livingstone in 1869. It led through a region of very varied character, but in general well watered, fertile, picturesque and healthy, but beginning to be cursed by the presence of slave-hunters. The Arabs plundered right and left, their firearms giving them almost perfect impunity. At one place Cameron came upon an Arab settlement of considerable size, where the traders lived comfortably in good houses, while they sent out their caravans, composed of slaves and Wanyawési Pagazi. These fellows get little pay, but are allowed to look the country all around in search of subsistence and slaves. Some of the slaves they keep for themselves, giving their employers a part in payment for the powder supplied to them. One of the traders employed 600 of these Wanyawési, and had in his storehouses more than fifteen tons of good ivory, and was waiting for the road between Ujiji and Unyanyembé to be reported clear before sending it to the coast.

Cameron reached Nyangwé early in August. As he looked upon the Lualaba, here already "a strong and sweeping current of turbid, yellow water, fully a mile wide, flowing at the rate of three or four knots an hour," he was convinced that it could by no possibility be the upper course of the White Nile, which at Gondokoro, several hundreds of miles beyond, has not a sixth of the volume of the Lualaba at Nyangwé.

The question now was, "What success will attend the attempt at tracing the river to the sea?" Alas, the attempt could not even be made! The owners of canoes would sell them only for slaves. There was here one fine old Arab trader named Habedibn Salim, who had befriended Livingstone, and was now very kind to Cameron. He had been a great traveler in his day, and said that he had gone down the river until it fell into a great lake, to which men bringing cloth for sale came in great vessels capable of carrying 200 men. This lake, called Sankorra, is conjecturally located by Cameron about 300 miles west of Nyangwé, and 450 miles from Geliala Falls, on the Congo, above which point the course of the river is almost unknown.

After some weeks of waiting, a native chief named Tipo-tipo came to Nyangwé, whose residence was some marches to the south, on the Romani, an affluent of the Lualaba, and who said that he thought that from his village Cameron could make his way to the Lake Sankorro. Near the close of August, Cameron set out with Tipo-tipo, and in a few days reached his camp. Everything looked favorable. He was told that the road to the lake presented no great difficulties, and that there he would be almost certain to find people who owned large boats; but that before proceeding it would be necessary to obtain the permission of a chief through whose territory they must pass. To his dismay, the chief sent back word, "No strangers with guns have ever passed through my country, and none shall pass without fighting their way." Cameron was assured that he could have obtained men enough from Tipo-tipo to have easily fought his way through; "but," he says, "I felt that the merit of any geographical discovery would be irretrievably marred by shedding a drop of native blood except in self-defense," and he would not unnecessarily risk the life of one of his own

COMMANDER V. L. CAMERON.

CAMERON EXPEDITION—LAKE DWELLING IN LAKE MOHEYA.

men. The way to the lake was to the northwest of Nyangwé, and he had already gone some distance to the south. He was now informed that, thirty days' march still further to the south, was the residence of Kasongo, the great King of Urea, the most powerful chief in all that region; and that white traders often came there from the lake. Thither he set out, having been provided with guides by Tipo-tipo, who seems to have acted throughout with perfect good faith. Tipo-tipo had numerous slaves, who always wore chains to prevent their running away, but otherwise seem to have had a tolerably easy life, and were well fed. They were mainly employed as carriers, and the chief said that he would be glad to find other means for transporting his goods; but there was no other way, and he had to make the best of it.

Not without many misadventures, Cameron reached the residence of Kasongo about the middle of October; but the King was absent collecting tribute in other parts of his dominions, and until he returned nothing could be done. Here Cameron found a Portuguese slave-trader from Bihé, toward the western coast, who had been two years in the country gathering slaves and ivory, and was ready to start for home as soon as the King came back. This trader, who bore the Portuguese name of José Antonio Alvez, was in outward appearance an ugly old negro, and, as afterward turned out, a great rascal. He had heard of Lake Sankorro, and had been told that the route to it was very difficult and dangerous, across a vast treeless plain, intersected by numerous rivers, and in the wet season, which was now close at hand, absolutely impassable. This account was confirmed by others, notably by Judah Merikani, a half-caste Arab, who had a trading-post near Ujiji, and had been personally known to Burton, Speke and Livingstone, and whom Cameron, after an acquaintance of several months, pronounces to be "the kindest and most hospitable of the many friends I found among the Arab traders in Africa."

Under the circumstances, the only possible thing to be done seemed to be for Cameron to accept the offer of Alvez to conduct him to the coast, as his own party was too small to travel alone through the intervening 800 miles of unknown country. For this it was agreed that when the coast was reached, Alvez should receive a present proportionate to the value of his services. From October, 1874, to the close of January, 1875, Cameron had to await the return of Kasongo, making in the interval sundry short excursions in the immediate regions, and gathering such information as he could.

Urea, the only state in all the region traversed by Cameron which at all approaches our ideas of a kingdom, bears a striking resemblance to what we are told of Ashantee and Dahomey. The king arrogates to himself divine as well as human honors. It is said that he has no need of food or drink, and only partakes of these on account of the pleasure which they afford him. His harem is large, the principal wives being all of the blood-royal, among them being his step-mother, aunts, sisters, and even his own daughters. Save himself, no male is allowed to enter the harem between sunset and sunrise; and if one of his slaves gives birth to a male child during the night, the mother and child are bundled away at once. When Kasongo sleeps at home, his bedroom furniture is composed of his women. Some lie flat on the ground, by way of carpet; others, crouching on hands and knees, present their backs as a royal couch. Mutilation is the usual punishment for the most trivial offense, and there is a plentiful lack of hands, lips, and noses among the royal retainers. The chief favorite at this time, had lost his hands, lips, nose, and ears in consequence of having, at various times, incurred the displeasure of the king; "and yet," says Cameron, "notwithstanding such cruel treatment at his master's hands, he seemed to worship the ground he stood on. Several others, equally badly maimed, were scarcely less remarkable for their devotion."

The funeral ceremonies of a king of Urea are unequaled for their atrocity. The course of a river is diverted, and a deep pit is dug in its bed, the bottom of which is paved with living women. At one end a woman is placed upon her hands and knees, and upon her back is seated the dead king, supported on either side by one of his wives; the second wife being seated at his feet. The earth is then shoveled in upon them, and all are buried alive, with the exception of the second wife, who is killed before the grave is filled up. Then a large number of male slaves are killed, and their blood poured over the grave; after which the stream is turned back into its ancient channel. It is said that more than a hundred women were thus buried alive at the funeral of Kasongo's father. All this is not a little singular, for elsewhere, except in immediate connection with the slave trade, the practices of the natives seem to be decidedly less ferocious than those of most savage tribes.

Even after the return of Kasongo, there was a long delay in getting off, and it was not till the close of February that the requisite permission was given. The truth appears to be, that Alvez wanted to obtain as many more slaves as he could, and had sent his men in various directions to seize them wherever they could pick them up. One of these detentions, indeed, practically lasted through March, April, and May, during which time the actual advance toward the coast was scarcely seventy-five miles. The whole caravan of

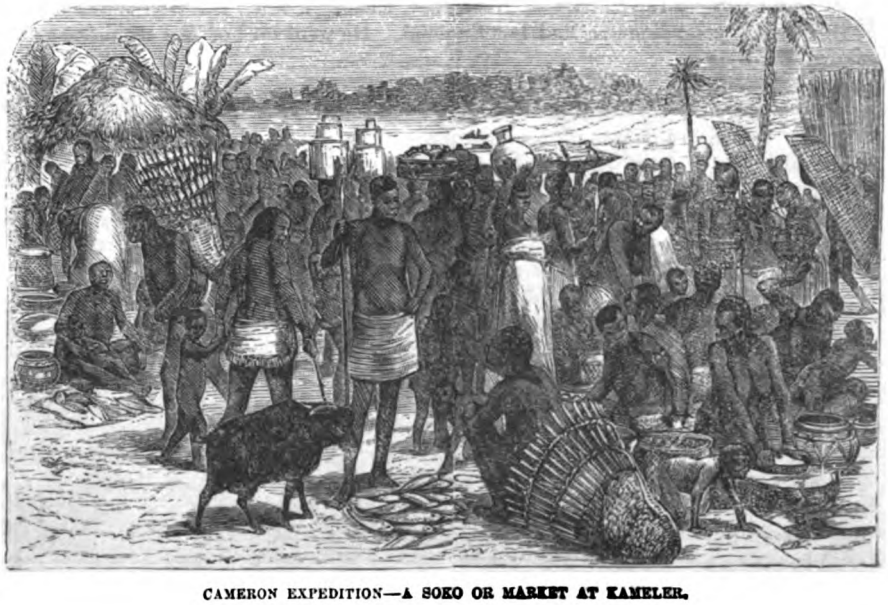
Alvez numbered about 700 persons, of whom only a small part were really his own men, the remainder being independent gangs of slave-hunters, who traveled together for the sake of security. By the time they had left the territory of Urea, they had gathered more than 1,500 slaves, most of them by sheer violence, without even the pretence of purchase.

"On this march with Alvez," says Cameron, "I was disgusted beyond measure with what I saw of the manner in which the slaves were treated, and have no hesitation in asserting that the worst of the Arabs are in this respect angels of light in comparison with the Portuguese and those who travel with them. Alvez's people attacked any small parties of natives whom they chanced to meet, and plundered their loads. Any cultivated spot they at once fell on like a swarm of locusts, and throwing down their loads, rooted up groundnuts and fields of potatoes, and laid waste fields of unripe corn, out of sheer wantonness. In the villages where they encamped, they cut down bananas, and stripped the oil-palms of their fronds for building their huts, thus doing an irreparable injury to the unfortunate inhabitants. On remonstrating with them, I was told that they had permission from Kasongo to take whatever they required. But had they not been armed with guns they would never have dared to act thus; for, on entering countries where the people carried firearms, these truculent ruffians became as mild as doves, and yielded to any demands made upon them by the natives. The consequence of this system of living upon the country was to be seen in the entire absence of women and children, goats, pigs and fowls from open villages. While this plundering and looting was carried on in the open country, none ventured to separate from the caravan when passing through the jungle, for it was reported to be full of armed men who would cut off stragglers, and, according to rumor, kill and eat them."

One day, while still in Urea, Coimbra, the head of one of the accompanying gangs, came into camp with 52 women, tied together in squads of 17 or 18, whom he had apparently purchased of their actual captors, for he was escorted by a party of Kasongo's men. "Some of these women had children in arms, others were far advanced in pregnancy, and all were laden with huge bundles of grass-cloth and other plunder. They were covered with weals and scars, showing how unmercifully they had been treated. To obtain these 52 women, at least 10 villages had been destroyed, each having a population of from 100 to 200, or about 1,500 in all. Some may have escaped to neighboring villages; but the greater portion were undoubtedly burnt when their villages were surprised, shot while attempting to save their wives and families, or doomed to die of starvation in the jungle, unless some wild beast put a more speedy end to their miseries. Indeed," adds Cameron, "the cruelties perpetrated in the heart of Africa by men calling themselves Christians, and carrying the Portuguese flag, can scarcely be credited by those living in a civilized land."

We must pass very briefly over the remainder of Cameron's long journey to Benguela, although it is full of thrilling incidents. Their march lay southwestward, and took them hundreds of miles away from the Congo, whose course Cameron had hoped to explore. In August they approached the region traversed by Livingstone in his first great journey, more than twenty years before, and actually saw Katendé, a chief mentioned by him. The old chief remembered the white man who had so long ago passed through his village, chiefly from the fact that he used to ride upon an ox. Here it is that the water-shed between the headwaters of the Zambesi and those of the Kwango, a great affluent of the Congo, is so nearly a level that the two rivers fairly interlace, and in the wet season actually join each other.

Early in October, they reached Alvez's home, in Bihé. The old rascal had been absent more than two years, and his women had almost given him up for lost, and now made a great time over him. Cameron had still 250 miles to go before reaching Benguela, an important Portuguese town on the west coast. His stores were almost exhausted, and most of his followers were in rags; but somehow, he managed to buy ivory and beeswax at a high price from Alvez, with which to pay his way. The rainy season had set in again, traveling became irksome, and his men began to fall sick, one of them dying on the road. When they had reached within about 150 miles of the coast, it was clear that most of the men could never reach their journey's end unless assistance were sent back to them. Leaving the others in camp, Cameron, with about a dozen others, set out. They soon began to ascend the mountains, which lay between them and the coast, and early in November reached their highest point during the journey, being 5,800 feet above the sea, with adjoining hills rising some 800 feet higher. They came to a pass the crossing of which was the hardest work of all. Sometimes they were obliged to crawl on hands and knees over huge masses of rock; at others, to descend into a deep gorge and clamber up again by the aid of vines and creepers, which grew in the crevices. All around were evidences of the perils of this pass. Human skeletons fairly strewed the way. By the side of some were slave-clogs and forks, convincing proofs that, all assertions to the contrary, the slave-trade was still rampant on the coast. At last, after scrambling up a steep nose, a faint blue line was seen on the horizon. It was the sea; and Cameron knew that they were not far from Kalombéla, a little town not far from Benguela. He sent two of his men forward with a note addressed to any charitably disposed person, begging him to send them a little food. He and the rest pushed on as best they could,



CAMERON EXPEDITION—A SOKO OR MARKET AT KAMELER.

and on the second morning were met by several men carrying a couple of hammocks and baskets. Out of one of the hammocks sprang a jolly-looking little Frenchman, who seized a bottle of wine and drank "to the honor of the first European who had ever succeeded in crossing tropical Africa from east to west." This was Mr. Cauchoix, an old officer of the French Navy, who had settled in Benguela as a trader in ivory and beeswax. He had heard of Cameron's approach, and had come out to meet him, and before night men with hammocks had been sent back for the remainder of the party. But Cameron's perils were not quite over. A few days before, he had noticed that his body was covered with purple spots; a slight bruise on the ankle developed into an angry ulcer, and he began to bleed in the mouth. He had hardly reached the house of Mr. Cauchoix, when the symptoms rapidly increased, and it was pronounced that he was suffering from scurvy. He was put into a hammock, and carried to Benguela, ten or a dozen miles distant, where he could have medical assistance. Before he reached there, he was covered with blotches, and unable to speak. For a few days he lay at death's door, momentarily liable to be choked by the clotted blood which had to be pulled from his throat with pincers. But he was at length brought safely through.

CAMERON EXPEDITION—WEDDING FESTIVAL AT KIBAIYELI.

It was now near the middle of November, lacking a few days of three years since he had left England. He went on to St. Paul de Loanda, where several weeks passed before he could provide for the return of his men to Zanzibar. To send them back overland was not to be thought of, although within a few years past several Portuguese traders are said to have made the journey from the west to the east coast. It was not till February, 1876, that he succeeded in purchasing a schooner in which to send them on the long voyage around the Cape of Good Hope to Zanzibar, where we hope they arrived in due time, sad rascals though most of them were. He himself took a steamer direct for England, where he arrived after a long voyage, the vessel having to stop at more than sixty ports on the way. The foregoing account of his journey "Across Africa," has been condensed from the early sheets of his narrative, on the point of publication in England and the United States.

We now touch briefly upon the exploration in the lake region of Africa, and the discovery of the real source of the Nile.

James Bruce, born in Scotland in 1730, was, in 1762, appointed British Consul at Algiers. Superseded in the following year, he traveled in the Barbary States and Egypt, whence he set out to discover the sources of the Nile. He supposed that the Blue River, coming from Abyssinia, was the main stem, ascended to its source, and claimed that he had attained the object of his search. His travels lasted from 1768 to 1775. His account of his adventures was not published till several years after, and was received with much incredulity. He was generally supposed to have drawn for his facts more upon his imagination than upon his memory. But later travelers have confirmed his most startling accounts of the manners and character of the people. But before many years it was discovered that the Blue River was, except in the flood season, an inconsiderable affluent of the Nile; at other seasons its bed is almost dry. The White River was recognized as the true Nile. But many years passed before any definite idea was formed of its origin or course. It was only guessed to

CAMERON EXPEDITION—TRAVERSING A ROCKY GORGE NEAR MIVEHA.

SIR SAMUEL WHITE BAKER.

spring from the fabled Mountains of the Moon, for the existence of the great lakes was not even dreamed of. The discovery of these was made by Burton and Speke.

John Hanning Speke was born at Bideford, England, and died in 1864, by the accidental discharge of his gun while hunting. At the age of seventeen he received a commission in the Indian army, and was actively engaged in the Punjaub war. During successive leaves of absence he studied the zoology and geography of India, and formed the best collection of Indian fauna which has ever been made by any private person. In 1854, in company with Captain Richard B. Burton, Speke made some interesting explorations in Eastern Africa, near the shores of the Red Sea. In 1856 he joined Burton to explore the lake region of the interior, of which vague and contradictory accounts had begun to be received from Arab traders.

We have already spoken of their discovery of Lake Tanganyika. During this expedition Speke made an independent journey northward, and in August, 1858, discovered the south end of Lake Victoria Nyanza, and sprang to the conclusion that this was the ultimate source of the Nile. Burton, however, discredited the idea, believing that the water which Speke had seen was merely a small lagoon. Speke's theory was generally accepted, and the Royal Geographical Society awarded him its gold medal for 1860.

To settle the question, a new expedition was organized, under the direction of Speke, Lieutenant Gordon going with him as associate. Speke left Zanzibar in August, 1860, in search of the supposed lake, of which nothing was seen for a long while. Then water was discovered far to the north and west of the place where he had found it in 1858. He traveled northward, getting only occasional glimpses of water, being still in doubt whether it was really one great lake, or only portions of a chain of lagoons or lakelets. Indeed, the balance of evidence favored the latter, and, as we now know, erroneous conclusion. Still skirting this water, he at length reached the capital of Mtésé, King of Ugunda, at the northern end of a sheet of water which spread away to the south and west further than eye could reach. At the capital of Mtésé he was detained a considerable while. This monarch, the most considerable potentate of that region, has developed into the most notable African of our time. When Speke saw him he was a tall young man of three-and-twenty, apparently very vain and frivolous, with a decided tendency to ferocity. He was, however, in his way, quite kind to Speke and his companion.

A few leagues from Mtésé's, Speke discovered the outlet of the lake, a river of very considerable size plunging down in a fine cataract from the lake. The size of the river was proof that it must be fed from a lake of considerable size, the reservoir for the rainfall of a large tract of country. That this was really the head of the Nile he had no doubt; and despite of the opposition of Mtésé, who assured him that his project was impossible, he undertook to follow it downward to Egypt. After a few miles he found it impossible to keep near the swampy banks, but in time came again upon a river here flowing westward, which he presumed to be the same which he had seen emerging from Lake Victoria Nyanza. He struck this river near a steep rapid, called Karuma Falls. He was told that the river flowed westward for a space, and after plunging over a lofty cataract, entered another lake, from which it emerged and flowed northward; but that the banks were so rugged that no man could follow the course of the stream.

Though still convinced that the river from the lake and that at the Karuma Falls were one and the same, and the Nile, he called this part of the river the Somerset, a name which is still quite inappropriately retained on the maps. After a long detention in this region by Kamrasi, Chief of Ungoro, he set off northward without again seeing the Nile, until he came upon it at Gondokoro, on the White Nile. Here he met Mr. (now Sir Samuel) Baker, who had got thus far upon his voyage of discovery up the river. To him Speke imparted his discoveries and the theories which he had formed, and Baker went on, with the purpose of supplying the links still wanting to a knowledge of the course of the Nile.

To Speke belongs, beyond all question, the honor of being not only the discoverer of the source of the Nile, but also the first to even suggest the true theory of the course of the main river. Baker and Long have merely supplemented

COLONEL CHAILLÉ LONG.

CAMERON EXPEDITION—CROSSING THE LOVVI RIVER.

important portions of his discoveries and confirmed his conjectures.

Sir Samuel White Baker was born in England in 1821. We must pass rapidly over the incidents of his adventurous career. In 1848, in company with an elder brother, he established a model farm and coffee plantation in the Island of Ceylon, and was noted for his skill as a sportsman. Having come into possession of an ample fortune, he returned to England, and published two clever works describing his eight years' residence in Ceylon. In 1861, having married a young Hungarian lady—who has accompanied him in all his expeditions, sharing in all the perils and privations—he organized a large expedition for the discovery of the sources of the Nile. Before proceeding to the more difficult task of exploring the White Nile, he devoted a full year to the Blue Nile, and to traveling in Abyssinia. After this he started from Cairo upon his second expedition. He reached Khartoum, at the junction of the White and Blue Nile, on June 2d, 1862, whence he proceeded up the river, to Gondokoro, about 1,000 miles, which he reached February 2d, 1863, his boats being, we believe, the first which had ever made the difficult passage. On March 26th, he set out to track the shore of the river upward, with the special purpose to verify the existence of the second lake, of which Speke had heard. This toilsome journey lasted almost a year; but on March 14th, 1864, he was rewarded by the first sight of the lake, to which he gave the name of Albert Nyanza.* It seemed to be girdled by mountains, rising on the opposite shore to a height of 7,000 feet above the ocean. Two days later, he struck upon its shores at a point considerably above its southern extremity. He had no means for making an exploration of its waters; and brief time even if he had the means; for he wished to return to Europe the following year. He went no further north, but sailed down in canoes along the eastern shore, a distance of about seventy-five miles, occupying thirteen days, until he reached the mouth of a great river, emptying into the lake from the east. He ascended this about twenty-five miles, when he was stopped by a cataract 120 feet high, which he worthily named Murchison Falls. He then followed up along its bank fifty miles further to the Karuma Falls. In this region he was detained until the middle of November, by that Ungoro chief, Kamiasi, with whom Speke and Gordon had had nowise pleasant experiences. Being at last permitted to depart, he hurried back, and reached Gondokoro, March 22d, 1865, whence he returned to England, and published an account of his travels in Abyssinia and to the lake.

Baker returned to Egypt in 1869, in company with the Prince of Wales, and came into high favor with the Khédive, who appointed him Governor-general of all the region belonging to the Nile Basin, lying south of Gondokoro.

To carry out the designs announced by the Khédive, Baker had constructed in England five steel steamers and two steel lifeboats. There was also a steam saw-mill, with a boiler weighing 900 pounds, in one piece. The steamers were constructed in sections, and all had to be conveyed for several hundred miles across the Nubian Desert, and from Alexandria to Gondokoro, some 2,000 miles, by boats and camels. The details of this expedition have been narrated by Baker in his "Ismaïla"; but as it was of a military, and not of an exploring, character, we pass it by, merely noting that it reached Massudi, in about lat. 2 deg. north, in April, 1872; and that, in the following, January envoys came from King Mtésé, from whom Baker gathered that the Albert Nyanza and Tanganyika were parts of one and the same lake, or that at all events canoes passed from one to the other. This, we think, is clearly an error; for although the two lakes are nearly on the same level, there is most probably high ground between them. If it were so, it would present the anomaly of a lake with two great outlets running in opposite directions. And, moreover, we are told in a dispatch from Gordon Pasha to the Khédive, that in April, 1876, the southern extremity of the Albert had been reached in two iron boats which had been brought up the Nile, and was found to be 140 miles long, which would leave more than 100 miles between it and Tanganyika; that at the southern point reached the water was only leg-deep, and was bounded by great forests. The breadth of the lake was said to be fifty miles, which would give it an area of about 7,000 square miles.

When Baker's term of command had expired he was succeeded, as Governor-General of Equatorial Egypt, by Colonel Gordon, an English engineer, who was created a Pasha. There still remained one Nile problem to be solved. This was to determine positively that the river which flowed out of Lake Victoria was the same as the one which flowed into Lake Albert. The solution of this problem was undertaken in 1874 by Colonel Long.* He left Gondokoro, April 24th,

* Nyanza, according to Cameron, is an African word, formed from *Nya*, "it rains," and denoting specifically "a lake."

* C. Chaillé Long is an American, who—after, as we understand, serving in the Confederate army—entered the service of the Khédive after the close of the Civil War. In February, 1874, he was made chief of staff to Gordon Pasha, the newly appointed Governor-General of Equatorial Egypt, whose seat of government was to be at Gondokoro. They reached this point in April. Finding that there was no pressing duty to be performed, Long received permission to undertake a journey of exploration to the source of the Nile.

1874, very slenderly equipped for the expedition, and reached Mtésé's capital, on Lake Victoria Nyanza, late in June. The King of Uganda had heard much of the great Khédive of Egypt, and received Long with distinguished honors. His first public reception was marked by a startling ceremony. All around the hall were posted the royal messengers, who also officiated as executioners. At a signal from Mtésé these rushed out, and reappeared, each dragging in a prisoner—thirty in all. These were all beheaded on the spot. The same ceremony, though on a smaller scale, was repeated at other formal receptions. There seemed to be no idea that there was anything barbarous or cruel in this. It was simply a token of high honor to his guest, as when a European potentate treats an honored visitor to a battue. After much persuasion, Mtésé yielded to Long's urgent request to be allowed to descend the river which Speke had, twelve years before, seen flowing from the lake. The only objection in the royal mind was the apprehension of danger to Long. He said that this river was not the one which formed the Karuma Falls, and flowed westward; but went away far to the east, no one knew whither, and that no one who had gone down it had ever returned alive. He, however, furnished Long with supplies and an armed escort. They reached the river at its exit from the lake, and marched down its bank, through thick forests, for thirty or forty miles, till they reached the place where Speke had been obliged to leave it, whence they expected to proceed in boats furnished by orders from Mtésé. The escort became alarmed by hostile demonstrations from Keba Rega, son and successor of Kamrasi, chief of the Unyori. They refused to go further down the river; but Long declared that he would descend it, even if it went to Hades. Accompanied by his own four men, and three children who had been given him by Mtésé, one of them being his own daughter, Long set out in two canoes on the 9th of August. After paddling for three days, they found the river to expand into a shallow lagoon ten miles or more wide, and thirty or forty long, almost covered with water-lilies and other aquatic plants, through which the canoes could with difficulty make their way by narrow and winding passages. To this lagoon he gave the name of Lake Ibrahim. On the 17th the stream had contracted to a width of 1,000 yards, when all at once a fleet of about forty large canoes, each carrying a score or so of men, shot out from the papyrus on either side. Long had three rifles carrying explosive balls, a number of revolvers, and ammunition in abundance. As the canoes approached, the men brandishing their spears, fire was opened upon them. The explosive shot plowed through the enemy, packed as closely as they could stand, and tore great holes through the canoes, sinking several of them. The battle lasted perhaps a couple of hours, when the savages abandoned the attack. As afterward appeared from their own account, they had lost eighty-two men. Long was slightly wounded by an inadvertent pistol-shot from one of his own men, the ball just grazing his nose. Paddling down the river, broad and deep enough for the largest steamer, on the 20th they reached Foneira, the furthest Egyptian military post, at the Karuma Falls. Baker had reached this point from below. The identity of the river flowing from Lake Victoria with that falling into Lake Albert, and issuing from it as the White Nile, was fully established, and the long mystery of the source of the Nile was solved.

A region so vast as the plateau of Central Africa must of course present great varieties of physical condition. The great swampy region along the White Nile is, beyond all doubt, extremely insalubrious. But the vast tract, covered more or less by the explorations of Livingstone and Cameron, is equally, beyond doubt, among the parts of the globe most highly favored by nature, generally healthy, and, although lying within the tropics, capable of furnishing all the products of the warmer portions of the temperate zones. Among those whose actual production are specially noted are Indian corn and tobacco, which are found in regions so widely apart, and where they could scarcely have been introduced from abroad, as to leave it almost certain that they are indigenous to Africa as well as to America. Of Indian corn, three crops, each yielding from 150 to 200 fold, are often produced from a single patch in eight months. A common grain is *matama*, or Kaffir corn, which grows both in wet and dry situations, yielding enormously, while its stalks are very valuable as fodder. Cotton is cultivated almost everywhere, and grows wild in many places. Coffee grows wild to the west of Nyangwé, where its berry resembles that of Mocha. Of wheat abundant crops are already raised near Unyanyembé and Ujiji, and the grain has been successfully introduced further west. Rice has been introduced wherever the Arabs have made settlements. India-rubber is produced in large quantities from vines whose stems are often of the size of a man's thigh. Already a very considerable trade in this article has sprung up at Zanzibar. Among the more tropical productions prominent is the oil-palm, which "flourishes in marvelous profusion, to a height of about 3,000 feet, in the broad valley of the Lualaba." Of mineral productions, iron is universally diffused, and very largely worked up. Copper is found in large quantities in several localities. Gold has been found in several places, in the shape of small nuggets and grains; the natives appear to be well acquainted with it, but have

CAMERON EXPEDITION—A DANCE AT KIWAKASONGO.

not yet learned its value; it is so soft that they prefer copper. Coal certainly exists, but in what quantities is as yet uncertain.

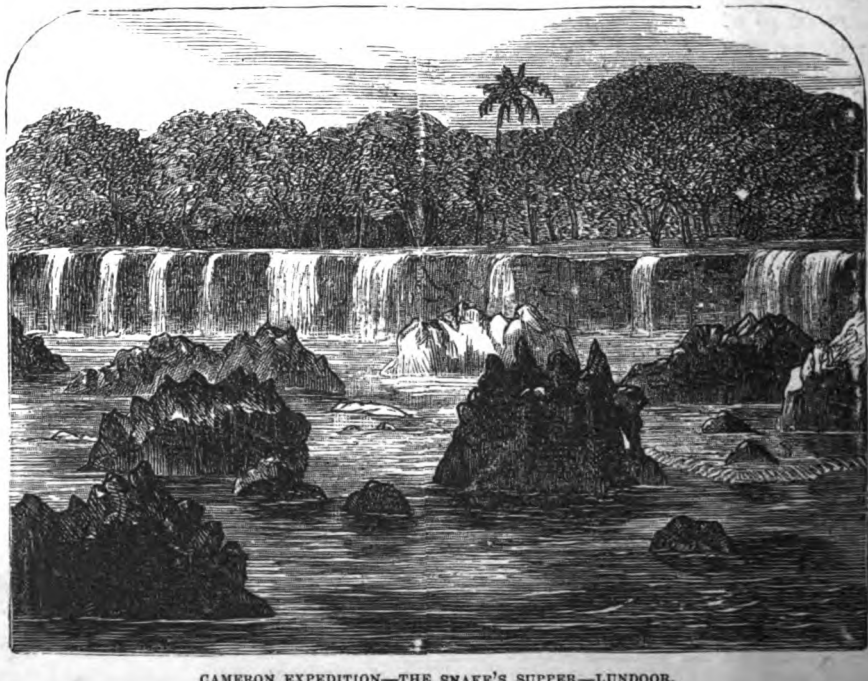
In the words of Cameron, "the vegetable and mineral productions of this marvelous land are equal in variety, value and quantity to those of the most favored regions of the globe; and if the inhabitants can be employed in their exploration, vast fortunes will reward those who may be the pioneers of commerce. The first step toward this is the establishment of proper means of communication," for as yet human beings are, in the region which we are considering, absolutely the only beasts of burden. The natural facilities for means of communication afforded by the great, almost interlacing, navigable rivers and the general level surface of the country, are very great. None but the most determined pessimists can doubt, we imagine, that in some not very remote future the great African plateau will become the domain of civilization; and there is good reason to hope that the native races will be civilized, not extirpated. One or the other of these is the sure fate of all the savage races of the earth.

CAMERON EXPEDITION—SONA BAZH, A ULUNDO VILLAGE.

AFRICAN COIFFURE.

AFRICAN COIFFURES.

AFRICAN COIFFURE.



CAMERON EXPEDITION—THE SNAKE'S SUPPER—LUNDOOR.

The explorations carried on in the present century have revealed to the civilized world the system of water-courses that distinguish the continent, and the natural products, as well as the actual condition of the several native tribes. The energy of the white races will soon be applied to make all this contribute to the wealth of the world.

MARKSON'S HOUSE.

By the Author of "Helen's Babies."

Raines is my name—Joseph Raines. I am a house-builder by profession, and I consider this a good opportunity to say to the public in general that I can build as good a house for a given sum of money as any other builder, and that I am a square man to deal with. I am aware of the fact that both these assertions have been made by many other persons about themselves, but to prove their trustworthiness when uttered by me, the public need only to give me a trial. (In justice to other builders, I must admit that they can use even this last statement of mine with perfect safety, and with prospective profit if they get a contract.

MARKSON'S HOUSE.—"HE KISSED THE PACKAGE, AND THEN I COULD SEE HE WAS PRAYING."

I suppose it will be considered very presumptuous in me to attempt to write a story, for, while some professions seem relatives of literature, I freely admit that there is no carpenter's tool which prepares one to handle a pen. To be sure, I have read some stories which, it seemed to me, could have been improved by the judicious use of a handsaw, had that extremely radical tool been able to work æsthetically as it does practically; and while I have read certain other stories and essays, and poems, I have been tormented by an intense desire to apply to them a smoothing-plane, a pair of compasses, or square, or even so far interfere with their arrangement as to cut a window-hole or two, and an occasional ventilator. Still, admitting that the carpenter should stick to his bench—or to his office and carriage, if he is a master builder, as I am—I must yet insist that there are occasions when a man is absolutely compelled to handle tools to which he is not accustomed. Dr. Buzzie, my own revered pastor, established this principle firmly in my mind one day by means of a mild rebuke, administered on the occasion of my volunteering to repair some old chairs which had come down to him through several generations. The doctor was at work upon them himself, and although he seemed to regard the very chips and sawdust—even such as found a way into his eyes—with a reverent affection, he was certainly ruining good material in a shocking manner. But when I proffered my assistance, he replied:

"Thank you, Joseph; but—but they wouldn't be the same chair if any one else touched them."

I feel similarly about the matter of my story—perhaps you will understand why as you read it.

When I had finished my apprenticeship, people seemed to like me, and some of our principal men advised me to stay at Bartley, my native village—it was near the city, they said, and would soon fill up with city people, who would want villas and cottages built. So I staid, and between small jobs of repairing, and contracts to build fences, stables, and carriage-houses, I managed to keep myself busy, and to save a little money after I had paid my bills.

One day it was understood that a gentleman from the city had bought a villa site overlooking the town, and intended to build very soon. I immediately wrote him a note, saying I would be glad to see his plans and make an estimate; and in the course of time the plans were sent me, and I am happy to say that I under-estimated every one, even my own old employer. Then the gentleman—Markson his name was—drove out to see me, and he put me through a severe course of questions, until I wondered if he was not some distinguished architect. But he wasn't—he was a shipping merchant. It's certainly astonishing how smart some of those city fellows are about everything. The upshot was, he gave me the contract, and a very pretty one it was: ten thousand three hundred and forty dollars. To be sure, he made me alter the specifications so that the sills should be of stuff ten inches square, instead of the thin stuff we usually use for the sills of balloon-frame houses, such as his was to be; and though the alteration would add quite a few dollars to the cost of materials, I did not dare to add a cent to my estimate, for fear of losing the contract. Besides—though, of course, I did not intend to do so dishonorable a thing—I knew that I could easily make up the difference by using cheap paint instead of good English lead for priming, or in either one of a dozen other ways; builders have such tricks, just as ministers and manufacturers and railroad men do.

I felt considerably stuck up at getting Markson's house to build, and my friends said I had a perfect right to feel so, for no house so costly had been built at Bartley for several years. So anxious were my friends that I should make a first-class job of it, that they all dropped in to discuss the plan with me, and to give me some advice, until—thanks to their thoughtful kindness—my head would have been in a muddle had the contemplated structure been a cheap barn instead of a costly villa. But, by a careful review of the original plan every night after my friends departed, and a thoughtful study of it each morning before going to work, I succeeded in completing it according to the ideas of the only two persons really concerned—I refer to Mr. Markson and myself.

Admitting in advance that there is in the house-building business very little that teaches a man to be a literary critic, I must nevertheless say that many poets of ancient and modern times might have found the building of a house a far more inspiring theme than some upon which they have written, and even a more respectable one than certain others which some distinguished rhymers have unfortunately selected.

I have always wondered why, after Mr. Longfellow wrote "The Building of the Ship," some one did not exercise his muse upon a house. I never attempted poetry myself, except upon my first baby, and even *those* verses I transcribed with my left hand, so they might not betray me to the editor of the Bartley *Conservator*, to whom I sent them, and by whom they were published.

I say I never attempted poetry-writing save once; but sometimes, when I am working on a house, and think of all that must transpire within it—of the precious ones who will escape, no matter how strongly I build the walls; of the destroyer who will get in, in spite of the improved locks I put on all my houses; of the darkness which cannot at times be dispelled, no matter how large the windows, nor how perfect the glass may be (I am very particular about the glass I put in); of the occasional joys which seem meet for heavenly mansions not built by contract; of the unseen heroisms greater than any that men have ever cheered, and the conquests in comparison with which the achievements of mighty kings are only as splintery hemlock to Georgia pine—when I think of all this, I am so lifted above all that is prosaic and matter-of-fact, that I am likely even to forget that I am working by contract instead of by the day.

Besides, Markson's house was my first job on a residence, and it was a large one, and I was young, and full of what I fancied were original ideas of taste and effect; and as I was unmarried, and without any special lady friend, I was completely absorbed in Markson's house.

How it would look when it was finished; what views it would command; whether its architectural style was not rather subdued, considering the picturesque old hemlock which stood near by; what particular shade of color would be effective alike to the distant observer and to those who stood close by when the light reached it only through the green of the hemlocks; just what color and blending of slate to select, so the steep-pitched roof should not impart a sombre effect to the whole house; how much money I would make on it (for this is a matter of utter uncertainty until your work is done, and you know what you've paid out and what you get); whether Markson could influence his friends in my favor; what sort of a family he had, and whether they were worthy of the extra pains I was taking on their house—these and a thousand other wonderings and reveries kept possession of my mind; while the natural pride and hope and confidence of a young man turned to sweet music the sound of saw and hammer and trowel, and even translated the rustling of pine shavings into hopeful whispers.

The foundations had been laid, and the sills placed in position, and I was expecting to go on with the work as soon as Markson himself had inspected the sills—this, he said, he wished to do before anything further was done, and, so that he might not have any fault to find with them, I had them

sawn to order, and made half an inch larger each way, so they could not possibly shrink before he could measure them.

The night before he was to come up and examine them I was struck at the supper-table by the idea that perhaps from one of the western chamber-windows there might be seen the river, which lay between the hills a couple of miles beyond. As the moon was up and full, I could not rest until I had ascertained whether I was right or wrong, so I put a twenty-foot tapeline in my pocket, and hurried off to the hill where the house was to stand.

Foundation three feet, height of parlor ceiling twelve feet, allow for floors two feet more, made the chamber-floor seventeen feet above the level of the ground. Climbing one of the hemlocks which I thought must be in line with the river and the window, I dropped my line until I had unrolled seventeen feet, and then ascended until the end of the line just touched the ground. I found I was right in my supposition; and in the clear, mellow light of the moon the river, the hills and valleys, woods, fields, orchards, houses and rocks (the latter ugly enough by daylight, and utterly useless for building purposes), made a picture which set me thinking of a great many exquisite things entirely out of the house-building line.

I might have stared till the moon went down, for when I've nothing else to do I dearly enjoy dreaming with my eyes open; but I heard a rustling in the leaves a little way off, and then I heard footsteps, and then, looking downward, I saw a man come up the path, and stop under the tree in which I was.

Of course I wondered what he wanted; I should have done so, even if I had no business there myself; but, under the circumstances, I became very much excited. Who could it be? Perhaps some rival builder, come to take revenge by setting my lumber afire! I would go down and reason with him. But, wait a moment; if he *has* come for that purpose, he may make things uncomfortable for me before I reach the ground. And if he sets the lumber afire, and it catches the tree I am in, as it will certainly do, I will be——

There was no knowing what sort of a quandary I might have got into if the man had not stepped out into the moonlight, and up on the sills, and shown himself to be—Mr. Markson!

"Well," thought I, "you *are* the most particular man I ever knew—and the most anxious! I don't know, though—it's natural enough; if *I* can't keep away from this house, it's not strange that *he* should want to see all of it he can. It's natural enough, and it does him credit."

But Mr. Markson's next action was neither natural nor to his credit. He took off his traveling-shawl, and disclosed a carpenter's brace; this and the shawl he laid on the ground, and then he examined the sills at the corners, where they were joined.

They were only half-jointed, as we say in the trade—that is, the ends of each piece of timber were sawn half through, and the partially detached portions cut out, so that the ends lapped over each other.

Well, Mr. Markson hastily stacked up bricks and boards to the height of the foundation, and then made a similar stack at the other end of the same foundation-wall, and then he rolled one of the sills over on these two supports, so it was bottom side up. Then he fitted a bit—a good wide one, an inch and a quarter, at least, I should say—to the brace, and then commenced boring a hole in the sill.

I was astonished, but not too much so to be angry. That piece of timber was mine; Mr. Markson had not paid me a cent as yet, and was not to do so until the next morning, after examining the foundations and sills.

I had heard of such tricks before; my old employer had had men secretly injure a building, so as to claim it was not built according to contract when the money came due, but none of them did it so early in the course of the business.

Within a few seconds my opinion of Mr. Markson's smartness altered greatly, and so did my opinion of human nature in general. I would have sadly but promptly sold out my contract with Mr. Markson for the price of a ticket for the West, and I should have taken the first train.

As he bored that hole I could see just how all the other builders in town would look when I had to take the law on Mr. Markson, and how all my friends would come and tell me I ought to have insisted on a payment in advance.

But, after several sorrowful moments had elapsed, I commenced to think, and I soon made up my mind what I would do. I would *not* descend from the tree while he was there—I have too much respect for my person to put it at the mercy of an ill-disposed individual. But as soon as he left the place, I would hasten to the ground, follow him, and demand an explanation. He might be armed, but I was, too—there were hard characters in Bartley, and they knew my pocketbook was sometimes full.

Hole after hole that man bored; he made one join another until he had a string of them ten inches long, or thereabouts; then he began another string, right beside the first, and then another.

I saw that his bit went but six or seven inches deep, so that it did not pierce the sill, and I could almost believe him in league with some rival builder to ruin my reputation by turning over, next morning, a log apparently sound, and showing it to be full of holes.

I didn't feel any better-natured, either, when I noticed that he had carefully put a newspaper under where he was boring to catch all the chips, and destroy any idea of the mischief having been done willfully and on the spot; but I determined I would follow him, and secure that paper of chips as evidence.

Suddenly he stopped boring, and took a chisel from somewhere about his clothes, and he soon chiseled that honeycombed spot into a single hole, about five inches by ten, and six or seven inches deep.

It slowly dawned over me that perhaps his purpose wasn't malicious, after all; and, by the time I had reasoned the matter a little, he helped me to a conclusion by taking from his pocket a little, flat package, which he put into the hole.

It looked as if it might be papers, or something the size of folded papers, but it was wrapped in something yellow and shiny—oilskin, probably, to keep it from the damp. Then he drove a few little nails inside the holes to keep the package from falling out when the sill was turned over; and then he did something which I never saw mixed with carpenter-work in my life—he stooped and kissed the package as it lay in the hole, and then he knelt on the ground beside the sill, and I could see by his face upturned in the moonlight, showing his closed eyes and moving lips, that he was praying.

Up to that moment I had been curious to know what was in that package; but after what I saw then, I never thought of it without wanting to utter a small prayer myself, though I never could decide what would be the appropriate thing to say, seeing I knew none of the circumstances. I am very particular not to give recommendations except where I am very sure the person I recommend is all right.

Well, Markson disappeared a moment or two after, first carefully replacing the sill, and carrying away the chips, and I got out of my tree, forgetting all about the view I had discovered, and the unexpected scene I had looked at ran in my mind so constantly that, during the night, I dreamed that Markson stood in the hemlock-tree, with a gigantic brace and bit, and bored holes in the hills beside the river, while I

kneeled in the second story window-frame, and kissed my contract with Markson, and prayed that I might make a hundred thousand dollars out of it. It is perfectly astonishing what things a sensible man will sometimes dream!

Next morning I arrived at the building a few minutes before seven, but found Markson there before me. He expressed himself satisfied with everything, and paid me then and there a thousand dollars, which was due on acceptance of the work as far as then completed. He hung around all day while we put up the posts and studding—probably to see that the sill was not turned over and his secret disclosed; and it was with this idea that I set the studding first on his particular sill. By night we had the frame so near up, that there was no possibility of the sill being moved, and then Markson went away.

He came up often, after that, to see how his house was getting along. Each time he came he would saunter around to that particular sill, and when I noticed that he did this, I made some excuse to call the men away from that side of the house.

Sometimes he brought his family with him, and I scarcely knew whether to be glad or sorry, for, while his daughter, a handsome, strong, bright, honest, golden-haired girl of fifteen or sixteen, always affected me as if she was a streak of sunshine, and made me hope I should some day have a daughter like her, his wife always affected me unpleasantly.

I am not a good physiognomist, but I notice most people resemble animals of some sort, and when I decide on what animal it is, in any particular case, I judge the person accordingly.

Now, Mrs. Markson—who was evidently her husband's second wife, for she was too young to be Helen's mother—was rather handsome, and extremely elegant; but neither manners nor dress could hide a certain tigerish expression which was always in her face. It was generally inactive, but it was never absent, and the rapidity with which it awoke once or twice when she disapproved something which was done or said, made me understand why Mr. Markson, who always seemed pleasant and genial with any one else, was quite silent and guarded when his wife was with him.

Pretty soon the people of Bartley knew all about the Marksons. How people learn all about other people is more than I can explain. *I* never have a chance to know all about my neighbors, for I am kept busy in looking to myself; but if all the energy that is devoted to other people's business in Bartley were expended on house-building, trade would soon be so dull that I should be longing for a mansion in the skies.

Everybody in Bartley knew that Helen Markson's mother, who was very beautiful and lovable, had died years before, and that her stepmother had been Mrs. Markson only two or three years; that the second Mrs. Markson had married for money, and that her husband was afraid of her, and would run away from her if it wasn't for Helen; that Mrs. Markson sometimes got angry, and then she raved like mad, and that it was wearing Mr. Markson's life away, for he was a tender-hearted man, in spite of his smartness. Some even declared that Markson had willed her all his property, and insured his life heavily for her besides, and that if he died before Helen was married, Helen would be a beggar.

But none of these things had anything to do with my contract. I worked away and had good weather, so I lost no time, and at the end of five months I had finished the house, been paid for it, had paid my bills, and made a clear two thousand dollars on the job. I could have made a thousand more, without any one being the wiser for it, but I don't build houses in that way—the public will greatly oblige me by cutting this out. This money gave me a handsome business start, and having had no serious losses, nor any houses thrown back upon my hands (for I always make it a point to do a little better than I promise, so folks can't find fault), I am now quite well off, and building houses on my own account, to sell, while some of my competitors, who started before I did, have been through bankruptcy, while some have been too poor to do even that.

THE CHILDREN.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 663.

A few years after building Markson's house, I went with a Southern friend into a black-walnut speculation. We bought land in the Southwest, cut the timber, got it to market, and made a handsome profit, I am glad to say. This business took me away from home, and kept me for months; but as I was still without family ties, I did not suffer much during my absence. Still the old village seemed to take on a kind of motherly air, as the stage, with me in it, rattled into town, and I was just dropping into a pleasant little reverie, when a carriage, which I recognized as Markson's, dashed down the road, met us, and stopped, while the coachman shouted:

"Raines's foreman says the old man's coming home to-day." He meant me.

"Reckon his head was purty level," replied the stage-driver, tossing his head backward toward me.

"Mr. Raines," said the coachman, recognizing me, "Mr. Markson is awful sick—like to die at any minute—an' he wants to see you right away—wishes you wouldn't wait for anything."

What to make of it I didn't know, and said so; upon which the stage-driver rather pettishly suggested that 'twouldn't take long to find out if I got behind Markson's team; and as I agreed with him, I changed conveyances, and was soon at Markson's house.

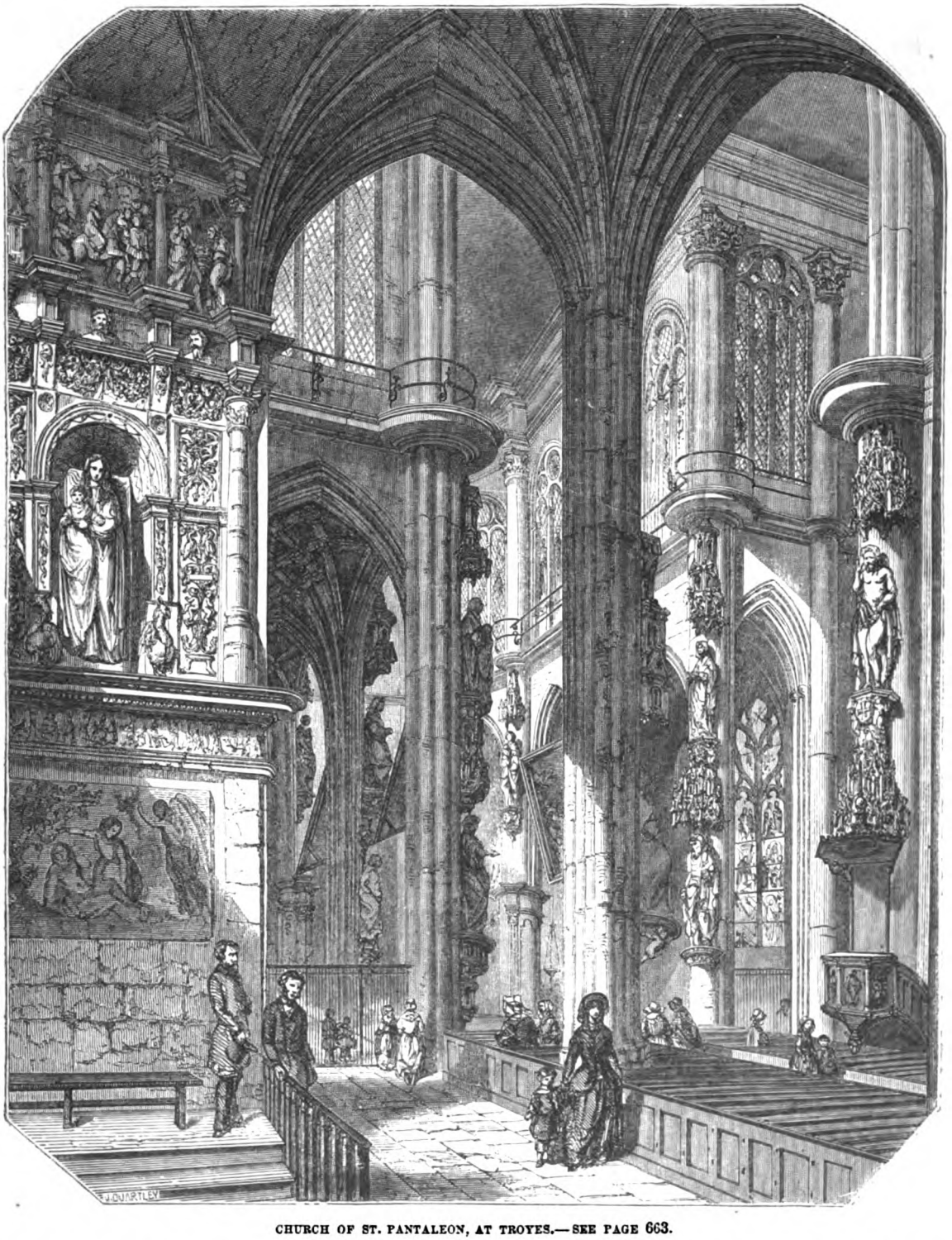
Helen met me at the door, and led me immediately to Markson's chamber. The distance from the door of his room to the side of his bed couldn't have been more than twenty feet, yet, in passing over it, it seemed to me that I imagined at least fifty reasons why the sick man had sent for me, but not one of the fifty was either sensible or satisfactory.

I was even foolish enough to imagine Markson's conscience was troubled, and that he was going to pay me some money which he justly owed me; whereas he had paid me every cent according to contract. We reached his bedside before I had determined what it could be. Helen took his hand, and said:

"Father, here is Mr. Raines."

Markson, who was lying motionless, with his face to the wall, turned quickly over and grasped my hand, and beckoned me closer. I put my head down, and he whispered, very rapidly:

"I'm glad you've come; I want to ask a favor—a dying man's last request. You're an honest man (N. B.—People



CHURCH OF ST. PANTALEON, AT TROYES.—SEE PAGE 663.

intending to build will please make note of this.—J. R.), I am sure, and I want you to help me do justice. You have seen my wife; she can be a tiger when she wants to. She married me for money; she thinks the will I made some time ago, leaving everything to her, is my last. But it is not. I've deceived her for the sake of peace. I made one since, leaving the bulk of my property to Helen; it came to *me* through her dear mother. I know nobody to trust it with. Mrs. Markson can wrap almost any one around her finger when she tries, and——"

His breath began to fail, and the entrance of his wife did not seem to strengthen him any; but he finally regained it, and continued:

"She will try it with *you;* but you are cool as well as honest, I believe. I meant to tell Helen where the will was the day after I put it there; but she was so young—it seemed dreadful to let her know how cowardly her father was—how he feared her. Get it—get a good lawyer—see she has her rights. I put it—no one could suspect where—I put it—in—the——"

His breath failed him entirely, and he fixed his eyes on mine with an agonized expression which makes me shiver whenever I think of it. Suddenly his strange operation with that sill, of which I had not thought for a long time, came into my mind, and I whispered, quickly:

"In the sill of the house?"

His expression instantly changed to a very happy one, and yet he looked wonderstruck, which was natural enough.

"I saw you put it there," said I. "But," I continued, fearing the dying man might suspect me of spying, and so fear he had mistaken my character—"but I did not mean to—— I was on the ground when you came there that evening; and when I saw what you were doing, I could not move for fear of disturbing you. I know where to find it, and I can swear you put it there."

Markson closed his eyes, and never opened them again; and his last act, before going out of the world, was to give my hand a squeeze, which, under the circumstances, I could not help believing was an honest one.

As his hand relaxed, I felt that I had better give place to those who had a right to it, so I quietly retired. Helen fell on her knees by his bedside, but Mrs. Markson followed me out of the room.

"Mr. Raines," said she, with a very pleasant smile for a woman widowed but a moment before, "what did my dear husband want?"

Now, I am an honest man and a church-member—and I was one then, and believed in truth and straightforwardness just as much as I do now—but, somehow, when such a person speaks to me, I feel as if I were, all of a sudden, a velvet-pawed cat myself. So I answered with the straightest of faces:

"Only to see to one of the sills of the house, ma'am, and he made me solemnly swear to do it right away. He was an extraordinary man, ma'am, to think of the good of his family up to the last moment."

"Ah, yes, dear man!" said she, with a sigh which her face plainly showed came from nowhere deeper than her lips. "I hope it won't take long, though," she continued, "for I can't endure noise in the house."

"Not more than an hour," I replied.

"Oh, I'm glad to hear it!" said she. "Perhaps, then, you might do it while we are at the funeral, day after to-morrow? We will be gone at least two hours."

"Easily, ma'am," said I, with my heart in my mouth at the idea of managing the matter so soon, and having the papers for Helen as soon as, in any sort of decency, Mrs. Markson would be likely to have the old will read.

For the rest of the day I was so absent-minded to everything except this business of Markson's, that my acquaintances remarked that, considering how long I had been gone, I didn't seem very glad to see any one.

Finally I went to old Judge Bardlow, who was as true as steel, and told him the whole story, and he advised me to get the papers, and give them to him to examine. So, on the day of the funeral, I entered the house with a mallet and a mortising chisel, and within fifteen minutes I had in my pocket the package Markson had put in the sill years before, and was hurrying to the judge's office.

He informed me that Mrs. Markson's lawyer from the city had called on him that very morning, and invited him to be present at the reading of the will in the afternoon, so he would be able to put things in proper shape at once.

I was more nervous all that day than I ever was in waiting to hear from an estimate. It was none of my business, to be sure; but I longed to see Mrs. Markson punished for the mischief which I and every one else believed she had done her husband; and I longed to see Helen, whom every one liked, triumph over her stepmother, who, still young and gay, was awfully jealous of Helen's beauty.

Finally the long day wore away, and an hour or two after the carriages returned from the funeral, the city lawyer called for the judge, and, at the judge's suggestion, they both called for me.

We found Mrs. Markson and Helen, with some of Mrs. Markson's relatives—Helen had not one in the world—in the parlor, Mrs. Markson looking extremely pretty in her well-fitting suit of black, and Helen looked extremely disconsolate.

The judge, in a courtly, old-fashioned way, but with a good deal of heart for all that, expressed his sympathy for Helen, and I tried to say a kind word to her myself. To be sure, it was all praise of her father, whom I really respected very highly (aside from my having had my first contract from him), but she was large hearted enough to like it all the better for that. I was still speaking to her when Mrs. Markson's lawyer announced that he would read the last will and testament of the deceased; so when she sat down on a sofa, I took a seat beside her.

The document was very brief. He left Helen the interest of twenty thousand dollars a year, the same to cease if she married; all the rest of his property he left to his wife. As the lawyer concluded, Helen's face put on an expression of wonder and grief, succeeded by one of utter loneliness, while from Mrs. Markson's eyes there flashed an exultant look that had so much of malignity in it that made me understand the nature of Satan a great deal more clearly than any sermon ever made me do. Poor Helen tried to meet it with fearlessness and dignity, but she seemed to feel as if even her father had abandoned her, and she dropped her head and burst into tears.

I knew it wasn't the thing to do before company, but I took her hand, and called her a poor girl, and begged her to keep a good heart, and trust that her father loved her truly, and that her wrongs would be righted at the proper time.

Being kind to my fellow-creatures is the biggest part of my religion, for it's the part of religion I understand best; but even if I had been a heathen, I couldn't have helped wishing well to a noble, handsome woman like Helen Markson. I tried to speak in a very low tone, but Mrs. Markson seemed to understand what I said, for she favored me with a look more malevolent than any I ever received from my most impecunious debtor; the natural effect was to wake up all the old Adam there was in *me*, and to make me long for what was coming.

"May I ask the date of that will?" asked Judge Bardlow.

"Certainly, sir," replied Mrs. Markson's lawyer, handing the document to the judge.

The judge looked at the date, handed the will back to the lawyer, and drew from his pocket an envelope.

"Here is a will made by Mr. Markson," said the judge, "and dated three months later."

Mrs. Markson started; her eyes flashed with a sort of fire which I hope I may never see again, and she caught her lower lip between her teeth.

The judge read the document as calmly as if it had been a mere supervisor's notice, whereas it was different to the first will in every respect, for it gave Helen all of his property, of every description, on condition that she paid to Mrs. Markson yearly the interest of twenty thousand dollars until death or marriage, "this being the amount," as the will said, "that she assured me would be amply sufficient for my daughter under like circumstances."

As the judge ceased reading, and folded the document, Mrs. Markson sprang at him as if she were a wild beast.

"Give it to me!" she screamed—hissed, rather; "'tis a vile, hateful forgery!"

"Madam," said the judge, hastily putting the will in his pocket, and taking off his glasses, "that is a matter which the law wisely provides shall not be decided by interested parties. When I present it for probate——"

"I'll *break* it!" interrupted Mrs. Markson, glaring as my family cat does when a mouse is too quick for her.

Mrs. Markson's lawyer asked permission to look at the newer will, which the judge granted. He looked carefully at the signatures of Markson and the witnesses, and returned the document with a sigh.

"Don't attempt it, madam—no use," said he. "I know all the signatures; seen them a hundred times. I'm sorry, very—affects *my* pocket some, for it cuts some of my prospective fees, but—*that* will can't be broken."

Mrs. Markson turned, looked at Helen a second, and then dashed at her, as if "to scatter, tear, and slay," as the old funeral hymn says. Helen stumbled and cowered a little toward me, seeing which, I—how on earth I came to do it I don't know—put my arm around her, and looked indignantly at Mrs. Markson.

"You treacherous hussy!" said Mrs. Markson, stamping her foot—"you scheming little minx! I could kill you! I could tear you to pieces! I could drink your very heart's blood—I could——"

What else she could do she was prevented from telling, for she fell into a fit, and was carried out rigid and foaming at the mouth.

I am generally sorry to see even wicked people suffer, but I wasn't a bit sorry to see Mrs. Markson; for while she was talking poor Helen trembled so violently that it seemed to me she would be scared to death if her cruel stepmother talked much longer.

Two hours later Mrs. Markson, with all her relatives and personal effects, left the house, and six months afterward Mrs. Markson entrapped some other rich man into marrying her. She never tried to break Markson's will.

As Helen was utterly ignorant of the existence of this new will until she heard it read, the judge explained to her where it came from; and as she was naturally anxious for all the particulars of its discovery, the judge sent me to her to tell her the whole story. So I dressed myself and drove down—for, though still under thirty, I was well off, and drove my own span—and told her of my interview with her father on his deathbed, as well as of the scene on the night he hid the will.

As I told the latter part of the story a reverent, loving, self-forgetful look came into her face, and made her seem to me like an angel. As for myself, the recalling of the incident, now that I knew its sequel, prevented my keeping my eyes dry. I felt a little ashamed of myself, and hurried away, but her look while I spoke of her father, and her trembling form in my arms while Mrs. Markson raved at her, were constantly in my mind, and muddled a great many important estimates. They finally troubled me so that I drove down again, and had a long and serious talk with Helen.

What we said, though perfectly proper and sensible, might not be interesting in print, so I omit it. I will say, however, that my longing—when I first saw Helen as a little girl—for a daughter just like her, has been fulfilled so exactly, that I have named her Helen Markson Raines, after her mother; and if she is not as much a comfort to me as I supposed she would be, it is no fault of hers, but rather because the love of her mother makes me, twenty years after the incidents of this story occurred, so constantly happy, that I need the affection of no one else.

CHILDREN.

Come to me, O ye children!
For I hear you are at play;
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.

Ah! what would the world be to us,
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.

THE CHURCH OF ST. PANTALEON, TROYES.

The ancient capital of Champagne is an interesting city. Leaving the railway station on the western side of the town, you stroll through streets bordered by time-honored and exceedingly picturesque houses of timber and plaster or pargeting, that carry you back to the days of Froissart and the chroniclers. New edifices show you, indeed, that the march of improvement is rapidly bearing all these ancient landmarks away, and that in a few years all will be straight, plain and practical, as becomes an age of Gradgrinds.

The churches of Troyes promise to be more enduring than the specimens of domestic architecture. Among these churches that leave on the mind a lasting daguerreotype, is that of St. Pantaleon at Troyes. Whether he be the same saint as the one who has a church at Naples, near which the Pantaloon took its origin and name, we cannot say positively, but it is apparently St. Pantaleon, martyr in Nicomedia in the year 305.

The son of a poor family at Troyes, who received in baptism the name of James Pantaleon, became Pope, under the title of Urban IV.; and it was to compliment their great townsman that the people of Troyes erected, in 1527, the Church of St. Pantaleon. It is an edifice of small dimensions, built on the site of a more ancient square oratory. The portal is still more modern, dating back only to the eighteenth century.

The interior, as our illustration shows, has a picturesque grandeur peculiarly its own. The abundance of statuary, and the tasteful arrangement of the figures on the twelve columns or pilasters, so as to form a graceful architectural whole, impress all visitors, and it is creditable to Troyes as a school of art that all the statues are the work of native artists.

IMPRISONED IN THE FOREST.—"I WAS THROWN TO THE GROUND, AND PINIONED THERE AS IN A VISE. THE LITTLE TREE LAY JUST ACROSS MY BREAST, FAST BY A FEW REMAINING ROOTS AT ONE END, AND BY THE GIANT SYCAMORE AT THE OTHER."

The church has a wagon-vault with cross-ribs, small longitudinal vaults, and at the end of the north aisle a rich balustrade.

Troyes, fortunately, did not suffer greatly during the French Revolution, so that the churches retain much of their ancient beauty unmarred by iconoclastic hands. Though not the busy city that it was in bygone times, when its weight became the standard for the precious metals, Troyes is still a thriving place, in the centre of a rich agricultural district.

IMPRISONED IN THE FOREST.

THE sprightly little antelopes had led me a long chase, and when I started out for camp I was not certain of the direction; but I walked briskly off, my speed, perhaps, a little accelerated by thoughts of the bloodthirsty panther that I had left behind.

For the first few miles my mind was occupied more with thoughts of my recent narrow escape than with the way that I was taking; but as the night grew darker and I became fatigued, I began to think of my whereabouts. I knew that I had been a long distance from camp, and that it would take me the greater part of the night to reach it, so I trudged along, tired enough, I assure you, but not discouraged.

I had no difficulty in keeping up a brisk pace, for on those almost boundless plains, with no vegetation but the short buffalo-grass, it is almost as easy traveling by night as by day. I continued my way until I thought it must be near morning, but no signs of camp yet. I was weary and footsore, hungry, and so thirsty! My lips were dry and parched, and my throat could not have felt worse had melted iron been poured down it.

Just as the thirst became almost intolerable, I espied the dim outline of a tree but a short distance ahead. How my drooping spirits revived! For in that region a tree is almost a sure indication of a watercourse.

Forgetting my fatigue, I quickened my steps, and was soon drinking my fill from the little creek.

Oh, how delicious! how invigorating! One cannot imagine the exhilarating influence of a draught of water. It is a pleasure so exquisite, that one knows not when one is satisfied.

Feeling much refreshed, I sat down for a moment to "compare notes." I had traveled far enough, I was sure, to have reached camp. If such was the case, I was certainly out of the way, and perhaps going further and further all the time.

It could not be long till morning, and, feeling sure that I was "off the track," I thought it best to remain where I was until daylight. Seating myself by an old sycamore, I leaned back against its smooth body. I did not intend to sleep, but my eyes closed in spite of me, and when I awoke the night had passed.

The gentle breeze that was blowing when I fell asleep had increased to a gale, heavy black clouds were rolling up from the south, and big drops of rain were already falling. I cast my eye about for a shelter, but saw nothing that offered greater inducements than the old tree by which I had been sitting. Hugging close to its trunk, I awaited the coming tempest.

The wind rose higher and higher. The great, white limbs of the sycamores which lined the banks of the creek on either side were twisted to and fro, and now and then a crash told plainly that some one of them had yielded to the fury of the storm. I was all the while on the lookout, for no one could tell which would go next.

Suddenly the tree against which I was leaning trembled and cracked, and the ground began to heave under my feet. I jumped for my life and escaped that peril; but another awaited me. The huge tree in its descent struck a little sapling that stood near, partly uprooting it, and bending it to the earth.

Before I was aware, I was caught, thrown to the ground, and pinioned there as in a vise. The little tree lay just across my breast, fast by a few remaining roots at one end, and by the giant sycamore at the other.

The pressure did not seem heavy, at least, not painfully so; but it was sufficient to hold me firmly down upon my back, with the rain beating in my face, and, worse than all, the trees falling around me. The tree seemed scarcely larger than my wrist, and I thought of my knife to cut it. It was in the sheath at the back of my belt, and consequently under me. I reached first one side, then the other; but I was held too close to the ground to get it without digging away the soil. I commenced with my hands, and after an hour's work I got my hand upon the sheath. *It was empty.* In my fall the knife had been brushed out. Instinctively I turned my head, and there it was, not six feet from me, but beyond my reach. It might as well have been as many miles, for all the good it was to me. I puzzled my brains to devise some means to get it within my grasp, but all my Yankee ingenuity could not surmount the difficulty. There was no other way but to dig myself out, and I went at it with determination. I worked away until the flesh of my fingers' ends was nearly worn off, yet it seemed that I was making but little progress.

And then my time was limited to a few hours. The storm had ceased, and the sun, which was shining brightly, had long since passed its meridian. Full well I knew my peril if I should be forced to spend the night in that helpless condition, and I resumed my digging, though with little hopes of being able to free myself before the darkness came on. Then I was so nearly exhausted, and my hands were so sore, that I was obliged to rest every few moments. During one of these intervals I heard a slight rustling among the leaves, and, looking up, saw a most welcome sight. It was the professor's faithful dog Jack. He bounded toward me, licked my face and hands, and jumped about me with every demonstration of joy at finding me.

I had supposed, when I first saw the dog, that some of my companions were with him, but this proved not to be the case. Then, of what use is he, only as a companion and a sentinel? He could not release me.

Ah! couldn't he? *He could bring me the knife.* I had often seen him, at his master's command, carry different objects and lay them at his feet. Would he not do the same for me? It was worth a trial.

"Jack, go bring it!" said I, patting him on the head, and pointing to the knife. Away he bounded and brought a stick. Again and again I sent him, but with the same results. Once more I made the trial.

"Go get it, Jack. Get the knife."

Away he went again. Another stick — no, it's the knife. Ah! he drops it again and takes — the — stick — no, thank God! the knife is firmly between his teeth, and he lays it in my hand.

If there was not some "tall" whittling within the next half-hour, and a fervent "Thank God" as the little sapling parted, then my name is not Max Munson.

You may well imagine that it was no easy matter to rise after having been so long pinned down. Every muscle, except those in my arms, was stiff and rigid; but I did contrive at last to regain an erect posture.

Once more upon my feet, however, I found that I had received more serious injuries than I supposed; but I managed to reach camp, which was not more than a mile distant, just as my companions came in from their search for me.

A QUEER MESSENGER.

A QUEER MESSENGER.

A GENTLEMAN who held a judicial position in India tells this story: I was a magistrate in those days, and Fan, a favorite dog of mine, always went to court with me, and sat on a chair by my side. I had a tame monkey, too, which Fan was very fond of. I used to couple them together, and they played about the grounds very happily.

One day I expected some friends to luncheon. I was in

court, and, somehow or other, I had left Fan at home that day. As I was rather late at my work, my friends arrived before I came home, and seeing Fan, they dressed the monkey up in his red jacket and blue trowsers, and fastening his chain round the dog's neck, with a card tied round it, on which was written, "Mulligatawny is getting cold," told Fan to go to her master.

Well, Fan set off, the monkey running by her side, and trying in vain to hold her back, by hanging to the chain. I was busy writing down the evidence, and took no notice of Fan jumping up into her usual position upon the chair, not even looking at her; but my attention was soon attracted by the monkey, who, in full uniform, seated himself on my table, and put one hand into the ink, while with the other he seized the pen I was writing with, to my consternation and to the amusement of the crowds of natives with which the court was thronged. I need not say I was obliged to adjourn the court after that, and go off to tiffin, which, you know, is the India term for lunch.

COLIN AND HIS LITTLE WIFE.

THE marquis was ready to faint. He was treated much the same by his friends, and in half a day he learned to know the world better than in all the rest of his life.

While he was plunged in this depth of despair, he saw a chaise of an antique fashion coming up—a kind of covered cart, fitted up with leather curtains—followed by four enormous wagons, all loaded. There was a young man in the chaise, in coarse clothes, with a round, fresh face, full of kindness and gayety. His little wife, dark, and, in a rough way, pleasing enough, was jolting by his side. The carriage did not go at the rate of a dandy's curricle. The traveler had plenty of time to contemplate the motionless marquis, buried in his grief.

"Eh!" he cried, "I do believe that's Jeannot there."

At this name the marquis raised his eyes; the chaise stopped. "It is Jeannot himself, it is."

The little fat man made but one spring, and ran to embrace his old comrade. Jeannot recognized Colin; shame and tears covered his face.

"You've given me up," said Colin, "but you make a fine lord. I shall always like you."

Jeannot, touched and confused, told him part of his story with many sighs.

"Come to the inn where I am staying, and tell me the rest," said Colin; "say 'How do you do?' to my little wife, and let us go and have dinner together."

THE THIRD NIGHT.

WE went, my wife and I, to visit Evan Barstow, a distant connection upon my mother's side. The invitation had been a matter of great surprise to us; for since he settled, nearly five years previous, Mr. Barstow had kept himself aloof from any of his relatives in this country.

So five years elapsed, and, as we had seen none of our relatives during the past six months, Katy and I had quite forgotten Evan Barstow and his oddities, when, upon a sudden, came that invitation to visit him at Springbrook Farm.

When we opened the letter and saw the signature at the bottom of the page, we were so taken aback that we could not, for several moments, read a line.

"Will you and your wife come and visit a desolate, fanciful invalid?" he wrote. "I can extend no inducement except the consciousness you will have of showing a kindness to a solitary man. I offer no explanation or apology for my long silence. When I came to this place, it was to break every tie that bound me to my kind; but now, with death near, I ask you to come to me; and from the knowledge I gained of your character during our few short interviews, I am certain that you will not refuse."

There were several lines more; then a broken sentence carefully blotted out, and the letter closed.

"Poor man! poor man!" exclaimed Katy, wiping the tears from her eyes, as I folded up the epistle. "I always said that he was to be pitied. I am glad I did not believe the things they told of him."

"Are we to go?" I asked, doubtfully.

"Of course," replied my little wife, with her usual decision. "Why, Richard, you would not refuse?"

So it was settled that we should start in three days; and I dispatched a letter at once to Mr. Barstow, announcing our intention.

It was not far from sunset when we reached the town; and, while our driver stopped at the little inn to water his horses, I made inquiries of the landlord concerning the distance and the road to Springbrook Farm.

"Goin' to visit that old miser?" he asked, his features fairly convulsed with surprise and curiosity. "Wal, I never know'd nobody to go there before. Maybe you're relations?"

I did not see fit to enter into the details of my genealogy with the worthy landlord, and only repeated my questions.

"Wal, it's the funniest thing! you'll wish yourselves away the first night. Tell you what, it's a queer place if all's true folks say; and he is a queer man."

Luckily, our driver was anxious to reach his journey's end with all speed, and get as far back on his road that night as possible. So we drove off, before the landlord's wonderment and inquiries could go further; but as long as the carriage was in sight I could see him staring after us.

Katy and I grew very silent. We could not converse upon indifferent subjects, and we were so impressed by our approaching arrival that we had no spirits to indulge in suppositions or fancies. The sun set, and in the gray twilight we ascended a hill crowned with a grove, in the midst of which—a man we met had told us—Springbrook was situated.

A little beyond the summit we came to a great gate. Through the trees we caught glimpses of tall chimneys looming through the gloom. Our journey was at an end.

Soon the house was in sight.

A plain brick dwelling with substantial wings—a long porch in front covered with ivies; nothing else could be made out. The driver drew up his horses before the house, saying:

"It don't look as if anybody lived here; it's dark as a prison."

As he spoke the door opened, and an elderly man came out.

"Is Mr. Barstow at home?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," he replied. "It is Mr. Morgan, I suppose. Master is expecting you; please to come in."

He looked so solemn that I felt Katy shiver as I helped her out of the carriage. The man showed me into the hall, where we were met by a middle-aged woman, who received us with a curtsey as imposing as her fellow-servant's bow, and while the man was helping the driver down with our trunks, conducted us into an unlighted room, apologizing for the darkness and making haste to light the lamp upon the table. While she went to summon her master, Katy clung fast to my arm; but the apartment looked so commonplace and comfortable, that after a little, she subdued her nervousness and concluded to sit down.

Very soon Mr. Barstow came in. He was greatly changed since I had last seen him, His iron-gray hair had grown almost white, his tall form was bent and fearfully attenuated. He greeted us with subdued cordiality, thanked us for granting his request, and apologized for not having sent a carriage to meet us at the railway station.

"I did not receive your letter until to-day," he said, in explanation; "and it was then too late."

He showed us up to our rooms himself, said that supper would be ready when we came down, and left us to stare at each other and make hurried preparations for the meal.

"I am so glad we came!" said Katy. "He looks ill and very wretched."

I was satisfied to find that she had no misgivings, and we decided that we had done our duty. The three rooms allotted to us were large and comfortably furnished, and looked as little mysterious as possible; so that Katy quite took heart, and declared that all the stories we had heard were sheer nonsense, and that our relative, in spite of his sickness and quiet manners, was a charming man.

Seated opposite him at the supper-table, I was more shocked than ever by the change in his appearance. He could not have been much over forty, but he looked nearer sixty. He had evidently been a very handsome man; even now, wreck though he was, there were traces of that beauty left.

The evening passed pleasantly enough. Katy, womanlike, feeling it her duty to make everything cheerful, talked incessantly, and actually made our grave host smile several times.

Before the evening was over, I found what it was that struck me as so peculiar in him. It was not his quiet, nor his deathly paleness; but he looked like a man in constant expectation of some dreaded event.

But the evening passed quietly enough; and when we went to bed, Katy was so cheerful and so full of sympathy for our host, that I did not trouble her with the thoughts which beset me.

The next morning was bright and pleasant; and while we were standing on the doorstep, admiring the old trees, Mr. Barstow joined us, asking, it struck me, with singular solicitude, if we had slept well.

"Never better!" Katy said, laughing. "I was asleep before my head touched the pillow."

I thought he seemed relieved, and when we went in to breakfast he was positively cheerful. Then we went about to see the house a little. It was large and commodious, and the rooms were well furnished. A door at the end of the hall led into a square passage, and when Katy asked what was beyond that, Mr. Barstow answered:

"Only my library, full of dry, old books; such works as will please you are in the breakfast-room."

He did not offer to take us into his library, although the rest of the house was free to us; and when the circuit was made, I had mentally to confess that the dwelling differed little from any other romantic old mansion.

We had an early dinner; then I took Katy to drive in a little one-horse chaise; after that we had tea, and so the first day passed.

"It really is pleasant," said Katy; "if I were not so anxious about poor cousin Evan, I should be quite happy, everything is so very odd and out of the world."

She had called him cousin Evan from the beginning, and he seemed pleased with it. Indeed, I saw from the very first, that he took greatly to Katy—not that I wondered at it—and I was more than ever glad we had come, since her presence could do him good.

During the evening, Katy offered to sing to him, although he had no piano, and very sweetly her voice sounded. Barstow enjoyed it, I could see, shading his eyes from the light, and yielding to the spell music possesses for the unhappy. I was lounging near the door to smoke my cigar at a proper distance from Katy, listening to the song, and, I confess, studying our host. Suddenly, from the square passage which led into the library, I heard a noise—I cannot describe it—a sort of rustling like heavy draperies disturbed by the wind; but there were no curtains there, and no wind to stir them.

I glanced at Barstow, he had caught the sound. Again across his features passed that look of horror; but when he saw that my wife had not noticed the noise, he forced himself into stillness. The song ended. Again I heard that peculiar rustle, followed by the echo of a footstep; then a noise as if a distant door had opened.

"Excuse me one moment," said Barstow, to my wife; "when I come back I shall claim another song."

She answered laughingly, and he went out, closing the door behind him; I heard him walk down the hall toward the passage. I said nothing to Katy, but I confess that all the strange stories I had heard crowded upon my mind, and a superstitious thrill shot over me.

I went to bed strangely excited; but there was nothing beyond the power of my own fancies to keep me wakeful, for the old house was quiet as the grave.

The next morning, Barstow was paler and more feeble than ever, but he proposed our taking a drive.

When we returned, the next day, the old servant met us, quiet and respectful as ever. I saw Barstow give Phillips an anxious, inquiring look, answered by a bow and a low sigh; then Barstow left us abruptly and remained alone in the library for a long time.

I went out into the garden, where I saw Phillips at work, and began to talk with him, but a statue could not have been much more rigid and silent.

Another evening passed, and though nothing happened, I fairly wished that Katy, at least, was back in our own snug home.

Long after she was asleep I lay watching the moonlight through the muslin curtains, and at last forgot my vague uneasiness in thoughts of a personal nature. I must have fallen almost asleep, for I was roused with a start. I sat up in bed—again I heard that peculiar sound which had disturbed me in the rooms below—it seemed to come from thence now.

All was still for a time; I almost succeeded in arguing myself into the belief that everything was fancy, except Barstow's step—that the restlessness of an invalid had caused him to arise.

The moon set, the chamber was gray and dark, and as the gloom grew more complete a chill passed over me, which seemed to raise my hair on end and to freeze the blood in my veins.

I sat up in bed, overpowered by the consciousness that there was some invisible presence in the chamber. I had heard no sound; my eye, growing accustomed to the gloom, could detect nothing but familiar objects; yet the chill in my frame grew stronger, and I could feel that inexplicable something drawing closer and closer to the bed. I could endure it no longer. I rose, went to the table, and lighted the lamp, but except Katy and myself, there was no living thing in the room.

My wife woke, and asked why I was up.

"One of my old restless fits," I said; "don't mind me."

When she was again asleep, I took the lamp and walked through our suite of rooms; but nothing rewarded my search. I went back into the bedroom, closed and bolted the door, and sat down. The windows were shut. Nevertheless, a rush of cold air swept through the apartment,

followed by a loud rustling, which extinguished the light and woke Katy.

"Why on earth have you opened the window?" she asked. "The wind blows a gale. Where is the light?"

"I suppose the wind blew it out," I answered, as composedly as I could.

"Pray shut the window," she said, not well pleased at what she deemed my neglect.

When we entered the breakfast-room, Barstow was already there. He followed his morning salutation by his invariable question:

"And did you sleep?"

"When Richard would let me," replied Katy. "He must needs get up in the night and open a window upon me."

"Were you ill?" he asked, turning quickly toward me.

"Only restless," I said; but I felt myself color under his gaze.

"The wind must have blown hard," continued Katy. "When the window was opened there was a rush of air as cold as death, and the curtains rustled dolefully."

Barstow caught at the back of the chair for support; but Katy was busy with the teacups and did not notice it. That evening we sat, as usual, in the little parlor off the hall, and I was nearly as absent as Barstow himself.

COLIN AND HIS LITTLE WIFE.—FROM VOLTAIRE'S "JEANNOT AND COLIN."—SEE PAGE 666.

"Cousin Evan is in pain, and Richard is stupid," said Katy, trying to be gay; although I saw that the pervading gloom was beginning to affect her. "Shall I sing to you, cousin?"

"Do, please," he answered; and she began at once a simple air which he had admired.

In the very midst of her song I heard, issuing from the square passage, that rustling sound which had grown so terrible. It swept through the hall, gathering force as it went, made Barstow start upright, and roused Katy.

"What is that?" she asked, hurriedly.

I rose, determined to find out, if possible, the meaning of this; but Barstow checked me.

"Ring the bell," said he, almost sternly.

I obeyed; and when Phillips came in, he ordered him to close the doors. I well knew there was no door in the hall open—I had noticed it when I entered the room; but the old servant bowed and said, apologetically:

"I forgot it, sir, when I went out to close the shutters."

Barstow asked Katy to sing again; but I saw his restlessness increase. His eyes dilated, and he wiped great drops of perspiration from his forehead. Once he put his hands before his eyes, as if to shut out some object visible to him alone. Katy ceased her song. No one spoke.

"I must ask you to come into the library," he said, with a suddenness and violence so unexpected and disproportionate to the words that I fairly started, and Katy grasped my arm. Perhaps Barstow noticed the shock his words had given us; for he added, quietly, "I always sit there of an evening, and I cannot feel at home in any other room."

He rose and rang the bell, which was answered by Phillips.

"Are the lamps lighted in the library?" he asked, when the latter entered.

The old servant gave him a quick, frightened look; but the stern eyes fixed upon his face awed him at once, and answering in the affirmative, he went out.

Katy was still clinging fast to me, and I felt a vague anticipation that something strange, perhaps terrible, was about to

THE THIRD NIGHT.—"'THIS HOUSE IS HAUNTED!' HE GROANED."—SEE PAGE 666.

happen; yet my wonder and excitement mastered the feeling of dread which had before had possession of me.

The library was a large room. The walls were lined with bookcases; a great reading-table stood in the centre of the room, about which were gathered several easy-chairs. Two lamps burned upon the table as we entered, and several others were placed on the mantel.

"What an illumination!" said Katy, her spirits rising as she looked about. "Really, Cousin Evan, although this is a gloomy sort of room, you have made it pleasant."

He faltered out some answer, but his eyes were fastened upon the further end of the room, that was filled by an immense bay window, before which hung curtains of heavy black cloth.

"Perhaps Morgan will read aloud?" he said, suddenly. "Here is a Shakespeare."

I turned to "As You Like It," and read several of the comic scenes. Katy quite forgot her uneasiness, and laughed merrily; and when Barstow felt her eyes upon him, he would rouse himself and try to appear interested.

My wife was seated close by my side. My hands were resting on the book, when suddenly she exclaimed:

"Why, Richard, what a rude joke!"

I looked at her in astonishment.

"See, Cousin Evan," she said, "he has thrown my work into the middle of the floor."

Sure enough, there it lay; but I had not stirred, nor, if I had tried, could I have thrown the thin fabric so far as it had fallen. I was about to speak; but Barstow checked me by a look. He picked up the work and restored it to her without a word. Katy thought he was offended at my boyish jest, and glanced reproachfully at me as she resumed her task and motioned me to go on.

Before I could do so she uttered an exclamation. I looked and saw the embroidery flutter from her lap as if blown by a strong wind.

"Is there such a draft here?" she asked, tremblingly.

No one answered. Instinctively I put my arm around her and drew her close to my side, while Barstow rose and stood a little before us. As we looked, the great lamp in the middle of the table was moved to the further end; yet no one touched it—no one had moved. Two of the lights upon the mantel went out, and as Katy gave a low cry the rustling began again, sweeping steadily across the room.

"In heaven's name, Evan Barstow! what does this mean?" I exclaimed.

The rustling increased, the curtains and table-covers shook as if in a wind.

"Barstow!" I cried again.

"Go away—go away! Take her out of the room—quick!"

I drew my wife toward the door. The noise ceased; we looked back. He was standing in the same attitude.

"Oh, don't leave him, don't!" pleaded Katy, her womanly tenderness overcoming all fear.

"Call him," I whispered.

"Evan! Cousin Evan!" she exclaimed; but he did not stir. "Come with us, cousin; do come!"

"I must stay," he answered, in the same unnatural tone. "Go quickly, go! Do you see them? There—it is too late! Don't look!"

We went back to his side; but at that instant the noise began afresh—and the chill wind flickered the lamps.

"What is it?" I asked.

"This house is haunted!" he groaned. "Not this spot alone, but wherever I go! Now do you understand! The curse has followed—even so near the grave it will not leave me!"

Every feeling left me but pity for the miserable man, and Katy's face showed me that she had forgotten all fear.

"You must not stay here!" cried Barstow; "take her away—I warn you—be quick!"

"Evan, we will not go! I am not afraid—there is nothing will do me any harm."

"Then you must stay!" he exclaimed, grasping our hands, as if he found comfort even in the midst of his horror.

He tottered, and would have fallen, had I not caught him in my arms. We placed him in an armchair, and in a few moments he revived.

"I thought it was death," he muttered; "that will come soon."

We could not speak. Appalled and horror-stricken, we could not give the lie to our own senses by telling him that he suffered from diseased fancies.

Suddenly he rose from his chair, stiff and rigid; he made several steps toward the window.

"There, there!" he gasped, in a horrible whisper.

"What is it?" I asked. "What do you see?"

"They are both there," he continued. "See, she pities me, she pleads with him; he turns away, but he does not look so stern. Margharetta, is death near?"

"Whom are you speaking to, Evan?" cried Katy. "There is no one there."

"Don't you see them?" he questioned, straining his eyes in the direction to which he pointed.

At that moment the rustling and movement which had continued, though faintly, during the whole time, ceased altogether. No one stirred. I could think of neither danger to Katy nor the fear she might suffer—could only gaze fixedly on the spot to which Evan still pointed.

A dull, numbing pain crept through all my nerves. I felt that some unseen intelligence was struggling with my will, and trying to make itself visible to my sight. I made no effort to shake it off, I could only stare blindly before me, helpless and rigid.

"Margharetta!" I heard Barstow exclaim, but I could not move my eyes. Dimly through the clouds the outlines of two human figures appeared to form; then I heard a cry—I knew that Katy fell fainting in my arms, and I carried her out of the room.

When sense returned, I was in the little parlor bending over Katy; the old servant and his wife were sprinkling her face with water, and by the door leaned Evan Barstow, ghost-like and still.

"You saw it?" whispered Phillips. "We never did; it's 'cause the same blood runs in your veins."

When my wife recovered, we took her up-stairs and administered a powerful opiate, the effects of which made her sleep until late the next morning, while old Mabel and I watched over her; but I saw Evan Barstow no more until the next day.

When Katy awoke she was very feverish, and believed that all she had seen upon the previous night had been a sick fancy, and I did my best to confirm her in that conviction. I could not permit her to rise; and when she fell asleep again I left Mabel to watch her.

"Where is your master?" I asked Phillips, whom I met in the hall.

"In the parlor," replied the old man, who was crying like a child. "Oh, sir, he won't see another day out!"

The moment I entered the room and saw his face, I knew the man was right—death was legible on Barstow's worn features.

"It is almost over," he whispered, as I bent near the sofa where he lay.

"You must have a doctor at once," I urged.

"It could do no good," he said; "they call it heart disease, and said that I might die at any moment. You will know what killed me, Morgan."

During the day I divided my time between Katy's room and his. She was in a state which caused me considerable alarm.

Barstow grew weaker as night came on, and insisted upon being helped into the library.

"They call me," he said; "I must go."

Barstow lay upon a low couch, and I watched over him, disturbed at times by strange noises, which seemed to proceed from several quarters of the room at once.

"I shall die to-night!" Evan said. "Richard, can you bear to stay, or must I die alone?"

"I will stay," I replied.

He lay quiet for some time, his eyes fixed upon the window—mine wandered there too, but saw nothing.

"I must tell you," he gasped, suddenly; "they force me to tell you."

He began abruptly the story of his life, speaking rapidly, and with an energy I had never seen him exibit.

"I was in Naples in 183—. I was young, but of gloomy, retiring disposition. I met a young Italian, Margharetta Lusini, and loved her with all the intensity of my strange, jealous nature.

"She lived with an old uncle, a retired, lonely life, and it was but natural that she should return my affection. We were to be married, but from some inexplicable reason, Margharetta several times postponed our wedding-day. At last I grew mad with jealousy; I could not understand her hesitation at leaving Naples, where she had few friends, and where, as she told me, all of her family had been wronged by the Government. But she would give no reason, perhaps she scarcely understood how jealous I was; and for the third time the day of our marriage was postponed.

"I left her house that evening frantic, almost cursing her and myself, and vowing to go away for ever. I started for my lodgings, but half-way there I turned back; for hours I wandered near her dwelling, impelled to do so by the mad passion which had taken possession of me.

"It must have been long after midnight when I saw a man steal through the little courtyard of her habitation, which was situated upon the ground-floor of a deserted old dwelling. I followed in his footsteps, saw the door open, saw Margharetta admit him. Then I understood all—she was faithless!

"My first impulse was to rush in and kill him before her eyes; but I checked it. I crept round to a little balcony, over which I climbed, and through the window-draperies could look into the chamber. Margharetta was standing with her head upon the shoulder of the young man, his arms were about her waist, and she was weeping passionately. 'You must not come again,' she said; 'think if you were seen—the officers would arrest you.'

"Like lightning a fiendish plot shot through my brain; I could punish her more terribly than by giving him a death-blow before her eyes. I crept away, gained the street, and seeking the nearest guardhouse, warned the officer that a man of whom they were in search was in the dwelling I had left. A party of men sallied out at once, and I followed. I heard Margharetta's shrieks, saw the young man dragged forth; and starting forward, I cried out, 'It is I did this, woman—this is my revenge!'

"With a cry she fell senseless upon the ground; the prisoner turned upon me like a tiger, but he was overpowered and carried away. There I stood until Margharetta came to her senses, never, never approaching her. She raised herself and saw me standing there. 'God forgive you,' she groaned; 'you have murdered my brother!'

"It was true. It was her brother whom I had doomed in my frenzy, and she had not dared hint, even to me, the knowledge of his presence there. Nothing availed—no tidings could be gained of the prisoner. Three days after, Margharetta died, forgiving me with her last breath.

"For months I lingered in Naples, little less than mad. At last I discovered the prison in which Lusini was confined. I believed myself dying—I must have his pardon first. From the king himself I obtained permission to visit the

captive. I found him in a dungeon, chained hand and foot. He knew me at once. Before I could speak he lifted his voice and cursed me. 'I shall die at last,' he said; 'then I will haunt you. I will force Margharetta to pursue you—you shall have no peace—no home—no friends.'

"I cannot repeat his words—I fell fainting before he had finished. For several years I wandered aimlessly about. At last my house became filled with fearful sounds. I knew that Paolo was dead. Since that time I have had no peace. Go where I might, those horrors followed. People shunned me as one accursed; only that faithful old couple clung to me. I came to England; there was no escape. Night after night the murdered man stood before me, dragging Margharetta by the hand. I thought at last I was forgiven. With death near, I believed that I might send for some of my own kindred; but the consolation of having you near me without any of those terrible sights and sounds was not permitted.

"They will come once more—perhaps to bring my pardon."

As these words left his lips he sprang upright.

"They come!" he whispered—there!"

Again I saw the blue clouds form—separate—the outlines of human figures shaped themselves under the vail.

"Margharetta!" cried Barstow. "She smiles—she beckons—he consents! I am forgiven—I can die at last!"

He fell back upon the couch. I could not move—could only watch that dim cloud approaching nearer and nearer. The door opened. I heard my wife's voice in a cry of fear and agony—heard her fall heavily upon the floor. Then the cloud swept nearer and nearer the couch, till it hovered over Barstow. I heard a low sigh; and when I looked again, the phantoms had disappeared, and Evan Barstow was dead!

I took my wife away from the house, and three days after Barstow was buried.

SWAN-SHOOTING.

The most usual method of hunting them is by snares. These are set in the following manner:

A lake or river is chosen, where it is known the swans are in the habit of resting for some time on their emigration southward—for this is the principal season of swan-catching. Some time before the birds make their appearance, a number of wicker hedges are constructed, running perpendicularly out from the bank, and at the distance of a few yards from each other. In the spaces between, as well as in openings left in the fences themselves, snares are set. These snares are the intestines of the deer, twisted into a round shape and looped. They are placed so that several snares may embrace the opening, and the swans cannot pass through without being caught. The snare is fastened to a stake driven into the mud with sufficient firmness to hold the bird when caught and struggling.

That the snare may not be blown out of its proper place by the wind, or carried astray by the current, it is attached to the wattles of the hedge by some strands of grass. These, of course, are easily broken, and give way the moment a bird presses against a loop. The fences or wattle-hedges are always constructed projecting out from the shore—for it is known that the swans must keep close in to the land whilst feeding.

Whenever a lake or a river is sufficiently shallow to make it possible to drive in stakes, the hedges are continued across it from one side to the other.

Swans are also snared upon their nests. When a nest is found, the snare is set so as to catch the bird upon her return to the eggs. These birds, like many others, have the habit of entering the nest on one side, and going out by the other, and it is upon the entrance side that the snare is set.

The Indians have a belief that if the hands of the persons setting the snares be not clean, the bird will not approach it, but rather desert her eggs, even though she may have been hatching them for some time. It is, indeed, true that this is a habit of many birds, and may be so of the wild swan. Certain it is that the nest is always reconnoitred by the returning bird with great caution, and any irregularity appearing about it will make her extremely shy of approaching it.

RUSSIAN SPENDTHRIFTS.

It is the fashion now to tell Russian stories, and particularly stories about the Russian princes that live habitually in France. Two have just been published that are worth repeating.

The Russian princes in Paris are all men of large incomes, but generally spendthrifts. One of them borrowed the sum of 10,000 francs from a money-lender, giving his note for the same. On the day it fell due the holder presented it for payment, and was told by the prince that he had no money to waste in paying debts. At that moment a gentleman entered, and the prince handed him 20,000 francs to meet the losses of the night before at the club. The Jew tore up his note of hand, and said, when going out:

"Now, prince, there is nothing between us but a debt of honor."

The prince bowed, and handed over the money without a word.

The second begins in the same way, but when the Jew presented his note the prince flew into a passion, called him hard names, and, drawing a revolver, made him eat the note-of-hand. A few days later the Jew received his money, with a thousand-franc bill thrown in for interest. Shortly afterward the Jew received a letter from the prince telling him that he was again in want of money, and telling him to present himself with 10,000 francs and stamped paper upon which to write his infernal note of hand. The Jew came with the money.

"Where is your paper for the note?" he said, taking the money.

"Here it is, prince," said the Jew, drawing a large cake of gingerbread from his pocket.

The prince laughed at the joke, and shortly afterward paid the debt, with interest.

VIENNA.

The first impression of Vienna is, that it is like Paris. The streets are lively, the buildings handsome, and some of the people very French in their appearance. There are, indeed, a great many French people there, and one hears the language continually in the street and in the *cafés*. There is a large percentage of the people who are Italian, or of Italian blood, and the Vienna German is not the light blonde of the North so much as the dark hair, complexion and eyes of the South and East. There is a superabundance of Jews, as there is in all German cities. In Vienna they seem to crop out more as individuality. Since the tearing down of the old row of Jewish houses in Frankfort, the Jew of that city has become absorbed in the general population. In Berlin he is individualized only as an old-clothes buyer at the street corners. Jew and Gentile are commingled on the street and on the Bourse. In Vienna, however, they form a more prominent feature of the landscape.

CUP FOUND IN THE RUINS OF GLASTONBURY ABBEY.

CUP FOUND IN THE RUINS OF GLASTONBURY ABBEY.

In Saxon times, Glastonbury, in Somersetshire, had a famous abbey, founded by St. Augustine, the monastic house where Dunstan ruled, and by his energy and learning endeavored to diffuse light in a dark and fierce age more given to battle than to books. A spot so long occupied quietly must, of course, contain many relics of various past generations. Among the various objects brought to light is a silver tankard, of extremely curious workmanship. Around it are embossed in relief figures of the twelve apostles. Below these, in the grotesque mingling so usual in illuminations, swans appear between rosettes, while the lower edge of the cup is formed by crocodiles, and the cup rests on lions couchant in the guise of feet.

A HEROIC WOMAN.

It is related that, in the year 1786, the Grand Master of the Knights of Malta sent as a present a costly bracelet of rubies to Madame de Frenoy, a Frenchwoman of great beauty, in token of her extraordinary and gallant conduct when an Algerian corsair attacked the vessel in which she was a passenger. This lady was in a polacca, bound to Genoa; and the Algerine, coming alongside, poured in a broadside, and then grappling with her, a number of the pirates boarded her, sword-in-hand. The crew were about to submit to the enemy, when Madame de Frenoy snatched a sabre from a wounded sailor, and wielded it with astonishing courage and effect. The crew, animated and inspired by such an unexpected example of female valor, fought with enthusiasm, killed several of the pirates, and drove the remainder back to their own vessel. When the lady reached the shore, she was everywhere greeted with acclamations by the populace. The Marquis de Christeaux waited upon her, and with his own hands placed a crown of laurel on her head.

NYMPHEA'S BRAVERY.

The Manse rose, a huge pile of gray granite, with outlines softened by the gathering darkness. About it clumps of foliage threw denser gloom, or white rock-work thrown artistically up gleamed ghostly betwixt tendrils of creeping vines. Marble statues, and great vases overflowing with rare exotics were scattered through the grounds, and a fountain where Niobe shed continuous streams of tears sent the soothing sound of its flowing waters out upon the air of the Summer night.

One by one the windows of the great house were filled with a lurid glow, until it seemed like a monster, Argus-eyed, awakened from a slumber, and peering into outer darkness through its manifold fiery orbs. The shadows scurried away before the streams of light, or clung tremulously about the skirts of the mother-objects which firmly stood their ground.

The drive, stretching its white-pebbled length in tortuous curves and twists, began to be dotted with incoming vehicles, and the rooms within gradually filled with alighting occupants.

It was Nymphea's birth-night, and to be celebrated as became the natal anniversary of Estabroke's only daughter. But, then, Estabroke was peculiar, and by no means permitted social custom to override his sense of comfort or aristocratically exclusive propensities. So this *fête* resolved itself into an informal and scattered gathering, rather than the crush of two people where there is only room for one, the glare and heat so usually predominant at such festivities.

The line of carriages was full, and the last of the guests sojourning at the Manse had floated down the stairway in clouds of gauze and tulle, or descended with more apparent pedestrious motion in patent-leather and sable broadcloth, relieved by the usual display of snowy kids and waistcoat.

Gale, coming in through the wide entrance-way, sauntered slowly by the group clustered in the hall, exchanging salutations as he went. Uncrowded as it was, some one came in his way, and that some one proved to be Rube Holstein. Gale favored him with a malignant glance, but spoke casually as he passed. Evidently there was no kindly feeling wasted between these two.

Gale would rather have encountered any one else at that moment. The fact that Holstein was preferred before him was a bitter pill, but one which policy induced him to swallow

A HEROIC WOMAN.—"SHE SNATCHED A SABRE FROM A WOUNDED SAILOR, AND WIELDED IT WITH ASTONISHING COURAGE AND EFFECT."

NYMPHEA'S BRAVERY.—"RUBE BELOW LISTENED, AT FIRST WONDERINGLY, THEN WITH STARTLED COMPREHENSION. HE SIGNED TO HER HIS UNDERSTANDING, AND DARTED AWAY."

with a smiling face. Estabroke held Rube in high favor, and had installed him for an indefinite period at the Manse; while Gale, after angling in vain for a similar invitation, made the most of such circumstances as he could command, by taking lodgings at the hotel, which already contained many of the Estabroke set. Of course he came in for a share of the common courtesy shown to these, and, while he chafed at this tolerance, yet grasped eagerly at the advantage it gave him.

He caught sight of Nymphea a moment after, and turned that way, a chord of gratification thrilling as he saw that she observed his approach. He went lingeringly, surveying her critically, as though she had been a work of art, instead of Nature's wondrous masterpiece. But Nymphea could well endure the scrutiny.

She was robed in green satin, the sheen of which, softened by snowy lace, reminded him of the foam-capped sea-waves glinting in waves of down-pouring light. Her hair, tawny and floating, was bound by a velvet fillet, studded with a single pearl. Pearls upon her arms and neck, gleaming beneath their lacy covering. Nymphea, dazzling, he thought, as he approached her—perfect, peerless, he told himself, when she softened the stereotyped phrase into unmistakably glad greeting.

He gave way, but did not retire, as a last comer paid *devoir* to her, and turned to the elderly lady who had been her support. Then Nymphea gave a sigh of relief.

"Free at last," she said.

Gale offered his arm, and they moved away with the floating human tide. Borne by this, they drifted into an ante-room, where a side-table upheld a fragrant floral pyramid.

"My gifts," she explained. "I could take nothing else from any except the family, you know."

"I sent you the only token I dared this afternoon," Gale said, his face flushing as she singled it from the mass of bloom.

Twin camellias, pure and wax-like, nestled down against a bed of glistening green.

"I knew it came from you, even before I saw the name. So considerate not to add to the influx of roses and lilies. People seem to pitch upon them as an available standard. See—this, too, is exquisite."

It was a cluster of musk pinks arranged in a silver filagree-holder.

"There was no name, but Rube is the kindly donor."

"Is woman's intuition such a certain guide?"

He stooped over the flowers as if to inhale their pungent odor, and the shadow playing on his face concealed the quick hardening of his lips.

"Not in this case," Nymphea laughed. "The perfume lingering about him told me they had been made up by no other hands. What is it?"

He had dropped the cluster he was carelessly handling. An insect droned away from a honey-laden calyx.

"Only the traditional thorn. A wasp in the midst of your fragrance, *ma belle!*"

"And I came near looping them into my flounces," Nymphea shuddered. "They suited my dress so admirably. But I could not wear all, and would make no distinction to-night."

She did not see a tiny slip of paper lying within Gale's half-closed palm. How he blessed her impartial resolution when he glanced at it under the gas-jet, as she lingered over some other tributes. Just a line in Rube's writing, fine and accurate as copper-plate:

"Wear but a flower of mine, if I may speak to-night."

He crushed it into his glove, and, drawing closer to her, lowered his voice until it could reach no passing curious ear.

"If you would accept a gift from me, Nymphea. All the love of my life went out to you from the very first. It is so precious to me, and yet so worthless, if you have no return. Give me merciful assurance, Nymphea."

Her eyes—wondrous eyes they were—met his gaze, and shyly drooped before it. Rosy waves surged up to her very hair, and fingers plucked nervously at a tuft of bloom. He closed his one hand over her two, and they lay quiet in his clasp. He detached a ring from his watch-chain—a twisted circlet of gold, so pure that it was pliable—and slipped it on her unresisting hand.

"Wear my fetter," he whispered. "Let me feel that I am linked to you by a tangible tie. I will never let you regret it, Nymphea."

Her eyes flashed up with sudden, saucy light, but her hand with the ring nestled closer into his.

"If it is a bond, you must expect a restive captive. Don't let the chains chafe, or I may break them."

"And my heart, too? You would never do that, my Nymph. Elf, changeling, you should have been. A moment ago you were all shy diffidence; now you are sparkling, exultant already in the power you wield."

"I am like a chameleon, never reliable. The promise of one moment may not develop in the accomplishment of the next."

"Then I shall tell myself that you are mine, and hold you fast."

Gertie Wray, alone, fluttered up to them. Gale reached over, taking Nymphea's tablets.

"The lancers," he was saying. "Ah, your card is full!"

"I promised Rube the first, and have not looked at it since. It has gone the rounds, I see.

Those who had been earlier at her side had filled the vacancies. Gertie Wray looked on half enviously.

"You never lack attendants. Just think, Nymphea—I came with Burt, and he has deserted me already. Let me stay with you until I can get back to the parlors."

"I will do better," Nymphea declared, as the soft strains of quiet melody changed to lively measure, and she saw Rube coming to claim her. "I charge Mr. Gale with the delightful task of caring for you."

"A charge which is endurable only because you have given it," Gale told her in an aside. "I wonder if bliss is never unalloyed?"

"What were you saying?" Gertie asked, thinking the whisper had been meant for her.

"Thanking Fate for unexpected benificence. See that obese lady with the eyeglass. I am sure you have preserved me from her."

"And am tolerated as a lesser evil, I suppose," Gertie pouted. "Is that Burt? If you will call him——"

"Which I certainly shall not," Gale responded, tucking her hand within his arm. "You were dependent upon my mercy a moment ago; don't recompense me by cruel desertion."

"If I thought you were not bored," she hesitated.

"If you go, I shall not care to avert boredom. Don't you see you hold my contentment in your presence?"

They turned away from the floral mass.

"What a pity the other gifts could not have been placed on exhibition," Gertie said. "Estabroke is munificent. Nymphea's gems are worth a fortune."

"You have been favored with admission behind the scenes?" queried Gale, carelessly. "Enviable liberty! I have almost a woman's mania for precious gewgaws."

"Is that satirical? If not, you shall be rewarded with a peep."

"Let me prove my sincerity. That is, if brighter shafts have not impaired my appreciation of material brilliancy?"

Gertie's eyes drooped consciously. Gale had the faculty of freighting idle sayings with apparent meaning. She led him back into the dressing-rooms, where only lady guests had been admitted. These were deserted now for the ball-room and promenade.

Nymphea's gifts lay unguarded, except for a fragile crystal screen. Gale's eyes grew coruscant; but he looked down, seemingly indifferent. Opals, emeralds, pearls, diamonds, and amethysts representing in themselves values untold. Gertie pointed out Estabroke's selection. A chrysoprase set, imbedded in dull Etruscan gold.

"So unique!" he declared.

Gale admired all, and they went back to mingle with the moving stream.

The crowd had surged away to the refreshment tables, and the gas-lights streamed down over the disordered furniture and drooping decorations. Even the Manse was not proof against the demoralizing effects of society and protracted hours.

Some one else had monopolized Nymphea; so Gale lingered behind to dream of her; perhaps, also, to escape paying devotion at some less absorbing shrine. Voices and laughter floated back to him, mingled with the clatter of china and ring of glasses.

A casement near him swung silently back; a face, smooth-shaven and dare-devilish, was framed within it.

"Gale, a word with you; this way, quick, before prying stragglers spot me."

The newcomer spoke in hurried, suppressed tones. Gale went out to him mechanically, but with sullen resentment.

"What are you doing here?" he questioned. "You will ruin all with your cursed chicanery."

"The others think you are trying that game, and that you mean to give them the slip when your own nest is feathered. They will not be satisfied with promises now. Either you must do for them, or they will take the job in their own hands. We all know what gleamers the Manse holds to-night."

"Fools!" Gale uttered, excitedly. "Let me follow my own plans, and you shall all share of them peaceably before three months have passed."

"We should hear of Madame Gale sporting them in the midst of European *bon ton*," the other said, good-humoredly. "But you forget you have old hands with whom to deal. Either you must show color to the tune of a few thousands, or the crib will be cracked by other hands within six hours."

"With chances of the whole gang seeing Botany Bay within as many weeks. You haven't an expert equal to the thing."

"We number you yet," interposed the newcomer.

Gale fumed, but, realising his precarious footing, bottled his wrath, and attempted to make terms. He went back to the rooms twenty minutes later, quiet, dark and cool, to exchange a parting word with Nymphea, and take noticeable departure.

It was three o'clock in the morning, and the house was still, with here and there a single light dimly showing behind close curtains. The moon, late risen, shone full and clear on the Manse, touching the weeping Niobe with a sheen of her falling tears.

As the ormolu clock struck its three chimes, Gertie Wray, who was staying over night, distorted her pretty mouth with a distinct yawn. She and Nymphea had been gossiping together in the dressing-room which separated their sleeping-chambers."

"So late!" exclaimed the latter, in surprise. "I have kept you out of bed for an hour. Don't wait for me, dear, unless you share my wakefulness."

Gertie suppressed another yawn, and made a faint demur.

"Shall I help you put away your jewels, Nymphea? You must be very tired."

"They are safe enough," Nymphea said, absently, turning the ring upon her finger.

So Gertie, kissing her good-night, withdrew.

Nymphea was neither tired nor sleepy. She leaned back in her chair, softly caressing the hand which wore Gale's ring, and gave herself up to pleasant thoughts.

The clock ticked a monotonous refrain. The sound of rustling leaves and dripping waters was wafted faintly upon the breeze which played about the open casement, just stirring the curtains within.

Her birthday-gifts—the sparkling, glittering mass of precious stones—were upon the table. Near them, in a crystal case, were the twin camellias. The cluster of musk pinks lay waiting in the miscellaneous heap below. Rube had seen them there during the evening, and ascertained the absence of the tiny note; had taken to heart the chilling conviction that Nymphea was quite beyond his reach.

The clock struck the quarter, then the half hour, and she roused herself from her reverie, preparing to retire. Wheeling her chair before the dressing-table, with its inclined mirror, she brushed out her hair, confining it in a close net. She had removed her elaborate evening-dress, and wore a wrapper of dead-white cashmere.

"It makes me look like a corpse," she said, half aloud.

A second later the tinge of color faded from her cheeks, and her lips grew pale until the simile she had used was no extravagance. Back of her was an alcove, separated from the room only by heavy curtains. These were slightly drawn, and through the interstice a man's face peered out at her. The slight swaying of the curtains, and the face cautiously appearing, met her sight in a hand-glass resting upon the table. The swinging mirror reflected only her own form and features and immediate surroundings.

For an instant her hands fell nerveless, and her heart stood still through sudden terror. Then she went on tying the silken tassel of her net, lingering over all the trifling details of her toilet, with her eyes fixed steadily on the imaged face.

Gale's face! she recognized it at once. The Estabroke blood coursed through her veins, and from that second her tender thoughts of him lay dead and buried in her memory. Gale, as she had known him heretofore, and Gale as he stood revealed to her, were alike powerless to stir a chord of joy or pain, except through a realization of her present peril.

A thousand rumors she had heard without heeding thronged up now. She remembered hints thrown out—questions asked. "Who is he?" had been the query. It was never answered. Gale, springing from whence no one knew, referring to no past, had been tolerated, even lionized, through his own assumption.

Nymphea saw his gaze wander from her, and rest upon the heap of glittering gems. Saw the sordid lighting of his eyes, and the impatience stamped upon his features.

In the room beyond, Gertie was sleeping. Her own empty apartment was opposite. This suit comprised a wing, and a long corridor connected it with the central building. She could summon no aid. Only her woman's wit to foil him.

She drew the vase with the camellias nearer her, and bent her cheek to touch them caressingly.

"Beautiful flowers!" she murmured, but never moved her eyes from his mirrored face.

His features softened, and twitched emotionally, but relaxed nothing of their resolute purpose. His own feeling might prompt withdrawal even yet, but the stronger power had him in its clutches.

Nymphea stretched out her hand, and dropped it, a snowy covering over the gleaming gems. She took them up, one by one, clasping them on her throat and arms, until she flashed with a thousand tongues of reflected light. She leaned forward, a low laugh rippling over her pale lips.

He had grown grim and keenly watchful. She could never dare to rise with that load upon her. One by one she took them off again, and swept them in a glittering heap. Then she leaned her head upon her hand, and, singing softly, kept her eyes upon the glass.

Four strokes chimed. Only a half hour, and it seemed to her like an eternity.

He was growing restless and suspicious. Nymphea felt a sense of deadening horror as she watched his face take on a sullen, dogged expression, which would admit of no merciful promptings. He thrust the curtains half aside, as if to step into the room.

She rose slowly, and he drew back again. She moved about, singing yet some opera air. She felt that a crisis was coming soon, and knew that she was momentarily growing powerless to avert it. She approached the open casement, looking out into the still night.

Some one moved out from the shadows below, and her heart leaped with renewed hope. It was Rube, faithful, disconsolate Rube, unable to rest after her grievous disappointment, taking chill comfort in watching her light, and thinking himself rewarded through having seen her shadow on the blind an hour before.

She stretched out her hands to him with a gesture imploring silence. With him so near, she realized safety, but how should she convey to him a knowledge of her position.

A providential remembrance came to her. Gale understood nothing of Italian, as she happily knew. Forming her words into perfect rhythm, she sang on, softly yet, but clearly distinct. Rube below listened, at first wonderingly, then with startled comprehension. He signed to her his understanding, and darted away.

She drew back into the room, and, with the assurance of speedy aid, felt her strength deserting her. The alcove curtains shook, and Gale, looking down, met the gaze she was powerless to withdraw. There was no chance now for further subterfuge. He saw her terror, and his purpose wavered before his passion for her.

"I was driven to this," he said, approaching her; "but there is a way to cheat them yet, Nymphea. "If you will go with me, I swear that no harm shall come to you, and my love shall make you forget all of this. Will you go, sweet?"

She shrank back, wringing her hands dumbly. Would Rube never come? Must she submit to the touch of this man? The pliant golden circlet he had placed upon her finger parted under her wrenching clasp, and fell to the floor. The last semblance of a tie between them was broken.

A second later the door was thrown open, and she was caught in Rube's arms. A stout servant or two, hastily summoned, were prepared for Gale, whose apprehension was a key to unravel a score of previous mysteries. He was identified as the infamous hero of as many dark adventures, and is now paying the penalty of his crimes, and regretting the plot defeated through his very human weakness.

THE WATERSPOUT—A THRILLING INCIDENT.

The water-spout is formed by two winds blowing in opposite directions, and raising or sucking up the water in their vortex. They generally form a double cone; the superior part with its apex downward, consisting of a dense cloud, while the inferior cone, the apex of which is turned upward, consists of water, which is thus sometimes raised to a height of several hundred feet.

Water-spouts seldom last longer than half an hour. Their course and movements are irregular; straight forward, in zigzag lines, alternately rising and falling, stationary, slow or progressing with the rapidity of thirty miles an hour. The rotatory movement is also variable; its power is often very great, but sometimes waterspouts pass over small vessels without injuring them. They are more frequent near the coast than on the high seas; and are more commonly seen in warm climates. They seem to occur particularly in regions where calms frequently alternate with storms, which is not to be wondered at, since they owe their origin to miniature storms or whirlwinds.

THE WATERSPOUT.

The *Rhine*, a sailing vessel of one thousand and six tons, which recently arrived from London, encountered an immense waterspout about twelve hundred miles out. John Richardson, one of the seamen, describes the phenomenon thus:

About the time that you ask me, boss, the ship *Rhine* was running along at the rate of four knots an hour, which was pretty good speed for such an old tub, now, I tell you. I think I heard the first mate say we were in latitude forty-two degrees when he took the sun at twelve o'clock that day.

We had been out of a heavy gale only twelve hours, and the sea was running pretty high. At about two o'clock in the afternoon the wind went down, and we stood stock-still. At three o'clock we couldn't see a ripple on the water; it was just as smooth as the smoothest glass I ever saw. The sails hung perfectly motionless, and the atmosphere seemed to get heavy. A fellow felt as though he would like to take a full breath, but that if he tried he couldn't. As we hadn't anything to do, and had been worked very hard for forty-eight hours previous, we (the crew, I mean) assembled around the forecastle.

I think I must have fallen asleep, for I was wakened up suddenly by hearing the captain's big bass voice—he had a voice like a bull, sir—singing out, "All hands on deck." I jumped up as quick as I could—I couldn't jump very quick, for you see I'm old—and hastened aft to the mainmast. The other fellows were there ahead of me, and when I got up to them they all turned off in different directions like madmen. I noticed that the faces of most of them were white as chalk, and that the captain's was as red as blood. I saw the second mate, and asked him what was the matter. He answered me by telling me to go to the main brace, or he would pitch me overboard. I went there pretty quick; *not* because I was afraid of going overboard, but because I felt that something terrible was going to happen, and that even my weight might save the ship. When I got to the rope, a fellow standing near me said:

"*Pull*, old man, don't you see the waterspout?"

I followed the direction of his eyes, and there, sure enough, not more than half a mile from us, was the biggest water-spout that I had ever seen in all my life. It towered above the ship at least two hundred feet, and seemed to be the breadth of half the ocean. It was coming toward us like a steam-engine, and the water, for hundreds of yards ahead of it, was boiling like water in a kettle. We braced the yards around, put the wheel hard-aport, and did everything that lay in our power to get out of the way of the terrible destruction that was rushing upon us. There wasn't a breath of wind stirring, and there we lay, right in the path of the water-spout, unable to do the least thing to save ourselves.

There were about seventy steerage passengers with us, the most of whom were women and children, and the way they screamed and went on was enough to take the heart out of any man. One old woman caught me round the legs, and begged of me for God's sake to save her, while every one was rushing around trying to find some shield from the approaching crash. The captain swore, and went on terribly, because we couldn't move an inch, and seemed to be going out of his mind, for I saw him deliberately knock a man down who was standing near him. Some of the men ran down the forecastle ladder that they might not see themselves die.

NEVER MIND HIS CRIES.—"ALPHONSE WAS FORCIBLY SEIZED, BOUND DOWN IN HIS CHAIR, AND DESPITE HIS CRIES AND ASSURANCES, THE RELENTLESS SCISSORS SEVERED EVERY PERFUMED LOCK FROM HIS HEAD."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

What I have been telling you now all occurred in a moment, but the waterspout had come much nearer to us, and we could hear the fearful hiss and splash of the water as it came whirling on. Just then I heard a young gentleman in the cabin ask the captain whether he had a gun on board. "The captain said, "No," and the young man's face turned as white as snow, and I saw him shake all over. He put his hand to his head, and staggered toward the main hatch, and in another moment he would have fallen down "'tween" decks, when suddenly there was a cry from above that sounded like the roar of a madman. It was heard

above the loud howl of the surging waters, and every eye was turned in the direction that it came from. It came from a "shipmate" that we called "Jack." He was a smart fellow on his feet, and was a regular monkey among the ropes when he got aloft in a storm. There he was, with a heavy block of wood in his hands that he held above his head, and was shouting for us to "stand from under!" He was on the main yardarm, the yard that carries the "storm sail," you know. We all ran forward, and when the coast was clear, "Jack" gave the block a swing, and sent it down on deck as quick as a flash. It struck a piece of sheet-iron that lay near the main hatch, and made a terrific report that sounded like a cannon's. We kept our eyes on him, for he seemed about to fall, but he caught hold of the "port bowlines," and regained his balance. Just then the ship careened over on her beam-ends, lurched back again, and stood ready as before. Nearly every one was thrown down, and some of the passengers were badly hurt. As soon as we got on our feet, we saw no more of the waterspout, but in its stead the whole sea was just as white as though it was composed of soapsuds.

We felt that it was over, and that the noble "Jack" had saved us by his coolness, but it was some time before we could recover from the paralysis that seemed to have stricken us all. When we did recover, we felt as only men can feel who have been snatched from the jaws of death. Work seemed a pleasure after that, for it reminded us that we had life in us. There were on board, counting the officers, crew, and all, about one hundred and fifty persons, and if that spout had struck us, it would have sent us, ship and all, to the bottom of the sea, and no one could have known what sank us. Ever since that day I have been convinced that the *City of Boston* was lost in this manner. I suppose the water that was in the air would have weighed 10,000 tons; it couldn't have been less; and as there was a brig sailing ten miles from us in the direction of the water-spout's course, and no one on board saw it, it must have formed between us two, and reached its immense proportions in about half an hour.

"NEVER MIND HIS CRIES.

A BRILLIANT sun shone—let us say on the 4th of this present month, and Alphonse Royer, with not a little pride, arranged the clusters of curls collected on either side of his temples, as he passed and repassed before one of the large mirrors gracing the walls of a mercer's shop in one of the most fashionable streets in Paris.

Alphonse had more than once been fully aware that many a fair customer looked upon him with admiration, and visions danced before his eyes of one in particular—a young lady of birth and fortune who frequently came shopping with her mamma; and whilst the mother examined the silks, this fair child of Eve fixed her eyes in loving longing on the forbidden fruit of Alphonse's silken curls.

On this auspicious day the mother had appointed to call to see some fresh goods.

It was twelve o'clock, and as *he* arranged his curls in hope, Destiny was settling them after her own fashion.

In a hairdresser's shop the previous day, in a retired street, a lady had just entered. Her conversation was long and confidential, not unaccompanied by those applications to the eye of a pocket handkerchief—that vail of grief—that repository of those angel drops, pity's tears.

"Poor young lady!" said the hairdresser, looking after her; "so young and handsome, and so sorrowful! Well, the half of us don't know the sufferings of the other half, and we never know what's hanging over our heads!"

Indeed we don't. Alphonse Royer had not the slightest idea, whilst he stood behind the counter, avoiding as much as possible the necessity of serving the customers dropping in—ever watching for the expected mother and daughter. But there is a fate, far above all our personal strength, in malice and ill-nature.

A lady entered. There is a magnetic influence in youth as in beauty—they naturally cling to their own; and this lady was both fair and young, and her glance mechanically fell on Alphonse.

She stepped toward him; there was a magnetism in her dark eyes—he could not avoid her as he had done all those who came before.

"Will you show me some fancy silks?" she said.

And the lip smiled; it was its naturally benignant expression; she could not long look stern.

Fancy silks were his department. He showed her piles of them, and she selected three or four of the richest.

"For a lady going abroad," she said.

And then there were shawls, and heaven knows what! For man cannot conceive, nor author indite, all a Frenchwoman fancies when she goes out shopping.

She seemed to have fixed her mind on Alphonse, for a purpose seen hereafter; for, after diving into every other department of the huge emporium of fashion, she returned to his, "just for that pretty little dress she had been undecided about, as she found her purchases had come within the sum she had been commissioned to spend."

All this gave additional confidence to the master; when, after a glance at the amount of her bill, she said—without apology for being without money, but with the air of one accustomed to command all—and, above all, respect:

"Will you send these things with me directly by one of your young men? The one who served me in the silks—for I am not quite certain if the last *foulard* dress will please; my friend must judge for herself."

She looked toward Alphonse. There is—we grieve to record it—that innate vanity and unfaithfulness in our nature which makes us listen too easily to the suggestions of the former, and become ready disciples of the latter.

Alphonse forgot the mother and daughter he had been watching for, in the *almost* tender glances which crossed his. She requested them to call a conveyance and have the goods placed in it. On the counter she threw down her card: "Madame de Montbreuil, Faubourg St. Honoré."

The "*de*" bespoke her nobility, if her easy grace of manner had not already betrayed a person accustomed to move in exalted society.

Alphonse's heart beat with a vague hope as he stepped into the *citadine* (the French cab), after her, and desired the man to drive to the address given.

Little was said at first. The lady seemed embarrassed. Suddenly looking up, she asked her companion whether he could not bring her any other dresses she might require to her residence himself, for she disliked strange faces, and as he had served her that day she should wish him to come. He knew her taste and could select those likely to suit her.

Was woman ever at a loss for an excuse?

She added quickly:

"I cannot often leave home. My mother is an invalid, and does not like my going much out alone since my husband's death!"

"Young, handsome, titled, and a widow!" thought he. And vanity raised up the hand which caressed a curl and a jetty whisker, as he acceded to everything she solicited.

At that moment they were turning down the Rue du Luxembourg.

"Stop!" she cried, suddenly turning the brass screw which rings and stops the coachman; "will you turn down

the Rue Dupont and call at Monsieur Carlier's, the hairdresser's—my hairdresser in ordinary?" she said, turning toward Alphonse. "I would rather return *alone* to-day!"—there was significance in every intonation—"and I think Carlier can lend me the money!"

Alphonse hoped not; but as his master had desired him not to lose sight of the goods and lady, he decided that the better way would be to keep close to the latter, as the former were merely inanimate things; and though there is much electricity in silk, it can scarcely make to itself wings and fly away by the power of attraction from some distant and alluring cause.

So Alphonse followed the lady into the shop, and left the goods in the *citadine*. *He* had no suspicion of her. He felt confidence in the evident motive for her selection of himself.

The hairdresser bowed as she entered. She was evidently known; all seemed to respect her, and all—the master and two shopmen—looked curiously upon him. He felt proud; a certain something of delight swelled in his heart.

The lady drew the hairdresser aside and whispered. A bow and a smile of assent were the answer.

"Will monsieur step inside?" he said, politely, addressing Alphonse.

"Monsieur Carlier will oblige me," she said, in a low tone, to Alphonse, who was grieved at the result of the mission—which would of necessity separate them sooner that day.

He followed the master and lady into an inner room, not perceiving that he was in his turn followed by the two shopmen; and we will let them make their way in peace whilst we go back and relate the subject of the lady's conversation with the hairdresser the previous day—for it was one and the same person who held it and on this morning made the large purchases at Alphonse Royer's master's.

"Monsieur," she said, on the day of her first visit to Carlier, "you see before you a most distressed woman! I have a brother—a dear brother, who is most painfully afflicted! He is mad—quite mad—and labors under the strangest hallucinations, sometimes imagining himself the emperor, sometimes one thing, sometimes another! His last strange fancy is, that he is a shopman at ——'s shop, and nothing will persuade him to the contrary! My poor mother's medical attendant says only shaving and blistering can restore his intellect! Having a great quantity of hair, and, strange to say, a perfect knowledge of its abundant beauty, all our schemes have been fruitless hitherto to shave him. A friend, however, suggested one to us yesterday, and if you will only lend your aid it may be accomplished and a beloved brother restored to us."

Here she burst into tears, and sobbed aloud.

"Do not cry, mademoiselle!" exclaimed the compassionating hairdresser; "only tell me what to do—I will aid you most willingly."

"Thanks!—a thousand thanks!" she cried, looking up gratefully with her beautiful limpid eyes. "Poor fellow!—poor Jules, who even forgets his own name! Ah, sir, genius and study have destroyed him! Poor fellow! He has still, however, implicit confidence in me, even amidst his darkness of intellect, and for once I must turn traitor and betray him! Monsieur, I will bring him here to-morrow—could you not shave him by force?"

"Nothing easier," answered the good-natured man; "I have two strong assistants. We will manage him!"

"Oh, monsieur, you render me and my poor mother your debtors for ever! Oh, my Jules—my own dear brother—if I only see you restored!"

Here she burst again into ecstatic tears, and the kind-hearted man was fain almost to weep with her. Much more they talked, and at last, rising, she said:

"Then, monsieur, I may rely upon you. Seize him by force—bind him down—never mind his cries—shave him!"

And this is the catastrophe of our sad tale. Alphonse was forcibly seized, bound down in a chair, and, despite his cries and assurances that he was Alphonse Royer, shopman at ——, the relentless scissors severed every perfumed lock from his head, and his sister sat by, hiding her face in her handkerchief and weeping. When he felt the razor approaching his pericranium a loud scream attested his horror.

"Oh, it is too much to bear!" cried she, in agony; "I will await him in the outer shop. My beloved brother!"

But it would appear that his agonizing cries prevented her remaining even there, for she walked *through* the shop, out of the door into the *citadine*, and drove off.

So much does sorrow make us oblivious of all.

What became of her nobody knows—not even her *dear brother*—who at last convinced the hairdresser—alas! half an hour too late—that his raven curls might safely have remained on his head, and looked far better than strewn on the floor of that little den, called a room.

Let us gather a moral from our *fact*, and not be led by vanity into error, folly, or blindness. How very little we feel, when the unpleasant truth is forced upon us, that a wiser eye at a glance read our diminutiveness, and profit by it, to make us thoroughly ridiculous.

GUY DE DAMPIERRE, COUNT OF FLANDERS, AND HIS DAUGHTER, IN PRISON.

Among the great ones of this world whose life has been checkered by sad misfortunes, stands Guy de Dampierre, Count of Flanders.

His mother, Margaret, Countess of Flanders and Hennegau, had been twice married, but loved the offspring of her second union far beyond those of her first marriage, and gave them her domain. This led to a civil war on the death of her husband, Count William de Bourbon-Dampierre, in 1241, which was not appeased till one brother on each side had fallen, when the Pope restored peace, and John became Count of Hennegau, and Guy de Dampierre, Count of Flanders.

The French king, Philip the Fair, cast a covetous eye on the land thus weakened by war, and Guy, whose course had failed to elicit the warm support of his people, sought English aid; but in 1296 Philip forced them to ask peace. He then invited Guy to a conference, and treacherously seizing him, carried him a prisoner to Paris, confining him in a dungeon of the Louvre, and overran Flanders, which his tyrannical governors oppressed beyond all example.

He wished to compel Guy to renounce his rights, and abdicate as count in his favor. Finding all persuasion unavailing, he threatened to dishonor his daughter, offering the greatest possible outrage to a father's heart. It is this sad moment that the Hanoverian artist, G. Laves, has chosen for his painting.

But the victory of the Flemings at Courtray, in 1302, where twenty thousand French perished, and five thousand gold spurs were gathered on the field, changed his policy. He sought to succeed by wile, and allowed Guy to go to Flanders, binding him, on his word as a knight, to return to his dungeon if the Flemings would not submit to France.

Guy went, and urged his people to maintain their independence, and bore back to Philip this stern resolution, which led to a peace in 1304, establishing the freedom of Flanders. Guy kept his word, and sacrificed his own liberty, but saved his people.

GUY DE DAMPIERRE, COUNT OF FLANDERS, AND HIS DAUGHTER, IN PRISON.—FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING BY THE HANOVERIAN ARTIST LAVES.—SEE PAGE 679.

FROM NUEVITAS TO HAVANA.

By Hippolyte Piron.

The entrance to the harbor of Nuevitas is narrow and dangerous, on account of the sunken reefs with which it is beset at certain points. The erection of a lighthouse has lessened the danger, and the harbor itself is large, convenient, and beautiful.

Before 1868, this charming bay was all alive with an active commerce that grew from day to day, for the trade of Puerto Principe was in the full tide of its prosperity when the insurrection came with its rough hand, to check this happy growth.

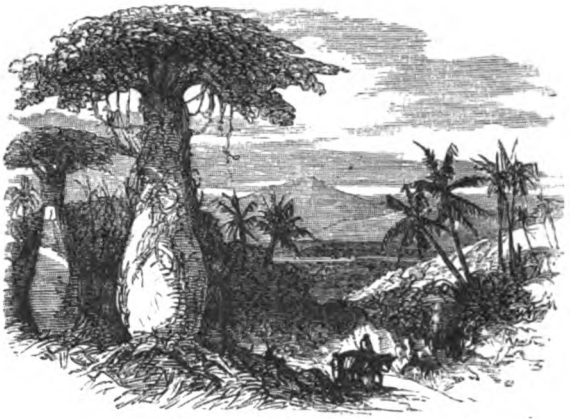
The aspect of Nuevitas at present is quite sad. The houses are of one story only, and are plastered with gay colors, like most of those at Santiago; but they are worse built and more wretched-looking. The streets are wide, but, being unpaved, are either dusty or muddy.

I was here introduced to a most charming family, one of whom, Don Guillermo, concluded to accompany us to Puerto Principe, where he conducted us to the house of his brother, Don Rafael. The natives of this place are called *Camagueyanos*, and have suffered as the other landholders have. Its full name is Santa Maria de Puerto Principe, and it has a population of about 40,000. It is built upon level ground, and has streets that are narrow, winding, unpaved, and, consequently, muddy. Many of the houses have one story only, most have two, and all are plastered with bright colors, according to the Spanish taste.

LADIES IN CHURCH.

We went first to the *Alameda de la Caridad*, a beautiful promenade, planted with magnificent trees; then to the *Casino*, which includes a handsome walk, together with a botanical garden; next to the *Plaza de Armas*, adorned by the Government building and that of the Philharmonic Society, where we found a *café*-restaurant with billiard tables, halls for dancing, music, and declamation, and a lecture-room; but the same sluggishness appeared everywhere, the inevitable and sad result of the war. There are three hospitals and twelve churches, besides three attached to convents. Among the latter, that of La Merced is the largest and richest. The convent of which it forms part is at present changed into an artillery barrack, and the echoes of this old building, accustomed to repeat the prayers of pious priests, must thrill with horror as they feel themselves constrained to answer back the oaths and imprecations of these coarsely cursing cannoneers. The other two convents have shared the same fate.

The *Camagueyanos* are physically the most gifted of all the inhabitants of Cuba. Tall, strong and well-built, they are generally fine-looking; nor have their women reason to complain that nature has neglected them.



VALLEY OF THE YUMURI, CUBA.

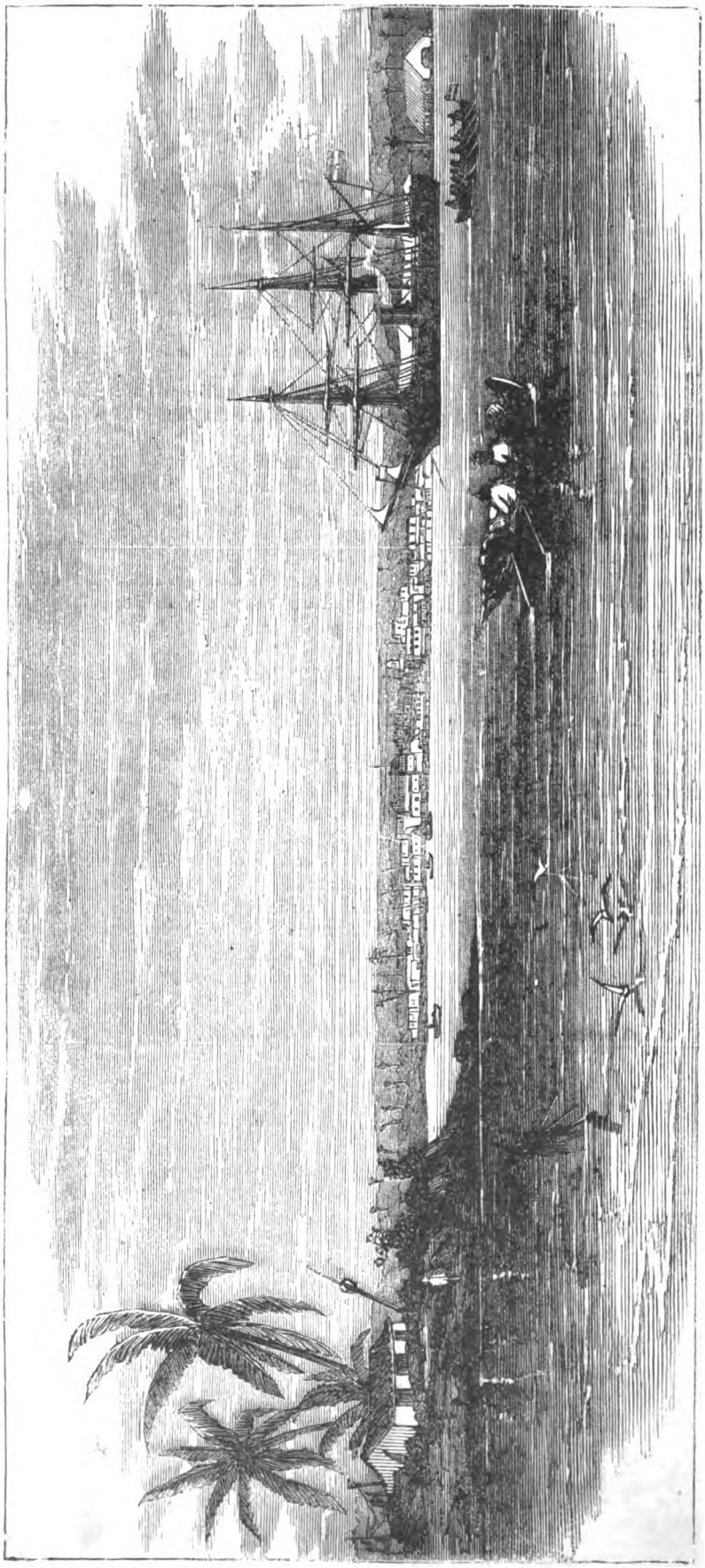
Both sexes are, for the most part, kindly, sensitive and generous, but proud and resolute. They do not long endure any humiliation, and have a great love of independence. The insurrection has found among them its most ardent partisans and its most valiant heroes.

As to the arts and sciences, Santa Maria de Puerto Principe is, perhaps, beyond any other city in Cuba, for, apart from writers of merely local reputation, she claims as her children La Avellaneda and Gaspar Bétancourt Cisneros.

The latter did for his native place what Don Jose de la Luz Caballero did for Havana. It owes to him its very great progress in education and refinement, and also its railroad to Nuevitas.

An entertaining and able writer, of high intelligence and great integrity, he captivated his readers by the powerful charm of his writings, and always exercised a beneficent influence; yet he has left little besides his articles published in the daily papers, for he lavished on those around him with a prodigal hand the riches of his gifted mind, and scattered to the winds his brilliant improvisations. One of his relatives, Ramon Bétancourt, a talented lawyer, and himself a writer, is getting into book-form the articles of this distinguished man, and preparing a fitting biography.

HARBOR AND TOWN OF MATANZAS, FROM THE CUMBRE HILLS.



THE TOWN OF NUEVITAS, CUBA.

As to Gertrudez Gomez de Avallaneda, her reputation has spread as far as Europe. Spanish critics have proclaimed her the greatest poet of modern times. This seems like going too far; but Spaniards would not be likely to be too partial to a *Camagueyana*.

This marvelously gifted woman died in Spain a few years since, leaving many remarkable writings of all kinds. She attempted dramas, romances, poems, odes, sonnets, and succeeded in all. She has enriched Spanish literature with some of its most beautiful gems.

Puerto Principe has two theatres, where her citizens enjoy Italian operas, Spanish operettas, dramas, comedies, etc. Among the *Camagueyanos* who have distinguished themselves in the insurrection, are Ignacio Agramonte, Angel Castillo, Bernabe Varona, the hero of the *Virginius*, Manuel and Rafael de Quesada, and the Marquis of Santa Lucia.

After several weeks passed pleasantly at Puerto Principe, we embarked on a natty Spanish brig for Matanzas, and, with a favoring wind, we soon arrived there. Situated at the head of a charming bay, this city presents a most agreeable aspect to its visitors. The low houses that border the harbor are painted in gay colors, and seem to smile upon you in the warm rays of a tropical sun. Along the water extends a vast promenade, planted with pine trees, called the Paseo San Severino, and ending at a fort of the same name which overlooks the entrance of the bay.

The land here is not flat as at Puerto Principe, but from our vessel we could see the hills and valleys lending their picturesque charms to the landscape.

We were soon wandering in the streets, which are wide, bordered with neat sidewalks and lined with low houses having no pretensions to architecture, and presenting the same variety of color that seems the fashion in this island. The Plaza de Armas presents a square, surrounded by an iron railing, adorned with trees, plants and flowers, and by graveled walks. These walks are provided with hospitable benches, where one can rest and breathe the perfume of flowers, while listening to the military music which is played there three times a week. There are but two churches in this city of 40,000 inhabitants, which shows that the Matanzeros are not so pious as their neighbors. Sensitive, generous, enthusiastic, they are also very intelligent, and have a decided turn for art and literature.

Active, restless, industrious and ingenious, they are good agriculturists and merchants Among the Matanzeros distinguished in literature are Emilio Tolon, Turla, and Milanes This last, remarkable for his poetic talent, unfortunately lost his reason

Some have distinguished themselves as musicians. Among them is one well known in France, Joseph White. While yet a child, with his little violin, he roused to enthusiasm his compatriots by his astonishing talent.

When he came to Paris he was immediately received as a pupil in the Conservatory of Music, and in six months had won the first prize for performance on the violin. Matanzas is in the most fertile part of the island, and the inhabitants know how to profit by their position. The country, having a sufficiently varied surface, is very fruitful; and as it has had the happiness of not being ravaged either by the Spaniards or the insurgents, being far away from the fierce and bloody struggle, it spreads out fearlessly its many beauties for the admiring traveler, and presents a striking contrast to the devastated fields of the eastern half of the island.

Matanzas is next to Havana in her commerce, which is in great part with the United States, and has exported in a single year as much as $15,000,000 worth of sugar, coffee, rum, molasses, tobacco, etc.

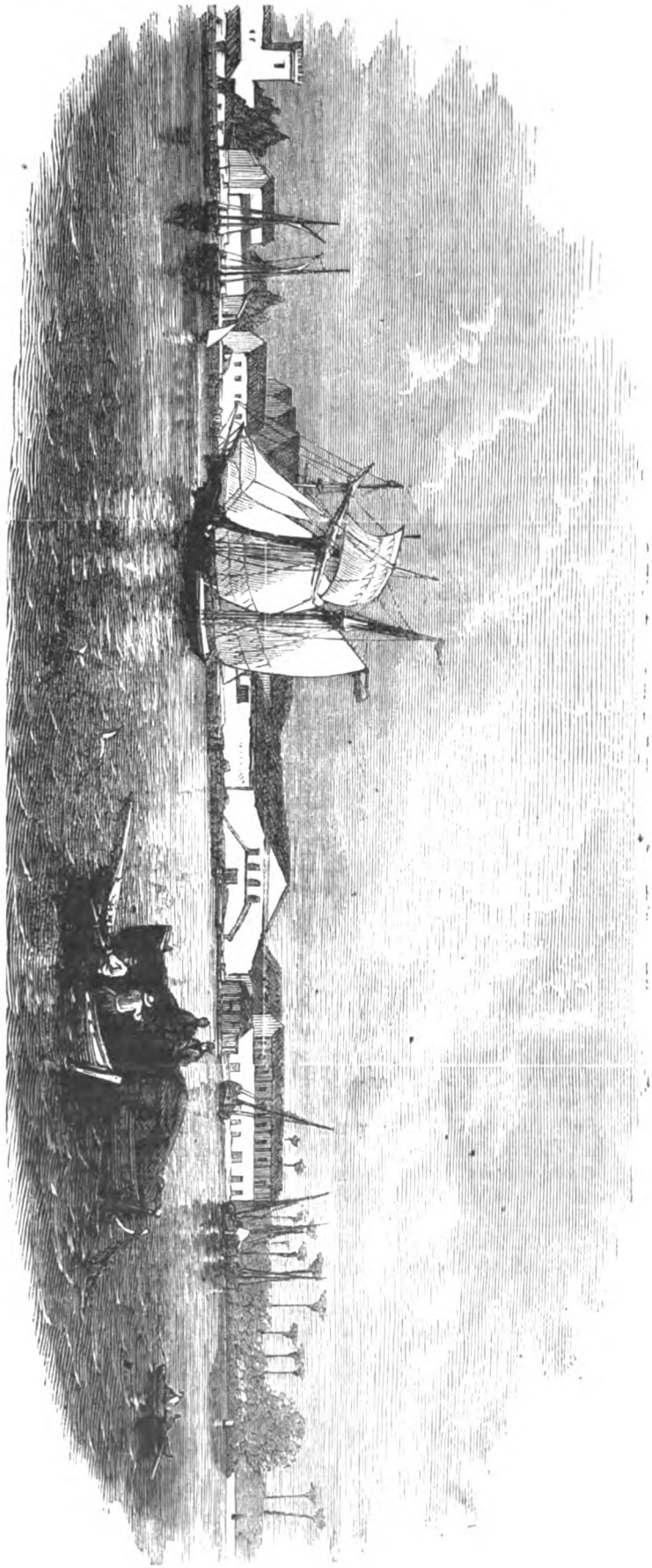
There are here several large and well-managed schools, together with two theatres. Two rivers, the Yumuri and the San Juan, traverse Matanzas and pour their waters into the harbor. Not far from the bridge over the Yumuri is a most charming little valley, planted with beautiful trees, which lend their kindly shade, and form a delightful promenade, with a picturesque grotto from which runs a crystal stream in cool cascades, and whose singular echoes were awakened for us by a troop of joyful children.

Two bridges, *el puente de Baylen* and *el puente de San Juan*, lead to a suburb named Pueblo Nuevo, where are the stations of the two railroads that lead to Havana. The old one takes seven hours, and the new one but three.

At this place are also a vast storehouse for sugar, and an immense refinery belonging to Americans, and the Plaza de Toros, where the inhabitants enjoy their bull-fights. This ended our sight-seeing at Matanzas, and we took our seats for Havana.

The hotels of Havana are poor. The cafés and restaurants are good. We had furnished rooms in the richest and finest quarter, called Extra Muros. The streets are broad and straight, but some are not paved. The houses are generally one or two stories, a few only rising to three. They are built of stone, leave much to be desired as to their architecture, but their vivid and varied colors give them a smiling aspect. Some aristocratic habitations were pointed out to me, which were really very beautiful. Among them was the palace of Don Miguel de Aldama.

In the old part of Havana the streets are



CARDENAS.

narrow, crooked, badly paved, and with very narrow sidewalks. They are often cut up by the *volantes*, whose large wheels spatter abundantly those who pass, who cannot protect themselves.

The wealthy dames of Havana have consequently fallen into the indolent habit of not going out except in carriages. This custom suits well their careless existence and their idea of refined elegance. Their small feet, clothed in Cinderella slippers, are too charming and too delicate to be soiled by the dirt of old streets, or to fatigue themselves on the sidewalks of the new. Having plenty of leisure, they devote themselves conscientiously to preserving and heightening the beauty bestowed upon them by their generous Creator, and which they so highly appreciate. In fact, the principal business of their lives is to make their beauty as irresistible as possible. Dressed in the latest Parisian fashion, they wear, instead of the French bonnet, the Spanish mantilla. Their movements and their gestures, now abrupt, now languishing, exercise a powerful influence on the imagination, and add to the effect of the clear and bright look of their large, dark eyes, that know how to take so many different expressions.

THE TOMB OF COLUMBUS.

From their small mouths, with their coral lips and pearly teeth, the Spanish language acquires a sonorousness, a grace and a charm that cannot be expressed. In their hands, so small and so white, the fan becomes a telegraphic instrument with which, from a distance, they can easily carry on a regular conversation. Nor are they by any means deficient in spoken language, for they are gifted with quick intelligence, and have a very agreeable facility of expression.

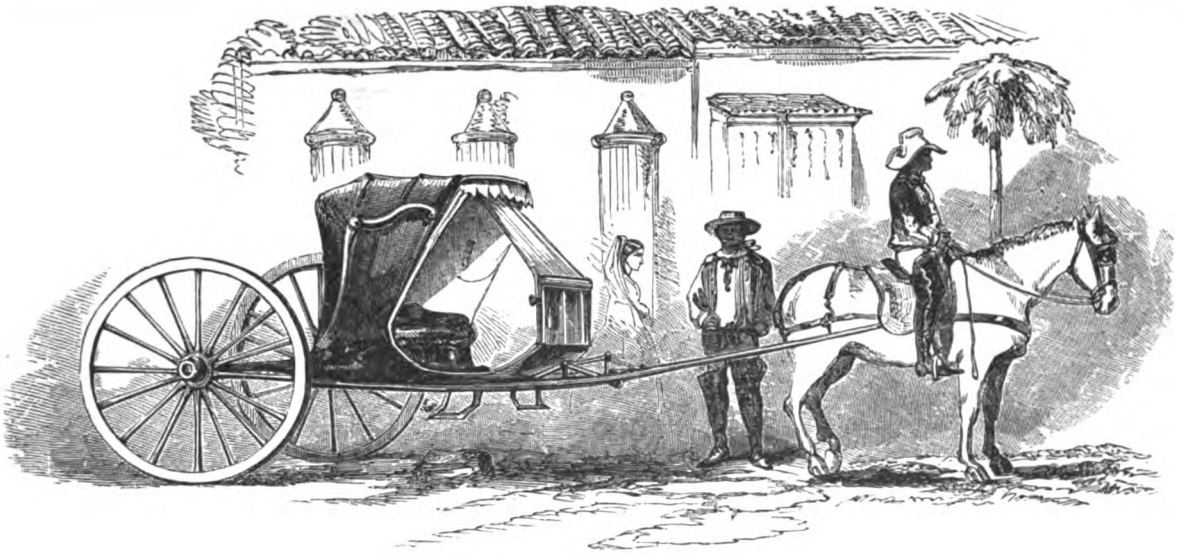
A MARKET SCENE.

The men of Havana think much less of pleasure, and are more serious than those of Santiago, though these latter have changed much since the insurrection. Grave political questions have transformed into men those who before were but good-hearted and careless "children of a larger growth." The men of the capital are, perhaps, superior to those of Santiago in intelligence, but inferior to them in kindness. They do not know how to confer favors with so much generosity, or with such great and such charming simplicity. The public walks are one of the great charms of Havana. Broad and long, planted with the beautiful trees of the tropics, adorned with fountains and well supplied with benches, they offer to promenaders a delightful shelter from the heat of the sun, and an agreeable entertainment in the evening, when they are most frequented. From the Alameda there is a good view of the harbor, which is justly considered the best in America, and can easily accommodate a thousand vessels. The entrance is narrow and well-defended. So strong are its defenses that it must be considered one of the best fortified harbors in the world. To enter, one must pass between Morro Castle, which rises from the rocks on the left, and presents the menacing mouths of so many guns, and the fortress of San Salvador de la Punta, that defends the right. The entrance, at its narrowest part, has a width of only 370 yards. The city is also defended on the north by the castles of Carlos de la Cabaña and La Casa Blanca, and on the west by those of Santo Domingo, Altares, and San Carlos del Principe.

The Morro was indeed taken by the English in 1762, but then the castles of Altares and La Cabaña had no existence. When taken again by the Spaniards, in 1763, the old fortress was rebuilt, and strengthened by important works, of which La Cabaña and Altares formed a part.

GOING TO MASS.

These works,



PUBLIC VOLANTE WAITING FOR A CUSTOMER.

undertaken by the Count de Rula, were not completed until 1770, under the government of Bucarely, who added to these defenses the fort of San Carlos del Principe, near the Botanical Garden. Count de Rula expended on these works more than $6,000,000, which came from Mexico.

From the deck of a vessel the general view of the city is most charming. The houses, built of wood or stone, are painted in bright and various colors—yellow, blue, green, or rose-color, and with their red, tiled roofs, seem to rejoice in the bright rays of their tropical sun. In the Plaza de Armas is a beautiful statue, in white marble, of Ferdinand VII.

Beside this place, and quite near to the sea, is a small chapel, named El Templete (the little temple), sacred to the memory of Christopher Columbus. This exceedingly modest building consists of four stone walls, and is adorned with two small columns. Before it is a small statue in bronze, a shabby and ridiculous representation of the great man who gave a new world to Spain. He is said to have disembarked on this spot at his first visit to the island. His remains, contained in an urn, are deposited in the Cathedral, in a little monument constructed for them, and which is always an object of curiosity for strangers.

Among the charitable establishments, one of the most interesting is the Casa de Beneficencia. This is a foundling hospital established by the Governor-General, Don Geronimo Valdes, who generously allowed all these foundlings to take his family name of Valdes.

The Tacon theatre has certainly a very simple exterior. It looks like an ordinary house, but, on entering, this impression is entirely changed. The interior, which is one of the largest in the world, has no great luxury of decoration, but is marked by an elegance and a suitableness that make it particularly agreeable. It has five rows of boxes, which all command good views, and when filled with ladies richly dressed and adorned, they present a ravishing sight. On entering with my friend, I was dazzled by the combined flashing of diamonds and bright eyes, and charmed by the freshness and beauty of the toilets, which generously allowed us to perceive the graceful forms and the subdued whiteness of their busts, their shoulders and their arms. The air was agitated and refreshed by hundreds of fans, moving with such vivacity in the alert little hands of these ladies, who thus carried on their conversations from point to point of the theatre, sending polite messages or interchanging thoughts. The Habaneros are very fond of music, and always ready to pay well for it, but they will not put up with mediocrity.

THE BAKER.

The extraordinary precocity of the fair sex was well illustrated by an incident this evening. While waiting for the second act, my attention was attracted by two young ladies of great beauty, who, while managing their fans, cast on us many bright glances from their black eyes.

Perceiving that I noticed them, my friend said, "Come, let me present you to those ladies."

We were received with perfect politeness. The elder of the two had asked, by means of her fan, who I was, and my friend, not having one of those eloquent little instruments to answer with, had brought me to answer for myself. While conversing, I was struck with the extraordinary resemblance between these ladies, which extended not only to the face, but also to the gesture and to the voice. Turning to the elder, my friend said, "And Luisita, how is she?"

POULTRY-SELLER.

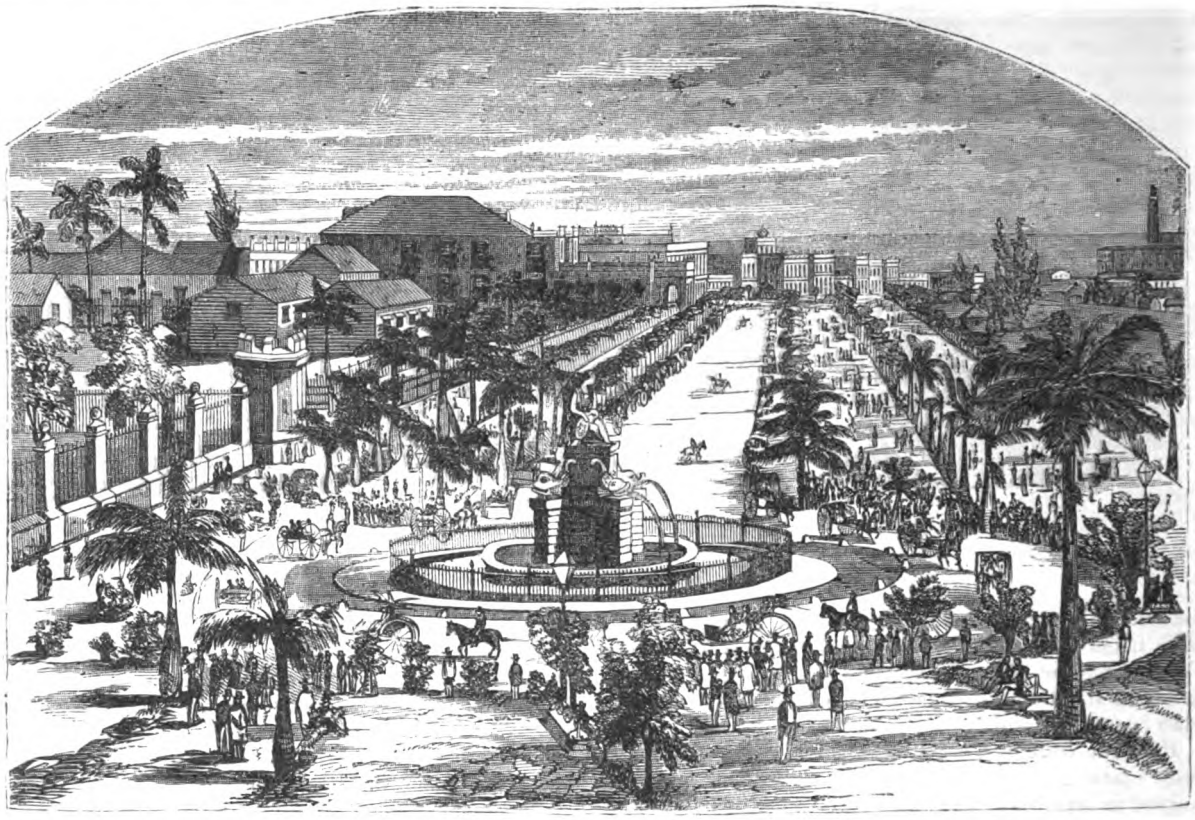
"Luisita?" was the answer. "Why, you have her before you!"

"What!" cried he, with astonishment. "Is that your daughter whom I saw a little girl only five years ago? How old, then, is la niña?"

"Twelve years."

To me she seemed to be at least eighteen.

The University of Havana has acquired a well-deserved celebrity by accomplishing great results, for it has sent forth

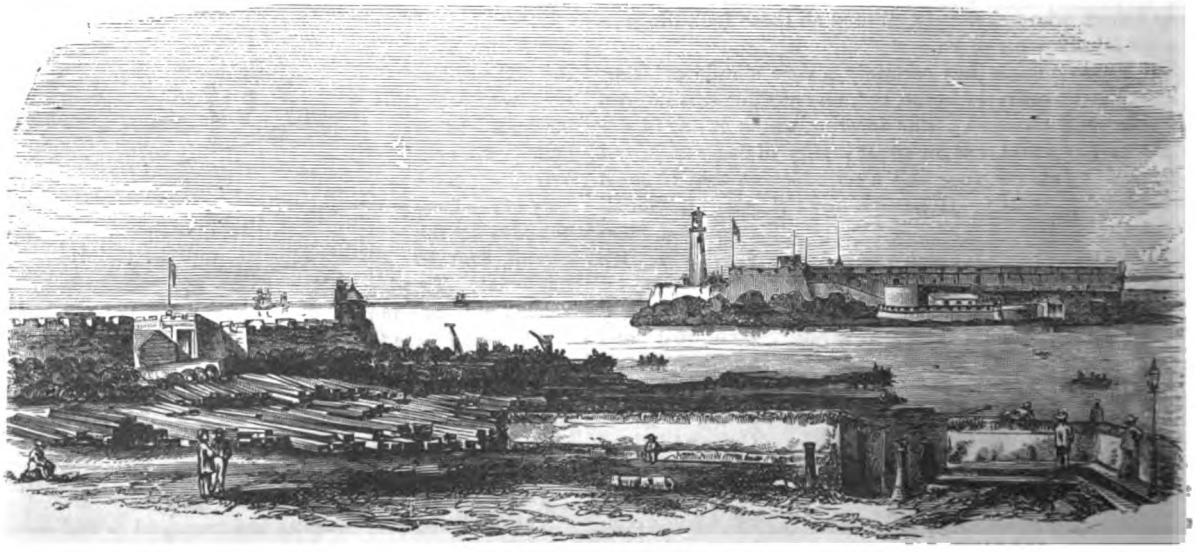


THE PASEO, HAVANA.

scholars who have become learned men. The honor of its reorganization is due, in part, to Don Antonio Zambrana, a distinguished lawyer, who, undertaking its direction, surrounded himself with professors who were both learned and conscientious. He had especially the valuable aid of his brother Ramon, a philosopher, a physicist and a physician. With praiseworthy unity they exerted all their efforts to instruct the youths entrusted to them, and enable them to enjoy all the benefits of modern science.

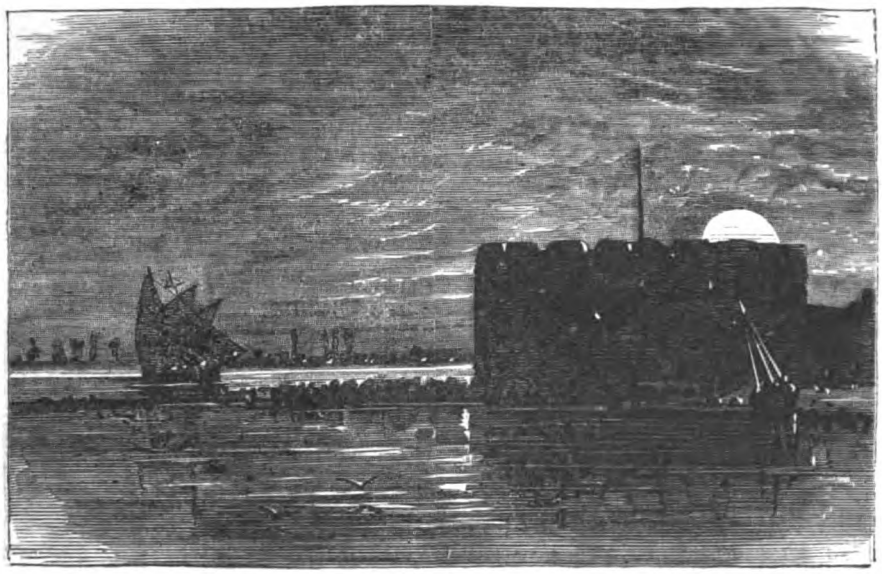
Ramon Zambrana was not only learned, but also a man of imagination and of heart, as his poetry reveals. He was most happy when at evening he could enjoy his favorite authors, and thus refresh himself after the labors of the day. One evening he took up a book written by a young lady of Santiago. This volume had achieved some reputation, but he thought that poems written by a young woman who, perhaps, had received no great amount of education, could be only the vague reveries of a school-girl. The first verses fixed his attention. A certain exquisite charm surprised him. The subjects were well chosen, and treated with triumphant grace. The more serious pieces seemed to have a Pindaric air. He was surprised into tears, actual tears from the eyes of a philosopher, drawn forth by the writings of a girl! He had found an ardent and noble soul—a heart admirably gifted, and knowing how to express its feelings with surprising eloquence. The name of the fair authoress was Luisa Peres de Montes de Oca.

Ramon Zambrana could not resist the desire of writing to



ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOR OF HAVANA.

compliment her very warmly on her works. A correspondence ensued, which led to an interview, resulting in their marriage. Unfortunately, their happiness was short-lived; for pitiless death carried off the husband, and left the fair poet to mourn for him she loved so much, and who was so worthy of her.



BATTERY COMMANDING THE ENTRANCE TO CARDENAS.

One of the best of the institutions of learning here was without doubt the College of San Salvador, founded and directed by Jose de la Luz y Caballero.

This learned philanthropist consecrated his fortune and his life to the establishment of this institution, and gloried in raising it above all others of its kind. Gifted with unusual intelligence and unusual goodness of heart, he wished to insure to the youth of Havana all the benefits of education. Writing and talking with surprising correctness eight languages, he cherished the noble ambition of advancing his country in civilization, and of sending out into society highly educated men. Losing an only daughter at the age of nineteen, he turned for consolation to his college, and labored more assiduously at it. Being so well cared for in sickness and so well trained in health, the youth under his enlightened guidance felt for him a profound affection, and an admiration without limit. He treated them as his children, and they always addressed him with the respect due to a father. He loved to chat with them and to instruct them in his moments of recreation. He continually astonished them by his immense learning and his prodigious memory. Dead or living languages had no secrets for him. He translated without hesitation Latin, Greek, French, Italian, German, etc., and helped the strongest scholars in their greatest straits. When asked for help in hunting up a reference, he told them infallibly, not only the shelf and the book in his library, but the page and the line where it could be found.

When their studies were ended they left him with regret. In a short time they became physicians, lawyers, authors, etc., and almost all of them became men of mark. A man who rendered such services to his country deserved all favors and encouragement from the government. Instead of this, he was persecuted in a thousand ways, and it required all his energy to resist the attacks made upon him. From too great labor, he was attacked by a disease of the stomach, and after his death his institution, falling into other hands, soon deteriorated.

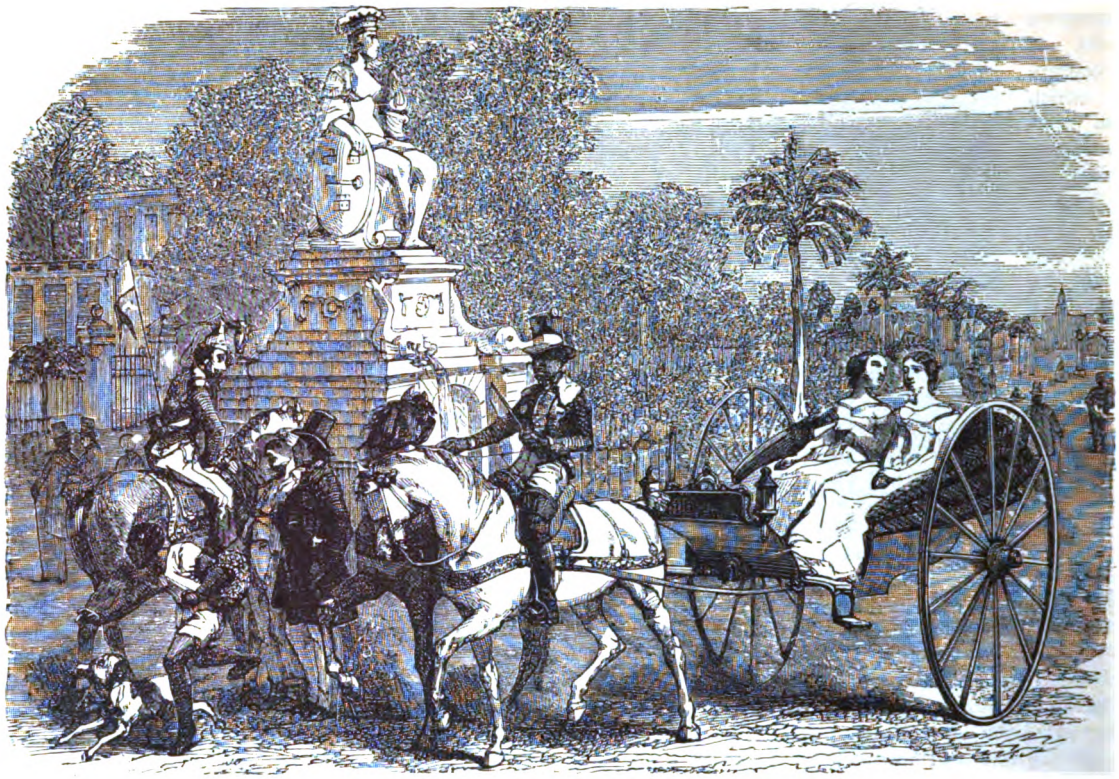
STREET SCENE.

La Plaza de Toros is an immense circus, which can contain five or six thousand spectators upon its wooden seats. Outside it presents nothing but a blank wall. It has no roof, so that the spectators have plenty of fresh air, but also of sunshine, and sometimes of rain.

These horrible combats never take place without many accidents, and at least one dead man. The Cubans are not so enthusiastic for this sport as are the Spaniards, but prefer cock-fighting, which excites them quite sufficiently.

The manufacture of cigars is one of the chief industries of Havana. As soon as the *manojas* (small packages of dry tobacco-leaves) are brought to the factory, they are placed in a dark and cool room on the ground-floor. There they are classified according to their quality and value, which varies from twenty to four hundred dollars for two hundred pounds.

When they commence the manufacture of cigars they unfasten the *manojas*, and, taking the leaves out one by one, plunge them into a cask containing a solution of saltpetre. When they are sufficiently soaked and softened, the water is poured off, and they are spread on the edge of the cask to drip and dry. They are then carefully unfolded, so as not to tear them, and the extremities are carefully trimmed. This is called *disbalillar*. These trimmings, with other refuse tobacco, serve for the filling of common cigars, and are known under the name of *tripa*. The cigars are made with a small quantity of *tripa* and an envelope of good tobacco-leaf, called *capa*.



SCENE ON THE PASEO.

The *torcedor* is the true artist for cigars. Seated at a small table, slightly inclined toward him, he spreads out carefully the *capa*, and, taking a sharp knife, he cuts it into different pieces. This is a delicate operation, which demands knowledge, experience and address, for there are certain rules that must be observed in dividing the leaf according to its different qualities. The edges are considered the best parts, the middle next, and the stem part the poorest.

Then taking up some *tripa*, the *torcedor* puts it on the end of one of these pieces of *capa*, *torce* it—that is, rolls it in spiral form—and twists the end. This is done with admirable dexterity, and good workmen of this class are highly appreciated and well paid.

THE TACON THEATRE.

The best tobacco is obtained from a district called Vuelta Abajo. There are other districts, however, which produce esteemed tobacco, such as Yara, Mayari and Guisa.

The workmen are assembled in vast halls, where they are seated before small, low tables. They are generally negroes, and show themselves very adroit, intelligent, gay, and sometimes truly witty. They have a decided turn for music, and, as they roll the cigars, they whistle in chorus with surprising accuracy airs caught up in the public walks or at the theatre.

We have thus sketched rapidly our impressions of travel, gathered in and around Santiago de Cuba, and from Nuevitas to Havana. The island, now long desolated by civil war, will, we must hope, soon enter on a new and happier era, when the pen and pencil can make us familiar with much of its beautiful but unvisited scenery.

A PAGE FROM AN OLD STORY.—"SUDDENLY THE SLIGHT FORM OF THE PAGE APPEARED AT THE WINDOW, ERECT AS A YOUNG PINE TREE, WITH HIS RIGHT HAND OUTSTRETCHED. CLEARLY ENOUGH HIS VOICE RANG THROUGH THE ROOM: 'HOLD!'"

A PAGE FROM AN OLD STORY.

RENDERED FROM THE SPANISH OF LOAR.

DON IGNACIO SEBASTIANO ALFONSO BALTHAZAR Y AMAR DA CERRO GORDO left the Escurial by the doorway of the private staircase just as the vesper-bell of the Convent of St. Isabella ceased tolling. From neck to spurs his person was concealed by the folds of the wide cloak, a corner of which, after muffling his face, was thrown over his left shoulder. A broad-brimmed black velvet hat, heavily plumed with white ostrich feathers, further vailed his countenance, of which little remained visible to a cursory glance except his long, pointed mustaches, holding, as it appeared, a lighted cigarette between them, and his equally pointed imperial.

The Lieutenant in the King's Guards—for such was the post the young grandee held in the palace—had been but three days in Madrid, to which city he had been summoned by his uncle, the Duke of Itajuba, grand chamberlain to the king, who, in accordance with the praiseworthy Spanish precedent, called in less enlightened countries nepotism, which made it a duty for a minister to provide sinecures for his relatives, had selected Don Ignacio for the vacant lieutenancy, as being more qualified for it by his total ignorance of military matters, than the scores of war-worn veterans whose achievements had rendered the name of Spain formidably glorious throughout the world.

The king was a minor, and so jealously secluded under the guardianship of the old Marquis da Juent' Allegre, that the only visible sovereignty was that of the bigoted and haughty queen-mother.

Don Ignacio had not even seen the king, but received carefully inculcated admonition from his time-serving uncle to pay assiduous court to the king's mother.

A magnificent specimen of the Spanish hidalgo was the lieutenant in the royal guards—very like a painting by Murillo vivified; and his introduction at court proved a decided success, obtaining, as it did, the suffrages of those whose influence in a court is paramount—namely, the ladies.

Don Ignacio submitted to be petted by the pretty women with wonderful pliancy, and, short as his experience of the capital had been, was even then, on the night of which this story tells, about to comply with the invitation which had reached him in a perfumed *billet-doux*, artfully concealed in a bonbon.

The fair ones of the seventeenth century were to the full as wise and foolish as those of the nineteenth.

Being a stranger in Madrid, he found it necessary to ask his way to the quarter of the city he was in search of, and, having strolled along majestically (no one can stroll but a Spaniard) until, reaching the grand square of the Fountains, he stopped before an individual cloaked as closely as himself, and, with a low bow, began:

"Most excellent señor, I pray you direct me to the Calle San Martino."

To the horror and confusion of our lieutenant, the answer came in the tones of Don Henriquez da Silva, his commanding officer:

"The Calle San Martino, *caramba?* And pray what duty takes you from the palace, señor lieutenant? *I* have signed no leave for you."

"Señor captain," stammered Don Ignacio, "I pray you pardon my inexperience if I have transgressed my duty. Her Majesty having retired to the private apartments, I thought I might, without harm, pay a short visit to a relative of mine, whom I have not yet seen since my arrival in Madrid."

"*Her* Majesty, forsooth!" exclaimed Don Henriquez, an old veteran soldier and no courtier, who regarded Don Ignacio's appointment as an insult to his corps and old companions-in-arms. "You are a lieutenant in the *King's* Guards, it seems to me, Don Ignacio da Cerro Gordo; and permit me to inform you that if I fulfill *my* duty, and report you absent from your post without leave, *his* Majesty will order you to be cashiered. Return, sir, to the palace, and consider yourself under arrest, in your quarters, until noon to-morrow."

Don Ignacio retraced his steps to the Escurial, with very modified views of the importance of a lieutenant's brevet in the Royal Guards, and a less assured sentiment of the stability of his own possession of it; while his desire to keep the appointment in the Calle San Martino was greatly stimulated by the impossibility of indulging it.

His quarters afforded no variety of entertainment, splendid although they were, and at the advanced hour of his arrest, not one of his comrades remained in the ante-chamber to the private apartments, which was by day their ordinary lounge.

Etiquette forbade his chatting to the sergeant of the guard on duty, thus he found his time hang heavily, and as a last resource, repaired to the balcony of the ante-chamber, whence he could look down into the moonlit gardens of the palace.

Far and near lights were twinkling in the tall houses all over the city, and ever and again the glimmering of moving torches in the narrow streets showed where escorted sedans were borne, burdened with graceful forms and faces, as his imagination suggested, to masques or festivals. Ultimately he found occupation for his mind in recalling the lineaments of the beautiful Donna Gloria d'Almarez, the writer of the *billet-doux* which had earned him his arrest.

"But for that tyrannical old marplot I should now be listening to her soft voice," thought he; "have my arm round that deliciously flexible waist of hers; feel her warm red lips pressed to mine. Ah! may the devil and all his angels wait upon Da Silva!"

He struck his hand so angrily against the gilded ironwork of the balcony, in his ill-humor, that he hurt himself, and was fain to rub the injured member with the sound one.

While thus engaged, a light, nimble footstep made itself heard on the balcony which wound round the palace-front. Some one was running. Don Ignacio, at once on the alert, drew his sword-hilt round to a handy position. The shadow of a huge stone vase, wherein grew an orange-tree, concealed him perfectly, and from the shelter it afforded, he observed a crouching figure trip rapidly across the successive floods of light streaming through the windows that looked out upon the balcony. In a moment or two the individual reached the spot where he stood, and extending his hand, the lieutenant firmly grasped the intruder.

"How now? What business have you here?" said he, drawing the struggling form into the light of the ante-chamber casements. "Bah!" he continued, upon beholding the juvenile face and rich dress of a mere boy, "one of the pages. Your pardon, young sir. I——"

"Hush, hush!" interrupted the page, earnestly, looking hard at his captor. "The marquis does not know I have played truant. Who are you, señor?"

"The Lieutenant of the Guard," replied Don Ignacio, smiling at the boy's perturbation. "And *you?*—one of the king's pages, or, perhaps, one of her majesty's, the queen-mother?"

"No, no—the king's," answered the boy, nodding his head. "It is so tiresome in *there!*" He jerked his elbow in the direction of the royal apartments. "What fun it would be to go down into the gardens!"

"The gardens? Umph!—not much fun there, my handsome page. Into the city, now, I agree with you."

"The city? What, Madrid?"

The page's tone conveyed so much astonishment and breathless awe, that Don Ignacio laughed out.

"Madrid, ay! Do you never go further than the gardens of the palace? Is the grand-comptroller such a dragon of the Hesperides?"

"A dragon—yes, just a dragon. Books and lectures from morning till night, with Mass for recreation. I should like to go into the city to-night. Are you going, señor?"

The lieutenant shook his head and sighed.

"I have my dragon as well as you, Master Page. I am under arrest now for *trying* to go to the city."

"Under arrest—*you?* Who can put you under arrest, except the king?"

The boy looked seriously at Don Ignacio.

"The king—God save his majesty! Ah, I wish we *had* a king! Do you ever see him?"

"Occasionally."

"I never have. What is he like?"

"Oh, he is *un bel muchacho* (a handsome boy), but so unhappy. I would rather be a page than King of all Spain and the Indies."

"Unhappy, *carajo!* What, with all the pretty faces at his court to choose from? *Hombre!* were I King of Spain, I would be happy enough." And Don Ignacio twirled his mustache.

"They would not let you, señor. Ah! you do not see all that I do," he sighed; "but about going into the city—how do you get there?"

"Nothing easier, my pretty boy. You go across the ante-chamber, down the private staircase into the court of Ferdinand, past the *corps de garde*, and out of the postern-gate; after that, all the city is before you."

"Señor;" the page hesitated and looked round him; then drawing nearer to his companion, added, "let us go."

"But I am under arrest, I tell you. Go? I would give a month of my life to go, for I have a most attractive appointment to-night; but, as I started to keep it at nine o'clock, the Foul Fiend sent Don Henriquez da Silva, the captain of the guards, to meet me, and, finding me absent without leave from the palace, he threatens to report me to his majesty, and get me cashiered, and I only three days a lieutenant."

"But the king would not cashier you for so trifling an offense, señor, I am sure."

"He would not be worthy of so faithful a servant as I if he did," returned Don Ignacio; "but *quien sabe?*" (Who knows?)

"Who will know whether you go to the city or not, valiant lieutenant?" suggested the page.

"By Bacchus, no one, I believe, if we went through the gardens, and"—he looked down over the balcony—"I could slide down this pillar in a moment."

"Could you?" the page in turn gazed down from the balcony; "but could you slide up again, señor?"

"Up again! Pshaw! easily; so."

He went through the pantomime of working up with hands and legs.

"Then let us go, and you shall help me up when we return."

"You? But what shall I do with you while I—am—ahem! keep my appointment?"

"I will keep it with you," said the page, eagerly.

"No; I rather think that would be inconvenient. You, a page in the palace, must be able to form some idea of the nature of an appointment a caballero keeps when the moon is awake, and fathers and husbands asleep."

The boy looked silently at Don Ignacio.

"What, do you not understand?" said the latter. "Have you never carried a *billet-doux* from a fair lady?"

The page shook his head meditatively.

"No? Well, your education has not begun yet."

"Oh, yes, it has," observed the boy, drearily. "And you are going to have a *billet-doux* from a lady, then, to-night?" he murmured.

The lieutenant laughed.

"No, sweet innocence; I wish to obey one."

"Oh, I understand, señor! Forgive my dullness. You are going to see your *bella donna?*"

"I was," said Don Ignacio, gloomily.

"And will," insinuated the page, slyly. "We will go, señor—you to your lady, and I will look at the city until you are ready to return."

The lieutenant stared hard at the page.

"Boy, I believe you are Lucifer come to-night to tempt me to my disgrace."

"Perhaps your good angel, to guide you to fortune, señor."

"Angel or fiend, I will go with you. Stay here till I see if all be quiet in my quarters."

Five minutes later the pair stood safely in the gardens, which were but at a moderate depth from the balcony, and, passing from terrace to terrace, soon reached the boundary-wall. Lifting the page in his arms, the tall lieutenant tossed him to the coping-stone, and promptly clambered up to where he sat, descended to the other side, picked up his cloak, which he had first thrown over the wall, and then assisted the boy down.

"Come, here we are, *amigo;* open your eyes and look, for the city is before you."

"Madrid!"

It was all the page said; but he stood in a sort of ecstasy, gazing at the darkened city.

"You should be better disguised, my pretty page, than you are, for an expedition of this sort," said Don Ignacio, glancing at the black velvet suit and satin-lined short cloak of his companion; "but see, when we reach the city, you must play the part of my page. I will give you my sword to carry; and, by-the-way, I have yet to find out the Calle San Martino."

"The Calle San Martino? Why, that is by the great church of San Martino. The Marquis d'Almarez, the Governor of Valladolid, lives there."

"Oh, you know the Marquis d'Almarez, do you?" observed Don Ignacio, doubtfully.

"Yes; he is a relation of my dragon."

"Is he? And no great friend then?"

The page shook his head.

"I have no friends."

"No friends? Well, I will be your friend."

"And so you shall, because you have shown me Madrid."

The lieutenant leaned his arm encouragingly on the page's shoulder, and they walked on in search of the church of San Martino. As they went, Don Ignacio enlightened his companion upon the fact that it was the Marquis d'Almarez's residence to which he was bound.

* * * * * * *

On a balcony, which the striped linen sun-awnings shrouded into discreet privacy, a lady reclined on a sofa-cushion, while at her side, kneeling on one knee, his arms encircling her, Don Ignacio whispered burning vows of adoration into her willing ear.

"*Mia querida*, bid me not leave you yet. Fate will be too jealous to allow me many such moments of paradise on earth as those which even now are flying all too fast. Ah! turn your sweet lips to me, Gloria!"

"*Oh, Ignacio mio!* I tremble! Hush! was not that some sound without?"

"Nay, love; it was but my page. Fear not, *this night* Fate is propitious to us."

He wound his arms yet more closely around the lovely girl, and drew her head upon his breast.

"Ignacio, your kisses burn me," murmured Donna Gloria, languorously. "Ah, will you *ever* love me, *mio querido?* My father would wed me to Don Guzman Guerra; but I love you only, Ignacio—*you* only."

"*Ever* love you, Gloria? Will that star *ever* shine? Here, my love, on your lips I swear——"

"Hush, Ignacio! Do you not hear that?"

"Move not, my Gloria," returned her lover, soothingly; "it is but my page. I left him at the end of the balcony. See, I will call him, to reassure you."

Rising to his feet, he protruded his head past the folds of the awning, and whistled gently. It was not by the page he was answered, but by the strong grasp of men, who bore him backward in an unexpected onslaught, thrusting aside the linen screen, and bursting, in hot eagerness of passion, upon the quiet scene of his rendezvous.

With a low, quivering shriek, Donna Gloria attempted to spring from her cushion, but her arm was strongly grasped, and she was drawn within her chamber.

"Adulteress!" whispered the aggressor, savagely.

Shudderingly she covered her face with her disengaged hand. Her father's stern eyes were riveted upon it, while his drawn dagger shimmered in his right hand.

Her brother and Don Guzman Guerra, to whom she was affianced, dragged in the struggling lieutenant, purple in the face from the twisting of the lace collar by which they held him. They, too, grasped bared daggers in their hands.

"*Jesu-Maria!* spare him! spare him!" cried Donna Gloria, in a strangled voice.

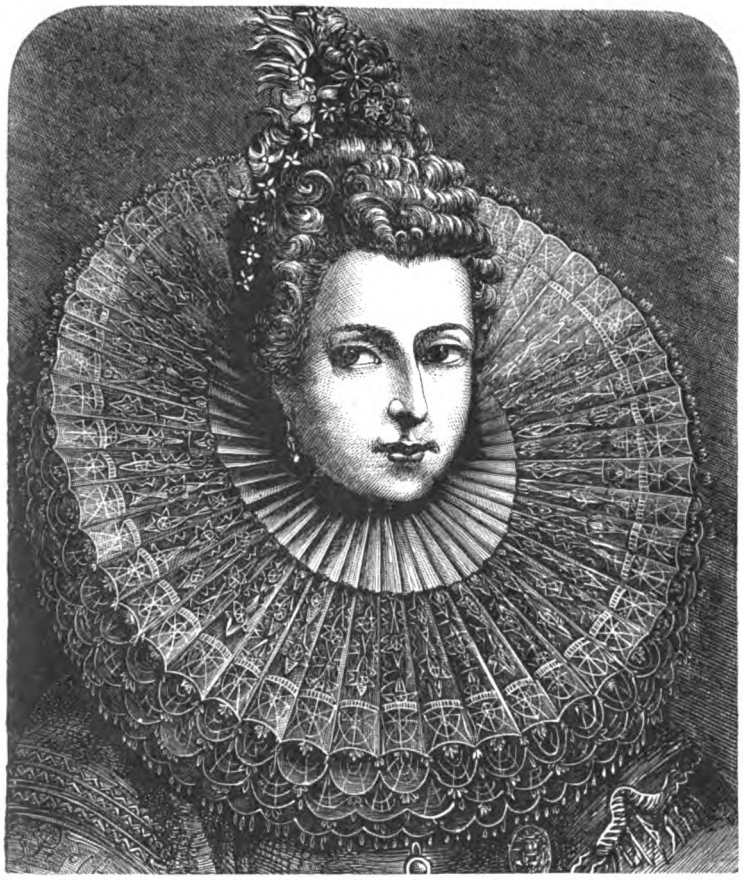
"Stab down to his vile heart!" cried the Marquis d'Almarez. "Carlo, let your dagger avenge the dishonor of our race! Stab, stab, I say! Guerra, stab deep!"

Already the keen weapons were raised, and the strokes ready to fall in swiftly repeated stabs, only delayed by the difficulty of striking decisively while the victim shielded his body with his arms. The marquis thrust his daughter from him, and threw himself, with his own dagger uplifted, upon Don Ignacio.

Suddenly the slight form of the page appeared at the window, erect as a young pine-tree, with his right hand outstretched, and a look of calm authority upon his boyish face. Clearly enough his voice rang through the room:

"Hold!"

For one second the gaze of every person in the chamber



ISABELLA CLARA EUGENIA, DAUGHTER OF PHILIP II., ARCHDUCHESS OF AUSTRIA, GOVERNESS OF THE NETHERLANDS.

rested upon the utterer of that one word, "hold," then the three assailants lowered their daggers, and the marquis, with staring eyes and open mouth, staggered backward. Don Guzman and Don Carlos hastily uncovered their heads, while Donna Gloria rushed toward the page, and, dropping on her knees, held up her clasped hands.

"Your majesty—your most gracious majesty! Mercy and protection! Mercy for *him!*"

Sternly the boy's glance passed from face to face of the three men.

"Marquis d'Almarez," said he, slowly, "by the laws of Spain whoever draws his weapon in the presence of his king, unbidden, suffers death."

"The king!" gasped Don Ignacio, struggling to his knees, and passing his hand wildly over his eyes.

"Yes, Don Ignacio, the king; too little known to his people, it would seem, since the lieutenant of his guard knew him not." A smile softened his previously frowning face. "Marquis, there is no dishonor to your daughter, no wrong to you, in a meeting brought about and witnessed by your king. Rise up, Don Ignacio. In virtue of our sovereign right, we here bestow upon you the hand of the fair lady; and, señores, mark us well, who so would injure the lieutenant of our guard insults *us*."

* * * * * * *

"All the same," said the king, on his way back to the Escurial with the abashed and confused lieutenant; "tomorrow there will be a terrible fuss when the dragon knows that while he slept you stole the golden fleece."

He who knows the world will not be too bashful. He who knows himself will not be impudent.

LACE AND ITS VARIETIES.

Lace is, undoubtedly, the most beautiful fabric which a woman wears; it is at once the most delicate and artistic. The knowledge of good lace, or what is known in common parlance as "real lace"—in other words, to be able to detect lace made by hand from that which is produced by machinery, is an intuitive gift among the fair sex. It is a curious fact, but women who have the misfortune to be short-sighted, who are unable to recognize an acquaintance close at hand, have been frequently known to distinguish an imitation from a genuine lace dress at a very great distance.

The productions of the needle and pillow have been valued and patronized from time immemorial, not only by all those whose means permitted such costly acquirements, but by the highest institutions of civilized lands—the Church and State.

Embroidery, doubtless, preceded lace-making; for, without taking into consideration Eve's primitive efforts throughout the Old Testament, we have frequent mention of embroidered curtains of fine twined linen, wrought with needlework, and blue, and purple, and scarlet, with cherubims of cunning work, of "rich tapestry," of "raiments of needlework," all showing that the Jews held the art in high estimation. The Greeks and Egyptians, and even nations far removed from civilization, were cunning in this handicraft.

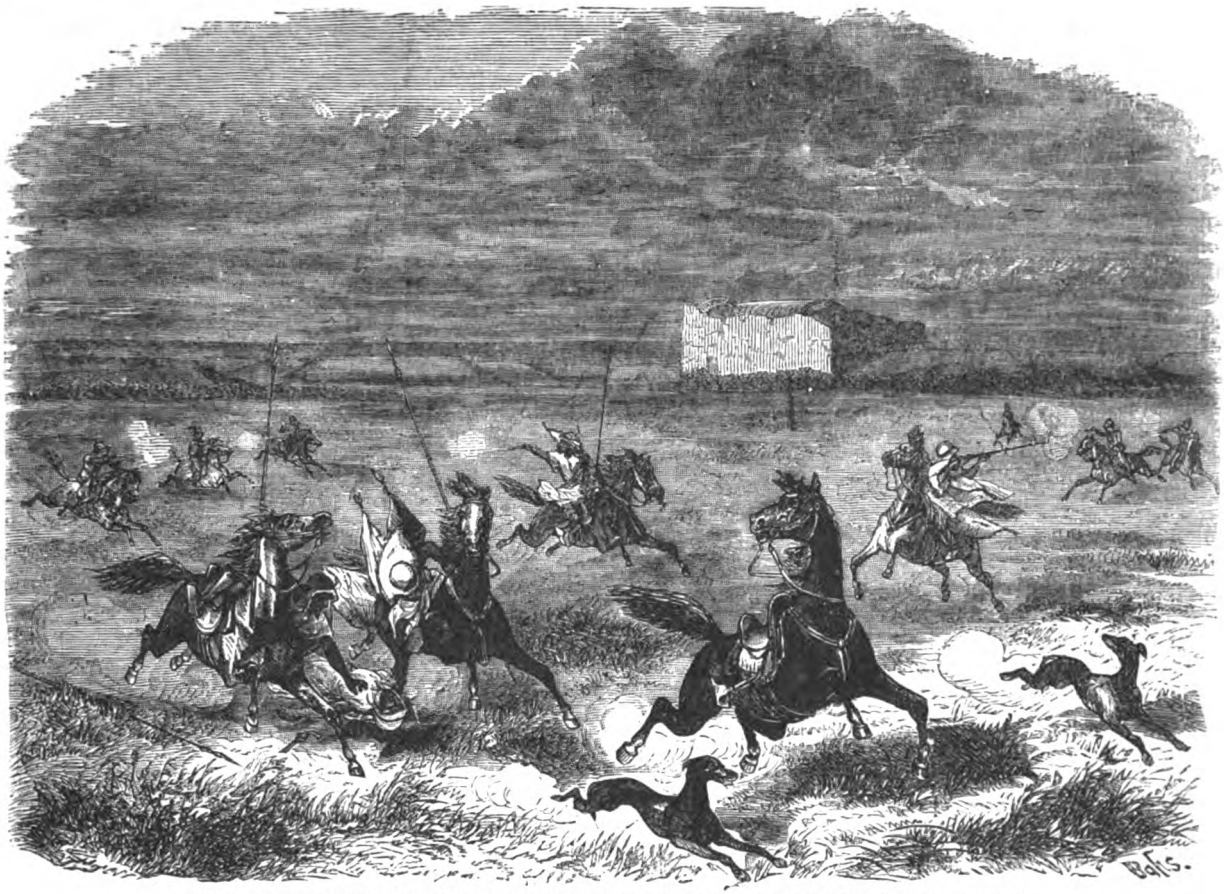
From the open-work embroidery which was in such universal use in the sixteenth century we may derive the origin of lace.

Lace, which was the last and highest step taken by the needle, derives its name from the Latin word *lacinia*, signifying the hem or fringe of a garment.

Lace is divided into point and pillow, and consists of two parts—the "ground," and the "flower" pattern, or "gimp." There are various "grounds," and various laces which are not worked upon "grounds" at all. Such are the points of Venice and Spain, and most of the guipures; and in these the flowers are connected by irregular threads, overcast, and sometimes worked over with pearl loops. The Venice points, which have been famous wherever lace was known, came into full use about 1626. The tradition relating the origin of that patternless, informal guipure called *point de Venise*, is romantic:

A sailor youth, bound for Southern Seas, brought home for his betrothed a

HAND OF ANNE OF AUSTRIA, WITH DOUBLE SCALLOPED LACED CUFF.



ENCOUNTER WITH BEDOUIN HIGHWAYMEN, NEAR THE RUINS OF CTESIPHON (LOWER MESOPOTAMIA).

bunch of that pretty coralline, known to the unlearned as mermaids' lace. The girl, a worker in points, struck by the graceful nature of the sea-weed, with its small white knots united, as it were, with "brides," imitated it with her needle, and after several unsuccessful trials, produced that delicate guipure which, before long, became the taste of all Europe. "Brides" is the French term for the uniting threads.

Genoa was also renowned for her "points." It is disputed whether Spain learnt the art from Italian or Moorish sources; but, be that as it may, Spanish point was much prized, and there was an immense consumption of it in its own country for ecclesiastical purposes.

That pillow-lace was first made in the Low Countries, there is the evidence of contemporary paintings to confirm, as, in an altar-piece painted by Quentin Matsys, 1495, a girl is represented making lace on a pillow, with a drawer similar to that now in use. France, Germany and England have all learned the art of lace-making from Flanders. It forms an abundant source of national wealth to Belgium, for we learn that 150,000 women are engaged in the manufacture.

Lace forms a part of female education in Belgium. Charles V. commanded it to be taught in the schools and convents. The granddaughter of Charles V., the Infanta Isabella, who brought the Low Countries as her dower, appears in her portrait resplendent in lace, and her ruff rivals in size those of Queen Bess.

The finest specimens of Brussels lace can only be made in the city itself. The thread used is of extraordinary fineness, and it is this very fineness which renders the real Brussels ground so costly. The finest quality is spun in dark underground rooms, for contact with the dry air causes the thread to break; so delicate is it as almost to escape the sight. The feel of the thread as it passes through the fingers is the surest guide. Every artificial help is given to the eye—a background of dark paper is placed to throw out the thread, and the room is so arranged as to admit a single ray of light upon the work.

The prodigality of expenditure on lace by both Frenchmen and women, and the profuseness with which they decorated their persons with it during the days of some of their prodigal kings, was unparalleled. The yards of lace required to trim top-boots worn by the courtiers of the Regency under Anne of Austria would make us contemplate the dress of the Napoleonic courtiers as simplicity itself. The luxurious Queen Regent shared this partiality for lace. Her beautiful hand is represented in her portraits encircled by a double scalloped cuff.

ENCOUNTER WITH BEDOUIN HIGHWAYMEN.

SHORTLY after the return of the great annual pilgrim-caravan from Mecca to Bagdad, in 1865, Asiatic cholera broke out among the population of the latter city with such virulence, that young and old, male and female, both native and foreign, whosoever could muster a tent, an awning, or a few yards of matting to improvise a tent therewith, hurriedly packed up a few indispensable requisites for a temporary encampment outside of the city walls, and betook themselves in hot haste to some suitable spot in the desert which surrounds the "City of the Caliphs," and where they encamped themselves, and remained until the dire epidemic had passed away in the city.

Those of Asiatic nationality pitched their tents mostly in

and around the wretched little village of Carara, situated a few miles below Bagdad, on the left bank of the stately River Tigris; while the European residents (there are no Americans in Bagdad), about twenty in number, all told, selected the site of the famous defunct city of Ctesiphon, about twenty miles below Bagdad, and also located on the left bank of the Tigris, as their camping-ground.

Our little camp, composed of about twenty large and comfortable tents, presented quite a cheerful aspect, notwithstanding the monotonous scenery of the surroundings, with its lively European population, attended by numerous native servants, and possessed of over thirty splendid Arab horses, picketed in a line in the centre of the cozy camp, on which animals we made daily promenades and hunting excursions in the neighborhood.

Owing to the circumstance that the arid plains all around us were utterly uninhabited by man, we were compelled to get all our supplies, barring game or fish, from Bagdad or its suburbs.

A few days after pitching our tents at Seliman Bhag (Garden of Seliman, or Soliman), an utterly desolate locality now, but said to have formerly been a magnificent garden, the two Arab servants employed by us to purchase and convey the daily supplies above spoken of to our camp, returned several times, at irregular intervals, a few hours after their departure, without either the money given them to pay for the supplies they were sent to buy, or the goods, urging every time the plea that they had been waylaid, surprised, and robbed of the money with which they had been intrusted, by a gang of five marauding Bedouins on horseback, who, as they asserted, were continually prowling about Casseba, a locality situated about half-way between our camping-ground and the mouth of the Diyala, a river which joins the Tigris just half-way between the ruins of Ctesiphon and the city of Bagdad. Densely covered with bushes on both sides of the tortuous road, or, rather, footpath, and uninhabited by man, that district affords a capital hiding-place for highwaymen.

The men were never attacked when on their way back to the camp, but invariably on their way to town—namely, when they had the cash in their possession; and the robbers relieved them of the money only, as both donkeys, which accompanied the men for the purpose of carrying the goods, were branded on their haunches, and would, moreover, have only been an impediment to the robbers in case of pursuit. The animals were also old and almost valueless, though they constituted all the worldly riches of the two poor devils, whose scanty and tattered garments were not likely to incite the cupidity of the gang.

As both fellows were notorious in camp for telling lies, and the proverb, "There is but little difference between a liar and a thief," is also known in Mesopotamia, we suspected that the two fellows either pocketed the money themselves, or that they were in league with the highwaymen, allowing themselves to be robbed by the latter for the purpose of getting their share of the plunder afterward.

In less than a month more than one thousand Turkish piastres (about forty-five dollars) of our money disappeared in this way; but the loss of the specie was not as aggravating as our being obliged to dispense with groceries and vegetables, often for days, to the great discomfort of the ladies and children in camp, who preferred vegetable to animal diet (a characteristic of European life in Arabia and Mesopotamia).

It was therefore resolved that every day three of our young men, well mounted and armed, should escort the two Arab servants as far as the Diyala, beyond which river there was no danger of an attack.

Strange to say, the escort never saw or met with any suspicious characters on the road; but the first time the three young men staid at home, the Arabs returned with long faces, and minus our money, of course. This so exasperated everybody in camp, that we vowed vengeance, and resolved to "spot" the dastardly vagabonds.

As if sent by Providence to exculpate his two fellow-countrymen on whom our grave suspicions rested, an unknown Arab made his appearance in camp about sunset of that very day, nearly naked, and apparently greatly frightened and exhausted.

After having seized and kissed the hands (the customary way of introducing oneself, as well as of claiming protection, among the Arabs) of the first party he met on the outskirts of our camp, who happened to be Mr. R——, a young countryman of mine, speaking and writing the Arabic language as well as any native Arab, the stranger told him that he came from Bagdad, and was returning to Azizia—a small town on the left bank of the Tigris, about thirty-six miles below our camping-ground—but that he had been pounced upon in the bushes of Casseba by five ruffians, who relieved him of a young bay mare, saddled and bridled, a woolen blanket, a sword, two pistols, and a small amount of money; together with all of his wearing apparel excepting a pair of old trowsers, which the villains left him for decency's sake. He begged hard to be allowed to spend the night in camp, as he was hungry, thirsty, and exhausted; and, as he bore the looks of a man who spoke the truth, his request was granted, with the proviso, however, that he was not to leave our camp before daylight the next morning, which he promised to observe. Hereupon he was properly cared for by his fellow-countrymen in camp, and after refreshing himself a little, he proceeded to describe the five highwaymen who had robbed him, and his description of these worthies corresponded minutely with that given by our two donkey-drivers.

Though there was every appearance of truth in his story, there were men in camp who were too well acquainted with the character of the natives of the country in general, and Bedouin tricks in particular, to put much confidence in it; on the contrary, they suspected the stranger of being an accomplice of the highwaymen, sent into the camp as a spy, or for the purpose of robbery.

It was thought advisable, however, not to show any suspicion, and to treat him ostensibly as the victim of robbers; but in reality all his movements were to be closely watched by the shrewd "Aghels" (camp-watchmen), in whose tent he was to spend the night, and who had been made responsible for his safekeeping, receiving strict orders to shoot him if he attempted to leave the camp before sunrise.

Previous to our returning to rest, it was agreed that he should be provided with a donkey in the morning, and that he should proceed with one of our two donkey-drivers to Bagdad, for which journey we offered to pay him two hundred piastres (about nine dollars) in case of his being attacked again in the neighborhood of Casseba; to which he agreed.

After this arrangement was concluded, everybody in camp retired to rest except the "Aghels," who kept an unusually vigilant lookout that night; but the stranger slept soundly, and had to be awakened in the morning.

Soon after sunrise the two men mounted their donkeys, and proceeded toward Bagdad, provided with the regular amount of money, to buy provisions therewith.

Scarcely, however, were they out of sight of our camp, when a busy bustle suddenly pervaded the latter; horses were hastily saddled and bridled, rifles and revolvers examined and loaded, and ten minutes later, six horsemen stole out of camp toward Casseba, not on the Arabs' track, however, but by a circuitous route, and hidden from one by the long range of high mounds which constitute now all that is

left of the ruins of Seliman Bhag and Ctesiphon; thus successfully evading detection on the part of our two Arabs, as well as of anybody else who might be on the other side of the plain intersected by the mounds.

On account of the wide circuit which we had to take, we were compelled to fall into a brisk pace, so that we might reach Casseba before the Arabs, who, the reader will readily perceive, were, unbeknown to themselves, to serve us as decoy ducks, to use a sporting term.

About two miles above "Taak Kesra" (Palace of Kesra, Khusru, or Kosroes I., a famous Persian king of the Sassanide dynasty, who is supposed to have built the magnificent palace, the gigantic ruins of which still tower high above the ruins of ancient Ctesiphon, about the year 550 A. D.), at a spot where the regular road or path to Bagdad passes through a sort of defile or cutting, in one of the enormous mud walls or mounds, we saw the two Arabs slowly disappear among the bushes which cover that portion of the plain closest to the river-bank.

No sooner had the two men, utterly unconscious of being followed by us, disappeared among the brushwood, than our little band divided into two detachments of three men each. One of the parties followed up the course of the river, cautiously stealing through the bushes along the bank, while the other continued to advance along the base of the mounds to the uttermost end thereof; and it was agreed that both parties should so proceed, until they should hear the report of firearms, when they were to dash out of their concealment, and endeavor to capture the highwaymen, or else shoot them.

Friend J—— and myself enlisted in the latter party, who reached the terminus of the mounds about half an hour after separating from our companions. Immediately after arriving at our place of destination, we dismounted, and climbed the mound for the purpose of reconnoitring, a large tuft of grass growing on the top of the mound affording a capital screen for our faces. The whole bushy portion of the plain lay like a mammoth chart at our feet, and every object thereon was distinctly visible from our elevated position; moreover, we had the advantage of having the sun behind us.

At first, we could see no human beings on the plains, except the two Arabs jogging slowly on, one behind the other, on account of the narrowness of the path in that locality, which wound like a serpent through the low bushes. They were at a distance of barely six hundred yards to the left of us, riding rather slowly, as if they neither knew of, nor cared for, the dangerous character of the locality.

Presently we saw them battering their lazy donkeys' sides with the heels of their bare feet, and even heard them yelling in the usual way of the natives of that region when urging a donkey to greater speed, an indiscretion which took us by surprise, as both of them must have been fully aware that it was quite against all rules of caution to make much noise in that neighborhood.

The sound of the human voice brought about a slight change in the tableau before our eyes, for, to our great excitement, we noticed a faint commotion in the dense tuft of bushes scarcely two hundred yards ahead of the two travelers, and about a hundred yards to the left of their path.

We distinctly saw the swarthy figure of a Bedouin, as his costume denoted him to be, mount a black horse, and, rising high in the stirrups, stretch his neck and scan the country all round over the tops of the bushes. After remaining about half a minute in this position, he nimbly dismounted, and, hurriedly leading his horse by the bridle, disappeared in the taller bushes about one hundred yards further on.

Almost simultaneously we had the unspeakable pleasure of spying the smooth, boyish face of our tall young friend W——, as well as the red "tarbush" or "fez" (Turkish skull-cap) of R——, the young man previously referred to as thoroughly conversant with the Arabic language, peeping cautiously over the bushes, not more than two hundred yards from the spot where the suspected individual had disappeared from our view. They appeared to be unaware of the whereabouts of our two Arabs, and quite unconscious of the presence of others.

Nearer and nearer to the fatal spot advanced the two travelers on donkeys' back. Gladly would we have stopped to see the vagabonds in the bush pounce upon the two unsuspecting poor fellows, but we had lingered too long already on the mound, and expected every minute to see the dance begin. We therefore hurried down, vaulted into the saddle, got ready for the charge, and waited impatiently for the signal.

Ten minutes at least elapsed before the tremendous report of two Arab pistols was heard. Like lightning we dashed round the corner, and headed straight toward a solitary cluster of date-trees of unusual height, growing on the banks near the mouth of the River Diyala, and visible at a distance of over twenty miles.

Scarcely had we made our appearance on the open plain, when five villainous-looking Bedouins, profusely armed and splendidly mounted, crashed at a breakneck pace through the bushes to our left, some three hundred yards ahead of us, hotly pursued by our three companions, who tried hard to make them prisoners, and did not fire a single shot at first.

The savage scoundrels uttered a yell of rage, as they spied us three dashing down upon them from the opposite side, and shook their long lances in defiance upon reaching the open desert before we could cut them off.

Although they were at least three hundred yards ahead of us, we did not give up the hope of catching some of them, and kept up the pursuit at a rattling pace for some time; but they were too well mounted, and too familiar with every inch of the ground over which they sped, to allow us to run them down so easily.

Noticing, however, to their consternation, that we nevertheless succeeded in almost overtaking them, they were just about trying their usual dodge of separating and dashing off in different directions, when we gave them a volley from our revolvers, which only had the effect of increasing the speed of their horses and that of their two lean grayhounds, which latter squeezed their tails between their legs and made off as if Lucifer was after them, while the bold horsemen, naturally expecting another volley, stooped down over the off-side of their steeds, thereby effectually getting out of our sight, leaving only one leg stretched across the saddle exposed to our view, thus making it almost appear as if the five horses sped over the ground without any riders at all. Never before did I witness such splendid horsemanship as displayed by these cowardly vagabonds.

But scarcely two minutes elapsed before we were gratuitously treated by them to a second feat of horsemanship, which far excelled the former, and filled us all with amazement.

As they had anticipated, we gave them another volley, but this time also with our rifles, as we thought them almost beyond pistol-range. This dose proved more effective than the first, for it brought down the foremost horse with a tremendous crash, together with its rider.

The poor animal rolled over and over in the dust, while its master, who had probably thought himself out of range of firearms, and had made a slight mistake by resuming his usual seat in the saddle, was thrown at least eight yards ahead of his horse upon the ground, and remained immovable, lying flat on his back.

Whether he was killed outright by the terrible fall, or only

stunned, or whether he was ushered into the paradise of the Moslem by a well-aimed shot of his pursuers, will most likely for ever remain a mystery with the latter, for no sooner did two of his followers come up to where he lay, than, without slacking even for an instant the appalling speed of their horses, they suddenly bent, dashing up to the right and left-hand side of the prostrate man, deep over their saddles, and, with a simultaneous herculean grasp, raised the body of their companion entirely from the ground, deposited him safely into the lap of one of them, speeding along all the time this was being done as if nothing had happened.

The novelty and daring of the performance elicited an involuntary exclamation of astonishment, I might almost say admiration, from our lips. I must not forget to mention that the riderless horse, almost immediately after its fall, had regained its feet and galloped off, but soon showed signs of distress, and had, consequently, to be abandoned by the fugitives, as well as the pistol and spear of their unfortunate companion, as the two horsemen who brought up the rear were kept busy with firing into us; which they did, I believe, less for the sake of returning the compliment than for the purpose of endeavoring to keep us at bay, so as to facilitate the rescue of their companion in distress. They fired, however, too high, and their bullets whizzed harmlessly over our heads.

As by this time our horses, which had had a considerably longer race than those of the Bedouins, began to show signs of distress, and as, moreover, the ground had become rougher and rougher the more we advanced, we gave up the chase, and directed our attention to the wounded horse, which was easily caught.

After halting about half an hour on the field of battle, in order to allow our horses to regain their breath, we returned with our trophies to camp, accompanied by the two Arab servants, who were quite dumbfounded at our unexpected protection and interference, at the very moment when the highwaymen had fired two pistol-shots over the heads of their victims, as they are wont to do, in order to frighten them out of their wits.

CURE FOR BARBAROUS HUSBANDS.

A WOMAN who had suffered barbarous beatings from her husband went to a noted wise man of the village to inquire how she might cure these paroxysms of violence.

The soothsayer heard her complaint; and, after pronouncing some hard words and using various gesticulations while he filled a phial with a mysterious mixture, desired her, whenever her husband was in a passion, to take a mouthful of the liquor, and keep it in her mouth for five minutes. The woman, quite overjoyed at so simple a remedy, strictly followed the counsel which was given her, and escaped the usual chastisement.

The contents of the bottle being at last expended, she returned to the wise man, and anxiously begged to have a fresh supply of the same liquid. "You foolish woman," said the soothsayer, "there was nothing in the bottle but brown sugar and water. When your husband's in a passion, hold your tongue, and, my life for it, he will not lay a finger upon you."

LILLY AND HER SNOWBALL.

THE man who will stab at another's reputation by insinuation and innuendo is far worse than a thief. Property may be replaced, but character, once lost, is all but irredeemable, and, as a great writer said, a word is enough to ruin a man.

AN AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE OF A HAUNTED HOUSE.

WITHIN the last eight years—the precise date I purposely omit—I was ordered by my physician, my health being in an unsatisfactory state, to change my residence to one upon the seacoast; and accordingly, I took a house for a year in a fashionable watering-place, at a moderate distance from the city in which I had previously resided, and connected with it by a railway.

Winter was setting in when my removal thither was decided upon; but there was nothing whatever dismal or depressing in the change. The house I had taken was to all appearance, and in point of convenience, too, quite a modern one. It formed one in a cheerful row, with small gardens in front, facing the sea, and commanding sea air and sea views in perfection. In the rear it had a coach-house and stable, and between them and the house a considerable grass-plot, with some flower-beds interposed.

Our family consisted of my wife and myself, and three children, the eldest about nine years old, she and the next in age being girls; and the youngest, between six and seven, a boy. To these were added six servants, whom, although for certain reasons I shall decline giving their real names, I shall indicate, for the sake of clearness, by arbitrary ones. There was a nurse, Mrs. Southerland; a nursery-maid, Ellen Page; the cook, Mrs. Greenwood; the housemaid, Ellen Faith; a butler, whom I shall call Smith; and his son, James, about two-and-twenty.

AN AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE OF A HAUNTED HOUSE.—THE GHOST OF THE OLD WOMAN.

We came out to take possession about seven o'clock in the evening; everything was comfortable and cheery: good fires lighted, the rooms neat and airy, and a general air of preparation and comfort highly conducive to good spirits and pleasant anticipations.

The sitting-rooms were large and cheerful, and they and the bedroom more than ordinarily lofty; the kitchen and servants' room, on the same level, were well and comfortably furnished, and had, like the rest of the house, an air of recent painting and fitting-up, and a completely modern character, which imparted a very cheerful air of cleanliness and convenience.

There had been just enough of the fuss of settling agreeably to occupy us and to give a pleasant turn to our thoughts after we had retired to our rooms. Being an invalid, I had a small bed to myself—resigning the four-poster to my wife. The candle was extinguished, but a night-light was burning. I was coming up-stairs, and she, already in bed, had just dismissed her maid, when we were both startled by a wild scream from her room; I found her in a state of the extremest agitation and terror. She insisted that she had seen an unnaturally tall figure come beside her bed and stand there. The light was too faint to enable her to define anything respecting this apparition beyond the fact of her having most distinctly seen such a shape, colorless from the insufficiency of light to disclose more than its dark outline.

We both endeavored to reassure her. The room once more looked so cheerful in the candlelight, that we were quite uninfluenced by the contagion of her terrors. The movements and voices of the servants down-stairs, still getting things into their places and completing our comfortable arrangements, had also their effect in steeling us against any such influence, and we set the whole thing down as a dream, or an imperfectly seen outline of the bed-curtains. When, however, we were alone, my wife reiterated, still in great agitation, her clear assertion that she had most positively seen, being at the time as completely awake as ever she was, precisely what she had described to us. And in this conviction she continued perfectly firm, refusing to be laughed out of it. A day or two after this it came out that our servants were under an apprehension that, somehow or other, thieves had established a secret mode of access to the lower part of the house. The butler, Smith, had seen an ill-looking woman in his room on the first night of our arrival; and he and many other servants constantly saw, for many days subsequently, glimpses of a retreating figure which corresponded with that so seen by him, passing through a passage which led to a back area in which were some coal-vaults.

This figure was always seen in the act of retreating, its back turned, generally getting round the corner of the passage into the area, in a stealthy and hurried way, and when closely followed, imperfectly seen again entering one of the coal-vaults, and when pursued into it, nowhere to be found.

The idea of anything supernatural in the matter had, strange to say, not yet entered the mind of any one of the servants. They had heard some stories of smugglers having

secret passages into houses, and using their means of access for purposes of pillage, or with a view to frighten superstitious people out of houses which they needed for their own objects, and the suspicion of similar practices here caused them extreme uneasiness. The apparent anxiety also manifested by the retreating figure to escape observation, and her always appearing to make her egress at the same point, favored this romantic hypothesis. The men, however, made a most careful examination of the back area and of the coal-vaults, with a view to discover some mode of egress, but entirely without success. On the contrary, the result was, so far as it went, subversive of the theory; solid masonry met them on every hand.

I called the man, Smith, up, to hear from his own lips the particulars of what he had seen; and certainly his report was very curious. I give it as literally as my memory enables me:

His son slept in the same room, and was sound asleep; but he lay awake, as men sometimes will on a change of bed, and having many things on their mind. He was lying with his face toward the wall, but observing a light and some little stir in the room, he turned round in his bed and saw the figure of a woman, squalid and ragged in dress; her figure rather low and broad. As well as he recollected, she had something—either a cloak or a shawl—on, and wore a bonnet. Her back was turned, and she appeared to be searching or rummaging for something on the floor, and, without appearing to observe him, she turned in doing so toward him. The light, which was more like the intense glow of a coal, as he described it, being of a deep-red color, proceeded from the hollow of her hand, which she held beside her head, and he saw her very distinctly. She appeared middle-aged, was deeply pitted with the smallpox, and blind of one eye. His phrase in describing her general appearance was, that she was "a miserable, poor-looking creature."

He was under the impression that she must be a woman who had been left by the proprietor in charge of the house, and who had that evening, after having given up the keys, remained for some time with the female servants. He, coughed, therefore, to apprise her of his presence, and turned again toward the wall. When he again looked round, she and the light were gone; and odd as was her method of lighting herself in her search, the circumstance excited neither uneasiness nor curiosity in his mind, until he discovered next morning that the woman in question had left the house long before he had gone to his bed.

I examined the man very closely as to the appearance of the person who had visited him, and the result was what I have described. It struck me as an odd thing, that even then, considering how prone to superstition persons in his rank of life usually are, he did not seem to suspect anything supernatural in the occurrence; and, on the contrary, was thoroughly persuaded that his visitant was a living person, who had got into the house by some hidden entrance.

On Sunday, on his return from his place of worship, he told me that, when the service was ended, and the congregation making their way slowly out, he saw the very woman in the crowd, and kept his eye upon her for several minutes; but such was the crush that all his efforts to reach her were unavailing, and when he got into the open street she was gone. He was quite positive as to his having distinctly seen her, however, for several minutes, and scouted the possibility of any mistake as to identity; and fully impressed with the substantial and living reality of his visitant, he was very much provoked at her having escaped him. He made inquiries also in the neighborhood, but could procure no information, nor hear of any other persons having seen any woman corresponding with his description.

The cook and housemaid occupied a room on the kitchen-floor. It had whitewashed walls, and they were actually terrified by the appearance of the shadow of a woman passing and repassing across the side-wall opposite to their beds. They suspected that this had been going on much longer than they were aware, for its presence was discovered by a sort of accident, its movements happening to take a direction in distinct contrariety to theirs.

This shadow always moved upon one particular wall, returning after short intervals, and causing them extreme terror. They placed the candle, as the most obvious specific, so close to the infested wall, that the flame all but touched it, and believed for some time that they had effectually got rid of this annoyance; but one night, notwithstanding this arrangement of the light, the shadow returned, passing and repassing, as heretofore, upon the same wall, although their only candle was burning within an inch of it, and it was obvious that no substance capable of casting such a shadow could have interposed; and, indeed, as they described it, the shadow seemed to have no sort of relation to the position of the light, and appeared, as I have said, in manifest defiance of the laws of optics.

I ought to mention that the housemaid was a particularly fearless sort of person, as well as a very honest one; and her companion, the cook, a scrupulously religious woman; and both agreed in every particular in their relation of what occurred.

Meanwhile, the nursery was not without its annoyances, though as yet of a comparatively trivial kind. Sometimes, at night, the handle of the door was turned hurriedly, as if by a person trying to come in, and at others a knocking was made at it. These sounds occurred after the children had settled to sleep, and while the nurse still remained awake. Whenever she called to know "who is there," the sounds ceased; but at several times, and particularly at first, she was under the impression that they were caused by her mistress, who had come to see the children, and thus impressed, she had got up and opened the door, expecting to see her, but discovering only darkness and receiving no answer to her inquiries.

With respect to this nurse, I must mention that I believe no more perfectly trustworthy servant was ever employed in her capacity; and, in addition to her integrity, she was remarkably gifted with sound common sense.

One morning, I think about three or four weeks after our arrival, I was sitting at the parlor window which looked to the front, when I saw the little iron door, which admitted into the small garden that lay between the window where I was sitting and the public road, pushed open by a woman who so exactly answered the description given by Smith of the woman who had visited his room on the night of his arrival, as instantaneously to impress me with the conviction that she must be the identical person. She was a square, short woman, dressed in soiled and tattered clothes, scarred and pitted with smallpox, and blind of an eye. She stepped hurriedly into the little inclosure, and peered for a distance of a few yards into the room where I was sitting. I felt that now was the moment to clear the matter up; but there was something stealthy in the manner and look of the woman which convinced me that I must not appear to notice her until her retreat was fairly cut off. Unfortunately, I was suffering from a lame foot, and could not reach the bell as quickly as I wished. I made all the haste I could, and rang violently to bring up the servant Smith. In the short interval that intervened, I observed the woman from the window, who, having in a leisurely way, and with a kind of scrutiny, looked along the front windows of the house, passed quickly out again, closing the gate after her, and followed a lady who was walking along the footpath at a quick pace, as if with the intention of begging from her.

The moment the man entered I told him, "The one-eyed woman you described to me has this instant followed a lady in that direction; try to overtake her."

He was, if possible, more eager than I in the chase, but returned in a short time after a vain pursuit, very hot and utterly disappointed. And thereafter we saw her face no more.

All this time, and up to the period of our leaving the house, which was not for two or three months later, there occurred at intervals the only phenomenon of the entire series having any resemblance to what we hear described of "Spiritualism." This was a knocking, like a soft hammering with a wooden mallet, as it seemed, in the timbers between the bedroom ceilings and the roof. It had this special peculiarity, that it was always rhythmical, and, I think, invariably, the emphasis upon the last stroke. It would sound rapidly, "one, two, three, FOUR—one, two, three, FOUR;" or, "one, two, THREE," and sometimes, "one, TWO—one, TWO," etc., and this, with intervals and resumptions, monotonously for hours at a time.

At first this caused my wife, who was a good deal confined to her bed, much annoyance; and we sent to our neighbors to inquire if any hammering or carpentering was going on in their houses, but were informed that nothing of the sort was taking place. I have myself heard it frequently, always in the same inaccessible part of the house, and with the same monotonous emphasis. One odd thing about it was, that on my wife's calling out, as she used to do when it became more than usually troublesome, "Stop that noise!" it was invariably arrested for a longer or shorter time.

Of course none of these occurrences were ever mentioned in hearing of the children. They would have been, no doubt, like most children, greatly terrified had they heard anything of the matter, and known that their elders were unable to account for what was passing; and their fears would have made them wretched and troublesome.

They used to play for some hours every day in the back garden—the house forming one end of this oblong inclosure, the stable and coach-house the other, and two parallel walls of considerable height the sides. Here, as it afforded a perfectly safe playground, they were frequently left quite to themselves; and in talking over their days' adventures, as children will, they happened to mention a woman, or rather the woman, for they had long grown familiar with her appearance, whom they used to see in the garden while they were at play. They assumed that she came in and went out at the stable-door, but they never actually saw her enter or depart. They merely saw a figure—that of a very poor woman, soiled and ragged—near the stable-wall, stooping over the ground, and apparently grubbing in the loose clay in search of something. She did not disturb or appear to observe them; and they left her in undisturbed possession of her nook of ground. When seen, she was always in the same spot and similarly occupied; and the description they gave of her general appearance—for they never saw her face—corresponded with that of the one-eyed woman whom Smith, and, subsequently as it seemed, I, had seen.

The other man, James, who looked after a mare which I had purchased for the purpose of riding exercise, had, like every one else in the house, his little trouble to report, though it was not much. The stall in which, as the most comfortable, it was decided to place her, she peremptorily declined to enter. Though a very docile and gentle little animal, there was no getting her into it. She would snort and rear, and, in fact, do or suffer anything rather than set her hoof in it. He was fain, therefore, to place her in another. And on several occasions he found her there, exhibiting all the equine symptoms of extreme fear. Like the rest of us, however, this man was not troubled in the particular case with any superstitious qualms. The mare had evidently been frightened, and he was puzzled to find out how, or by whom; for the stable was well-secured, and had, I am nearly certain, a lock-up yard outside.

One morning I was greeted with the intelligence that robbers had certainly got into the house in the night; and that one of them had actually been seen in the nursery. The witness, I found, was my eldest child, then, as I have said, about nine years of age. Having awoke in the night and lain awake for some time in her bed, she heard the handle of the door turn, and a person whom she distinctly saw—for it was a light night and the window-shutters unclosed—but whom she had never seen before, stepped in on tiptoe, and with an appearance of great caution. He was a rather small man, with a very red face; he wore an oddly cut frock-coat, the collar of which stood up, and trowsers, rough and wide, like those of a sailor, turned up at the ankles, and either short boots or clumsy shoes, covered with mud.

This man listened beside the nurse's bed, which stood next the door, as if to satisfy himself that she was sleeping soundly; and having done so for some seconds, he began to move cautiously, in a diagonal line, across the room to the chimneypiece, where he stood for a while, and so resumed his tiptoe walk, skirting the wall, until he reached a chest of drawers, some of which were open, and into which he looked, and began to rummage in a hurried way, as the child supposed, making search for something worth taking away. He then passed on to the window, where was a dressing-table, at which he also stopped, turning over the things upon it, and standing for some time at the window as if looking out, and then resuming his walk by the side-wall opposite to that by which he had moved up to the window, he returned in the same way to the nurse's bed so as to reach it at the foot. With its side to the end-wall, in which was the door, was placed the bed in which lay my eldest child, who watched his proceedings with the extremest terror. As he drew near she instinctively moved herself in the bed, with her head and shoulders to the wall, drawing up her feet; but he passed by without appearing to observe, or, at least, to care for her presence. Immediately after the nurse turned in her bed as if about to waken; and when the child, who had drawn the clothes about her head, again ventured to peep out, the man was gone.

The child had no idea of her having seen anything more formidable than a thief. With the prowling, cautious and noiseless manner of proceeding common to such marauders, the air and movements of the man whom she had seen entirely corresponded. And on hearing her perfectly distinct and consistent account, I could myself arrive at no other conclusion than that a stranger had actually got into the house. I had, therefore, in the first instance, a most careful examination made to discover any traces of an entrance having been made by any window into the house. The doors had been found barred and locked as usual; but no sign of anything of the sort was discernible. I then had the various articles—plate, wearing apparel, books, etc.—counted; and after having conned over and reckoned up everything, it became quite clear that nothing whatever had been removed from the house, nor was there the slightest indication of anything having been so much as disturbed there.

I must here state that this child was remarkably clear, intelligent and observant; and that her description of the man, and of all that had occurred, was most exact, and as detailed as the want of perfect light rendered possible.

I felt assured that an entrance had actually been effected into the house, though for what purpose was not easily to be conjectured. The man Smith was equally confident upon this point; and his theory was that the object was simply to

frighten us out of the house by making us believe it haunted; and he was more than ever anxious and on the alert to discover the conspirators.

It often since appeared to me odd—every year, indeed, more odd, as this cumulative case of the marvelous becomes to my mind more and more inexplicable—that, underlying my sense of mystery and puzzle, was all along the quiet assumption that all these occurrences were one way or another referable to natural causes. I could not account for them, indeed, myself; but during the whole period I inhabited that house, I never once felt, though much alone, and often up late at night, any of those tremors and thrills which every one has at times experienced when situation and the hour are favorable. Except the cook and housemaid, who were plagued with the shadow I mentioned crossing and recrossing upon the bedroom wall, we all, without exception, experienced the same strange sense of security, and regarded these phenomena rather with a perplexed sort of interest and curiosity, than with any more unpleasant sensations.

The knockings which I have mentioned at the nursery door, preceded generally by the sound of a step on the lobby, meanwhile continued. At that time (for my wife, like myself, was an invalid) two eminent physicians, who came out occasionally by rail, were attending us. These gentlemen were at first only amused, but ultimately interested, and very much puzzled by the occurrences which we described. One of them, at last, recommended that a candle should be kept burning upon the lobby. It was in fact a recurrence to an old woman's receipt against ghosts—of course it might be serviceable, too, against impostors; at all events, seeming, as I have said, very much interested and puzzled, he advised it, and it was tried. We fancied that it was successful; for there was an interval of quiet for, I think, three or four nights. But after that the noises—the footsteps on the lobby, the knocking at the door and the turning of the handle, recommenced in full force, notwithstanding the light upon the table outside; and these particular phenomena became only more perplexing than ever.

The alarm of robbers and smugglers gradually subsided after a week or two; but we were again to hear news from the nursery. Our second little girl, then between seven and eight years of age, saw in the night time—she alone being awake—a young woman, with black or very dark hair, which hung loose, and with a black cloak on, standing near the middle of the floor, opposite the hearth-stone, and fronting the foot of her bed. She appeared quite unobservant of the children and nurse sleeping in the room. She was very pale, and looked, the child said, both "sorry and frightened," and with something very peculiar and terrible about her eyes, which made the child conclude that she was dead. She was looking, not at, but in the direction of, the child's bed, and there was a dark streak across her throat, like a scar with blood upon it.

This figure was not motionless, but once or twice turned slowly, and without appearing to be conscious of the presence of the child, or the other occupants of the room, like a person in vacancy or abstraction. There was on this occasion a night-light burning in the chamber; and the child saw, or thought she saw, all these particulars with the most perfect distinctness. She got her head under the bedclothes; and although a good many years have passed since then, she cannot recall the spectacle without feelings of peculiar horror.

One day, when the children were playing in the back garden, I asked them to point out to me the spot where they were accustomed to see the woman who occasionally showed herself as I have described, near the stable wall. There was

THE "WESTWARD HO" LADIES' GOLF CLUB PLAYING A MATCH AT BIDEFORD, DEVON, ENGLAND. SEE PAGE 702.

no division of opinion as to this precise point, which they indicated in the most distinct and confident way. I suggested that, perhaps, something might be hidden there in the ground; and advised them digging a hole there with their little spades, to try for it. Accordingly, to work they went, and by my return in the evening they had grubbed up a piece of jawbone, with several teeth in it. The bone was very much decayed, and ready to crumble to pieces, but the teeth were quite sound. I could not tell whether they were human grinders; but I showed the fossil to one of the physicians I have mentioned, who came out the next evening, and he pronounced them human teeth. The same conclusion was come to a day or two later by the other medical man.

A GOLF MATCH BETWEEN THE ROYAL BLACKHEATH AND LONDON-SCOTTISH CLUBS, AT WIMBLEDON, NEAR LONDON.

It appears to me now, on reviewing the whole matter, almost unaccountable that, with such evidence before me, I should not have got in a laborer, and had the spot effectually dug and searched. I can only say, that so it was. I was quite satisfied of the moral truth of every word that had been related to me, and which I have here set down with scrupulous accuracy. But I experienced an apathy, for which neither then nor afterward did I quite know how to account. I had a vague but immovable impression that the whole affair was referable to natural agencies.

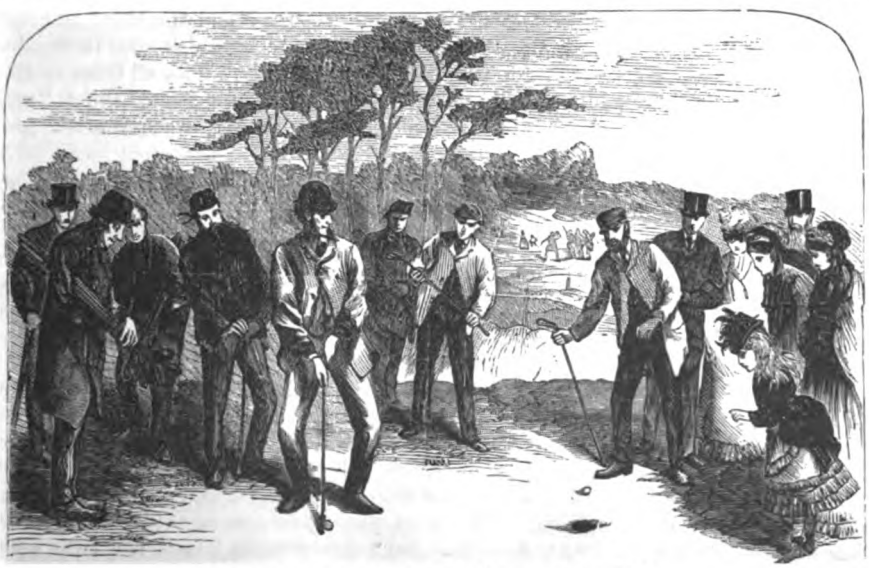
It was not until some time after we had left the house, which, by-the-by, we afterward found had had the reputation of being haunted before we had come to live in it, that on reconsideration I discovered the serious difficulty of accounting satisfactorily for all that had occurred upon ordinary principles. A great deal we might arbitrarily set down to imagination. But even in so doing there was, *in limine*, the oddity, not to say improbability, of so many different persons having nearly simultaneously suffered from different spectral and other illusions during the short period for which we had occupied that house, who never before, nor, so far as we learned, afterward were troubled by any fears or fancies of the sort. There were other things, too, not to be so accounted for. The odd knockings in the roof I frequently heard myself.

There were also, which I before forgot to mention, in the day time, rappings at the doors of the sitting-rooms, which constantly deceived us; and it was not till our "come in" was unanswered, and the hall or passage outside the door was discovered to be empty, that we learned that whatever else caused them, human hands did not.

All the persons who reported having seen the different persons or appearances here described by me were just as confident of having literally and distinctly seen them as I was of having seen the hard-featured woman with the blind eye so remarkably corresponding with Smith's description.

About a week after the discovery of the teeth, which were found, I think, about two feet under the ground, a friend, much advanced in years, and who remembered the town in which we had now taken up our abode for a very long time, happened to pay us a visit. He good-humoredly pooh-poohed the whole thing; but at the same time was evidently curious about it.

"We might construct a sort of story," said I (I am giving, of course, the substance and purport, not the exact words, of our dialogue), "and assign to each of the three figures who appeared their respective parts in some dreadful tragedy enacted in this house. The male figure represents the murderer; the ill-looking, one-eyed woman his accomplice, who, we will suppose, buried the body where she is



THE SCOTTISH GAME OF GOLF—"PUTTING" A BALL.

now so often seen grubbing in the earth, and where the human teeth and jawbone have so lately been disinterred; and the young woman with disheveled tresses and black cloak, and the bloody scar across her throat, their victim. A difficulty, however, which I cannot get over, exists in the cheerfulness, the great publicity, and the evident very recent date of the house."

"Why, as to that," said he, "the house is not modern; it and those beside it formed an old government store, altered and fitted up recently as you see. I remember it well in my young days, fifty years ago, before the town had grown out in this direction; and a more entirely lonely spot, or one more fitted for the commission of a secret crime, could not have been imagined."

I have nothing to add, for very soon after this my physician pronounced a longer stay unnecessary for my health, and we took our departure for another place of abode. I may add that, although I have resided for considerable periods in many other houses, I never experienced any annoyances of a similar kind elsewhere; neither have I made (stupid dog! you will say) any inquiries respecting either the antecedents or subsequent history of the house in which we made so disturbed a sojourn. I was content with what I knew, and have here related as clearly as I could, and I think it a very pretty puzzle as it stands.

THE GAME OF "GOLF."

A Favorite Out-door Sport in England and Scotland.

The game of Golf is of Scotch origin, and in the "land o' cakes" has long been a popular amusement, but it has now become fully naturalized in many parts of England; and wherever there is a suitable piece of common land in the neighborhood of a village, the game may be seen by the curious on almost any day, but especially on Saturday afternoons. In this country, a game much resembling "Golf," but bearing the less euphonious title of "Shinny," being a sort of debased copy of the original, is a common sport with schoolboys, and is played not only on the green turf, during eight or nine months of the year, but also on the ice, when the players drive the ringing steel over the smooth, glittering surface of our ice-bound lakes and streams.

In Canada, where all the old country sports and pastimes are kept up in exact imitation of the manner which prevails in the British Isles, Golf is played with due attention to the Scotch or English rules; but it has never found a foothold in the United States, save in the debased form of "shinny," previously alluded to, a fact to be regretted, for it is a fine, exciting, spirited game, yet withal one in which ladies may well take part—a quality which is not the least of its many recommendations.

It is played with a ball about an inch and a half in diameter, usually made now of india-rubber, though formerly of leather, stuffed with feathers, and painted white. The ball is driven along the ground or through the air by clubs or sticks of various shapes and constructions, to be severally employed according to the nature of the ground. Each player has his own ball and his own set of clubs, which latter is carried by an attendant, technically termed a "caddie." The game is played as follows:

A series of small holes, four inches in diameter, are cut in the turf at a distance of from one hundred to four hundred yards apart, according to the size of the ground, on the circumference of a great circle, and the rival players, starting from beside the first hole, work round the circle, each endeavoring to make his holes in a less number of strokes than his antagonist, and they count for game thus: Supposing A and B to be playing—A makes his first hole in five strokes, B in six—A counts one toward his game. The next hole B wins; they are now one and one. The next two perhaps they achieve in the same number of strokes. These count for neither, or, what comes to the same thing, they are "halved." If A then manages to make more holes than B, or to make the same holes in a less number of plays, he is declared winner by so many holes or strokes.

Space will not permit us to enter fully into the minutiæ of the game; a few hints as to the correct way of standing and hitting, with some general remarks, are all that can be compassed here. First, to hold and use the club. Grasp the handle with both hands firmly, but not too tightly; lift it slowly over the right shoulder, and bring it down sharply but steadily on the ball, letting the lower surface of the butt-end first skim the ground. The action should be more of a steady sweep than a blow, and the club must be allowed to follow on its swing after the ball, and not be brought up abruptly after the stroke. Accuracy and clean hitting are far more effective than hard hitting, and should be specially studied; if the ball be only taken properly, a comparatively slight muscular exertion will send it an amazing distance. But it is not only a true and correct style of hitting that will serve the purpose of the striker; it is indispensable that he should also *stand* correctly. A very slight error in this important item will entirely vitiate all the results of even the most scientific manipulation of the club. The feet should be set firmly on the ground, about eighteen inches apart, the toe of the left foot opposite the ball, and at a distance exactly proportioned to the length of the handle of the club employed. If the striker be too near, the ball is liable to be taken by the heel of the club—technically "heeled"—and will have a tendency to the right of the direct line. If too far from it, the club is apt to take the ball with its "toe," or extremity, thus "drawing" or "hooking" it to the left of the true line. But this correct driving of the ball is, after all, only the very alphabet of the game; the real triumph of skill is in accurate and judicious "putting" (pronounced like *cutting*.) When the ball has been driven up to within a few yards of a hole, the novice would suppose that the most important part of his work was over, whereas, on the contrary, the real struggle for the hole is only just going to begin. So many circumstances have to be taken into consideration in making a "put" (pronounced like *cut*)—the nature and "lay" of the ground; the strength required to traverse the exact distance and no further; the position of the player's ball, and very often the position of the adversary's, which may chance to be between it and the hole; and last, the general condition of the game, by which must be decided whether to play boldly or cautiously. With all these against him, it will not be surprising that, as a general thing, "putting" is the last thing in which a player acquires real proficiency.

As previously remarked, "Golf" is, especially in England, very much of a "lady's game"; there are many "Golf" clubs composed entirely of ladies, and one of our illustrations shows a game in progress between sides chosen from the "Westward Ho" Club, one of the most famous of these. Another illustration shows the opening of a match between two celebrated clubs, at Wimbledon, England, a favorite resort of "Golf" players, as it is of riflemen; while in the last picture a player is seen about to attempt a "put."

It would certainly be a welcome addition to our meagre list of outdoor sports if "Golf" could be introduced and acclimatized; and the opportunity it would offer to the fair sex to escape from the wearisome monotony of croquet would doubtless make it a favorite game, not only with "ladyes fair," but with their attendant knights and squires.

A PICTURE FROM EGYPT—THE FEAST OF KHALIG.

Every one has heard of the annual ceremony by which the Doge of Venice in olden times gracefully wedded the Adriatic with a ring. Egypt used annually to wed the Nile, more horribly, by throwing into its turbulent and turbid waters, when rushing with force into the Khalig Canal, a young and beautiful virgin. This poor girl of fourteen or fifteen, chosen for her perfection of grace and form, was decorated as a bride—richly, elaborately decorated—and at the moment when the rising waters of the Nile were let into the Khalig Canal, to give life and fertility to well-nigh half of the delta, this poor girl, torn from her friends and family for the purpose, was precipitated into the world of waters, boiling, foaming, rushing madly in miniature waves from the overflowing river into the dry bed of the canal. The Nile was her bridegroom, and his embrace was death. A hundred have heard of the Doge's throwing the ring into the Adriatic, for one who has heard of the barbarous wedding of Egypt and the Nile.

The Feast of Khalig, which now annually takes place, as it did in days of yore, when the waters of the overflowing river are let tumultuously into the dry bed of the Khalig Canal, usually in August, is the modern reproduction of the old horrible ceremony, in which the shrieking girl, in her bridal attire, was offered up as a sacrifice to conciliate old Father Nile. The difference is that an earthen image of a girl, the best that the artists of Egypt can construct, is now substituted for the living, shuddering, palpitating, shrieking victim that was formerly immolated, as I have described. And for this change from cruel barbarism to merciful symbolism, Egypt is indebted to her Mussulman conquerors. Christian Egypt is said to have continued the horrid custom that had descended from antiquity, until Amrow, the General of Caliph Omar, in the seventh century, put an end to it. The Nile did not rise as high as usual next year, and Amrow wrote in great anxiety to Omar, fearing a revolt if the old and horrid custom were not restored. Omar's reply ought to be remembered. He inclosed in his dispatch a solemn form of invocation to the one true God drawn out by his high priest, and he ordered Amrow to throw that invocation into the Nile instead of the girl, as of yore. Amrow did so, and the waters that year rose to the usual level. Gradually, however, the old feast was restored, all except the human sacrifice, for which the earthen figure was substituted, and this now constitutes the Feast of Khalig.

So much, then, for the past; and now for the Feast of Khalig, as it is in this year of grace, eighteen hundred and seventy-two.

The Khalig Canal gets its waters from the Nile in the immediate vicinity of Cairo, and spreads the fertilizing stream throughout the western delta, as far as Damietta.

The Nile, represented as a god in the old temples of Egypt, is a fine old man with a white beard, the statue usually of black marble, probably to indicate his Abyssinian origin, his head crowned with emblematical fertility. He was supported by a sphinx, and a crocodile and hippopotamus reposed at his feet. He was surrounded by sixteen sons, representing the sixteen cubits to which it was necessary the waters should rise in order to give its full share of fertility to Egypt. He is no longer worshiped as a god, but his waters are treasured as carefully as ever, and the annual inundation is watched and measured as anxiously as it was when the young girl, in her bridal attire, was thrown into it to propitiate old Father Nilus.

A barrier keeps the waters of the river from the bed of the canal until the stream has sufficiently risen to permit of its being divided, and the cutting of the bund, or barrier, with its attendant ceremonies, constitutes the Feast of Khalig. It is in itself a sufficiently important matter, for the irrigation and fertilization of nearly half the delta depends upon it, and it is therefore no wonder that it should be made a time of holiday-making and rejoicing. Said Pasha, the predecessor of the present Viceroy, always attended the feast of Khalig. Ismail Pasha has attended it, but is "to one thing constant never."

From the time of the approach of evening, an hour or two before sunset, the crowd begins to accumulate in the neighborhood of the bund, or dam. The assembled Arabs sing and play on musical instruments, and shout and dance. The poor come in crowds from Cairo on foot, and the rich in their comfortable boats, called dahabiers. The whole river is alive with boats of all kinds, and as the twilight deepens into night, thousands of lights illumine its waters, whilst fireworks are let off in Cairo, illuminations appear on the surrounding buildings, nay, even the very huts are lighted up. Musicians and singers and dancing girls swarm on the barrier itself, and the little extempore booths and pavilions are dotted all over the banks, as well of the river as of the canal. Shouts of laughter resound on the water as well as on the shore, and are heard every now and then, loud and dissonant, above the din of the music and the singing.

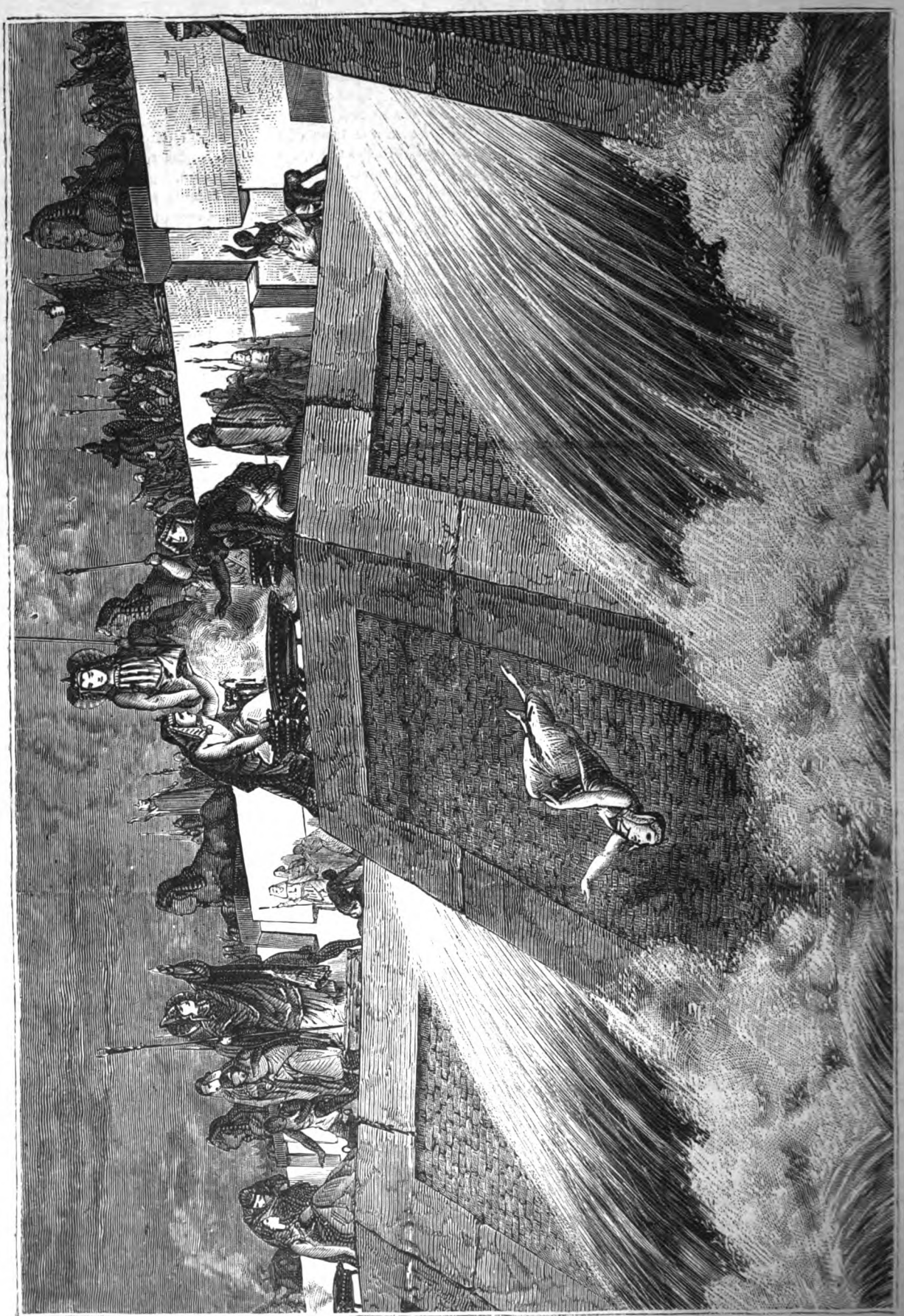
The torches, waving amongst the crowds on shore, and the lights in the booths, and the gleaming lamps on the river, the water of which reflects on its black bosom the twinkling dots of flame, and the laughter, and the singing, and the discordant music, and the shouting crowd in their holiday attire, all make up as strange and fantastical a scene as one could see anywhere. "It is like a ball on the Styx and its banks," said a brilliant Frenchwoman; and truly the wild Arab figures, and the black Nubians, and the extraordinary mass of varied humanity, intermingled with the lights, and the blackness of the water and the night, made the simile not so inappropriate. The feast continues all night. Bengal lights and rockets, and blue, red and green flames, and flashing fireworks, are let off at intervals in Cairo all the night; and at intervals, as they appear and die away again, the crowds shout and dance, and exhibit the wildest demonstrations of joy.

At length, at daydawn, the barrier is cleared, and the troops appear in military order, with the Viceroy himself, or his representative, at their head. The cannon are placed in position, and the earthen image of the bride of the Nile is elevated, and great is the excitement. All are waiting for the decisive moment. It comes at last! The signal is given, the cannon thunder forth, the image of the girl is hurled into the seething waters, the barrier is broken up, and large, and ever more large, is the volume of water that rushes and leaps and crashes and dances into the bed of the canal, as the last opposing remnants of the barrier are swept away by the impetuous tide.

And such is the Feast of Khalig, as it is now celebrated.

Good Advice.—If you cannot speak well of your neighbors, do not speak of them at all. A cross neighbor may be made a kind one by kind treatment. The true way to be happy is to make others happy. To do good is a luxury. If you are not wiser and better at the end of the day, that day is lost. Practice kindness, even if it be but little each day. Learn something each day, even if it be but to spell one word. Do not seem to be what you are not. Learn to control your temper and your words. Say nothing behind one's back that you would not say to his face.

Never plead guilty to poverty. So far as this world is concerned, you might better admit that you are a villain.



A PICTURE FROM EGYPT—THE FEAST OF KHALIO.—SEE PAGE 703.

HEADWATERS OF THE TECHE, LA.

WIFE IN NAME ONLY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "ON HER WEDDING-MORN," "REDEEMED BY LOVE," "A WOMAN'S WAR," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MORE than once during the week that ensued after his proposal of marriage to Madaline, Lord Arleigh looked in wonder at the duchess. She seemed so unlike herself—absent, brooding, almost sullen. The smiles, the animation, the vivacity, the wit, the brilliant repartee that had distinguished her, had all vanished. More than once he asked her if she was ill; the answer was always "No." More than once he asked her if she was unhappy; the answer was always the same—"No."

"You are miserable because your husband is not here," he said to her one day, compassionately. "If you had known how much you would have missed him, you would not have let him go."

There was a depth of pain in the eyes raised to his.

"I wish he had not gone," she said; "from the very depths of my heart I wish that." Then she seemed to recover her natural gayety. "I do not know, though, why I should have detained him," she said, half laughingly.

"You must not lose all your spirits before his return, Philippa, or he will say we have been but sorry guardians."

"No one has ever found fault with my spirits before," said the duchess. "You are not complimentary, Norman."

"You give me such a strange impression," he observed. I should think that you had something on your mind, some secret that was making you unhappy. It is an absurd idea, I know, yet it has taken possession of me."

"What imaginative power you have, Norman! You would make your fortune as a novelist. What can I have to be unhappy about? Could any one, do you think, be more happy than I?"

"No, perhaps not," he replied.

So the week passed, and at the end of it Lady Peters went with Madaline to St. Mildred's.

It might be a *mésalliance*, a bad match, but it was most decidedly a case of true love, of the truest love Lady Peters had ever witnessed; so that her dislike to the task before her melted away.

On the morning Madaline went away, the duchess sent for her to her room. She told her all that she intended doing as regarded the elaborate and magnificent *trousseau* preparing for her. Madaline was overwhelmed.

"You are too good to me," she said—"you spoil me, How am I to thank you?"

"Your wedding-dress—plain, simple, but rich, to suit the occasion—will be sent to St. Mildred's," said the duchess—"also a handsome traveling-costume; but all the rest can be sent to Beechgrove. You will need them only there."

"I shall never know how to thank you," she said.

"I think you will," returned the duchess. "I can imagine what blessings you will some day invoke on my name."

Then she withdrew her hand suddenly from the touch of the pure, sweet lips.

"Good-by, Madaline," she said; and it was long before the young girl saw the fair face of the duchess again.

Philippa then placed a packet in her hand, saying: "You will carefully observe the directions given in this?" and Madaline promised to do so.

The eventful day came—Lord Arleigh and Madaline were to be married at an early hour.

"Not," said Lord Arleigh, proudly, "that there is any need for concealment—why should there be?—but you see, Lady Peters, if it were known that it was my wedding-day, I have so many friends, so many relatives, that privacy would be impossible; therefore the world has not been enlightned."

"It is a strange marriage for an Arleigh," observed Lady Peters—"the first of its kind, I am sure. But I think you are right—your plan is wise."

All the outward show made at that wedding consisted in the rapid driving of a carriage from the hotel to the church—a carriage containing two ladies—one young, fair, charming as a Spring morning, the other older, and more sedate.

The grand old words of the marriage-service were pronounced—they were promised to each other for better for worse, for weal for woe—never to part until death parted them—to be each the other's world.

Only one little *contretemps* happened at the wedding. Madaline smiled at it, Lord Arleigh was too happy even to notice it, but Lady Peters grew pale at the occurrence; for, according to her old-fashioned ideas, it augured ill.

Just as Lord Arleigh was putting the ring on the finger of his fair young bride, it slipped and fell to the ground. The church was an old-fashioned one, and there were graves and vaults all down the aisle. Away rolled the little golden ring, and when Lord Arleigh stooped down he could not see it. He was for some few minutes searching for it, and then he found it—it had rolled into the hollow of a large letter on one of the level gravestones.

Involuntarily he kissed it as he lifted it from the ground; it was too cruel for anything belonging to that fair young bride to have been brought into contact with death. Lady Peters noted the little incident with a shudder, Madaline merely smiled. Then the ceremony was over—Lord Arleigh and Madaline were man and wife. It seemed to him that the whole world around him was transformed.

They walked out of the church together, and when they stood in the sunlight he turned to her.

"My darling, my wife," he said, in an impassioned voice, "may Heaven send to us a life bright as this sunshine, love as pure—life and death together. I pray to Heaven that no deeper cloud may come over our lives than there is now in the sky above us."

Chapter XXIV.

It was the custom of the Arleighs to spend their honeymoon at home; the proper place, they considered, for a man to take his young wife to was home; the first Lord Arleigh had done so, and each lord had followed his sensible example. Norman, Lord Arleigh, had not dreamed of making any change.

As Lady Peters stood at the carriage-door, she took the young wife into her arms.

"Good-by, Madaline—good-by, and may Heaven bless you! I did not love you at first, my dear, and I thought my old friend was doing a foolish thing; but now I love you with all my heart; you are so fair and wise, so sweet and pure. That is my tribute to you, Madaline; and to it I add, may Heaven bless you and send you a happy life!"

Bride and bridegroom had one of the blithest, happiest journeys ever made.

"We will have a long drive through the park, Madaline," said Lord Arleigh. "You will like to see your new home."

So, instead of going direct to the mansion, they turned off from the main avenue to make a tour of the park.

"Now I understand why this place is called Beechgrove," said Madaline, suddenly. "I have never seen such trees in my life."

Presently, from between the trees, she saw the mansion itself. Lord Arleigh touched his young wife's arm gently.

"My darling," he said, "that is home."

Her eyes brightened, the sensitive lips quivered.

"Home!" she repeated. "How sweet the word sounds to me!" With a tremulous smile she raised her fair face to his. "Norman," she said, "do you know that I feel very much as Lady Burleigh, of Stamford-town, must have felt."

"But you, Madaline," he laughed, "are not quite the simple maiden he wooed and won. You have the high-bred grace of a lady—nothing could rob you of that."

"She must have been lovely and graceful to have won Lord Burleigh," she remarked.

"Perhaps so; but not like you, Madaline—there has never been any one quite like you. I shall feel tempted to call you 'Lady Burleigh.' Here we are at home; and, oh, my wife, my darling, how sweet the coming home is!"

The carriage stopped at the grand entrance. As Lord Arleigh had not dispatched the news of his marriage home, no one at Beechgrove expected to see Lady Arleigh. He sent at once for the housekeeper, a tall, stately dame, who came, looking in unutterable amazement at the beautiful young face.

"Mrs. Chatterton," he said, "I wish to introduce you to my wife, Lady Arleigh."

"Welcome home, my lady," she said, deferentially. "If I had known that your ladyship was expected, I would have made more befitting preparations."

"Nothing could be better—you have everything in admirable order," responded Lady Arleigh, kindly.

Then the housekeeper turned with a bow to her master.

"I did not know you were married, my lord," she said.

"No, Mrs. Chatterton; for reasons of my own, I hurried on my marriage. No one shall lose by the hurry, though"—which she knew meant a handsome bounty.

Presently she went with Lady Arleigh to her room.

"His lordship wrote to tell me to have all the rooms in the western wing ready," said Mrs. Chatterton; "but he did not tell me why. They are splendid rooms, my lady—large, bright, and cheerful. They look over the beautiful beeches in the park, from which the place takes its name. Of course you will have what is called Lady Arleigh's suite?"

As she spoke Mrs. Chatterton threw open the door, and Lady Arleigh saw the most magnificent rooms she had ever beheld in her life—a boudoir all blue silk and white lace, a spacious sleeping-chamber daintily hung with pink satin, a dressing-room that was a marvel of elegance, and a small library, all fitted with the greatest luxury.

"This is the finest suite in the house," said the housekeeper; "they are always kept for the mistress of Beechgrove. Has your ladyship brought your maid?"

"No," replied Lady Arleigh; "the fact is, I have not chosen one. The Duchess of Hazlewood promised to find one for me."

That illustrious name awed the housekeeper.

When Lady Arleigh had changed her traveling-dress for the evening, she went down-stairs. Her young husband looked up in a rapture of delight.

"Oh, Madaline," he said, "how long have you been away from me? It seems like a hundred hours, yet I do not suppose that it has been one. And how fair you look, my love! That cloudy white robe suits your golden hair and your sweet face, which has the same soft, shy expression as when I saw you first. No dress could be more coquettish or prettier. I am proud of my wife. I know that no fairer Lady Arleigh has ever been at Beechgrove. When we have

dined, Madaline, I will take you to the picture-gallery, and introduce you to my ancestors and ancestresses."

A *récherché* little dinner had been hastily prepared, and was served in the grand dining-room. Madaline's eyes ached with the dazzle of silver plate, the ornaments, and magnificence of the room.

"Shall I ever grow accustomed to all this?" she asked herself, wonderingly. "Shall I ever learn to look upon it as my own? I am indeed bewildered."

Yet her husband admired her perfect grace and self-possession. She might have been mistress of Beechgrove all her life, for any evidence she gave to the contrary. His pride in her increased every moment.

"I have never really known what 'home' meant before, Madaline," he said. "Imagine sitting opposite to a beautiful vision, knowing all the time that it is your wife. My own wife—there is magic in the words."

When dinner was ended, he asked her if she was tired.

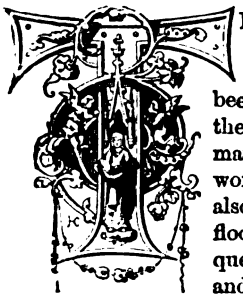
"No," she answered, laughingly; "I have never felt less fatigue."

"Then I should like to show you over the house," he said, "my dear old home. I am so proud of it, Madaline; you understand what I mean—proud of its beauty, its antiquity—proud that no shadow of disgrace has ever rested on it. People may sneer if they will, but to me there seems nothing so sacred as love of race—jealousy for a stainless name."

"I can understand and sympathize with you," she said, "although the feeling is strange to me."

"Not quite strange, Madaline. Now come with me, and I will introduce you to the long line of Ladies Arleigh."

Chapter XXV.



THE picture-gallery was one of the chief attractions of Beechgrove; like the grand old trees, it had been the work of generations. Between the crimson velvet hangings white marble statues gleamed, copies of the world's great masterpieces; there were also more modern works of art. The floor was of the most exquisite parquetry; the seats and lounges were soft and luxurious; in the great windows east and west there stood a small fountain. One portion was devoted entirely to family portraits—a wonderful collection, one of the most characteristic in England.

"I thought the gallery at Verdun Royal the finest in the world," she said; "it is nothing compared to this."

"And this," he returned, "is small compared with the great European galleries."

"They belong to nations; this belongs to an individual," she said; "there is a difference."

Holding her hand in his, he led her to the long line of fair-faced women. As the light from the setting sun fell on her fair face and golden hair, he said to himself that no picture in his gallery was one-half so exquisite.

"Now let me introduce you to the ladies of my race," he said, as he proceeded to narrate their various histories.

"Oh, Norman," she said, "do you mean that my portrait too will hang here?"

"I hope so, my darling, very soon."

"But how can I have place amongst all these fair and noble women," she asked, with sad humility—"I, whose ancestors have done nothing to deserve merit or praise? Why, Norman, in the long years to come, when some Lord Arleigh brings home his wife as you have brought me, and they stand together before my picture as I stand before these, the young wife will ask, 'Who was this?' and the answer will be, 'Lady Madaline Arleigh.' She will ask again, 'Who was she?' And what will the answer be?"

"That Lord Arleigh will be able to answer: 'She was the flower of the race; she was famed for her pure, gentle life and the good example she gave to all around her; she was beloved by rich and poor.' That is what will be said of you, my Madaline."

"Heaven make me worthy!" she said, humbly. And then they came to a picture that seemed to strike her.

"Norman," she said, "that face is like the Duchess of Hazlewood's."

"Do you think so, darling? Well, there is perhaps a faint resemblance."

"It lies in the brow and in the chin," she said. "How beautiful the duchess is!" she continued. "Do you know one thing that I have thought so strange?"

"No; I have not been trusted with many of your thoughts yet," he returned.

"I have wondered so often why you never fell in love with the duchess."

"Fate had something better in store for me," he said, laughing.

"Norman," she said, a sudden gleam of memory brightening her face, "I had almost forgotten—the duchess gave me this for you; I was to be sure to give it to you before the sun set on our wedding-day."

She held out a white packet sealed securely, and he took it wonderingly. He tore off the outer cover, and saw written on the envelope:

"A wedding-present from Philippa, Duchess of Hazlewood, to Lord Arleigh. To be read alone on his wedding-day."

What could it mean? Philippa at times took strange caprices into her head. This seemed to be one of the strangest.

"Madaline, my darling," he said, sinking on to an ottoman, "you have taken no tea. You would like some. Leave me here alone for half an hour. I want to think."

She went up to him, and clasped her arms round his neck. She bent her blushing face over his, and the caress surprised as much as it delighted him.

"What are you going to think about, Norman? Will it be of me?"

"Of whom else should I think on my wedding-day, if not of my wife?" he asked.

"I should be jealous if your thoughts went anywhere else," replied Madaline. "This is a daring speech, Norman. I never thought I should make such a one."

"Your daring is very delightful, Madaline; let me hear more of it."

She laughed a low, happy, contented laugh, that sounded like sweetest music in his ears.

"I will dare to say something else, Norman, if you promise not to think it uncalled for. I am very happy, my darling husband—I love you very much, and I thank you for your love."

"Still better," he said, kissing the beautiful, blushing face. "Now go, Madaline. I understand the feminine liking for a cup of tea.

"Shall I send one to you?" she asked.

"No," he replied, laughingly. "You may teach me to care about tea in time. I do not yet."

The faint perfume of the letter was like a message from Philippa, reminding him that the missive was still unread.

"I shall not be long," said Madaline.

He watched the long folds of Madaline's white dress as she passed along the gallery, and then the hangings fell, and he was alone.

He broke the seal; the envelope contained a closely written epistle. It began as follows:

"A wedding-present from Philippa, Duchess of Hazlewood, to Norman, Lord Arleigh. You will ask what it is? My answer is, My revenge—well planned, patiently awaited. Fire, fury, and hatred rage now in my heart as I write this to you. You have scorned me—this is my revenge.

"As a child, I loved you better than anything else in the wide world—better than my mother, my home, my friends; and my love grew with my growth. I thought of no future but with you, no life but with you, no love but for you; I had no dreams apart from you. I was proud when they talked of my beauty: that you should have a fair wife delighted me.

"When you returned home, I quite expected that you were coming to claim me as your wife—I thought that was what brought you to England. I remember the day you came. The first tones of your voice, the first clasp of your hand, the first look of your eyes, chilled me with sorrow and disappointment. Yet I hoped against hope. I tried to win you—I tried all that love, patience, gentleness and consideration could do. It was all in vain.

"Then came for me the fatal day when I heard you tell the Duchess of Aytoun that you had never seen the woman you would care to make your wife. I heard the confession, yet I would not give in. At last came the night out on the balcony, when I resolved to risk all, to ask you for your love—do you remember it? You were advocating the cause of another; I asked you why you did not speak for yourself. You must have known that my woman's heart was on fire; yet you told me in cold, well-chosen words, that you had only a brother's affection for me. On that night the better part of me died; my love—the love of my life—died; my hopes—life-long hopes—died; the best, truest, noblest part of me died.

"When I was left alone, I swore to be revenged. I vowed vengeance against you, no matter what it might cost.

"Years ago we had a maid whom my mother liked very much. She was gentle, well-mannered, and well-bred. She left us, and married badly—a handsome, reckless, ne'er-do-well, who led her a most wretched life.

"Very shortly after my marriage, she called to ask my aid. She had been compelled to come to London with her husband and child. While she was talking to me the duke came in. I think her patient face interested him. He listened to her story, and promised to do something for her husband.

"The man came; and the result of that visit was, that Dornham, seeing a quantity of plate about, resolved upon helping himself to a portion of it. He was caught, after having broken into the house and filled his pockets with some of my most valuable jewels. There was no help for it but to prosecute him, and his sentence was ten years' penal servitude.

"Afterward I went to see Margaret, and found her in desperate circumstances; yet she had one ornament in her house—a beautiful young girl, her daughter, so fair of face that at first she dazzled me. The moment I saw her I thought of your description of your ideal—eyes like blue hyacinths and hair of gold. Forthwith a plan entered my mind which I have most successfully carried out.

"I asked for the girl's name, and was told that it was Madaline—an uncommon name for one of her class—but the mother had lived amongst well-to-do people, and had caught some of their ideas. I looked at the girl—her face was fair, sweet, pure. Her hands were white and shapely as my own, her figure was slender and graceful. I found her well-educated, refined, intelligent.

For many years Madaline had been what is called a governess-pupil in a most excellent school. 'Let me die when I may,' said the poor, proud mother; 'her education will always be a fortune to her.'

"I asked her one day if she would let me take Madaline home with me for a few hours; she seemed delighted, and consented at once. I took the girl home, and with my own hands dressed her in one of my most becoming toilets. Her beauty was something marvelous. She seemed to gain both grace and dignity in her new attire. Shortly afterward, with her mother's permission, I sent her for six months to one of the most fashionable schools in Paris. The change wrought in her was magical; she learned as much in that time as some girls would have learned in a couple of years. Every little grace of manner seemed to come naturally to her; she acquired a tone that twenty years spent in the best of society does not give to some. Then I persuaded Vere, my husband, to take me to Paris for a few days, telling him I wanted to see the daughter of an old friend, who was at school there. When I told him my whim was to bring Madaline home and make a companion of her, he allowed me to do just as I pleased, asking no questions.

"I have my revenge. You have married not only a low-born girl, but the daughter of a felon—a felon's daughter is mistress of proud Beechgrove! You, who scorned Philippa L'Estrange—you, who looked for your ideal in the clouds, have found it near a prison-cell! Could I have planned, prayed for, hoped for, longed for a sweeter revenge?

"I am indifferent as to what you may do in return. I have lived for my revenge, and now that I have tasted it, life is indifferent to me. You will, of course, write to complain to the duke, and he, with his honest indignation justly aroused, will perhaps refuse to see me again. I care not; my interest in life ended when my love died.

"Madaline herself has been deceived. I told her that you knew all her history, and that you loved her in spite of it; but that she was never to mention it to you."

He read the letter with a burning flush on his face, which afterward grew white as with the pallor of death; a red mist was before his eyes, the sound of surging waters in his ears, his heart beat loud and fast. Could it be true—oh, merciful Heaven, could it be true? At first he had a wild hope that it was a cruel jest. It could not be true—his whole soul rose in rebellion against it.

The daughter of a felon—and he had brought her to Beechgrove as successor to a roll of noble women, each one of whom had been a heroine, each one of whom had been of noble birth! For the first time the glory of Beechgrove was tarnished. They must part. The girl he loved with all the passionate love of his heart—the fair, young wife whom he worshiped, must go, and he must see her no more. She must be his wife in name only.

His head fell forward on his breast, and as bitter a sob as ever left man's lips died on his. His wife in name only! The sweet face, the tender lips, were not for him—yet he loved her with the whole passion and force of his soul. Then he raised his head—for he heard a sound, and knew that she was returning.

She came up to him, and stood before him in all the grace of her delicate loveliness, in all the pride of her beauty. She was looking at the gorgeous Titian near him.

"Norman," she said, "the sun has turned those rubies into drops of blood—they look almost terrible on the white throat. What a strange picture! What a tragical face!"

Suddenly, with outstretched arms, she fell on her knees at his side.

"Oh, my darling! what has happened? What is the matter?"

She had been away from him only half an hour, yet it seemed to him ages since he had watched her leave the gallery with a smile on her lips.

"What is it, my darling?" she cried again. "Dear

Norman, you look as though the shadow of death had passed over you. What is it?"

She flung herself on his breast, and was kissing his changed face as she had never done before.

"Norman, my darling husband, you are ill," she said—"and will not tell me. That is why you sent me away."

He tried to unclasp her arms, but she clung the more closely to him.

"You shall not send me away. You wish to suffer in silence! Oh, my darling, my husband, do you forget that I am your wife, for better for worse, in sickness and in health? You shall not suffer without my knowledge."

"I am not ill, Madaline," he said, with a low moan. "It is not that."

He unclasped her arms from his neck—their caress was a torture to him.

"My poor darling—my poor wife!"

She looked round in quick alarm; and then something strange in his face attracted her attention. She looked at him.

"Norman," she said, slowly, "is it—is it—something about me?"

How was he to tell her? He felt that it would be easier to take her out into the glorious light of the sunset and slay her than kill her with the cruel words that he must speak.

"It is—I am quite sure," she declared, slowly—"something about me. Oh, Norman, what is it? I have not been away from you long, yet no change from fairest day to darkest night could be so great as the change in you since I left you. You will not tell me what it is—you have taken my arms from your neck—you do not love me!"

"Do not torture me, Madaline," he said. "I am almost mad!"

"But what is it? What have I done? I, whom you send from you now, am the same Madaline whom you married this morning—whom you kissed half an hour since. Norman, I begin to think that I am in a terrible dream."

"I would to Heaven it were a dream. Oh, Madaline, how can I tell you!"

His agitation calmed her; she took his hand in hers.

"Do not think of me," she said; "think of yourself. I can bear what you can bear. Let me share your trouble, whatever it may be, my husband."

He looked at the sweet, pleading face. How could he dash the light and the brightness from it? How could he slay her with the cruel story he had to tell? Then, in a low, hoarse voice, he said:

"You must know all, and I cannot say it. Read this letter, Madaline, and then you will understand."

Chapter XXVI.

Slowly, wonderingly, Lady Arleigh took the duchess's letter and opened it.

"Is it from the duchess?" she asked.

"Yes; it is from the duchess," replied her husband.

He saw her sink slowly down upon a lounge.

Slowly, and as though it was with difficulty that she understood, Lady Arleigh read the letter through, and then—she did not scream or cry out—she raised her eyes to his face. He saw in them a depth of human sorrow and human woe which words were powerless to express.

So they looked at each other in passionate anguish. No words passed—of what avail were they? Each read the heart of the other. They knew that they must part. Then the closely written pages fell to the ground, and Madaline's hands clasped each other in helpless anguish. The golden head fell forward on her breast. He noticed that in her agitation and sorrow she did not cling to him as she had clung before—that she did not even touch him. She seemed by instinct to understand that she was his wife now in name only.

So for some minutes they sat, while the sunset glowed in the west. He was the first to speak.

"My dear Madaline," he said, "my poor wife, I would rather have died than have given you this pain."

"I know it—I am sure of it," she said; "but, oh, Norman, how can I release you?"

"There is, happily, no question about that," he answered.

He saw her rise from her feet and stretch out her arms.

"What have I done," she cried, "that I must suffer so cruelly? What have I done?"

"Madaline," said Lord Arleigh, "I do not think that so cruel a fate has ever befallen any one as has befallen us. I do not believe that any one has ever had to suffer so cruelly, my darling. If death had parted us, the trial would have been easier to bear."

"It is very cruel," she said, with a shudder. "I did not think that the duchess could be so cruel."

"It is more than that—it is infamous!" he cried. "It is vengeance worthier of a fiend than of a woman."

"And I loved her so!" said the young girl, mournfully. "Husband, I will not reproach you—your love was chivalrous and noble; but why did you not let me speak freely to you? The duchess told me that you knew the whole history of my father's crime, that you were familiar with every detail of it, but that you wished me never to mention it—never even ever so remotely to allude to it. I thought it strange, Norman, that one in your position should be willing to overlook so terrible a blot; but she told me your love for me was so great that you could not live without me. She told me even more—that I must try to make my own life so perfect that the truest nobility of all, the nobility of virtue, might be mine."

"Did she really tell you that?" asked Lord Arleigh, wonderingly.

"Yes; and, Norman, she said that you would discuss the question with me once, and once only—that would be on my wedding-day. On that day you would ask for, and I should tell, the whole story of my father's crime; and after that it was to be as a dead letter, never to be named."

"And you believed her?' he said.

"Yes, as I believe you. I told her with tears in my eyes that I thought you would repent; more than once I was on the point of running away. But she would not let me go."

"I wish you had told me this," he said, slowly.

She raised her eyes to his.

"You would not let me speak, Norman. I tried so often, dear, but you would not let me."

"I remember," he acknowledged; "but, oh, my darling, how little I knew what you had to say! I never thought that anything stood between us except your poverty."

They remained silent for some few minutes—such sorrow as theirs needed no words. Lord Arleigh was again the first to speak.

"Madaline," he said, "will you tell me all you remember of your life?"

"First, I can remember being a child in some far-off woodland house. My father used to come in with his gun slung across his shoulders—he was a very handsome man, Norman, but not kind to either my mother or me. My mother was patient, kind, gentle, long-suffering." She continued as though recalling her thoughts with difficulty. "I can remember some one else. I do not know who or what he was, except that he was, I think, a doctor. He used to amuse me. Then there came a dark day. After that I never saw my friend again."

"And you remember no more than that about him, Madaline?"

"No," she replied. "Then came a time," she went on, "when it seemed to me that my mother spent all her days and nights in weeping. I have no recollection of the journey, but I can remember my sorrow at leaving the bright green woods for a dull, gloomy city lodging. After we came to London my mother insisted that I should have a good education; she toiled, saved, suffered for me. 'My darling must be a lady,' she used to say. She would not let me work, though I entreated her with tears in my eyes. After a great deal of trouble and expense, she contrived to get me an engagement as governess-pupil in a ladies' school; and there I received a good education. My mother always fancied that people watched me. 'Has any one spoken to you, darling?' she would ask. 'Has any stranger seen you?' I used to laugh, thinking it was parental anxiety; but it has struck me since as strange. While I was at the ladies' school my father committed the crime for which I—alas! am suffering now."

"Will you tell me what the crime was?"

"I will tell you all about it," she said—"would to Heaven that I had done so before! My mother was in the service of Lady L'Estrange. Miss L'Estrange married the Duke of Hazlewood, and, when my mother was in great difficulties, some time since, she went to the duchess to ask her for employment. The duchess was always kind," continued Madaline, "and she grew interested in my mother. She interested the duke in her case, and he promised to find employment for my unfortunate father, who went to his house to see him. What he saw in the duke's mansion tempted him. He joined some burglars, and they robbed the house. My unfortunate father was found with his pockets filled with valuable jewelry."

"None of this is your fault, my poor darling," he said. "Go on."

"Then," she continued, "the duchess was kinder than ever to my mother. She furnished her with the means of gaining her livelihood; she offered to finish my education and adopt me. So I was sent to a school in Paris. When I had been there some time, the duke and duchess came to see me. They arranged that I was to go home with them and live as the duchess's companion. Again she warned me never upon any account to mention who I was, or anything about me. From the first, Norman, she talked so much about you; you were the model of everything chivalrous and noble. I had learned to love you long before I saw you. I can see it all now. She laid the plot—we were the victims. Oh, Norman, you and I were both blind! Oh, if I could but die here at your feet, and save you from myself!"

Even as she spoke she sank sobbing at his feet.

"Madaline," he said, as he raised her in his arms, "do not make my task harder. That which I have to do is indeed bitter to me—do not make it harder."

This touched her. For his sake she must try to be strong.

The strong man trembled with agitation; his lips quivered, his face was pale as death. He bent over his weeping wife.

"Madaline," he said, gently, "I do not understand the ways of destiny. Why you and I have to suffer this torture I cannot say. I can see nothing in our lives that deserves such punishment. Heaven knows best. There is only one thing plain to me, and it is that we must part."

He never forgot how she sprang from him, her colorless face raised to his.

"Part, Norman!" she cried. "We cannot part now; I am your wife!"

"I know it. But we must part."

"Part!" repeated the girl. "We cannot; the tie that binds us cannot be sundered so easily"

"My poor Madaline, it must be."

She caught his hand in hers.

"You are jesting, Norman. We cannot be separated—we are one. Do you forget the words—'for better for worse,' 'till death does us part'? You frighten me!"

And she shrank from him with a terrible shudder.

"It must be as I have said," declared the unhappy man. "I have been deceived—so have you. We have to suffer now for another's sin."

"We may suffer," she said, "but we cannot part. You cannot send me away from you."

"I must," he persisted. "Darling, I speak with the deepest love and pity, yet with unwavering firmness. You cannot think that, with that terrible stain resting on you, you can take your place here."

"But I am your wife!" she cried, in wild terror.

"You are my wife," he returned, with quivering lips; "but you must remain so in name only. My wife," he muttered, "in name only."

"But I love you, Norman—you must not send me away! I love you—I shall die if I have to leave you!"

"My darling," he said, gently, "it is even harder for me than for you."

"No, no!" she cried, "for I love you so dearly, Norman—better than life! Darling, my whole heart went out to you long ago—you cannot give it back to me."

"If it kills you and myself too, I must send you away."

"Send me away! Oh, no, Norman! Let me stay, husband, darling. We were married only this morning. My place is here by your side. I cannot go!"

Looking away from her, with those passionate accents still ringing in his ears, his only answer was:

"Family honor demands it."

"Norman," she implored, "listen to me, dear! Do not send me away. I will be so good, so devoted. I will fulfill my duties so well. I will bear myself so worthily that no one shall remember anything against me; they shall forget my unhappy birth, and think only that you have chosen well. Oh, Norman, be merciful! Leaving you would be a living death!"

"You cannot suffer more than I do," he said—"and I would give my life to save you pain; but, my darling, I cannot be so false to the honor of my house as to ask you to stay here. I could not ask you to remain here and treat you as my wife, even to save my life!"

"I have done no wrong, Norman; why should you punish me so cruelly?"

"No, my darling, you have done no wrong—and the punishment is more mine than yours. I lose the wife whom I love most dearly—I lose my all."

"And what do I lose?" she moaned.

"Not so much as I do, because you are the fairest and sweetest of women. You shall live in all honor, Madaline. You shall never suffer social degradation, darling—the whole world shall know that I hold you blameless; but you can be my wife only in name."

She was silent for a few minutes; then held out her arms to him.

"Oh, my love, relent!" she cried. "Do not be so hard on me—indeed I have done no wrong. Be merciful! I am your wife; your name is so mighty, so noble, it will overshadow me. Who notices the weed that grows under the shadow of the kingly oak? Oh, husband, let me stay! I love you so dearly—let me stay!"

The trial was so cruel that great drops fell from his brow, and his limbs trembled.

"My darling, it is utterly impossible. We have been deceived. The consequences of that deceit must be met. Do not urge me further."

"Norman," she said, in a trembling voice, "you are doing wrong in sending me away. It is Heaven's law that husband and wife should cleave together. You cannot break it."

"I have no wish to break it. I shall love you until I die, but you must be my wife in name only."

"Norman," she said, "let me make one last appeal. I know the stigma is terrible—almost more than you can bear; but, my darling, since you say you love me so dearly, can you not bear this trial for my sake, if in everything else I please you—if I ever prove myself a loving, trustful, truthful wife—if I prove a worthy mistress of your household?"

"I cannot," he replied, hoarsely; but something in his face gave her hope, for she went on, with a ring of passionate love in her voice.

"If, after we had been married, I had found out that you had concealed something from me, do you think that I should have loved you less?"

"I do not think you would, Madaline; but the present case is different—entirely different; it is not for my own sake, but for the honor of my race."

"But, Norman—this is a weak argument, I know—a woman's argument—still, listen to it, love—who would know my secret if it were well kept?"

"It would hang over my head like a drawn sword, and some day the sword would fall. In the height of some social or political struggle, when man often repeats against his fellow-man all that he knows of the vilest and the worst, there might be thrown into the faces of our children the fact that they were descended from a felon!"

She drew up her slender figure to its full height, her lovely face glowed with a light he did not understand.

"You may be quite right," she said. "I cannot dispute what you say. Your honor may be a sufficient reason for throwing aside the wife of less than twelve hours, but my heart tells me you are wrong."

"Would to Heaven that I thought the same!" he rejoined, quickly.

She turned away with a low, dreary sigh, and the light died from her face.

"Madaline," said Lord Arleigh, quietly, "do not think, my darling, that you suffer most—indeed it is not so. Think how I love you—think how precious you are to me—and then ask yourself if it is no pain to give you up."

"I know it is painful," she returned, sadly; "but, Norman, if the decision and choice rested with me as they do with you, I should act differently."

"I would, Heaven knows, if I could," he said, slowly.

"Such conduct is not just to me," she continued, her face flushing with the eagerness of her words. "I have done no wrong, yet I am to be driven from your house and home—divorced in all but name. I say it is not fair, Norman—not just. Do you think I have no sense of honor? Could you do me a greater wrong, do you think, than to put me away, not twelve hours after our marriage, like one utterly unworthy?"

He made no answer. She went on in her low, passionate, musical voice.

"I can say no more," she moaned, wringing her hands. "My own heart, my woman's instinct, tells me you are wrong. I cannot argue; nor can I urge anything more."

She turned from him. He would have given much to take her into his arms and, kissing her, bid her stay.

Lord Arleigh raised his head from his breast. His wife was kneeling, sobbing at his feet.

"Norman," she said, in a broken voice, "I yield, I submit. You know best, dear. In truth, I am not worthy to be your wife. I urge no claim on you; but, my darling, must I leave you? Could I not remain here as your servant, the lowliest in your house—somewhere near, where I may hear the tones of your voice, the sound of your footsteps. Oh, Norman, be merciful, and grant me that at least!"

"My darling, do not tempt me. If you were near me, I might remember only my love."

"No one should know," she whispered, "that I was your wife. No one should know, love. Oh, darling, let it be so!"

She saw great drops of agony on his brow; she saw a world of pain in his eyes which alarmed her.

"It cannot be," he replied, hoarsely. "You must urge me no more—you are torturing me."

Then she rose, humbly enough, and turned away.

"While I have been sitting here," he went on, "I have been thinking it all over, and I have come to a decision as to what will be best for you and for me. You are Lady Arleigh of Beechgrove—you are my wife; you shall have all the honor and respect due to your position."

She shuddered, as though the words were a most cruel mockery.

"On our estate there is a little house called the Dower House—a house where the dowagers of the family have generally resided. It is near Winiston. A housekeeper and two servants live in the house now, and keep it in order. You will be happy there, my darling, I am sure, as far as is possible. I will see that you have everything which you need or require. You have no objection to raise, have you, Madaline?"

"No," she replied; "it matters little where I live; I can only pray that my life may be short."

"Hush, my darling! You pain me."

"It is eight o'clock," he said; "we shall have time to drive to Winiston to-night."

There was a world of sorrowful reproach in the blue eyes raised to his.

"I understand," she said, quietly; "you do not wish that the daughter of a felon should sleep, even for one night, under your roof."

"You pain me, and you pain yourself; but, if you will hear the truth, it is, my poor Madaline, just as you say. Even for these ancient walls I have such reverence."

"Since my presence dishonors them," she said, quietly, "I will go. Heaven will judge between us, Norman. I say that you are doing wrong. I will go to my room and prepare for the journey."

She lingered before him, beautiful, graceful, sorrowful.

"I dare not," he muttered, hoarsely; "I cannot trust myself."

He watched her as with slow, graceful steps she passed down the long gallery. When she had reached the end, he saw her draw aside the hangings and stand for a minute looking at the pictured faces of the Arleighs; then she disappeared.

He buried his face in his hands and wept bitterly.

Lady Arleigh went to her room. Hastily taking off her white dress and removing the jewels from her neck and the flowers from her hair, Madaline placed them aside, and then, having attired herself for the journey, she went down-stairs.

Not a word was spoken by husband and wife as Lady Arleigh took her seat in the carriage. Never a word did she speak as the carriage drove slowly through the park.

Once her husband turned to her and tried to take her hand in his, but she drew back.

"It will be better not to talk, Norman," she said. "I can bear it best in silence."

They reached Winiston House before eleven. The housekeeper looked somewhat dubiously at Lord Arleigh and then at his companion, Madaline never opened her lips. Lord Arleigh was strangely pale and confused.

"Mrs. Burton," he said, "this is my wife—Lady Arleigh I am not going to remain here myself," he added.

"Lady Arleigh will live at Winiston House altogether; and, as you have always served the family faithfully and well, I should like you to remain in her service."

The woman looked up at him in such utter bewilderment.

"Family matters that concern no one but ourselves compel me to make this arrangement. Lady Arleigh will be mistress now of Winiston House. She will have a staff of servants here. You can remain as housekeeper or not—just as you like."

"Of course, my lord, I shall be only too thankful to remain; but it seems so very strange that——"

Lord Arleigh held up his hand.

"Hush!" he said. "A well-trained servant finds nothing strange."

The woman took the hint and retired.

Lord Arleigh turned to say farewell to his wife. He found her standing, white and tearless, by the window.

"Oh, my darling," he cried, "we now must part! Yet how can I leave you—so sad, so silent, so despairing? Speak to me, my own love—one word—just one word."

Her woman's heart, so quick to pity, was touched by his prayer. She smiled as sad, as sweet a smile as ever was seen on woman's lips.

"I shall be better in time, Norman," she said, "and shall not always be sad."

"There are some business arrangements which must be made," he continued, hurriedly—"but it will be better for us not to meet again just yet, Madaline—I could not bear it. I will see that all is arranged for your comfort. You must have every luxury and——"

"Luxury!" she repeated, mockingly. "Why, I would rather be the sorriest beggar that ever breathed than be myself! Luxury! You mock me, Lord Arleigh."

"You will be less bitter in time, my darling," he said. "You shall have all this world can give you——"

"Except love and happiness," she interposed.

"Love you have, sweet; you have mine—the fervent, true, honest, deep love of my heart and soul. I will take care that the whole world knows that this separation arises from no fault of yours. Promise me, my darling wife—promise me, when the first smart of the pain is over, that you will try to be happy."

She bent her head, but spoke no word.

"Promise me, too, Madaline, that if sickness or sorrow should come to you, you will send for me at once."

"I promise," she said.

"A few words more and I have done. Tell me what course you wish me to pursue toward the duchess."

"I have no wish in the matter," she replied, directly. "She was kind to me once; for the sake of that kindness I forgive her. She forgot all that I must suffer, in her wish to punish you. I shall leave her to Heaven."

"And I," he said, "will do the same; voluntarily, I will never see her or speak to her again."

There remained for him only to say farewell. He took her little, white hand; it was cold as death.

"Farewell, my love," he said—"farewell!"

He kissed her face with slow, sweet reverence, as he would have kissed the face of a dead woman whom he loved; and then he was gone.

She heard the wheels of the carriage rolling away. She stretched out her hands with a faint cry.

"Norman—my husband—my love!" she called; but from the deep silence of the night there came no response.

All night Madaline watched the stars, and that night the best part of her died—youth, love, hope, happiness.

Once out of the house, Lord Arleigh, with a gesture of despair, threw himself back in the carriage. The footman came to him.

"Where to, my lord—to Beechgrove?"

"No," replied Lord Arleigh, "to the railway station. I want to catch the night mail for London."

Lord Arleigh was just in time for the train. The footman caught a glimpse of his master's face as the train went off—it was white and rigid.

Chapter XXVII.

Three days after Lord Arleigh's marriage, the Duchess of Hazlewood sat alone. Those three days had changed her terribly.

Presently Lady Peters entered, with an open newspaper.

"Philippa, my dear," she said, "I am very uncomfortable. Should you think this paragraph refers to Lord Arleigh? It seems to do so—yet I cannot believe it."

Lady Peters held the paper out to her.

"I cannot read it," she said, wearily. "Read it to me."

And then Lady Peters said:

"Scandal in High Life.—Some strange revelations are shortly expected in aristocratic circles. A few days since a noble lord, bearing one of the most ancient titles in England, was married. The marriage took place under circumstances of great mystery; and the mystery has been increased by the separation of bride and bridegroom on their wedding-day. What has led to this separation is at present a secret, but it is expected that in a few days all particulars will be known."

A fashionable paper which indulged largely in personalities, also had a telling article on Lord Arleigh's marriage. This, also, Lady Peters read, and the duchess listened with white, trembling lips.

"It must refer to Lord Arleigh," said Lady Peters.

"It cannot," was the rejoinder. "He was far too deeply in love with his bride to leave her."

The next day a letter was handed to her. She recognized the handwriting—it was Lord Arleigh's. She laid the note down, not daring to read it before Lady Peters.

When she was alone she opened it.

"You will be pleased to hear, duchess, that your scheme has entirely succeeded. You have made two innocent people who have never harmed you as wretched as it is possible for human beings to be. In no respect has your vengeance failed. I—your old friend, playmate, brother, the son of your mother's dearest friend—have been made miserable for life. Your revenge was well chosen. I must say this, however: All friendship and acquaintance between us is at an end. You will be to me henceforward an entire stranger. I could retaliate. I could write and tell your husband, who is a man of honor, of the unworthy deed you have done; but I shall not do that—it would be unmanly. Before my dear wife and I parted, we agreed that the punishment of your sin should be left to Heaven. So I leave it. Arleigh."

She could have borne with his letter if it had been filled with the wildest invectives—if he had reproached her, even cursed her; his dignified forbearance she could not tolerate.

She laid down the letter. It was all over now. She had had her revenge; she smiled bitterly to herself as she thought of that. She had punished him. And no one ever associated the Duchess of Hazlewood with Lord Arleigh's strange marriage. Even some questions of her husband's she skillfully parried.

"I am tired, Vere," she said, "quite tired of the subject. Lord Arleigh and I quarreled because of his marriage, so you may imagine it is not a very attractive subject to me."

"Well, I will say no more about it, but I am sincerely sorry, Philippa. Of all our friends, I liked Lord Arleigh best; and I shall decidedly refuse to quarrel with him. His marriage is his own affair, not mine."

Lord Arleigh saw that his wife had everything needful for

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her; he settled a large income on her; he sent from London horses, carriages, everything that her heart could desire; he saw that she had a proper household formed. Whatever else the world might say, it could not say that he showed her any want of respect or any want of attention. Lord Arleigh did not live with his wife, never visited her, never spoke of her; but it was quite clear that his motive lay deeper than the world knew.

Then, after a time, all the sensation and wonder died away; society accepted the fact that Lord Arleigh was unhappily married, and had separated from his wife.

He went abroad, and then he returned home, sojourning at quiet watering-places where he thought his story and himself would be unknown.

Chapter XXVIII.

A year and a half had passed, and Lord Arleigh decided to go to Tintagel, in wild, romantic Cornwall; at least, there

would be boating, fishing, and the glorious scenery to draw his mind from its gloomy reflections

"I must go somewhere," he said to himself—"I must do something."

The young nobleman strolled sadly along the seashore, thinking of the sunniest May he had known since then, the May before his marriage.

He sat down on the sloping beach. With a deep moan, he bent his head as he thought of the fair young wife, the beautiful, loving girl who had clung to him so earnestly.

"Madaline, Madaline!" he cried aloud; and the waves seemed to repeat "Madaline" as they broke on the shore. "Madaline," the mild wind whispered. It was like the realization of a dream, when he heard his name murmured, and, turning, saw his lost wife.

The next moment he had sprung to his feet, uncertain at first whether it was some vision.

"Madaline," he cried, "is it really you?"

"Yes; you must not be angry with me, Norman. There is no one to see me, no one to reveal that we have met."

She trembled; her face—more beautiful than ever—was raised to his with a look of unutterable appeal.

"You are not angry, Norman?"

"Angry—and with you, Madaline—always my best beloved—how could that be?"

"I knew that you were here," she said. "I saw in a newspaper that you were going to Tintagel for the Summer. I had been longing to see you again—to see you, while unseen myself; so I came hither."

"My dear Madaline, to what purpose?" he asked, sadly.

"I felt that if I did not look upon your face I should die—that I could live no longer without seeing you. Such a terrible fever seemed to be burning my very life away. My heart yearned for the touch of your hand. So I came. You are not angry that I came?"

"No, not angry; but it will be the harder for us to part."

"I have been here in Tintagel for two whole days," she continued. "I have seen you, but this is the first time you have gone where I could follow. Now speak to me, Norman. Say something to me that will make me stronger to bear my desolate life—braver to live without you. You are wiser, better, braver than I. Teach me to bear my fate?"

He looked with dumb, passionate sorrow into her fair, loving face.

"You must not think it unwomanly of me to come," she said. "I am your wife—there is no harm in my coming."

Her face was suffused with a crimson blush.

"Norman," she said, gently, "sit down here by my side, and I will tell you why I have come."

They sat down side by side on the beach. There was only the wide, blue sky above—no human being to watch the tragedy of love and pride played out by the sea-waves.

"I have come," she said, "to make one more appeal to you, Norman—to ask you to change this stern determination which is ruining your life and mine—to ask you to take me back to your home and your heart. Norman, when you made me your wife, did you not promise to love and to cherish, to protect me and make me happy, until I died?"

"Yes," he replied, briefly.

"Then how are you keeping that promise made in the sight of Heaven?"

Lord Arleigh looked down at the fair, pure face, a strange light glowing on his own.

"My dear Madaline," he said, "you must not overlook what the honor of my race demands. I have my own ideas of what is due to my ancestors; and in the eyes of Heaven, my wife, I cannot think I am wronging you."

"Then," she said, humbly, "my coming here, my pleading, is in vain."

"Not in vain, my darling. Even the sight of you for a few minutes has been like a glimpse of Elysium."

"And I must return," she said, "as I came—with my love thrown back, my prayers unanswered, my sorrow redoubled."

She hid her face in her hands and wept aloud. Presently she bent forward.

"Norman," she said, in a low whisper, "my darling, I appeal to you for my own sake. I love you so dearly that I cannot live away from you—it is a living death. You cannot realize it. You can live without love, I cannot. Oh, Norman, for my sake, for my love's sake, for my happiness sake, take me back, dear—take me back!"

The golden head drooped forward and fell on to his breast, her hands clung to him with almost despairing pain.

"I will be so humble, darling. I can keep away from all observation. It is only to be with you that I wish—only to be near you. You cannot be hard—you cannot send me away; you will not, for I love you!"

Her hands clung more closely to him.

"Why not take me home, Norman?"

"I cannot," he replied, in a tone of determination. "You must not torture me, Madaline, with further pleading. I cannot."

He rose and walked with rapid steps down to the shore. How hard it was—bitter, almost, as the anguish of death!

She was by his side again, walking in silence. He would have given the world if he could have taken her into his arms and have kissed back the color into her sad face.

"Norman," said a low voice full of bitterest pain, "I am come to say good-by. I am sorry I came. I have done harm—not good. Forgive me, and say good-by."

"It has made our lot a thousand times harder, Madaline."

"I am sorry that I have acted against your wishes," she said, "and broken the long silence. I will never do it again, Norman."

"Never, unless you are ill and need me," he supplemented. "Then you have promised to send for me."

"I will do so," she said. "You will remember, dear husband, that my last words to you were 'Good-by, and Heaven bless you!'"

She went back to Winiston House and took up the dreary round of life again. She might have made her lot more endurable and happier, she might have traveled, have sought society and amusement; but she had no heart for any of these things. She had spent the year and a half of her lonely married life in profound study, thinking to herself that if he should claim her he would be pleased to find her yet more accomplished and educated. Now that she was going back without this mainspring of hope, her old studies and pursuits wearied her.

After a while she fell ill; and then she lay longing for death.

Chapter XXIX.

It was September. Lord Arleigh hired a shooting-lodge in Scotland, called Glaburn.

One day, as he wandered east and west, knowing little, and caring less, whither he went, a violent storm overtook him. He wandered on for hours, wet through, weary, cold, yet rather rejoicing than otherwise in his fatigue.

At last he grew alarmed; life did not hold much for him, it was true, but he had no desire to die on those lonely wilds, without a human being near him.

He grew exhausted at last; for some hours he had struggled on in the face of the tempest.

"I shall have to lie down like a dog by the roadside, and die," he thought to himself.

As the hot tears blinded his eyes—tears for Madaline, not

for himself—a light suddenly flashed into them, and he found himself quite close to the window of a house. With a deep-drawn, bitter sob, he whispered to himself that he was saved. He had just strength enough to knock at the door; and when it was opened he fell across the threshold.

When he recovered, he found several gentlemen around him, one of them holding a flask to his lips.

"That was a narrow escape," said a cheery, musical voice. "How long have you been on foot?"

"Since eight this morning," he replied.

"And now it is nearly eight at night! Well, you may thank Heaven for preserving your life."

Lord Arleigh turned away with a sigh. How little could any one guess what life meant for him—life spent without love—without Madaline!

He looked around. Over him leaned a tall, handsome man, whose hair was slightly tinged with gray.

"I think," he said, "you are my neighbor, Lord Arleigh? I have often seen you on the moors."

"I do not remember you," Lord Arleigh returned; "nor do I know where I am."

"Then let me introduce myself as the Earl of Mountdean," said the gentleman. "You are at Rosorton, a shooting-lodge belonging to me, and I beg that you will make yourself at home."

The kind, sympathetic voice pleased Lord Arleigh.

Every attention was paid to him. He was placed in a warm bed, and left to rest.

"The Earl of Mountdean." Then this was the tall figure he had seen striding over the hills—this was the neighbor he had shunned and avoided, preferring solitude. How kind he was, and how his voice affected him. He fell asleep, thinking of this, and dreamed of Madaline all night long.

In the morning the earl himself came to his room to make inquiries; and then Lord Arleigh liked him better than ever. He would not allow his guest to rise.

"Remember," he said, "prevention is better than cure. After the terrible risk you have run, it will not do for you to be rash. You must rest."

So Lord Arleigh took the good advice, but on the second day he rose, declaring that he could stand no further confinement.

"I am compelled to be despotic," said Lord Mountdean. "You have only men-servants—and they cannot make you comfortable. Stay here for a few days, until you are well."

So Lord Arleigh said, with a smile, that he had come to Glaburn purposely for solitude.

"It was for the same thing that I came here," said the earl. "I have had a great sorrow, and I like to be alone."

The two men looked at each other, but they liked each other all the better for such open confession.

When a few days had passed, Lord Arleigh felt unwilling to leave his companion. He had never felt more at home than he did with Lord Mountdean. He had met no one so manly, so simple, so intelligent, and at the same time such a good fellow. There were little peculiarities in the earl, too, that struck him very forcibly; they seemed to recall some faint, vague memory, a something that he could never grasp, that was always eluding him, yet that was perfectly clear; and he was completely puzzled.

"Have we ever met before?" he once asked the earl.

"I do not think so. I have no remembrance of ever having seen you."

"Your voice and face are familiar to me," the younger man continued. "One or two of your gestures are as well known to me as though I had lived with you for years."

"Remembrances of that kind sometimes strike me," said the earl—"a mannerism, a something that one cannot explain."

"I shall never be quite so much in love with solitude again," said Lord Arleigh; "you have taught me that there is something better."

"I have learned the same lesson from you," responded the earl, with a smile.

So it was agreed that they should be strangers no longer—that they should visit and exchange neighborly courtesies and civilities.

Chapter XXX.

THE Earl of Mountdean and Lord Arleigh were walking up a steep hill one day together, when they both sat down amongst the heather to rest. The earl broke silence by saying:

"By-the-way, you have never told me, Arleigh, what it is that makes you so fond of solitude."

"I have had a great trouble," he replied, briefly.

"A trouble? But one suffers a great deal before losing all interest in life. You are too young to have suffered much."

"I know no other life so utterly hopeless as my own."

The earl looked at him thoughtfully.

"I should like to know what your trouble is," he said, gently.

"I can tell you only one-half of it," was the reply. "I fell in love with one of the sweetest, fairest, purest of girls. How I loved her is known only to myself. My whole heart went out to this girl—with my whole soul I loved her! She was below me in the one matter of worldly wealth and position—above me in all others. When I first asked her to marry me, she refused. Having won her consent, we were married privately and quietly. On that same day—my wedding-day—I discovered something—it was no fault of hers, I swear—that parted us. Loving her blindly, madly, with my whole heart and soul, I was still compelled to leave her. She is my wife in name only, and can never be more to me, yet, you understand, without any fault of hers."

"What a strange story!" said the earl, thoughtfully. "But this barrier, this obstacle—can it never be removed?"

"No," answered Lord Arleigh, "never!"

"I assure you of my deepest sympathy," said the earl. "It is a strange history."

"Yes, and a sad fate," sighed Lord Arleigh. "We were both cruelly deceived, it does not matter how. She is condemned to a loveless, joyless life; so am I. It is a sad fate."

"It is, indeed," agreed the earl. "Are you quite sure that nothing can be done to remedy it?"

"Quite sure," was the hopeless reply.

"Is it a case of insanity?"

"No," replied Lord Arleigh; "nothing of that."

"Then your story is a marvel; I do not, I cannot understand it. Still I must say that, unless there is something far deeper and more terrible than I can imagine, you have done wrong to part from your wife."

"I wish I could think so. But no matter how long I live, or she lives, it can never be altered."

"My story is," observed Lord Mountdean, "not so sad as yours. I married—married against my father's wish—the daughter of a clergyman, a lady of striking beauty, good education and manner. Some time after our marriage, I received a telegram stating that my father was dying in Italy and wished to see me. At that very time we were expecting the birth of a son and heir. But I was anxious

that my father should see and bless my wife before he died. A few hours of the journey passed happily enough, and then my poor wife was taken ill. We stopped at a little town called Castledine, and I drove to the doctor's. He took us into his house—my child was born and my wife died there. It was not a son, but a little daughter, fair as her mother. I left my child, under the doctor's care, at nurse, intending, when I returned to England, to take her home to Wood Lynton as my heiress. My father, contrary to the verdict of the physicians, lingered for about three years. Then he died, and I became Earl of Mountdean. The first thing I did was to hurry to Castledine. Can you imagine my horror when I found that all trace of my child was lost? The poor doctor had met with some terrible death, and the woman who had charge of my little one had left the neighborhood. Since then my life has been spent in one unceasing effort to find my daughter."

"How strange!" said Lord Arleigh. "Did you not know the name of the nurse?"

"Yes, she lived at Ashwood; I advertised for her, I offered large rewards, but I have never gleaned the least news of her. Her husband, it appeared, had been guilty of crime. I have been engaged to my cousin, Lady Lilly Gordon, for four years, but I cannot make up my mind to marry until I hear something certain about my daughter."

Chapter XXXI.

The desolate, dreary life began to prey upon Lady Arleigh at last. Slowly but surely she began to fade and droop. At first it was but a failure in strength; then the exquisite bloom faded from the lovely face, a weary languor shone in the dark-blue eyes, the crimson lips lost their color.

Madaline had never sent for her mother, not knowing whether Lord Arleigh would like it; but she had constantly written to her, and had forwarded money to her. She had sent her more than Margaret Dornham was willing to accept. Through Madaline's bounty, Margaret was able to remove from her close lodgings in town to a pretty cottage in the country.

After a time her heart yearned to see the daughter of her adoption, and she wrote to that effect.

"I will come to you," wrote Madaline, in reply; and, plainly dressed, she went to see her mother. It was sweet, after those long, weary months of humiliation and despair, to lay her head on that faithful breast, and hear whispered words of love and affection. When their first greeting was over, Margaret was amazed at the change in her child.

"How changed you are, my darling!" said Margaret, as she looked at her. "Who would have thought that my little girl would grow into a tall, stately, beautiful lady, dainty and exquisite? What did Lord Arleigh say to your coming, my darling?"

"Lord Arleigh is abroad," said Madaline, gently. "I do not expect that he will return to England just yet."

"Abroad!" repeated Margaret, in amazement. "Then, my darling, how is it that you are not with him?"

"I could not go," she replied, evasively.

"And you love your husband, Madaline, do you not?" inquired Margaret.

"Yes, I love him with all my heart and soul," was the earnest reply.

"Thank Heaven that my darling is happy!" said Margaret. "I shall find everything easier to bear, now that I know that."

Chapter XXXII.

Margaret Dornham was neither clever nor far-seeing; had she been either, she would have known that in taking little Madaline from Castledine she was destroying her last chance of ever being claimed by her parents; she would have understood that she was committing a most cruel act. But she thought only of how she loved her. Yet, undiscerning as she was, she was puzzled about her daughter. If she was really so happy, why did she spend long hours in reverie—why sit with folded hands, looking with such sad eyes at the passing clouds? That did not look like happiness. Why those heavy sighs, and the color that went and came like light and shade? It was strange happiness. After a time she noticed that Madaline never spoke voluntarily of her husband.

"It seems to me, my darling, that you lead a very quiet life," she said one day; and Madaline's only answer was that such was really the case.

"You do not write many letters to your husband, Madaline. I could imagine a young wife like you writing every day;" and her daughter made no reply.

On another occasion Mrs. Dornham said:

"You are quite sure, Madaline, that you love your husband?"

"Love him!" echoed the girl, her face lighting up—"love him, mother? I think no one in the wide world has ever loved another better!"

"Such being the case, my darling," said Margaret, anxiously, "let me ask if you are quite sure that he loves you?"

No shadow came into the blue eyes as she raised them to her mother's face.

"I am as sure of it," she replied, "as I am of my own existence."

"Then," thought Margaret to herself, "I am mistaken; all is well between them."

Madaline did not intend to remain very long with her mother, but it was soothing to the wounded, aching heart to be loved so dearly. Margaret startled her one day by saying: "Madaline, now that you are a great lady, do you not think you could do something for your father?"

"Something for my father?" repeated the girl, with a shudder. "What can I do for him?"

A new idea suddenly occurred to Mrs. Dornham. She looked into Lady Arleigh's pale, beautiful face.

"Madaline," she said, earnestly, "tell me the whole truth. Is your father's misfortune any drawback to you? Is it known? Does it cause people to look down upon you? Tell me the truth. I have a reason for asking you. Tell me, dear," continued Margaret, earnestly; "you do not know how important it is for me to understand."

"My dear mother," said Lady Arleigh, gently clasping her arms round her mother's neck, "do not let that idea make you uneasy. All minor lights cease to shine, you know, in the presence of greater ones. The world bows down to Lord Arleigh; very few, I think, know what his wife's name was. Be quite happy about me, mother. I am sure that no one who has seen me since my marriage knows anything about my father."

"I shall be quite happy now that I know that," Margaret observed.

More than once during that visit Margaret debated within herself whether she should tell Lady Arleigh her story or not; but the same weak fear that had caused her to run away with the child lest she should lose her, now made her refrain from speaking lest Madaline, on knowing the truth, should be angry with her and forsake her.

Lady Arleigh returned home, taking her silent sorrow with her.

Madaline happened to see in one of the daily papers that Lord Arleigh was staying at Meurice's Hotel, in Paris. She wrote and told him that she was very dull, and had a great longing to have her mother with her. She told him that she had desired this for a long time, but that she had

refrained from expressing the wish lest it should displease him.

"Do not scruple to refuse me," she said, "if you do not approve. I would not ask the favor but that my health and strength are failing fast."

Chapter XXXIII.

ONG and anxiously did Lord Arleigh muse over his wife's letter. What was he to do? If her mother was like the generality of her class, then he was quite sure that the secret he had kept would be a secret no longer. Yet, lonely and sorrowful as Madaline declared herself to be, how could he refuse her?

He wrote to Madaline—how that letter was received and cherished no one but herself knew—and told her he would be in England in a day or two, and would then give her a decided answer. The letter was kind and affectionate; it came to her hungry heart like dew to a thirsty flower.

A sudden idea occurred to Lord Arleigh. He would go to England and find out all about the unfortunate man Dornham. If only the man could be proved innocent of crime, then he might go to his sweet, innocent wife, and, clasping her in his arms, take her to his heart.

The idea seemed to haunt him—it seemed to have a fatal attraction for him. He resolved to go to London at once and see if anything could be done in the matter. He went first to Scotland Yard.

To the inquiry as to whether the man had been sent out of England the answer was, "No; he is at Chatham."

To Chatham Lord Arleigh resolved to go. For one in his position there would not be much difficulty in obtaining an interview with the convict. And before long Lord Arleigh, one of the proudest men in England, and Henry Dornham, poacher and thief, stood face to face.

The two looked steadily at each other; the poacher did not seem in the least to stand in awe of his visitor. Lord Arleigh tried to read the man's guilt or innocence in his face. Henry Dornham returned his gaze fearlessly.

"What do you want with me?" he asked. "You are what we call a swell, I know, by the look of you. What do you want with me?"

"I want you to answer me a few questions," said Lord Arleigh. "To begin, tell me, were you innocent or guilty of the crime for which you are suffering?"

"It is too late in the day for me to talk over these matters," said the convict. "When I roamed in the woods as a free man, I had my own ideas; prison has not improved them. So, if you have any thought of reclaiming me, rid your mind of it at once."

"It will be best to do so, I perceive," observed Lord Arleigh. "I had some little hope when I came in—I have none now, and yet I would give much to clear you."

"Then you must indeed have a strong motive. It is not for my own sake, I suppose?" A new idea seemed to occur to him—a sudden smile curled his lip. "I have it!" he said. "You are in love with my—with pretty Madaline, and you want to marry her! If you could make me out innocent, you would marry her. Am I right?"

"No," replied Lord Arleigh, "you are not right. There is no need for me to offer any explanation, and, as I have failed in my object, I will go."

"You might just as well tell me if you are in love with my little Madaline. I might make it worth your while to let me know."

It was with great difficulty that Lord Arleigh controlled his indignation; but he replied, calmly:

"I have nothing to tell you."

A look of disappointment came over Dornham's face.

"You can keep your secrets," he said—"so can I. But I might have made it worth your while to trust me."

"I have nothing to confide," returned Lord Arleigh; "all I can say to you on leaving is, that I hope you will repent of your past wickedness."

"So you will not offer me anything for my secret?" said Henry Dornham.

"No secret of yours could interest me," rejoined Lord Arleigh, abruptly, as he went away.

He left Chatham sick at heart. There was no help for him—his fate was sealed.

He wrote to Madaline, and told her that he hoped she would be happy with her mother, adding that he trusted she would bind her mother to silence.

Madaline assured him that her mother was to be implicitly trusted. She told him also how entirely she had kept the secret of his separation from her.

He was deeply moved. What a noble girl she was, bearing her troubles so patiently and confiding them to no human soul!

He had been some time at Beechgrove, when he received one morning a letter from the Earl of Mountdean, saying that he was in the neighborhood, and would like to call. Lord Arleigh was pleased at the prospect. There was deep and real cordiality between the two men—they thoroughly understood and liked each other.

One morning they rode through the woods, when, from between the trees, they saw the square turrets of the Dower House. Lord Mountdean stopped to admire the view.

"What is that pretty place?" he asked.

Lord Arleigh's face flushed hotly.

"That," he replied, "is the Dower House, where my wife lives."

"It is very pretty," he said, "but it must be dull for a young girl. You said she was young, did you not?"

"Yes; she is years younger than I am," replied Lord Arleigh.

"Poor girl!" said the earl, pityingly; "so young and beautiful, yet condemned all her life to live alone. Tell me, Arleigh, did you take advice before you separated from her?"

"No," replied Lord Arleigh; "the matter appeared plain enough to me."

"I should not like you to think me curious," pursued the earl. "We are true friends now, and we can trust each other. Arleigh, tell me the reason of your separation from the wife you love."

"What good can it possibly do?" he said. "I never thought that it would pass my lips; but I do trust you, and, if you can see any way to help me, I shall thank Heaven for the day I first met you. You must hold my wife blameless, Lord Mountdean. She never deceived me, but on our wedding-day I discovered that her father was a convict."

Lord Mountdean looked as he felt, shocked.

"But how," he asked, eagerly, "could you be so deceived?"

"That I can never tell you; it was an act of fiendish revenge. I cannot reveal the perpetrator. My wife did not deceive me, did not even know that I had been deceived; she thought, poor child, that I was acquainted with the whole of her father's story. And now, Lord Mountdean, tell me, do you think I did wrong?"

"No," he replied, "I cannot say that you have. It was a

cruel deception—one that it is impossible to understand. She herself must be quite as unhappy as yourself."

"If it be possible, she is more so," returned Lord Arleigh; "but tell me, if I had appealed to you in the dilemma—if I had asked your advice—what would you have said to me?"

"I should have had no resource but to tell you to act as you have done," replied the earl; "no matter what pain and sorrow it entailed, you could not have done otherwise."

Chapter XXXIV.

Meanwhile, a sudden resolve came to Mrs. Dornham—she would go to Beechgrove and see Lord Arleigh herself. If he were angry, and sent her away from Winiston House, it would not matter—she would have told him the truth—that the separation from him was slowly but surely killing his wife.

Margaret Dornham was walking through the woods on her way to Lord Arleigh's, when suddenly her face grew deadly pale, and her whole frame trembled. She raised her hands as one who would fain ward off a blow, for, just before her, looking down on her with stern, indignant eyes, was the stranger who had intrusted his child to her.

"Woman," he cried, "where is my child?"

She made him no answer, but covered her face with her hands.

"I am not the most patient of men, Margaret Dornham," he said, "and you are trying me terribly. In the name of Heaven, I ask you what you have done with my child. Is she living or dead?"

"She is living," replied the weeping woman.

"Thank Heaven!" he said, devoutly, and then added, turning to the woman, "Living and well?"

"No, not well; but she will be in time. Oh, sir, forgive me! I did wrong, but I was acting for the best."

"My daughter is living, but not well? Where is she?"

"I will take you to her, sir," was the reply—"at once, if you will go."

"I will not lose a minute," said the earl, hastily. "It is time, Mrs. Dornham, that you knew my name and my daughter's also. I am the Earl of Mountdean, and she is Lady Madaline Charlwood."

On hearing this, Margaret Dornham was more frightened than ever. She rose from her knees and stood before him.

"If I have done wrong, my lord," she said, "I beg of you to pardon me; it was all, as I thought, for the best. So the child whom I have loved and cherished so well was a grand lady, after all?"

"Do not let us lose a moment," he said. "Where is my daughter?"

"She lives not far from here; but we cannot walk—the distance is too great," replied Margaret.

"Well, we are near to the town of Lynton—it is not twenty minutes' walk; we will get a carriage. I—I can hardly endure the suspense."

He did not think to ask where his daughter lived, if she was married or single, what she was doing, or anything else; his one thought was that he had found her—found her never to lose her again. A carriage was procured, and she directed the driver.

The earl sat with his face shaded by his hand during the whole of the drive, thanking Heaven that he had found his child. Presently he found himself in a large hall, gay with flowers and covered with Indian matting, and Margaret Dornham was trembling before him.

"My lord," she said, "your daughter is ill, and I am afraid the agitation may prove too much for her. Tell me, what shall I do?"

"Do you mean to tell me," he asked, "that she has been kept in complete ignorance of her history all these years?"

"She has been brought up in the belief that she is my daughter," said Margaret—"she knows nothing else."

"It was wickedly unjust," he said—"cruelly unjust. Let me go to her at once."

Pale, trembling and frightened, Margaret led the way. Very soon he found himself looking on a fair face framed in golden hair, with dark blue eyes full of passion, poetry, and sorrow; a face so lovely that its pure, saintlike expression almost frightened him.

"Madaline," he said, gently; and she looked at him in wonder. "Madaline," he repeated.

"I—I—do not know you," she replied, surprised.

She was lying on a little couch drawn close to the window, the sunlight, which fell full upon her, lighting up the golden hair and refined face with unearthly beauty. When he uttered her name, she stood up, and so like her mother did she appear, that it was with difficulty he could refrain from clasping her in his arms. But he must not startle her, he reflected—he saw how fragile she was.

"You call me Madaline," she said again—"but I do not know you."

Before answering her, Lord Mountdean turned to Margaret: "Will you leave us alone?" but Lady Arleigh stretched out her hand.

"That is my mother," she said—"she must not be sent away from me."

"I will not be long away, Madaline. You must listen to this gentleman—my dear."

"You call me Madaline," she said, "and you send my mother from me. What can you have to say? Has Lord Arleigh sent you?"

"Lord Arleigh!" he repeated, in wonder. "No, he has nothing to do with what I have to say. Sit down—you do not look strong—and I will tell you why I am here." Madaline—dear Heaven, how strange it seems to utter that name again! You have always believed that good woman who has just quitted the room to be your mother?"

"Yes, always," she repeated, wonderingly.

"And that wretched man, the convict, you have always believed to be your father?"

"Always," she repeated.

"Will it pain or startle you very much to hear that they are not even distantly related to you?"

"I cannot believe it!" she cried, trembling violently. "Who are you who tell me this?"

"I am Hubert, Earl of Mountdean," he replied; "and, if you will allow me, I will tell you what else I am."

"Tell me," she said, gently.

"I am your father, Madaline—and the best part of my life has been spent in looking for you."

"My father," she said, faintly. "Then I am not the daughter of a convict—my father is an earl?"

"I am your father," he repeated, "and you, child, have your mother's face."

"And she—she who has just left us—is nothing to me?"

"Nothing. Do not tremble, my dear child. Listen—try to be brave. Let me hold your hands in mine while I tell you a true story."

He held her trembling hands while he told her of his life, of his marriage, of the fatal journey and her mother's death—told it in words that left no shadow of doubt.

On looking at her, he saw that the color had left her face, that the white eyelids had fallen over the blue eyes, that the white lips were parted and cold—she had fainted.

He knelt by her side and called to her with passionate cries, he kissed the white face and tried to recall the wandering sensee.

To his infinite joy, Madaline presently opened her dark blue eyes, and looked up at him. She stretched out her hands to him.

"My father," she said—"you are really my father?"

He kissed her face.

"Madaline," he replied, "my heart is too full for words. I have spent seventeen years in looking for you, and have found you at last. My dear child, we have seventeen years of love and happiness to make up."

"It seems like an exquisite dream," she said. "Can it be true?"

He saw her lovely face grow crimson, and, bending her fair, shapely head, she whispered:

"Papa, does Lord Arleigh know?"

"Lord Arleigh!" he repeated. "My dear child, this is the second time you have mentioned him. What has he to do with you?"

"Do you not know?" she asked. "Have they not told you I am Lord Arleigh's wife?"

* * * * * * *

Lord Arleigh had gone out early that morning, saying that he would have a long ramble in the woods.

On returning he found a groom, who had evidently been riding fast, waiting in the hall.

"My lord," he said, "I was directed to give you this at once, and beg of you not to lose a moment's time."

Lord Arleigh opened the note and read:

"MY DEAR LORD ARLEIGH.—Something too wonderful for me to set down in words has happened. I am at the Dower House, Winston. Come at once, and lose no time. MOUNTDEAN."

"At the Dower House?" mused Lord Arleigh. "What can it mean?"

"Did the Earl of Mountdean send this himself?"

"Yes, my lord. He bade me ride as though for life, and ask your lordship to hurry in the same way."

"Is he hurt? Has there been any accident?"

"I have heard of no accident, my lord; but, when the earl came to give me the note, he looked quite wild and unsettled."

Lord Arleigh gave orders that his fleetest hunter should be saddled at once, and then he rode away.

CHAPTER XXXV.

ON reaching Dower House, Lord Arleigh was shown into the dining-room, and stood there impatiently awaiting the earl. He came in at last, but the master of Beechgrove barely recognized him. His face was radiant with a great, glad light.

"What has happened?" asked Lord Arleigh, in surprise.

"Follow me," said the earl.

They came to the pretty, shaded room, and the earl, entering first, said: "Now, my darling, the hour has come which will repay you for the sorrow of years."

Wondering at such words, Lord Arleigh followed his friend.

Madaline rose with a glad cry at his entrance, but Lord Mountdean laid a restraining hand on her shoulder.

"Lord Arleigh," said the earl, "tell me who this is."

"My wife, Lady Arleigh," he replied.

"You looked upon her as the only woman you ever could love; you made her your wife; yet, believing her to be the daughter of a felon, you separated from her, preferring a lifetime of misery to the dishonor of your name.

"Yes," he replied, "it is indeed so."

"Then now learn the truth. This lady, your wife, is not the daughter of a convict. In her behold my daughter, Lady Madaline Charlwood!"

Lord Arleigh listened like one in a dream. His dark, handsome face grew pale, his lips quivered. He was about to speak, when Madaline suddenly sprang forward and clasped her arms around his neck.

"Oh, my darling!" she cried, "it is true—quite true! You need not be afraid to kiss me and to love me now—you need not be afraid to call me your wife! Oh, my love, my love, I was dying, but this will make me well!" Her golden head drooped on to his breast, the clinging arms tightened their hold of him.

"I think," continued the earl, "that this is the happiest day of my life. I must say this to you, Norman—that, if I had chosen from all the world, I could not have chosen a son whom I should care for more than for you, and that, if I had had a son of my own, I should have wished him to be like you. And now we will talk about our future—I am so proud to have two children to arrange for instead of one—our future, that is to have no clouds."

Lord Mountdean insisted on the fullest publicity being given to Madaline's abduction.

"There is one thing," he said, "I cannot understand, and that is, how you came to misunderstand each other. Why did Madaline believe that you knew all about her story when you knew nothing of it? That secret, I suppose, you will keep to yourselves?"

"Yes," replied Lord Arleigh. "The truth is, we were both cruelly deceived—it matters little by whom and how."

"That part of the story, then, will never be understood," said Lord Mountdean. "The rest must be made public, no matter at what cost to our feelings."

"Certainly; I think your proposal is wise."

"Another thing, Norman—I do not wish my daughter to go home to Beechgrove until her story has been made known. Then I will see that all honor is paid to her."

So it was agreed; and great was the sensation that ensued. "The Arleigh Romance," as it was called, was carried from one end of the kingdom to the other. Every newspaper was filled with it. Leading journals curtailed political articles to give the Arleigh romance.

A year later, Lord Arleigh was told that a lady wished to see him. There entered a tall, stately lady whose face was closely vailed; but the imperial figure, the stately grace, were quite familiar.

"Philippa!" he cried, in astonishment.

Then she raised her vail, and once again he saw the grandly beautiful face of the woman who had loved him with such passionate love.

"Yes," said the duchess, calmly. "I am here to implore your pardon—to tell you that neither by night nor by day, since I planned and carried out my revenge, have I known peace. I shall neither live nor die in peace unless you forgive me, Norman. Remember that it was love for you which bereft me of my reason and drove me mad."

Leaving her standing there, Lord Arleigh drew aside the velvet hangings and disappeared. In a few moments he returned, leading his wife by the hand.

"Philippa," he said, gravely, "tell my wife your errand; hear what she says. We will abide by her decision."

At first the duchess drew back with a haughty gesture.

"It was you I came to see," she said to Lord Arleigh; and then the sweet face touched her and her better self prevailed.

"Madaline," she said, quietly, "you have suffered much through me—will you pardon me?"

The next moment Lady Arleigh's arms were clasped round her neck, and the pure, sweet lips touched her own.

"It was because you loved him," she whispered, "and I forgive you."

THE END.

CAUGHT.

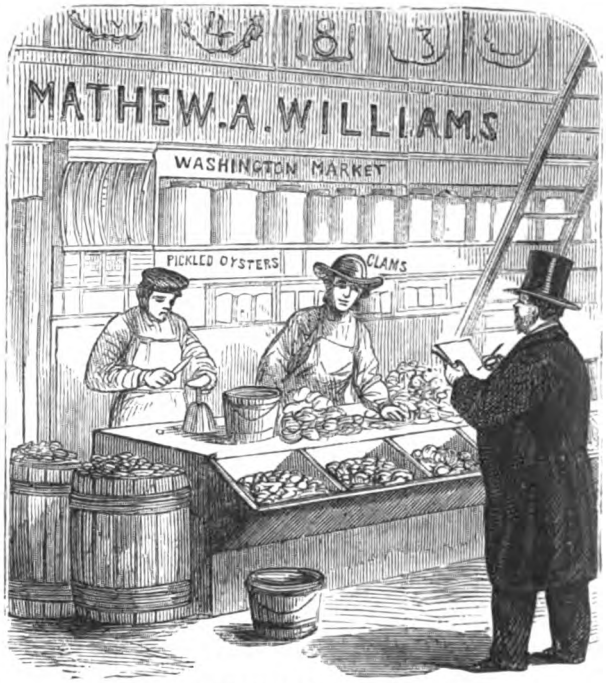
HOW TO KEEP A HOTEL.

HOTEL-KEEPING, in the actual sense of that term, means the rooming, feeding, and in every way "accommodating" hundreds of highly-civilized and therefore luxurious, captious, and hard-to-please human beings of both sexes under one roof at one time. It is, therefore, not merely a business—its difficulty, its delicacy, and its diversity elevate it into a profession—almost into a fine art.

It is a profession extensively followed, and, all the civilized world over, there are to be found first-class hotels. But it is conceded that our American hotels take the palm—and such literally "palatial homes" as the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, the Palmer House, Chicago, "The Lindell," St. Louis, the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia, the Revere and Parker Houses, Boston, and the Windsor Hotel and Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, with their rivals, have no equals, taken all in all, as hotels, upon the face of the earth.

But, although the above facts are as familiar as they are undisputed, few, very few persons have any idea, even the faintest, of the time, labor, technical skill, money, thought, ingenuity, and general knowledge required to manage a first-class hotel at the present time. Like most subjects concerning which everybody knows something, scarcely anybody really knows much. And yet, there are few subjects of more popular interest than the details of hotel-keeping, which details we herewith attempt to present to the world.

The four problems in hotel-keeping are those which are inseparable from the accommodation of guests—*i. e.*: The furnishing them with —1, rooms; 2, food; 3, conveniences; and 4, attendance. Each of these four problems must be solved to the satisfaction of the guests in any and every successful hotel, and each of these four is, to a considerable extent, independent of the others. Mere rooms will not propitiate the hotel patron, unless his cuisine be unexceptionable; nor will rooms and cuisine combined suffice if his "attendance" be unsatisfactory; and even when the rooms are elegant, and the cooking is superb, and the servants are attentive, your modern hotel guest insists on having a score of minor conveniences directly at his command. So the hotel-proprietor must yield to the situation and supply all things that can be supplied at all by mortal care and capital.



PURCHASING OYSTERS FOR A LARGE HOTEL.

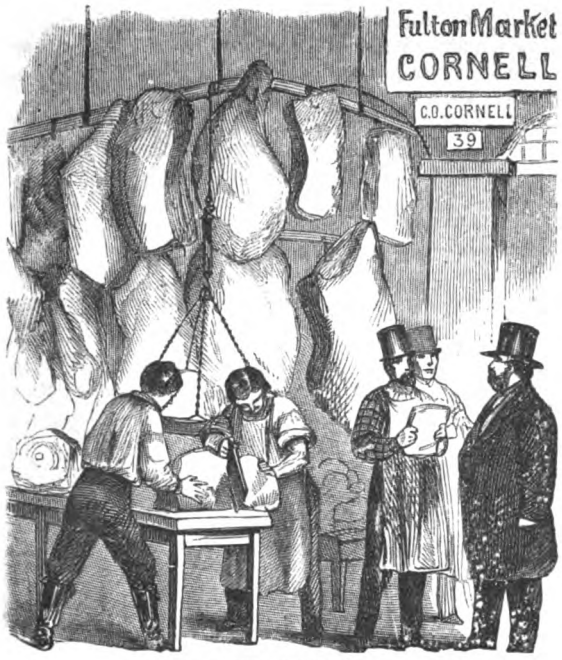
Of late there has been a marked increase in the popular demand for servants. Thirty years ago most people waited on themselves; now everybody who professes to be anybody must have somebody provided to wait on him or her. Twenty years ago, one servant to every six guests was regarded as a fair hotel average of proportion. Then about five years later, the hotel public required about one servant to every four guests. Ten years ago the proportion was raised to three guests to every servant. But the taste for attendance grew with indulgence, and for the last five years the leading hotels have been forced to employ about two servants for every three of their guests. It is thought by those who have studied this branch of the subject closely, that the time will come when there will have to be as many hotel servants as there are hotel guests. These servants are, to a certain extent, hotel guests themselves; they have to be lodged and fed, only they do not pay, and, on the contrary, are to be paid. It can readily be conceived, therefore, what a tax "the item of attendance" is at a large hotel,

Take the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, for example. Its pay-roll for servants, attendants and clerks exceeds $10,000 per month. Some of the servants receive a compensation which is enormous. The head-cook is paid $3,000 a year in addition to his board, lodging and washing—equivalent, all told, to $5,000 per annum; and the head-waiter receives $2,000 a year. There are 154 servants' rooms in this hotel, and the servants and attendants constantly employed range from 375 to 400.

The managing of such large bodies of serving-men and women is a very important matter, and requires the utmost system and the strictest discipline. Housewives and foremen of factories can appreciate this point.

The servants' quarters at a large hotel form in themselves hotels. The larger portion of the basement of the "Fifth Avenue," for example, is devoted to servants and attendants and resident mechanics. Here are located the upholstery shop and the cabinet and carpenter's shops, the plumbers', painters', and masons' quarters, and the boiler and engine

HOTEL MARKETER PURCHASING VEGETABLES.



AT THE BUTCHER'S.

rooms, where, day and night, the engineers are on duty supplying the hot water, the steam heat, and the steam power.

The expenses entailed upon the proprietors of this hotel, by the attendance they are obliged to supply, reached last year the enormous sum of $200,000—an average cost of $600 a day for servants alone.

The officials actively employed in a first-class establishment, independent of the mere waiters, cooks, chambermaids, etc., are numerous and necessarily intelligent—to use an expressive Americanism, "particularily wide-awake." Hotel clerks, as a class, are notoriously quick and observing. Their sphere of operations is limited, but in that sphere it may be doubted whether any living men surpass them in insight, knowledge of human nature, retentive memory, and promptitude. Mr. Stiner, a popular hotel clerk, never forgets a face once seen or a name once registered. Heavy wagers have been laid on his wonderful memory in these respects, and have been won invariably. Attempts have been made to puzzle him by similarity of name or appearance, but in vain. He has been known to recognize a man and address him by his proper title after an absence of years, and although he had seen the man the first time for only a minute, and had looked at his name on the hotel register but once and carelessly.

Mr. Marsh, formerly the room-clerk of the Lelands, at the Metropolitan and the Grand Union Hotel, Saratoga, now of the Union Square Hotel, New York, has an equally remarkable recollection of rooms and their numbers. As soon as Marsh "rooms" a guest, the latter ceases in Marsh's mind to be a man, and becomes a number—a living, breathing number—No. 3, or 86, or 1028, it matters not. This number never, by any possibility in Marsh's mind, gets confounded with any other numeral, but is for ever a fixed fact, till he re-rooms the guest, or the guest departs. Mr. Marsh also knows the precise locality and relations of each room—on what floor it is, on what end of what floor, on which side of which entry, how near or how far it is to or from any other room, how many windows it has, how many doors, how many beds there are in it, and what special points it possesses. Though he may have 800 rooms and numbers under his care, he cares not; he keeps their numbers in his head, and bears his responsibilities without a mistake, and without a murmur.

It may be here remarked that the facility for memorizing one's particular department is often strikingly illustrated even in the minor attachés of an hotel. A colored man at the Metropolitan Hotel, under the Lelands, had charge of the hat-rack at the entrance to the dining-room, and although ten or fifteen hats might be deposited in his charge within say, two minutes, he knew, and would know, for the rest of the time, the hat which belonged to each wearer, and would recognize beyond a peradventure the rightful owner of each hat.

McBride, for fifteen years the head-waiter at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, invariably recognized at first glance any face he had before seen. And he would always recollect at what particular table in the dining-room, and in what particular seat, he had placed any particular guest. He also remembered perfectly every guest's table-habits and tastes.

The office-clerk of a first-class hotel is compelled to be an encyclopedia of general information, and he fulfills the necessities of his post with an ability which can be but wondered at, while the tax upon alike his politeness, his patience, and his physique is something that can only be understood by those who have to endure it.

As for the proprietors of a leading hotel, they must be "leading" men—must be—or their establishment would fail. No man can "run a first-class house" in this country unless he be "a first-class man"—not necessarily in purely intellectual respects (though even in these he must excel the average), but in all matters pertaining alike to inside business and the outside world.

As a class, "hotel men" are of more than ordinary capacity; and although the hotel clerk has been made the butt of caricaturists and paragraphists, he really represents more than the average industry and intelligence.

Having illustrated the problem of hotel attendance and management, let us look at another department of the puzzle—the rooming of guests.

Time was when a bureau, a washstand, a chair, a carpet and a bed composed a room; but we have changed all that Modern civilization demands not only that all the appointments of an apartment shall be luxurious, but that the room shall be constantly kept supplied with every comfort of the season, with ice-water in the Summer, and ample fire in the Winter; that its linen shall be spotless, and that communication shall be maintained between the room itself and the central office. This latter desideratum is obtained by the annunciator, a contrivance to be found in all hotels, which, without entitling to extra compensation, entails an extra expense upon the proprietors ranging from $2,000 to $10,000. The annunciator is very ingenious and very

LAYING IN HAMS.

AT THE POULTRY AND GAME STALLS.

complex, and may be of half a dozen varieties. As for the room linen, this must be plentiful and fine—two simple requisites which involve in a large hotel an enormous outlay of money and an endless amount of labor, neither of which can be directly charged for.

The wash-list of one leading hotel included recently the following items: 2,400 sheets, 2,000 pillow-cases, 4,000 towels and 950 bed-spreads, in addition to 4,000 napkins, 200 tablecloths, 575 waiters' aprons and 1,000 tidies.

The laundry of the Fifth Avenue Hotel is an institution well worth seeing, in its way. There the work is done both by steam and by hand. There are washing cylinders driven by machinery, and a curious drying machine. This latter is a wire cylinder, revolving rapidly within another close cylinder, throwing the water out of the clothes by centrifugal force, and drying them in a few minutes. The linen is then ironed and mangled, and finally heated by steam.

Incidental to the rooming of guests in a large hotel are the services of a small army of chambermaids, a brigade of firemen, and a troop of bell-boys.

The furniture required in the bedrooms and private and public parlors of a great hotel is a fearfully expensive item. Many of our leading hotels are furnished literally like palaces. Paneled doors of mahogany, oak and rosewood, bronze knobs, $1,000 pier-glasses, curtains $200 a pair, carpets from $6 to $15 a square yard, $35 reception-chairs, $85 ottomans: elements like these, subjected to such daily wear and tear that they have to be renewed on an average every five or six years, constitute a sum total that taxes even the capitalist.

The Fifth Avenue Hotel contains 425 rooms and suites for guests, seven parlors and reception-rooms, three dining-rooms, two grand halls, three public rooms, three committee-rooms, and two offices. Many of these rooms are elaborately frescoed, in addition to being furnished in the prevailing fashion.

Having supplied rooms and attendance, the modern hotel-keeper has still a third thing to do—he must furnish his patrons with an abundance of well-cooked and elegantly served food, with wines. He must not only lodge his guests—he must board them, either on the European, or the American *table d'hôte*, five meals a day plan.

This is probably the most difficult of all the four great problems of the hotel man. What food to buy, and in what quantities; how to preserve it, how to prepare it, and how to prevent wastage—these are questions which he must ask and answer every day.

"The victualing department is *the* department," said Mr. Darling, of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, to the writer of this sketch, "and I show my faith that this is so by attending to this branch of the business in person." The famous Lelands have made their world-wide reputation by attention to this fact.

At a very early hour in the morning the hotel man wends his way to Washington and Fulton Markets. There he buys his meat, poultry, vegetables, fish, and other fresh provisions for the day. This seems very simple, but just consider for a moment what it really means. The following items illustrate one day's purchases of one of our leading hotels. Ponder over its details for a while. Here are the figures: 591 lbs. of beef loins and ribs; 154 lbs. of corned beef, 10 beef kidneys, 40 ox-tails, 144 lbs. of capon, 372 lbs. of turkey, 38 lbs. of tame ducks, 24 pair of canvas-back ducks, 22 dozen quails, 20 dozen small birds, 107 lbs. of venison, 205 lbs. of mutton, 9 saddles of mutton, 42 pounds of breast of mutton, 20 sweetbreads, 7 calves' livers, 8 calves' heads and feet, 3 quarters veal, 30 hams, 30 beef tongues, 10 pieces smoked bacon, 7 pieces dried beef—so much for the meat. As for fish, look at this list: 30 lbs. of salt mackerel, 60 lbs. of cod, 38 lbs. of smoked salmon, 35 lbs. of smelts, 34 lbs. of striped bass, 36 lbs. of salmon trout, 200 lbs. of crabs, 60 lbs. of lobsters and 213 of green turtle; also 3,000 stewing oysters, 1,600 frying oysters, 400 pickled oysters and 2,000 soft clams. Here are the vegetables to match: 8 barrels of peach-blow potatoes, 4 barrels of sweet potatoes, 2 barrels of Russian turnips, 2 barrels of white onions, 12 dozen of celery, 11 bunches of parsley and 28 cabbages. Now, it requires not only money to buy all this, but it takes time and judgment, as every head of a family knows full well,

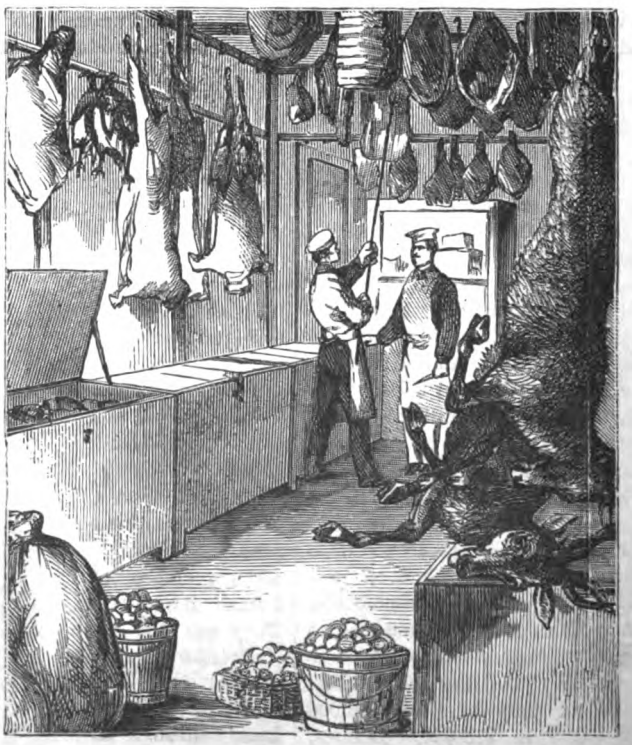
PURCHASING SUPPLIES OF FISH.

RECEIVING PROVISIONS AT THE HOTEL.

and it forms a most important part of a hotel manager's daily duties, as illustrated in the accompanying engravings, which represent the hotel man, book in hand, and every faculty on the alert, buying the meat, poultry, oysters, fish and vegetables, and having the meat dressed and weighed.

Following the morning routine of the hotel-keeper, our series of illustrations next show the receiving of these purchases at the hotel. There they are compared with the order-book, are re-weighed, and are then distributed by the steward and his assistants to the various cooks or heads of departments, as may be required, or they are taken to the store-room. A hotel store-room is a perfect museum of edibles—an agricultural hall in miniature.

Great care is bestowed upon the preserving of meats. At the Fifth Avenue Hotel, the meat is retained for a week, under such condition of temperature that it cannot decay, and must ripen. The hotel larder is a curiosity in its way, as is the hotel ice-house, and, more especially, the hotel wine-cellar. Our illustrations show how the meat and provisions of a large hotel are kept till needed for immediate use.



THE MEAT-ROOM.

Every first-class hotel has, nowadays, its own bakery; also its own pastry and confectionery establishment, while the chief care and interest centre in and around the hotel-kitchen. The latter is quite as elaborate in its way as the hotel-parlor, and it equally illustrates the ingenuity of man.

Every contrivance that can facilitate the labor of cookery is to be found here. Stoves of the largest, ranges of the finest, all sorts of cooking apparatus—roasting grates capable of doing justice to thirty turkeys at a time; gridirons five feet square—while special attention is paid to cleanliness. Time was when hotel-kitchens were careless, not to say dirty places. But now, you could eat a meal on the boards of any table in the Windsor Hotel kitchen. Nor is there any longer any disgreeable smell associated with a hotel kitchen. Ventilating shafts have been introduced which completely carry away all odors. A fastidious lady could room in the Fifth Avenue Hotel kitchen without having even her delicate nerves offended in the slightest. Cookery has been elevated into art—almost into poetry. Our engravings illustrate the various phases of kitchen life, and our readers will catch their spirit at a glance. An idea

will thus be afforded of the picturesque appearance presented by all those parts of hotel life that do not meet the eye of the guest.

ROOM FOR PREPARED PROVISIONS.

The statistics of food are very suggestive and interesting. An estimate has been made, by a competent authority, of the amount of food consumed in the fifteen largest hotels of New York City for the year 1875. On an average, 54,600 lbs. of meat were used every week to supply these fifteen hotels. Of this quantity, 35,000 lbs. were beef; 600,000 lbs. of fish were consumed in the year; 16,000,000 oysters, 5,000,000 eggs, 1,500,000 chickens and poultry, 10,000 barrels of flour, 20,000 barrels of potatoes, 100,000 lbs. of coffee, 35,000 lbs. of tea, 35,000 cans of milk, 170,000 quarts of cream, 480,000 lbs. of butter, and 20,000 lbs. of grapes.

THE SPIT.

In addition to these items, it was ascertained that about 19,000,000 of pieces had been laundried in those fifteen hotels during the year; that their gas bills had exceeded $165,000; that they had consumed 25,000 tons of coal, and 12,000 tons of ice; while their wastage and garbage exceeded 10,000,000 lbs.

Thirty-two boxes of lemons were employed for cooking purposes weekly, and over 1,800 barrels of oranges were used during the year.

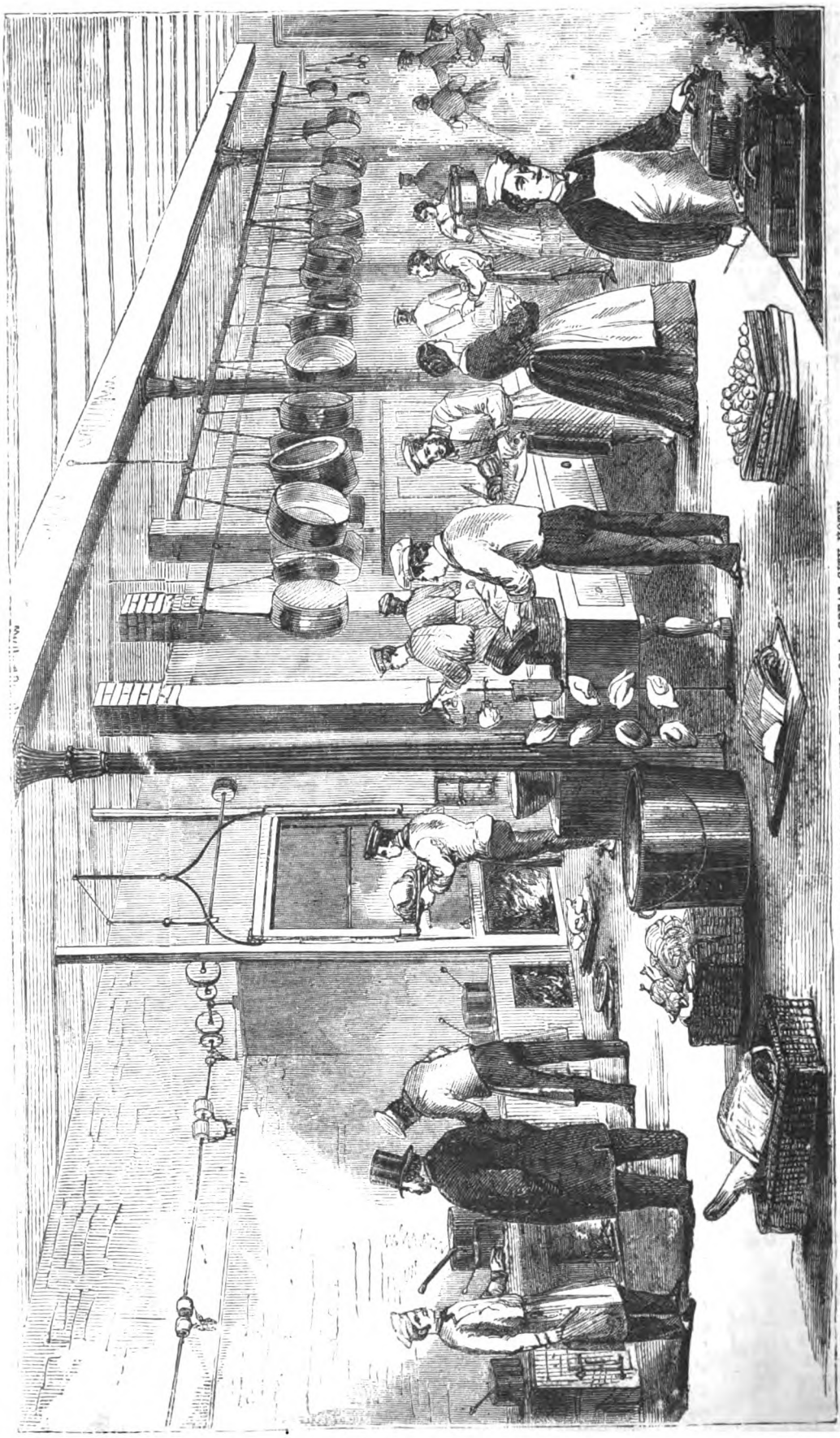
But even when the hotel-keeper has supplied his public with rooms, food, and attendance, he has yet to furnish his luxurious guests, or to see that they are furnished, with any number of miscellaneous luxuries and conveniences which their refined tastes require.

THE CHIEF COOK.

There must be a telegraph office in the hotel and a reading-room, and a ticket-office, and a barber-shop, and a bar-room, and a billiard-saloon, etc., all of which, though distinct from the hotel proper, are yet included in it, and for which, to a certain extent, the hotel proprietor is responsible. Then there must be an elevator, an indispensable item, which costs anywhere from $5,000 to $15,000. Besides, the responsibility of ventilating and heating properly falls upon the hotel-keeper, and must be met scientifically and thoroughly—the whole system of drainage, closets, furnaces, water, etc., must be developed according to the latest, most improved, and, therefore, most expensive pattern. These items cost the Fifth Avenue Hotel proprietors annually $125,000; while the utmost care must be taken to provide against the ever-present, inexpressibly hideous contingency of fire. This deadly, lurking enemy of hotels is prepared for at the Fifth Avenue Hotel by fire-walls, division-walls, floors filled in with mortar; outer walls twenty inches thick, of best burnt brick, with extra heavy marble facings, with nearly half a mile of hose, fire extinguishers, steam pumps, and other requisites. Other first-class hotels are similarly fortified, and we have seen, in the recent fearful example in St. Louis, how essential the most ample provision for escape becomes in a large hotel.

Sickness is also to have its appropriate provision, and at the majority of our leading hotels there is a resident physician; while every large establishment is compelled, in the interests of morality and honesty, as well as of its own self-protection, to employ two, and sometimes more, private detectives—hotel detectives, as they are called. These men form a peculiar class, and possess an extended experience of human nature. They can tell an "adventurer" at a glance; they can recognize "a hotel fraud" through all

ASSISTANT COOK.



HOW TO KEEP A HOTEL.—THE KITCHEN OF A GREAT CITY HOTEL.

disguises; they know a thief by instinct. In some respects this, which may be called "the criminal department" of hotels, is one of the most interesting features of our many-sided theme; and did space permit, many anecdotes illustrative of the eccentricities of character and the romance of vice could be here narrated.

The old race of "hotel beats," whose trunks were filled with bricks, or who victimized landlords by what was more deceitful even than their trunks, their tongues, is dying out. The hotel detective system, and the "hotel law," as it is styled, have sadly narrowed their field of operations. Still, even the Fifth Avenue Hotel has recently been swindled out of many dinners by smart, genteel outsiders who pretended to be guests. The Hoffman House has been laid under contribution by a pretended scion of aristocracy; and there is, as a detective expressed it, "quite enough of this sort of thing still to keep us busy."

As for immorality, it will obtrude itself even into the very best society, and into the very best hotels. It will be found wherever and whenever the sexes are found together. But, thanks to the

THE CONFECTIONERY.

high tone of public sentiment in this regard, and to the untiring vigilance of hotel-keepers on this point, it can be truthfully said that at the present time the leading hotels of New York, and of our other great cities, are really "homes" in every sense of the term; and that the moral tone in hotels is almost equal to their average of comfort. There can be no higher praise.

CHAM, THE CARICATURIST.

THE greatest caricaturist in France is the Comte Amandée de Noé, better known as Cham. Very tall, thin, and upright, scrupulously correct and English in his attire, of manner externally cold and polished, he thoroughly realizes the Parisian idea of the Londoner; the more so as, like the sailor in Gilbert's ballad, he never laughs and he never smiles, though he is one of the most practical jokers in existence.

A good *bonmot* about him has recently cropped up. Going into a restaurant where he was unknown, he settled into a corner seat which happened to be generally reserved for a stock-broker who dined at the house every evening. The waiter said nothing; but the stock-broker coming in, felt wroth at the usurpation, and was about to complain of it, when he recognized the familiar features of the caricaturist. He thought he would have a joke at the expense of Cham, and, calling the landlord aside, asked him if he knew that tall, thin, most solemn stranger. No; the landlord had not seen him before.

"Ah—well, then, I advise you to order him out as quickly as possible, or else he will scare away all your other customers," whispered the stock-broker. "It is the executioner."

The landlord gave a jump, but without an instant's loss of time walked up to Cham, and begged him to depart, adding that he would not ask him to pay for what he had eaten, and would, indeed, not consent to touch his money at any price. Cham's features betrayed not the slightest surprise at this communication.

"May I ask who revealed to you that I am the headsman?" he said, in his gravest tones. "Is it that gentleman yonder?"

The landlord nodded his head.

"Ah, quite so," answered Cham, imperturbably; "he ought to know me, for I flogged and branded him at Toulon not more than two years ago."

It is alleged that the stock-broker recorded a vow never to play a trick on Cham again; and similar resolutions are generally made by those who measure wits with the nimble caricaturist.

THE BAKERY.

OF all passions, avarice is the most unaccountable, as it precludes the miser from any pleasure except that of hoarding.

A STORMY NIGHT.

"AWFULLY hot to-night! close and sultry as an oven. I suspect the monsoon will set in before six hours are over. Yes, thank you, captain, I'll take a little brandy-pawnee, and light one of those capital cheroots of yours. Beg your pardon, Mr. Travis; I didn't see you, sitting there in the shadow of the purdah. This tent life is new to you, isn't it?"

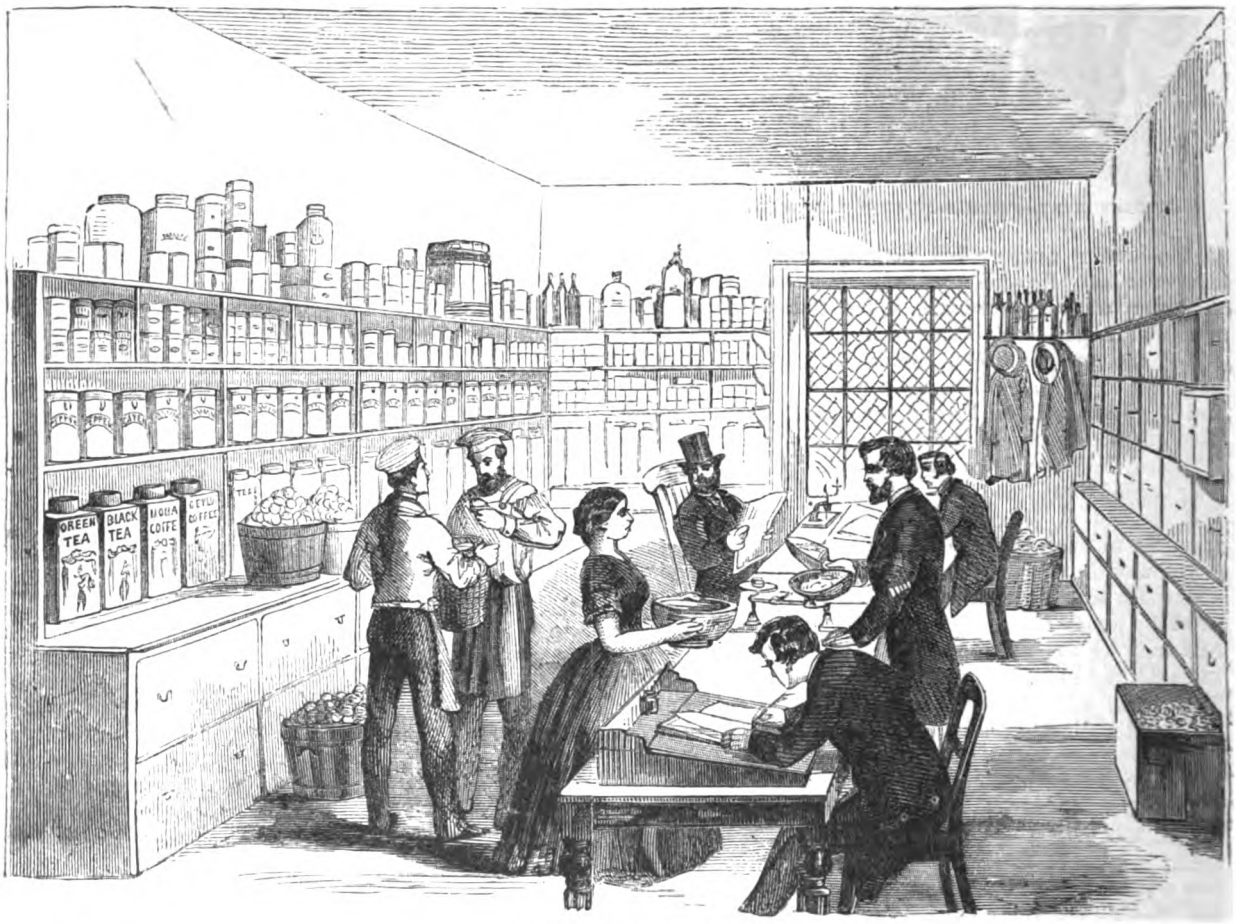
And Dr. Bates, the surgeon attached to the frontier corps of Irregulars which I had then the honor to command, took his seat on the rude ottoman, made of basketwork and covered with felt, which was the principal piece of furniture in my bell-shaped canvas abode. He lit his cigar very deftly, laid a folded paper on the table, and informed me, officially, that he had come to make his report. Then he became conversational again.

"Not such a heavy sick-list, all things considered. I've put down two of the troopers as unfit for duty. The havildar, Mummoo Khan, asks for his discharge. His right arm will never recover the effects of that gunshot wound; bone comes away in splinters, and the hurt is badly suppurated. Lall Singh and Motee Khan are worse. Errington, poor fellow——"

"Ah! doctor, what of him?" asked I, throwing down my newspaper.

"Won't live through the night. Quite rational now, and the delirium cleared away, but sinking fast. I've left some cordial with his bearer, with orders for him to have some every half-hour; but all the College of Surgeons couldn't keep the lamp alight for another twenty-four hours. By-the-way, he would be glad, captain, if you could go and sit with him a bit. It would be a kindness, after all."

I got up at once, took my sabre, and sallied forth. The whole camp was bathed in a flood of the purest and whitest moonlight, in which the tents shimmered like silver. Close up to our encampment came the dark jungle, from which strange sounds, the cries of wild animals, the notes of night birds, and the hum and whirr of insects, came in weird chorus. In one open space a great watchfire was burning, red and smoky, and around it sat a number of our Sewars, cooking, eating grapes and other Punjab fruit, or gravely puffing at their everlasting chillums. A little way off, around a smaller fire, were grouped a number of camp-followers, like figures of bronze, scantily attired in white cotton cloth, and beyond the fires the picketed horses were feeding. I stood before Errington's tent, but I hesitated to enter, in spite of the distinct invitation I had received.



STORE-ROOM AND OFFICE.

Errington was a being apart from the rest of us, among whom good-fellowship and frankness were so much the rule that any exception was doubly notable. He was not what would usually be called a morose person, but he had constantly maintained a reserve and stiffness of bearing in all his dealings with his brother officers which repelled intimacy while avoiding actual offence. This was the more vexatious, because Lieutenant Errington was unmistakably a gentleman, well-bred, well-read, and of something more than average abilities. I know of no man in the service who would have been more popular had he not shrunk from popularity; and when he became my subaltern I had done my best to be on friendly terms with him, but in vain. He did his duty perfectly, even zealously, and was only too forward

A STORMY NIGHT.—DEATHBED OF THE EAST INDIAN OFFICER.

in the hour of danger; but nothing could thaw that icy reserve of his. He soon gave me to understand, by the cold politeness of every word and action, that our intercourse was to be limited to its official phase, and that intimacy was out of the question. Few commanding officers, perhaps, have had to put up with such a rebuff from a subordinate, and it speaks well for Errington's tact that he abstained from offending those whom he desired to keep at a distance. Offended, however, I was not, and the rather that I had long fancied that some overpowering sorrow, some memory that rankled in the heart, was the true cause of what appeared to many as unreasonable petulance.

And now the poor fellow was dying of wounds received in a skirmish with some rascally Affghan horse-robbers, aggravated by jungle fever, and I stood at the door of his tent, hesitating for a moment ere I entered. It was, as the doctor had said, unusually hot, even for that climate and season. The weight and sultriness of the atmosphere were oppressive and dispiriting, and I thought that the cries and Babel of nameless sounds that surged up from the dark forest had a peculiar accent of menace and boding. The fire-beetles and fireflies—living jewels—flashed as they darted through the thickets near at hand. I saw the white turban and glittering carbine of the sentinel, now ruddy in the firelight, now wan and pale in the moonbeams, as he paced to and fro. Gently pushing aside the curtain, I entered the tent.

The dying man lay propped up with pillows in a half recumbent attitude. Beside the bed was a table, littered with medicine-bottles and glasses, writing materials and a bright lamp. The subaltern's sword and revolver lay there, too, and beside them was the poor fellow's watch, ticking as it marked off the fast waning moments of his ebbing life. The brown, intelligent face, wiry mustache, and striped turban of the bearer were to be seen close at the bedhead. Quiet and attentive, he waited till the watch should mark the proper time for administering the cordial. Other faces there were none around that sad couch. The only Europeans with our little corps were the surgeon, myself, and the acting subaltern, Travis, who had been detailed from Peshawur to do duty in Errington's stead.

"Ah, captain, this is kind of you," said the sufferer, as his haggard eyes brightened at my appearance, and he held out his wasted hand, which was thin and burning hot. "I hardly hoped to see you, and my time is so short. Sit down, as close to the bed as you can, for my voice is getting weak, and I have much to tell. Khoorshid Ali, the cordial."

He drank a few drops of the restorative, and then, cutting short my well-meant commonplaces about the propriety of his not exciting himself and the prospects of his recovery, said, earnestly:

"Excuse me; I have too much on my mind to die easily, and I do not know at what moment the delirium may return. I thought to carry the story untold with me to my grave, but since the fire of the fever has cooled away from my brain, and death's ice-cold fingers have begun to tighten their clutch upon my heart, I have formed a new resolve. I will tell all. As sure as you are sitting by my bedside, when I lay tossing last night in the very fangs of the fell disorder, I saw her, yonder, by the tent-door."

His voice failed him, and he made an impatient sign to his servant to give him some more of the cordial. To attempt to check him under the circumstances, would, I felt, be cruel and useless, and I therefore patiently waited till he could muster fresh strength. I noticed that the poor fellow's eye, though glittering, was steady, and that his tone was that of intense, concentrated conviction. He spoke again:

"When first I joined the corps you were good enough to show me much kindness, and it is my own fault that we have not been friends. My churlishness appeared to you, I am sure, in the worst light; but, Thursby, I am equally sure that you are too good-hearted a fellow to harbor resentment against a dying man. Your presence here, after all my cold and haughty conduct, is a proof of that. And believe me that caprice has not been the true motive of my unsocial behavior. When the blight fell upon my life, I turned away from human friendships for ever. Companionship, the frank intercourse of my equals, galled my morbid soreness of heart. Alone, I brooded over the miserable past. That I was wrong in my theory of life is very probable, but the mistake is not now to be set right. My breath will hardly last me, I fear, until the tale is told.

"Six years ago, at a small watering-place on the southern coast of England, I met her—the lady, I mean, whom I hoped to call my wife. Her name was Alicia Morgan. She was young—not quite twenty—an orphan, and residing with her aunt, a certain Lady Murray, who lived at a country-house, called the Heathlands, seven miles from B———. It

A STORMY NIGHT.—THE MANOR HOUSE ON FIRE.

was at a flower-show that we met, and I have never forgotten my first glimpse of that beautiful dark face, with its lustrous eyes and the profusion of raven hair twisted around that small queenly head, as I saw it first through a screen of roses and blossomed shrubs. Two pretty girls, her cousins, were beside her, but their more commonplace loveliness actually seemed to serve as a foil for the rare beauty of their young companion. And presently an older and matronly lady, evidently, by the strong likeness, the mother of the two girls last spoken of, rejoined them, and they all moved onward.

"I had many friends, and without much difficulty I obtained an introduction to Lady Murray, her daughters and her niece. It came out, by great good fortune, as I thought, that my father had been aide-de-camp, in the Peninsula, to old Sir Thomas, Lady Murray's husband. The general was now very aged and broken, and his rheumatism kept him a close prisoner at home; but he remembered my name well, and I was received at Heathlands with all the warmth which characterizes the reception of an old friend. I was a frequent visitor at the house, and was always made welcome. There were *fêtes* of various sorts going on in that hospitable countryside, in the pleasant Summer weather; and at archery meeting, cricket match, or race-ball, picnic or boating party, I always joined the Murrays, and always found my way to Alicia's side.

"I have no wish, Thursby, to dwell upon what must seem to you the tame routine of mere commonplace love-making, and I see by your gesture of suppressed impatience that you think I am wasting my scanty store of breath in recounting trifles. I will therefore hurry on. Let it suffice, that within two months of my first meeting with Alicia Morgan at the flower-show, I proposed for her hand, and was accepted. It all came about so suddenly that I could hardly believe that my suit had been successful, even when the congratulations of the friends to whom the news had been imparted came pouring in upon me. To own the truth, I was half-frightened by my own good fortune.

"That you may, in some degree, understand my feelings, I will give you a brief description of the family beneath whose roof, after so short an acquaintance, I had wooed and won a not unwilling bride. Sir Thomas, crippled by age and infirmity, testy of temper and impatient of contradiction, was managed with consummate tact by his clever and comely wife, who was very much his junior. Lady Murray was indeed what in common parlance is styled a 'managing woman.' She knew the world—the world of London society—very well, and played her own part with great skill. The two eldest of her four daughters—she had no son—were already well married, in the world's esteem, and there was little doubt but that their younger sisters would also draw prizes in the matrimonial lottery. All these girls had good looks and some fortune, but in neither respect could even maternal partiality have described them as the equals of their cousin Alicia. She was well-dowried, a fair estate in Wales having descended to her for lack of male heirs; but it was not until after I had made my proposal that I learned this fact. To do justice to my own motives, mercenary hopes had no share in drawing me on.

"I have said enough to show that Lady Murray was by no means the sort of relative likely to encourage what are called romantic notions, or to sympathize with a love-match where the husband should be the poorer of the two. And that such was the case in the present instance I found, to my chagrin, there would be no doubt. As a bachelor and a guardsman I was well enough off. By the Belgravian standard, on the other hand, I was too poor to marry, unless my choice should be a woman of property. And yet Lady Murray cordially gave her consent, and secured that of Sir Thomas, who, as the young lady's guardian, had the power of prohibiting her marriage until she should be of age.

"Nothing could exceed, I may say, the kindness of the family. My acquaintance with Alicia, and with themselves, had been so brief, that a term of probation might well have been imposed upon me. There would have been nothing harsh or unreasonable in such a stipulation. But no such stipulation was made. When I pressed, as lovers will, for an early day, Lady Murray good-humoredly remonstrated, but only on the score of the necessary preliminaries. 'Lawyers, milliners, confectioners and coach builders,' she said, 'must have time to play their part in a proper manner. At earliest, the wedding could not take place until the Autumn.' But she never seemed to think that any opportunity ought to be afforded to Alicia and myself to become better versed in each other's dispositions, and to draw back, if need be, from the hasty engagement that had been plighted under such unusual circumstances.

"Even the legal arrangements went on with what I was assured was most unwonted smoothness. What Lady Murray, or the general, may have written to the family solicitor, I cannot tell; but my own man of business was almost rendered suspicious by the unprecedented straightforwardness with which every inquiry was met, and every alteration acceded to. The old lawyer, who had fought many a hard battle over marriage settlements, and with whom it was an article of faith to consider the opposite party as a subtle antagonist bent on getting the best of the bargain, knew not what to think of the easy victory that now seemed to await him. And yet, as he said in professional dudgeon, the lady's solicitors were an eminent firm, and the titles to the property were as clear as titles could be. There was no doubt about the matter, but the pliancy of the Murrays and their legal advisers could not have been greater had I been a duke instead of an ensign. It was left for me to insist that Alicia's fortune should be strictly settled on herself. I felt that this precaution was due to my own sense of honor.

"Autumn came round, and the preparations were all complete. The wedding was to be a very quiet one, after all, it had been decided. The ostensible reason for this change in the programme was the health of old Sir Thomas, who could not undertake a journey to London, and whom Lady Murray was unwilling to leave alone at Heathlands. I cared little how matters of this kind were settled, and was quite content that Alicia and I should be married in the little village church of Hillingdon, the parish in which Heathlands was situated.

"The wedding, as I have said, was to be a very quiet affair, Julia and Fanny Murray being the only bridesmaids. There was to be a breakfast, but only those of the neighboring county families whose members were intimate with the Murrays had been invited to partake of it. The day was fixed. The settlements had been signed, duly witnessed, and returned to London. Milliners, lace venders, jewelers, had executed their orders with more or less promptness, and stores of finery, which even Lady Murray admitted to suffice to the furnishing forth of the wardrobe of a young married lady—all were ready. The very spot where the honeymoon should be spent was settled, in what Fanny Murray called a 'committee of the whole house.' It was decided that no couple had ever been likely to start more smoothly and pleasantly on the voyage of matrimony.

"It was come, at last, the eve of the day on which Alicia and I were to plight our faith, come weal or woe, to one another; and I rode up, as usual, to the Manor House, followed by my servant. It was my custom to ride those seven miles of indifferent road, and to send back the horses, with Sam, to a small inn nearly three miles from Heathlands. The road, it so happened, was singularly wild and ill-provided

with houses of public entertainment; it led into a bleak hill country where the church towers were rare, and where a traveler might not be seen for miles among the treeless wastes. There was no shelter for man or beast, short of the Three Horseshoes, which lay, as I have said, about three miles from the Manor House, and some rods distant from a stream which foot-passengers crossed by a plank bridge, but which horses were obliged to ford.

"At Heathlands, my horses would of course have been cared for, had there been the necessary accommodation. But the general's habits were peculiar. The stabling was old and ruinous, and there was only just room enough for the carriage-horses, and two pet ponies that belonged to the girls, under that part of the range that still kept a roof above it. I must tell you this, captain, that you may understand what followed.

"It was a dark day in early December, and the clouds hung threateningly about the bleak hillsides, fringed with black fir-clumps, but the sun shone out, making the flooded meadows and wet roads glitter, as I rode up from B—— about noon. There had been a great deal of rain lately, for it was one of those mild, damp seasons of which we have had so many. The brook was nearly up to the girths as we forded it, and the mire was deep in the winding lane that led to the house.

"My heart was heavy, somehow, and I felt anything but the blithe gayety of spirits that becomes a bridegroom starting joyously forth on a career of wedded happiness. I had never been a very thoughtful man. I was young, prosperous and my own master, and my inducements to meditate had been few. But the great change that was impending, the trust of another's happiness, the responsibilities that I was on the morrow to accept, had made me ponder and reflect in a way to which I was wholly unused. And I reflected, as I passed through the deep lanes, where the scarlet berries of the holly flashed out from the dusky green of the leaves, and where the tall bare elms stood like skeleton giants overhead, how very, very little I knew of Alicia's mind and heart—what a stranger I was to the beautiful girl whom to-morrow I was to hail by the sacred name of wife.

"It was too late. Alicia and I were almost strangers. Our acquaintance was certainly very short, but that was not exactly the case in point. People, especially when they love, may learn to know each other's thoughts and feelings in less time than that which had elapsed since the day of the flower-show. But, I realized it for the first time, I knew singularly little of her whom I had chosen to be the helpmeet of my life.

"As far as I could remember, Alicia and I had seldom or never been alone, really alone, together. Always, as it seemed to me, some of the family had been present when we met; and even in the garden at Heathlands, on that evening when, in the deep shrubbery, I had poured out my heart in a few broken, passionate words, and had told my love to Alicia's half-averted ear, Julia Murray had been hovering near, and had joined us before any answer had been returned to my prayer. And it was from Lady Murray, after explanations had taken place, that I had first heard that my suit was viewed with favor.

"Even since our engagement I had rarely been alone with Alicia, and I was almost startled to remember how few were the sentiments expressed by her that I could recollect, and how slight had been our interchange of ideas. She was always lovely, gracious and calm, like a beautiful statue, but it was wonderful how little communion there had ever been between her spirit and my own. Even a lover's memory, which turns the veriest commonplace prattlings into daintiest music, could not treasure up many of Alicia's spoken words. I was forced to admit, not only that she was habitually silent, but that the Murrays had scarcely ever, by pure accident as it would seem, given me an opportunity of being alone with their ward.

"Dim misgivings, too formless to make a permanent impression, crowded on my soul as I rode through the park, where the russet leaves, soaked with water, lay like a thick carpet beneath the bare trees. I was less hopeful, less exultingly sanguine than formerly, and something like a chill ran through my veins as I caught sight of the steep gables and quaint red roof of the Elizabethan Manor House. These vague feelings, however, soon vanished as I received the warm greetings of my friends; and as Alicia half-shyly put her little hand into mine, I thought I had never seen her look so beautiful. Indeed, she was unusually animated. Her dark-blue eyes—she had the rare beauty of blue eyes in conjunction with raven hair and a cheek whose bloom was as darkly rich as that of a peach—were more brilliant than was often the case; her smile was brighter, and her silver laughter more frequent. In general, she really did resemble a handsome statue, but now, though not talkative, she was at least lively and in high spirits. And yet, sometimes, a sudden change would come over her delicately molded features, and she would seem as if listening to some sound inaudible to others, and forgetful of what was passing around her. Then the look of rapt abstraction would die away, and the fair, smiling face would resume its former aspect.

"I never spent a more pleasant afternoon and evening than on that day, the eve of the wedding—the wedding that was never to be. Every member of the fireside group seemed to be disposed to contribute to the general joyousness. Even Sir Thomas, unusually exempt from rheumatic tortures, was in high good-humor, and told some campaigning stories that were new, at least to me, and by no means bad of their kind. Lady Murray and her daughters—clever and well-educated women—were very amusing companions, and if Alicia said less than the others, her beaming eyes and gay laugh had an eloquence of their own, and her royal beauty seemed to convert her, in some manner, into a privileged being, from whom less was to be expected than from others.

"As I have said, we were happy, and, as is often the case, our mirth seemed the blither because of the stormy weather without. For the storm had recommenced; the sheets of rain lashed the windows, the wind was loud, and there was thunder rolling afar off as the groaning trees bowed to the fury of the gale."

So far in his story my poor comrade had proceeded with a strength that surprised me, and that was evidently due to a concentrated effort of will; but once or twice he had paused to beckon to the watchful native servant for a fresh portion of the cordial. But at this point he stopped, gasping and pressing his thin hand to his breast as he sank back among the pillows. The bearer, who had nursed many a sick sahib on his deathbed, glided actively to his side and supported his languid head. Just then the cries of the wild animals in the jungle, which had been more and more harsh and fretful, ceased, and there was an abrupt hush, a solemn stillness when the very ticking of the watch on the table seemed to jar upon the ear. This silence lasted for a few minutes, perhaps three or four, and then came a low, muttering sound, like that of a rising gale.

In a weak but resolute voice, poor Errington went on:

"My usual custom was to leave Heathlands at ten o'clock. On this particular night, the hour had passed unheeded in the merry flow of conversation, when the old butler, a soldier once, like his master, came in to tell with military brevity what had occurred. The rain, falling furiously on the bleak downs, had swollen every stream and runnel; the brook, already deepened by much wet weather, was now two yards

in depth, and had damaged the foot-bridge; while, as for fording, no horse in England could breast the torrent. A countryman had come across from the Three Horseshoes to ask what my servant was to do. He had but the alternative of stopping, with the horses, where he was, and of riding round to Ashton Poplars, where there was a bridge, four miles off, and with every prospect of losing his way in the storm and the darkness.

"'Pooh, pooh! nonsense!' said Sir Thomas, awaking from his nap. 'You must take up your quarters with us for the night. Can't stumble through those muddy lanes in weather like this, can he, Eleanor? No, no, my boy, stop and sleep, and at your time of life you'll be early enough afoot to get down to B——, dress, and be back before old Mr. Maples puts on his surplice in the vestry of Hillingdon church, I warrant you.'

"Alone in a great wainscoted bedroom, where the fire and the candles were scarcely able to light up the dark-green curtains and the sombre hangings and oaken scantlings of the walls. Sir Thomas's man came and went, bringing, with his master's compliments, razors, brushes, linen and so forth, and presently asked respectfully if I wanted anything more, bowed and departed.

"I sat for an hour or more, gazing at the fiery caverns between the burning coals, and moodily thinking of Alicia's strange manner. Did it imply girlish fickleness, aversion, change of purpose? And if so, ought I, as a man of honor, to hold her to her word? Ought I to wed her if she loved me no more? And then rose up the stinging doubt, had she ever loved me? Was her acceptance of my suit the mere result of surprise, perhaps the persuasion of her relatives, who were evidently my friends? Long I brooded thus, and

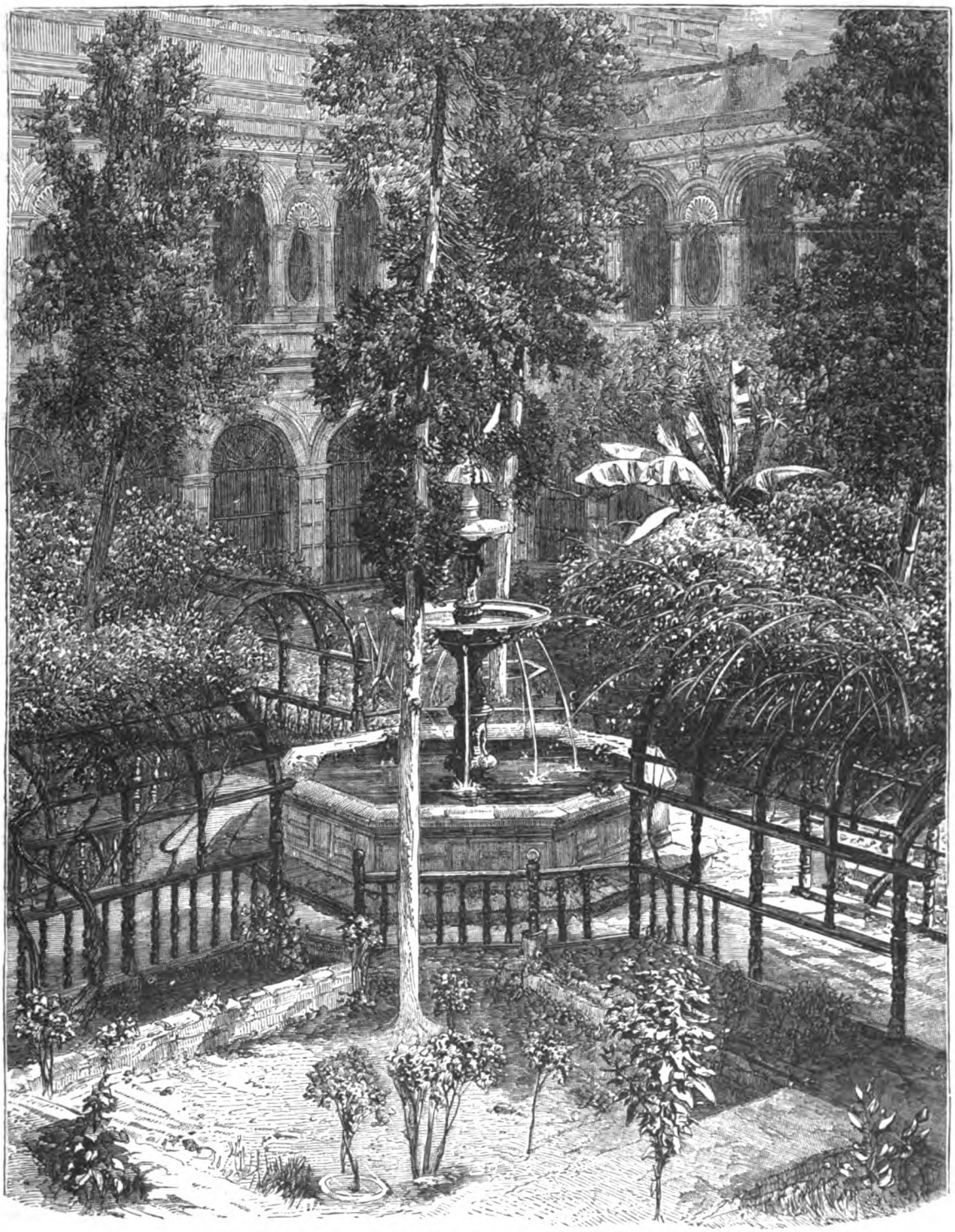
A PLEASANT SITUATION.

ANCIENT MARINER (to Brown, who has just arrived by the steamer, and had quite enough of it)—"*Nice row or sail this evening, sir?*"

"So it was settled. Lady Murray went to bid the housekeeper get a room ready for me, and there was much laughter among the damsels of the Murray family as to my being 'trapped,' and immured in a Heathlands dungeon for the night. In such laughter and merriment Alicia took no share. On the contrary, one of her odd, silent moods came over her, and, for a moment, her beautiful face seemed to stiffen into stone, her eyes looked coldly forth at vacancy, and her lips worked as if she were about to speak. Then she started, as Lady Murray entered, and bent over a book of engravings, and during the rest of the evening I could not find an opportunity of exchanging word or look with her who was tomorrow to be my wife. And when I bade her good-night, Alicia's hand was deathly cold; it lay passive in mine. She smiled and spoke, but it was evidently with an effort, and in a minute more I was alone.

coming to no satisfactory conclusion, flung myself into bed and tried to sleep. I woke on a sudden, trembling violently, and with big cold drops standing thick on my forehead; woke, not by degrees, but on a sudden, with the start from sleep, the hasty rallying of the faculties, which an abrupt alarm can alone inspire. It was as if the soul, awake while the body slumbered, had roused her slothful companion at the call of danger. Thursby, we have been in action together. I don't think you ever saw me flinch when death and life were trembling in the balance; but I assure you that on that occasion I was completely unnerved. Instinctively I felt that peril was near, a shapeless, unknown peril that weighed upon my heart. Still I rose, relit my candle and hurriedly dressed. My limbs shook, my breath came thick and short, and I was flurried and unsteady; but I crushed down the tremors that beset me, threw on my clothes

and opened the door of my room. Then I knew what the danger was. The pungent smoke, eddying down the corridor, the smell of burning wood, and a sound as of hissing snakes blended with the well-known crackling sound produced by dry timbers in a blaze, gave form and substance to mischief; the second would be to spread the alarm through the unconscious household. Led by the ominous sounds of crackling wood, I hurried along the passage, the smoke growing thicker and half blinding me. My room was at the extremity of the east wing, at the end of a long passage, and



COURTYARD OF THE CONVENT OF SAN FRANCISCO, LIMA, PERU.—SEE PAGE 735.

my vague fears. Then I felt my courage revive. Heathlands was on fire—there was no doubt of that. But if the old house could not be saved, there must be ample time to preserve every life, and perhaps much property.

"The first thing to do was to ascertain the extent of the the other doors belonged to rooms such as the Muniment Chamber, the so-called Oratory—which still retained its antique furniture, and was regarded as a curiosity—and two disused rooms, full of faded but costly upholstery, and which were known as 'Lady Jane's Parlors.'

"These two last rooms had their doors ajar, and were full of smoke, but I scarcely heeded them, for now I was near enough to the central part of the rambling old house to see a great glow and glare of heat and light that proceeded from some of the chambers opening on the principal landing-place above the broad oak staircase, and where, as I knew, the Murrays and Alicia slept. I sprang forward with a cry of alarm. Yes, the fire was fiercest in that part. I saw the long tongues of ruddy flame go gliding along the dry wainscoting, licking the walls, climbing in spirals to the ceiling, hissing as it gave out volleys of suffocating smoke. Nor was I the only one aroused by the peril, for I heard the sound of alarmed voices, and the clapping of a door and a shrill cry.

"Two, three of the rooms on the left hand side were pouring forth floods of smoke and flashes of light, mixed with clouds of sparks and scraps of half-consumed muslin or gauze. This was especially the case with the chamber nearest to the great window, from whose door a red glare, like that from a furnace-mouth, came angrily forth. But by what strange accident—ah! there it is at last!

"'Fire! fire!'

"The single dreadful word that scares the boldest, and that none can hear without emotion at the dead of the night. A dozen voices seemed at once to spread the alarm, and I, too, echoed it, although a glance at the broad staircase convinced me that the way of escape was open, and that the fire was confined to the upper part of the house. The chief seat of the conflagration was evidently the passage to the left, where the very beams and joists were burning, and where the fire raged in the three rooms I have mentioned—empty rooms, no doubt.

"By this time the sleepers had been aroused, and Sir Thomas, his clever consort, who was the most courageous of the family, and supported the halting steps of her crippled husband, Julia and Fanny Murray, the serving-men and women, were soon crowded on the oak staircase and the wide landing-place, hastily dressed in clothes tossed on under the spur of the sudden alarm, and vociferating questions, exclamations, suggestions.

"The fire was above, below, everywhere. It was the work of chance, of carelessness, of incendiaries; but no one ventured on a practical hint until the alarm-bell was heard clanging forth from its turret, sturdily tolled by old Job, the soldier-butler, though the storm almost outroared the clang of the bell. My eyes ranged hastily over the assemblage. There was one form missing; the dearest, the fairest.

"'Alicia! where is she?'

"And I called her name aloud. Lady Murray, very much moved, started, and wrung her hands with a gesture of dismay and grief, doubly terrible in that trained, impassive woman of the world.

"'Alicia!' she cried. 'Yes, this is her work. It is a judgment—a judgment on me. Yet I meant it for the best. Oh, Mr. Errington, that is her room—there, the blue room, at the end, where the fire——'

"I did not hear the rest. Breaking fiercely from those who in kindness sought to stop me, I rushed through fire and smoke—through burning splinters and eddying vapor—on to the door of the room at the end, which stood open. And there, in the very glow and reek of the hell that yawned within—in the midst of the fiery gulf which the room had become, I saw—I saw——"

Here the dying man's voice sank into a husky whisper; and as the bearer sprang to support his head and put the cordial to his lips, there came a roar and a moan, and then a plashing sound of heavy rain—rain of which we in Europe have no idea—and the jungle trees bowed groaning and the tents flapped, and the roaring deluge beat like shot upon the canvas; and the water bubbled through the purdah. The monsoon had begun. I dreaded its effect upon the sufferer; the recollections it might evoke, harmonizing as it would with his own dark memories, might shake the hour-glass from which his last sands were falling all too fast. His dulled ear, however, did not seem to hear the thunder of the tempest, for he seemed unconscious of the storm as he resumed, in a weaker voice:

"I saw my Alicia—my own dear and loved Alicia—my betrothed, my bride—standing before the great mirror, in that fatal room. She was dressed in her snow-white bridal array, as if for the altar. Over her shoulders flowed the long wedding-vail, its dainty lace unfolded to the fullest length, and on her small, queenly head was the orange-blossom wreath, lightly placed on the raven hair that set off so well the spotless purity of the flowers. She wore jewels, too, that glistened and flashed in the baleful light of the fire. She was like some virgin victim decked for the sacrifice of old. Her face was averted, but she saw me in the mirror, and turned and confronted me with a smile.

"But what a smile! I recoiled, horror-struck, while the poor girl waved and wreathed her white arms, bowing her flower-crowned head in greeting, then suddenly stretched out both her hands, crying with an eldrich laugh that froze my very marrow:

"'Say, have I not done it bravely! bravely! For the wedding! ha! ha! for the wedding! a fine——'

"The last word I did not hear, for I had darted forward, resolved to save her—to save her in spite of herself. Poor thing! her incoherent ravings, her wild gestures, the terrible deed she, with all the cunning of a madwoman, had done, left no doubt behind. Still I loved her, and I sprang to save her. There was fire between us. She had piled up a barricade of light objects, and they, and the curtains of the bed and the woodwork of the room, all blazed furiously. The floor had caught. There was a gulf of flame and smoke between Alicia and me; but the further end of the chamber was as yet free from fire, and I hoped to reach her and bear her out in my arms to life and safety.

"The flames beat me back. I struggled hard, but pain and suffocation conquered, and I was driven back, mocked by Alicia's horrible, vacant laugh, and I stumbled and fell, and should have died there but for stout-hearted old Job and one of the farming men, who dragged me clear of the passage, at no little risk to themselves. I did what I could. Indeed I tried to save her—see, Thursby, the deep scars on my arms, my neck, my breast, the dusky crimson stains of the burning. My clothes were on fire, my hair was on fire, when old Job tore me by main force from the spot.

"I recollect lying on the stone floor of the great entrance hall, in the midst of noise and confusion. Men were flinging water on the flames, tearing down woodwork with ax and pole, shouting, handing up buckets, fighting the fire stoutly and well. I lay helpless, while one of the Murray girls, ashen pale, in her white wrapper and loose hair, helped Job to hold up my wounded head. I had been badly bruised, how I know not—and Lady Murray knelt beside me and prayed that God might forgive her, and that I would forgive her, for having plotted and striven to bring about my marriage with a maniac. For it was all confessed now. Poor Alicia, with all her beauty, with her pure, good heart, had the lurking taint of hereditary insanity in her veins. Her aunt and guardian had wished her married—married and out of their own daughters' way, whom her superior loveliness threw into shadow—that was the whole sad truth. No doubt the experiment, on the success of which Lady Murray had plumed herself, had failed, and Alicia, who had never loved me, but who was weak and used to obey, had succumbed to a paroxysm of the dread mental malady, and the fire——

"'A ladder! a ladder to the window of the west room. A hundred pounds to the man that helps me.'

"I was strong then. I was on my feet, active, imperious, directing those about me. And very soon there was a ladder planted before the window of the fatal chamber, and I mounted steadily. The casement, broken by the heat, hung in shivers, and at it stood Alicia, waving her arms and singing, as it seemed, but showing no sign of fear. Her vail and robe were on fire; the flames were closing around her, and suddenly she screamed and writhed like a lily scathed by fire; the cruel pain and anguish seemed to clear her clouded reason for a moment, and she called me by my name and shrieked to me for help. Just then there was a crash—a dull, heavy crash; ceiling and wall came thundering down together, and as the side of the house opened outward, the crouching figure, with outstretched arms, vanished in a yawning gulf of flame. As for me, the ladder was hurled down amid falling masonry and timber; a heavy beam crashed on me, and I lay senseless and with a broken collar-bone beneath the ruin.

"Thursby, I have told all. The fire was got under at last, and the poor remains of her who was to have been my wife—of her who had been beautiful almost beyond woman's beauty—were recovered. But—they did not dare, in mercy, to let me see the coffined form of what had once been Alicia Morgan. I was slow in recovering health; I left the place as soon as I could travel. To Lady Murray I wrote my forgiveness—we are all great sinners! Heaven knows I pardoned her—but I could never again bear to look on any of them. I left my holiday regiment. Weary of life, and hoping for some stirring occupation that should lull memory, I sought an appointment in this branch of the service. My interest was powerful, and I obtained it. Thursby, as I live, I saw her last night; hist! man, come nearer, I see her now."

His wasted hand grasped my arm with a grip that was absolutely painful, and his starting eyes seemed bent on some object—real or fancied—on the opposite side of the tent. Then the grip relaxed, and with a little moan and a long-drawn shiver, the poor fellow's head sunk back and he stirred no more. I laid my hand on his heart. It was still. George Errington was dead, almost before his sad story was told.

VIEW IN THE COURTYARD OF THE CONVENT OF SAN FRANCISCO, LIMA, PERU.

Among the sixty churches and chapels of Lima, that of San Francisco is one of the oldest and most magnificent. It was founded in the year 1535, and, in conjunction with its convent, is reported to have cost $10,000,000. At one time it had upward of five hundred monks within its walls. There were also shops of various kinds—shoemakers', blacksmiths', tailors', etc.—dedicated to *penetencia*. That is to say, when, after confession, the priest imposed a penance, if the culprit was a tailor he was ordered to work a certain length of time in the tailor's shop; if a shoemaker, in the shoemaker's department. In this manner the worthy friars utilized the sins of their parishioners.

The convent is now but a shadow of what it was, and a portion has been taken for secular purposes. The view (page 723) in one of the courtyards will convey some notion of the character of the edifice. Although much neglected, the walks and fountains are still beautiful.

Our love is inwrought in our enthusiasm as electricity is inwrought in the air, exalting its power by a subtle presence.

SOUTHERN SCENES.

On the Road — Negroes Carrying Vegetables to the Charleston Market.

The engraving in this issue is an accurate illustration of the life and social *status* of the negro on the Ashley and Cooper Rivers, and the Sea Islands, particularly those within the jurisdiction of South Carolina. No longer held in a state of abject servitude, these cultivators of small arable tracts of land seem to labor with an industry and persistency which markedly contrasts with the indolence they displayed anterior to the rebellion. Their "garden patches" are sources of great profit, and very many cultivators are known to be among the richest of the laboring classes. The old theory, that negroes, without a master and the whip of the overseer, would relapse into barbarism, and become a burden to the whites, has been exploded. They are now acknowledged, even by the most prejudiced of the late "ruling classes," to be in the main industrious and frugal—saving up money against a rainy day. As a free peasant population, they are infinitely more profitable to the South than they were when accounted "chattels," and in intelligence ranked but one or two removes from the brute creation. To-day they are the chief reliance of the whites in the Cotton States; and this fact, not unknown to them, doubtless incites them to appear to the very best advantage among their "political compeers" of the Caucasian race, whose good-will they naturally and ardently seek. The sketch represents a party of negro "truckers" taking vegetables by land to Charleston.

When the vegetables are taken to the market or to the wharves at Charleston, they are readily disposed of to speculators. A small percentage only is purchased by the citizens, the rest being shipped in sloops, schooners, and steamers to Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York. Baltimore is considered the best market, as the "truck" is not there so stale or wilted as when taken to more distant marts. Possibly, one advantage which the present generation of the colored population of the South has over the white, rests in the fact, that the women are quite as strong and as devoted to labor as the men. Thirty or forty years hence this may not be the case. The young negro girls of that day will doubtless be desirous of imitating their white sisters in all manners and fashions; and when they do, their husbands, brothers and fathers, like those of the pale-faces of this era, will have all the work for their share of life's "toil and trouble."

HERMITS.

These misguided people, who in former ages were so numerous, are, in some few instances, reproduced in our own day. A Connecticut hermit is said to be living with a little property of ten thousand dollars for company. The story of the Roxbury hermit, an Englishman of distinguished family, who came to America thirty years ago on a naturalists' errand for a society in England, has been made familiar to all within a few months. There was a Pennsylvania hermit lately discovered by his brother in Connecticut, having been lost to all knowledge of his relations for forty years. A German underground hermit was not long since unearthed on Long Island by a party of hunters. There is a secret in this sort of life, showing that the mind has lost its balance, or become too intense in certain of its faculties. Nature is a grand balm for those souls who feel hurt by society. Her solitude and silence calm and steady the tossing thoughts, and permit no more disturbances. It is not probable that this very common desire to be alone will never be entirely eradicated from the human heart.

SOUTHERN SCENES.—ON THE ROAD—NEGROES CARRYING VEGETABLES TO THE CHARLESTON MARKET.—SEE PAGE 735.

CONSTANCE'S STORY.

When my husband, Roscoe Arnold, asked me to marry him, I felt it necessary to tell him that I did not love him as he loved me—that I *understood* his devotion, because I had felt it for another—that other, Ivan Grey—that to my husband I had to give only a grateful affection. Would that suffice?

He said that it would. He told me afterward that, through my weeping, he did not catch the name; that he thought I said also that my lover had died.

The subject was not a pleasant one—we did not refer to it afterward.

From the first, Roscoe was a good husband. If I did not appreciate him then, I was not unhappy. I had a bright, beautiful home which Roscoe named Hesperides. The library was extensive, the conservatory luxurious. Books and flowers being my ruling passion, my husband had taken especial pains to gratify me. To-day I never smell heliotrope or tuberoses without the memory of those first lovely years coming back to me.

After our boy was born, and everybody pronounced him a most healthy and beautiful child, Roscoe said to me:

"Constance, are you happy now?"

I looked straight into his honest brown eyes as I truly answered: "Yes, Roc."

He bent and kissed me with a delight I had never seen him show before.

"Dearest, you *are* mine!" he murmured.

That was all he said.

It was just two years after our marriage.

A few days later he received a letter. I asked whom it was from.

"My sister," he answered.

"I never knew that you had a sister," I said, in surprise.

"No, I never have spoken to you of Ora. When my parents died in my boyhood, Ora was a baby, and was taken by an aunt down to New Orleans, where she was raised with her children. I have only seen her once since. She is very pretty. This letter tells me that she is to be married."

He gave me the letter to read. It was written on delicate, fragrant paper, the penmanship easy and graceful, but rather too fine. Rather a brief communication, prettily expressed, asking us to come to the wedding.

"To New Orleans in July! I am afraid to take baby, and I could not leave him."

"I see that we cannot go. It is impracticable. I will write and tell Ora."

"And give her my love. Say that I hope she will be very happy."

I had been present at but one wedding in my life, and that was my own. I was six-and-twenty. It was very different from what I thought it would be when I was eighteen. At eighteen I had been betrothed to Ivan Grey; at twenty-six I married Roscoe Arnold.

CONSTANCE'S STORY.—"I WENT ACROSS THE HALL TO A CHINA-CLOSET FOR THE WINE. WHEN I CAME BACK SHE LAY IN A DEAD FAINT UPON THE FLOOR."

The suggestion of another wedding brought back the past to me. When I was alone, and baby asleep in his basket, I went to a drawer in a private cabinet, and took out a packet of letters and a photograph.

The latter was a vignette—a face handsome as a Greek god's, with a perfection of contour that must ever be fascinating. As I looked at it, the peace of my heart fled away. The breath of the past, fragrant, new, Spring-like, swept over me; the warm, imperious impulses of youth started to life in my blood. Ah, that only was happiness! That was bright morning—this was sultry midday.

"As starlight unto sunlight, as water unto wine," I murmured.

I sat there on the rich carpet before the rosewood cabinet, the panorama of the past sweeping before me, while the sunshine crept along the pearly wall, slipped across my lap, and illuminated my baby's little rosy face.

It woke him at last. He reached his bits of hands into the golden light, and lay cooing.

I looked at the letters, but did not open them. There was no need. I had learned each one by heart years ago. The packet was small, and I sat with it held between my palms for nearly half an hour. But I put away letters and picture at last, and sat down by the open window, swinging the

baby's basket to and fro. The gladiolus flamed crimson on the lawn, old elms embowered the deepest shade, my pansies made a purple shadow along the paths beneath. A white butterfly, fluttering from the rose-vine at the window, swam on the golden air into the rich room where I sat, and wavered from object to object. He rested at last on the frame of my husband's portrait. Just then I heard Roscoe whistling lightly as he ran up-stairs, and in a moment he entered the room, his hands full of pond-lilies.

"See here, Connie—here's a treat for you! Aren't they beauties?"

My favorite flower! I took the splendid things from him and put them in a crystal globe of cool water. Lavish, uncultivated sweetness and beauty. They grew—

"In the cool and quiet nooks,
On the breast of glassy brooks;
In the forest's green retreat,
With the branches overhead,
Nestling at the old tree's feet,
Chose they there a shining bed."

"See here!" said Roscoe.

He had pulled off his straw hat, and the curling hair about his white forehead was literally dripping with perspiration.

"See how wilted I am, hurrying home through the heat to save your lilies," he laughed.

I brought him some cool water to bathe his face, laid out for him some fresh clothing, and went away to see if dinner was ready. Thus I took up, again, the present.

Another year went by. I was surrounded by comfort; tenderly cared for. I resolved not to unlock the rosewood cabinet again.

I was reading in the portico, one June morning, while Melisse, the nurse, was leading little Lyle along the garden-walks, when a carriage came whirling up the drive.

I sprang up, fearing something had happened to my husband. But, by the time I reached the open hall-door, a lady, alone, was coming up the steps from the carriage. She was very young, richly robed, and instantly addressed me:

"Are you not my brother Roscoe's wife?" she asked. "I am his sister Ora, from New Orleans."

I don't remember how I welcomed her, but I threw open the drawing-room door, and she entered and dropped into a seat.

"Where is Roscoe? I—I have come to stay with you," she said, her face pale as ashes.

I took a vague alarm at her appearance, but I endeavored to speak as usual.

"You are tired—ill. Lay off your wraps and let me get you a glass of wine."

I went across the hall to the china-closet. When I came back she lay in a dead faint upon the floor.

Roscoe had gone out of town, and did not return until evening. I had had Ora taken to a room next mine and put to bed. She was a mere delicate child when undressed, not more than seventeen years old.

"Oh, how good you are—how good you are!" she said, with heart-rending pathos, as I bathed her temples and rubbed her delicate limbs. I had studied medicine a little with my father, and I knew she was close upon a fever. At length she lay warm and quiet, and soon fell asleep.

I sat up until eleven o'clock, waiting for Roscoe. At length I heard his step in the hall. I hurried to meet him.

He looked astounded at my news. "Why, what does it mean?" he asked.

The next morning Ora was in a burning fever. She talked incoherently—she did not know me. She lay very ill for three weeks.

Poor girl! at one time it seemed certain that she would die, but we kept her.

At last, her first act of consciousness was to kiss me, and murmur:

"I love you!"

At last she could sit up and talk a little. And then she told Roscoe and me her story.

I will not repeat it here. It was a tale too sickening; of human passions inflamed by liquor; of man's tyranny; of woman's weakness. Her husband was false to her and to his manhood. She clung to him, pleading; he knocked her senseless at his feet. And, before that, she had borne—oh, pitiful heavens, so much!

"He has killed my love for him," she said, white and shuddering. "I am afraid of him! I have a horror of him! I had rather die than live with him again! Let me stay here! Here, he will not find me. Oh, Roscoe—Constance, let me stay with you!"

We soothed her—promised earnestly that she should stay, protected, beloved, by us. For the conversation was most hurtful to her, and nearly brought on a relapse of her fever.

And Roscoe wrote to his aunt, Mrs. Brompton, of New Orleans, asking further particulars of Ora's story, and announcing his determination to protect her against her husband. To which Mrs. Brompton replied as follows:

"I am glad Ora is with you. Her marriage has certainly turned out a most dreadful affair. Her husband was wealthy, moved in the best circles here, but I blame myself that I did not inform myself concerning his principles. He is now avowed to have none—rather, he possesses the *worst!* The scandal is dying down here, but if Ora wishes to remain with you for the present it will be better than returning to New Orleans. My love to her.

"AUGUSTA BROMPTON."

So I found what I had never had—a sister—and I think we made her as happy as she could possibly be after the terrible blight upon her youth. She found a fund of comfort in little Lyle, who was very fond of her, calling her "Lolo" in his soft, lisping accents. She was most unselfish and sympathetic in disposition, and this latter trait won from me, at least, a confidence.

She sat with me, sewing, in my chamber, one day. Roscoe had just sent out from town a package of new books I wished to see. We had looked them over—promised ourselves much enjoyment in the long Winter evenings coming.

"What a splendid man Roscoe is!" Ora said, thoughtfully. "He is a companion—a friend—he is interested in everything you care for—he consults your wishes—ministers to your tastes. Now my husband never seemed to care for anything only to *own* me!"

She seldom or never referred to her husband. It seemed to make her physically ill to do so. I hurried away from the subject.

"I know I have a good husband, Ora; I respect him, I admire him. But yet," I added, "I should have been happier if I had married another man."

Then I told her the tale of my youth. Of my exceeding beauty—of the tourist who wandered to my mountain home—of his beauty, his charm, his power—my passion for him. Of my invalid mother, who prayed me not to leave her—of the choice I needs must make—of his departure—his subsequent desertion. Of how my mother died blessing me—how my conscience approved, yet my passionate longing for what I had lost. The hot tears rained down my face as I concluded—so deeply had my nature known this experience.

Ora listened with wide eyes, quickened breath; her work dropped upon her lap. When I had done, she said:

"What was his name, Constance? You have not spoken it."

"Ivan Grey."

"Have you a picture of him?" she asked, in a sharp, suppressed voice.

I unlocked the cabinet, found the photograph, placed it in her hand.

She glanced—dropped it as if it had stung her.

"It is my husband, Constance!"

I could only stare at her.

"It surely is, Constance," she said, winding her arms about me. "When you first spoke of your girlhood's love in Blue Mountains, I remembered to have seen some sketches my husband made there, bearing date 1865. Ten years ago. Oh, Conny, what an escape you made that you did not marry him! To be the wife of Ivan Grey was reserved for *my* fate," she added, mournfully.

"*Was* Mr. Grey's name Ivan," I stammered.

"Yes," she answered.

I was forced to accept the truth.

I rose, by-and-by, and put the letters and the photograph in the fire.

And that night I talked alone with my husband. Through all eternity he will never doubt now that I love him.

Ora is still with us. Roscoe has taken measures to procure for her a divorce.

OSCULATI'S ADVENTURES.

GAETANO OSCULATI, an Italian naturalist, who penetrated into the interior of South America thirty years ago, to study the natural history of the continent, met with some strange and terrible adventures that put him with the real Robinson Crusoes of history.

His collections of specimens gradually accumulated, and he had to employ Indian guides and porters, stopping here and there at the rude stone huts called tambos, which from the times of the Incas are scattered through the country.

These cargueros soon showed a spirit of insubordination. They went as they chose, and wasted the provisions so as to bring the party to the verge of starvation.

One day, when they were in great want, Osculati saw a large black bear on the bough of a tree. His rifle soon brought it down. He ordered the men to dress what was needed at once, and to smoke the rest to carry with them. Instead of doing this, they wasted and threw away most of the meat, and refused to carry any.

He then assumed a resolute tone with the head of the gang, and threatened severe punishment if they did not obey his orders. On this they went sullenly on.

That night they put him up a hut of pretty solid structure, with a palisade around it. This excited his alarm, and though they pretended that it was merely to secure his greater comfort, he ordered the palisade removed, and made the head-carrier share the hut with him. He loaded his pistols, and kept watch all night. This night passed without accident, as did the next day, during which his rifle secured another bear, supplying the party abundantly.

The next night he kept watch again, but nature could not stand such a strain long, and he began to feel the terrible position in which he was.

On the next day, June 24th, he came to a river, and set out with one Indian to find a ford—the chief with the rest following close behind. While forcing their way through the thick undergrowth, however, the latter disappeared. Receiving no answer to his calls, Osculati put his pistol to the head of his companion and made him return with him to their last tambo. Here he found that the scoundrels had opened and pillaged his packages, carrying off all the provisions.

The remaining Indian declared himself faithful to the death, denouncing the treachery of his companions with the most withering terms. Osculati thinking that it would be impossible to keep the fellow and watch him, resolved to send him with a letter to the alcalde of Archidona, the last village he had seen, describing his position and imploring aid.

The fellow solemnly promised to deliver this at once, but, as the event proved, never did so, for, without waiting for the letter, he ran off and joined his comrades at once.

Osculati was thus left in the midst of the forest, miles from any human habitation, without a guide or provisions. His first step was to make his cabin as substantial as possible, with a palisade to defend it against any wild beast or the treacherous cargueros, should they return to kill him by night. Some biscuit that had escaped them, and water, made him a supper, and loading his firearms, he lay down and enjoyed a refreshing sleep. When he awoke it was far in the night. He went out, and hearing no sound, fired the rifle to scare any beast, and to let his treacherous carriers know that he was on the alert. No sign of them, however, appeared.

After some reflection, he resolved to stay there a week, hoping that some Indian would pass that way; if not, to try and reach a settlement, white or Indian. He divided his scanty store of biscuit, dried the bear-meat that the Indians had thrown aside, and while waiting, like a true naturalist, went on collecting insects, including varieties of the brilliant cucayo.

A long rain set in and confined him for some days to the cabin, and his failing provisions filled him with despair. On the 27th he heard a noise, and looking out, saw a tapir, but he was so agitated that he could scarcely aim. The first shot missed, but the second killed it. He dragged the animal to his hut and began to prepare it.

When he woke the next morning a new alarm came. The Cosango River, on whose banks he was, had risen in the night, and the water had carried off his cooking utensils and his recently acquired tapir. It even threatened to sweep away his cabin, and he had to construct one on higher ground, and move all his packages to it.

Day after day the water rose, and he lived on a few berries that he could find. Death now stared him in the face. Not a living soul had approached the unfrequented spot, and he must perish there, or perish in trying to reach aid. He drew up a statement of his cruel position and, inclosing it in oiled silk, tied it to the branch of a tree.

As the water began to fall and the sky to clear, he managed to kill a water-fowl, which gave him some strength.

He now began to study out means of escape. The readiest seemed to be to try and strike the Condachi River, and then make a raft and float down.

After securing his cases as best he could, he started, and putting on his head his watch, money, compass, and pistols in a package, tried to swim the river; but he was so weak that he had to throw these precious objects off to save his life and reach the shore.

He got back finally, and rested for a fresh start. After scraping some scattered corn and everything else that he could contrive to eat, he made another attempt. After a long and painful tramp through the woods, his eyes were at last gladdened by the sight of a cabin, called Sicsiplaya.

which he had left three weeks before. Here, fortunately, he found some abandoned provisions; but he was now full of hope. He started once more on the trail with swollen feet and clothes in tatters. He reached a river only to find that the rascals had cut down the rude bridge. By great exertion he crossed, and kept on his way, starving and exhausted. Then his strength failed, he tottered and fell. As he recovered from the swoon that came over him, he heard a cock crow: a music more delicious to his ears than the finest ever echoed by dome or saloon of Italy. He rose to his knees and cried: "Sono salvo! Dio mio, Io ti ringrazio!" "I am safe! my God, I thank thee!"

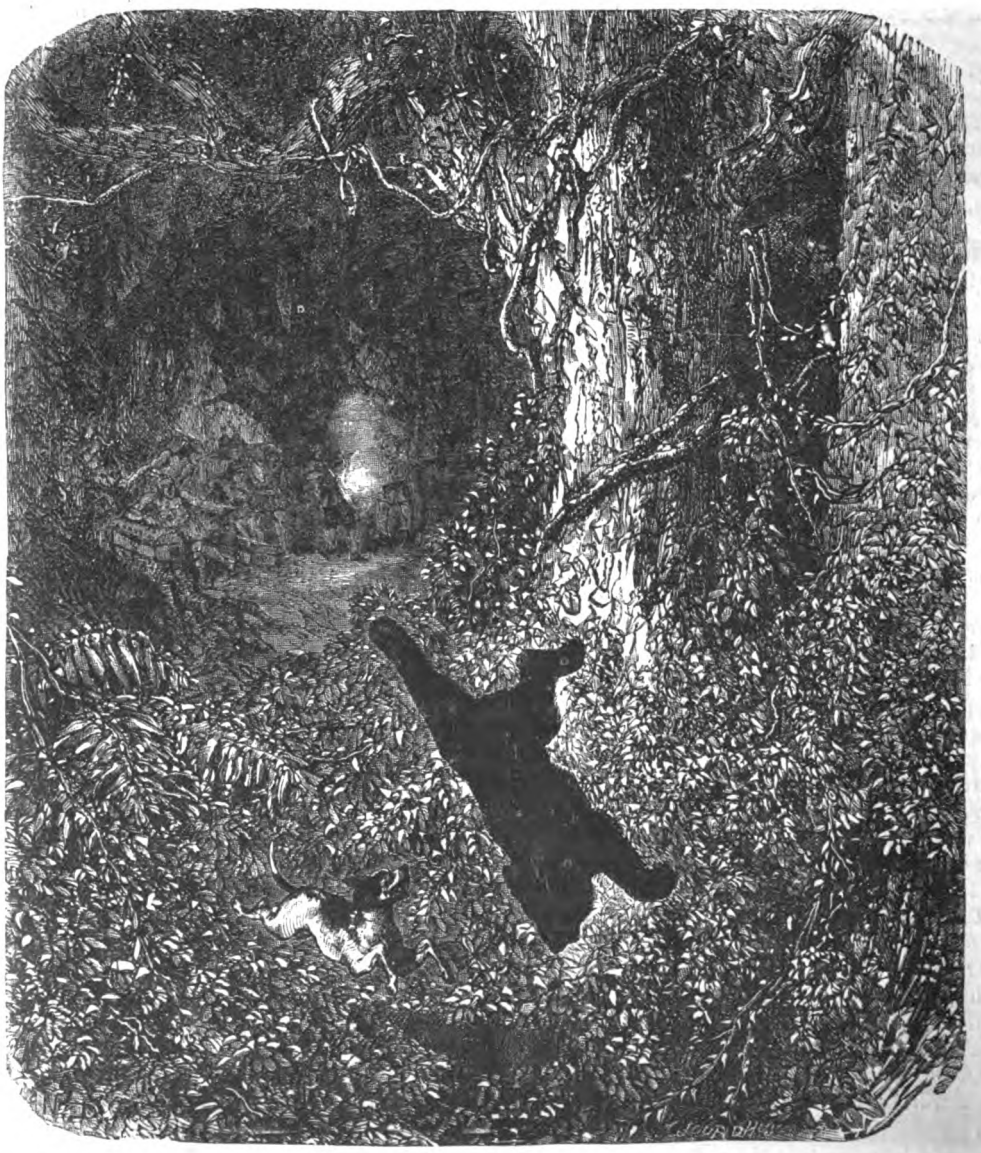
Once more he started, and a quarter of a mile further on, came in sight of the tambo of Baeza. The first Indian who saw him fled in terror; but, as he tottered into the tambo and fell on a pile of skins, he was recognized, and his wants were at once kindly attended to.

A few days' kind treatment restored him. His faithless guides and cargueros had returned with the story that he had been drowned crossing the Cosango.

When he was strong enough, faithful men went with him, and his packages were recovered—collections all the more dear by the terrible perils he had undergone to obtain and save them.

A ROYAL WOOING.

In 1588 was celebrated, in the Castle of Kronborg, the marriage by procuration of King James VI. of Scotland with Anne, daughter of King Frederic II. of Denmark. Anne was then in her fifteenth year. Marshal Earl Keith acted as proxy. This marriage settled the vexed question of the Orkney and Shetland Islands, pawned to Scotland when the Princess Margaret married King James III. Christian III. meditated an expedition against Mary of Guise, then Regent of Scotland, for their recovery, and later offered to repay the 50,000 florins for which they had been pawned; but Dantzay, by order of Catherine de Medicis, put a spoke into the arrangement, and they were never redeemed. King James himself visited Scotland, and after a series of romantic adventures, met his wife for the first time in Norway, as shown in our illustration. Then the real marriage took place at Agershuus, in Norway. The royal couple subsequently visited Denmark, and passed a month in the Castle of Kronborg, where they assisted at the nuptials, 19th of April, 1590, of the Queen's elder sister, the Princess Elizabeth, with Henry, Duke of Brunswick. Which were the apartments occupied by King James and his bride during his residence no one can say—the interior of the building has been much altered since that period, the stories divided for the occupation of the garrison—but in all probability it was the suite called the apartment of Christian IV., now set apart for his present Majesty. They are not remarkable for their size, but contain fine chimney-pieces, with the cipher of the sovereign, and the doorways are ornamented with marble and richly carved ebony. Tales are still current in Elsinore of the drinking bouts held by King James and his brother-in-law Prince Christian, in the halls of Kronborg—how they fell intoxicated under the table and rolled into the ditch.



OSCULATI'S ADVENTURES.—"OSCULATI SAW A LARGE BLACK BEAR ON THE BOUGH OF A TREE. HIS RIFLE SOON BROUGHT IT DOWN."—SEE PAGE 739.

THE MEETING OF JAMES VI. OF SCOTLAND WITH ANNE OF DENMARK.

ADRIFT.

All night upon the smooth, salt sea,
We two drifted silently;
While, clear by the light of the northern star,
We saw the great black ship afar.

All night we drifted; overhead
A horned moon, dull and heavy as lead;
About us, sliding through the wave,
More dreadful shapes than haunt the grave

Death came so close, we glowered at him,
We scanned him, face and horrid limb;
His face was wan, his eyeballs shone
Two baleful stars amid the foam.

Three times he clutched you by the hair,
Your glittering, soft locks, long and fair;
With my strong arms I thrust him back,
Yet still he followed on our track.

No help, no hope! our pleasant sin
Had brought this bitter harvest in;
Yet cursed I not the body and face,
Whose beauty lured me from my place.

What though we sinned! our punishment
Was not the heavy one they meant;
What though that great ship cast us out,
We had each other without doubt

So thought we then, and smiling, said—
"Though the cold sea may be our bed,
Better to die than live apart,
Better a hushed than broken heart."

My love! my dear! we did not know
How God can punish here below.
I knew when the cold dawn came on,
For then I saw I was undone.

Alas! alas! to see you die,
To see your long bright lashes lie
So close and fast on either cheek—
To know your dear mouth could not speak!

To know you dead! Oh, cruel heaven,
For that my sin should be forgiven!
To know her dead—to live bereft!
To haunt the world that she has left!

ADA VROOMAN LESLIE.

ERWIN'S DAUGHTER.

Who does not know of the magnificent cathedral of Strasburg, that work of four long centuries? Inaugurated in the fifteenth century, it has since resisted all ravages of men and time, and still stands as firm, as imposing as ever! How many lives have been consumed in carving this host of statues! How many have there embodied the wonderful inspirations of their genius! How much patience and courage was essential to interweave this immense fabric of stones, which commences at the ground and finishes almost in the clouds? God alone can tell! But from among the generations of illustrious unknown who successively pursued this work, some few names have been preserved by popular tradition, which, oblivious of the great, has perpetuated more touching memories, and, whilst ignoring the origin of the first plan of the holy basilica, yet recalls the story of a young girl who sculptured the last stone. All that the people have retained of this long history of the science and art of the medieval age, is a legend which the peasant girls of Alsace relate, as they while away the evening.

The following is the substance of their recital:

In the thirteenth century, the architect Erwin de Steinbach was intrusted with the construction of the tower which was to crown the cathedral. He was an old man who asked of Heaven his genius, and only used it for the greatest glory of Christ. God had given him a son named Jean, and a daughter named Sabine, who helped him in his work. Jean was his strength, Sabine his heart; with the former he dared undertake, with the latter he was happy in executing. Both had received celestial gifts, and molded the stone in obedience to their thoughts; but the young girl had, besides, the beauty of an angel. Wherever she appeared, her countenance sweetly beguiled the heart, and captivated all who beheld her; when she spoke, her face was forgotten in the charm of her voice, and any one of the young architects and sculptors who worked under her father's direction would have given all the wealth of the world to obtain her love. Two especially had openly declared their pretensions: one was a Silesian named Bernard de Sunder; the other, a Frenchman from Boulogne, called Polydore. They possessed equal ability in the production and execution of sculptural designs; but their characters were as unlike as the tempest is unlike the calm of a cloudless sky. Bernard was humble, subdued, full of respect for men and love for God. Polydore, on the contrary, was proud, audacious, rebellious against earth and heaven. When they mounted together the lofty scaffoldings of the tower, suspended over the abyss by a fragile rope, Bernard never failed to cross himself, repeating the words of the psalm: "Oh, God! we are in Thy hands as chaff before the wind, as water which floweth away," while Polydore looked laughingly up to the sky, singing the refrain of the stonecarver's song:

"Mallet and chisel aloft I bear!
Though above the clouds the swallows fly,
I, with naught but my courage, dare
Mount higher still toward the distant sky."

Sabine had remarked these dissimilarities, and avowed her preference for the young German. From the knowledge of this, Polydore experienced a grief which soon became transformed into sullen rage. Nevertheless, he hoped that the young girl might yet be induced to change her sentiment.

Erwin died, and the Council of Strasburg issued a proclamation announcing that the continuation of the tower should be confided to that one of the young architects who would furnish within the period of twelve days the finest design. Before the expiration of the appointed term, the Frenchman had finished his, and every one declared that it could not be surpassed. Sabine was struck with admiration at seeing it, and could not refrain her tears.

"Why do you weep?" asked Polydore.

"Alas!" replied the young girl," I weep because my father, when dying, made me swear that no other name than his should be attached to his work. I had hoped that it would be within the power of my brother to complete it; but now you have excelled him, and the name of Polydore will replace that of Erwin."

"You can prevent it yet," answered the Frenchman. "Consent to marry me, and I yield to your brother the honor of finishing the tower."

Sabine made no reply, but retired to her own apartment, her heart racked with contending emotions. If she persisted in her partiality for Bernard de Sunder, she could not keep the oath made to her father; if, on the other hand, she accepted Polydore's proposal, she saved the glory of Erwin, but lost her own happiness. Oppressed with uncertainty, she approached the table upon which was spread a large sheet of parchment, and, in distraction, took up her pen, which she unconsciously turned in her fingers while addressing to God prayers mingled with tears; at length, overcome with fatigue, she fell asleep. Her sleep lasted the whole night, and when she awoke, the first rays of the sun were

dancing joyously across the window. She uttered a cry of surprise as she glanced at the table, for there, on the sheet of parchment, was an admirable drawing representing the façade of the cathedral as it appears to-day. God had undoubtedly heard the prayer of Erwin's daughter, and had sent one of His angels to trace for her the marvelous design which must gain the prize.

In fact, it sufficed to present it to the members of the council for them to decide unanimously that the young girl alone was capable of completing the work her father had commenced. At her request, however, her brother was associated with her, and Bernard de Sunder offered himself as an assistant; but Polydore, tormented with jealousy, went away in silence.

Jean and Sabine took up their abode in the great court of the church, in order to watch more closely the achievement of their plan. Endowed suddenly with an unaccountable and supernatural gift, Sabine seemed exempt from the laws of time. Hardly were her ideas conceived before they were miraculously wrought out; her chisel multiplied ornaments around Erwin's edifice, and the rapid creation of so many masterpieces was inexplicable. Sabine herself was apparently unable to solve the mystery.

Meanwhile, the great figure destined for the portal of the clock had received the last touch. She had it placed in position, but this process occupied the entire day, and it was necessary to wait till the following morning to judge of the effect produced by the statue. At early dawn, Sabine hastened with the crowd, eager to behold the new *chef-d'œuvre.* Horror and desolation! During the night, the statue had been mutilated, and the greater part of the decorations so recently executed by Sabine shamefully marred. An outcry of astonishment arose on all sides; but this was soon succeeded by dubious murmurs. What hand could have impaired the labor of the young girl? Was it the hand of a man or a demon?

"The devil never destroys the works of those whom he protects!" objected a voice. And as they wondered, the same voice recounted the strange expeditiousness with which Sabine had dispatched all this labor, her unexpected triumph in the competition instituted by the council, her affectation of living in thought and solitude.

These suspicions, sown in the multitude, speedily took root. The young girl had involuntarily embittered many hearts, both by her good fortune and her beauty; and the report spread that God refused the works of Erwin's daughter because they were the inspiration of an evil spirit.

Dismayed by this accusation, Sabine withdrew to the little studio where she was wont to prosecute her task, and remained until evening in prayers and tears. Bernard de Sunder, after vainly attempting to console her, sought his own retreat opposite the tower; but the sorrow of his betrothed greatly distressed him, and banished all hopes of sleep. He arose, and leaned sadly on his window. The night was dark; the wind roared through the vast, desert tower, and great drops of rain beat violently against the slabs of stone. Bernard, wholly preoccupied, rested his head on his hand. Suddenly a hard, reiterated noise, like that of a hammer breaking stone, interrupted the stillness of the night. The young German raises his head; before him, on the highest scaffold, a shadow is visible. The form cannot be distinguished, but the movement and the noise make it evident that the destruction begun on the previous night is being effected.

Bernard starts and bends forward, when another sound strikes upon his ear; it is the more cautious and regular fall of the mallet on the sculptor's chisel. He turns, and, at the other extremity of the tower, he perceives a white vision, which dexterously repairs the outrages of the hostile hand. From either side the responsive blows follow in quick alternation. Here the dark shadow malevolently destroys, there the white phantom steadily restores. But all at once the latter stops; it has heard the sound of the inimical hammer; it springs up, as a ray of light traverses the scaffolding, leaps over the intercolumniations, glides along the cornices, and arrives, like a thunderbolt, in front of the sinister shadow. At this moment, the moon, emerging from a cloud, casts a pale gleam athwart the indented stones, and Bernard recognizes—Sabine and Polydore.

Polydore, startled by the approach of the white apparition, and seeing Erwin's daughter with fixed eye, quivering lips, and angry brow, recoils with a shriek, and losing his balance, falls dead on the court. Bernard, terrified, descends swiftly, rushes toward the tower, and reaches it in time to receive in his arms the young girl, who is just awakening.

All was now explained. It was easily understood how Sabine—thanks to somnambulism, which made her sleep a new period of toil—had accomplished such prodigies, and how envious hatred had endeavored to ruin all.

Bernard married the maiden, now so fully justified, and the tower, finished through their exertions, was inaugurated on St. John's Day.

"HAMLET" IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

It was in 1853, and the debate was on the clergy reserves in the Canada Bill. The Bishop of Oxford, Dr. Wilberforce, in making some quotation, smiled. This gave offense to Lord Derby. The bishop admitted the smile, but denied any intention thereby of imputing anything offensive.

Lord Derby: "I accept at once the explanation that has been offered by the right reverend prelate, but when he tells me that it is impossible for him to say anything offensive, because he has a smiling face, he will forgive me if I quote in his presence from a well-known writer, without intending in the least to apply the words to him—

"'A man may smile and smile, and be a villain.'"

Lord Clarendon (in a voice of thunder): "Oh! oh! oh!"

Lord Derby: "What noble peer is it whose nerves are so delicate as to be wounded by a hackneyed quotation?"

Lord Clarendon: "I am that peer, and protest against any noble lord applying in the language of poetry the epithet of villain to any member in the House, most of all the use of such an expression by a lay peer toward a right reverend prelate."

Peacemakers rose on both sides of the House. The reporters had left the gallery, the House was proceeding to a division. Lord Clarendon poured out a glass of water and drank it off. Lord Derby at the same time filled another bumper of water, and called out across the table: "Your good health, Clarendon," and so the affair ended.

Lord Derby was probably not aware that the same quotation from *Hamlet* had more than fifty years before produced a similar scene in the House of Commons. My authority was the late Sir Robert Adair, who was present. The contending parties were Tierney and Pitt, who had fought a duel a short time before. Tierney was addressing the House. Pitt smiled contemptuously, upon which Tierney said:

"The right honorable gentleman smiled, but I need not remind him that a man may smile and smile"—here he paused.

"Take the fellow a message for me," cried Pitt to one of his followers; but before the bearer of the hostile missive could reach the opposition benches, Tierney added, "and yet be a minister."

So the affair ended in a laugh instead of a duel.

ERWIN'S DAUGHTER.—"POLYDORE, STARTLED BY THE APPROACH OF THE WHITE APPARITION, RECOILS WITH A SHRIEK, AND, LOSING HIS BALANCE, FALLS DEAD ON THE COURT."—SEE PAGE 742.

BOND AND FREE.

By "Eli Perkins."

The White House was brilliantly illuminated. The occasion was one of President Van Buren's levees. The East Room was filled with the nation's most beautiful women and most distinguished men. From Virginia and Maryland were gathered many of the old families. In fact, most of the beautiful young ladies who attended the President's levees in those days, as well as now, resided near the Capitol. The gentlemen present were made up of senators, congressmen, and politicians from abroad.

Among the most distinguished-looking guests present was Colonel Samuel Stewart, of Frederick County, Maryland. The colonel was a wealthy planter. He owned a large number of slaves. Ten years before he had been in Congress. He had been a splendid debater, and had shown such sound political sense that the Speaker, during two sessions, had made him chairman of the Committee of "Ways and Means." It was then that Colonel Stewart first met Judge John McLean, a magnificent old silver-haired gentleman, who, at the time I write, was a member of Van Buren's cabinet—Postmaster-General.

BOND AND FREE.—"'LET'S RAISE THE MONEY AND SEND WILLIAM AFTER HER!' SAID THE GENEROUS WEBSTER."

Ten years had changed Colonel Stewart a great deal. He had a sickly look. His eyes had that sunken expression which indicates consumption.

"Yes, judge," mused Colonel Stewart, as he sat down on one of the sofas in the Blue Room with his old friend, the Postmaster-General, "this is about my last appearance in Washington."

"What! the last time I shall see my old friend?" repeated the judge, in surprise.

"Yes, judge, the last. You see I am getting weaker every day. Consumption's a dreadful thing. I ought not to have come here to-night, and I shouldn't have come but for the one purpose of seeing you."

"Why, colonel, what can I do for you?" asked the Postmaster-General, in surprise.

"I want to ask a favor of you, judge—the last political favor I shall ever ask. Will you do it for me?" and Colonel Stewart's eyes looked solemnly out of their consumptive sockets.

"Do it!" repeated the Postmaster-General, "why of course I will. I'll do anything for you, Colonel. What is it?"

"Well, general, you know my black boy, William——"

"The octoroon?" interrupted Judge McLean. "Has he killed somebody?"

"No, no! He's a good boy, and I want to ask you to take care of him. My doctor says I cannot live a year. I shall free all my slaves before the end of that time; and I want you to take William now, and make him a messenger in your department. He's honest and capable. Give him a messengership, and I'll give him his freedom, and then I shall die happy."

"Well, well, this is queer, colonel," mused the Postmaster-General. "Here is Colonel Stewart asking for a simple messengership for a black boy as if it were a great favor, when he has made chief clerks and auditors by the dozen, and——"

"Will you do it, general?" interrupted Colonel Stewart, earnestly.

"Do it! why of course I will. I'll do it before I go to bed to-night. I'll—let's see, what is his name—full name?"

"William Lee," replied Colonel Stewart.

The Postmaster-General hurriedly wrote the name on an

envelope. Just then President Van Buren promenaded by Mrs. McLean, the beautiful wife of the judge, and the two old friends separated.

As the levee broke up that night, about eleven o'clock, Judge McLean and Colonel Stewart met again in the cloak-room.

"By-the-way, Colonel," asked the Postmaster-General, after they had interchanged a few words, "where did your boy William get his last name—Lee?"

"Oh, he belonged to the Lees. I bought him of General Harry Lee."

"What, Light Horse Harry?"

"Yes, Revolutionary Light Horse Harry. But don't ask me any more questions, Judge. He's a good boy—as brave and honest as his old master. Take care of him."

"Then the Postmaster-General handed his wife to the carriage, followed himself, and pulled to the door.

"By Jove, Mary!" he exclaimed, with a puzzled brow, as the carriage whirled out of the White House grounds, "here's a mystery. Why, this William is the image of Harry Lee. I remember Harry Lee's face—the same head, the same eye, the same ——"

"William—who?" asked Mrs. McLean.

"Oh, no one. I was only thinking." And then the carriage rolled on through the darkness till it reached the big, old-fashioned mansion of the Postmaster-General.

While Colonel Stewart was talking to Judge McLean in the Blue Room of the White House, another scene was being enacted up in Frederick County. It was at the plantation adjoining Colonel Samuel Stewart's, owned by Mr. Stewart's own brother—Judge John Stewart, of Baltimore.

Judge Stewart was a cold-hearted man. He was just like many men, obeyed the laws, owed no man, and, like Shylock, if any man owed him, he collected the debt, even if it was a pound of flesh.

Among the slave-women of Judge Stewart's was a long-haired octoroon. The slave-girl's name was Rachel. She was a beautiful girl. Her complexion was a soft olive, her eyes black and sparkling.

Rachel's duties at the country residence of Judge Stewart were simply to look after the house. She seldom mingled with the other slaves, who lived at their quarters. Sometimes, if they required medicine, Rachel gave it to them. If a baby died, she went to the mother and gave her what consolation she could.

That night Rachel sat in the big house all alone. Restless and weary with thought, she rested her head on her hand and sighed. She seemed to be dreaming.

All at once a voice startled her.

"Rachel, are you alone?"

She looked up, and there stood William Lee.

"Rachel, I've come to talk with you," he said. "The colonel has gone to Washington, and I've come through the woods on foot."

"I am glad to see you, William," replied Rachel, sadly; "but it will do us no good to talk. There is no hope for us. I'm tired of thinking and talking. You belong to Colonel Stewart. He is a sick man—yes, he is even now dying. When he dies you will be sold. They will take you to Alexandria and sell you, body and soul, and——"

"But wait, Rachel; it may not be so bad as that," interrupted William. "Colonel Stewart has told me that he will free me. I am sure he will do it."

"Yes, so they all say, William. Then they delay, and delay, and delay, and then—die! Then the creditors do the rest. No, William, there is nothing in the future for us. We *must* separate. I will stay here a slave. You belong to me, but they will sell you away from me. If Colonel Stewart was a well man like Judge Stewart—like my master—we might be married. Then we would be sure to stay on the old plantations; but now there is no hope. We must separate!" and the tears rushed to Rachel's eyes, her tongue faltered, and she bowed her head upon her hands again.

"But, Rachel, suppose I become free?" asked William, hopefully. "Suppose——"

"Then we will be married, William; for then you can stay near me. My master is young and strong and rich. I will never be sold."

The next day, when Colonel Stewart arrived at his Frederick County plantation from Washington, he seemed very happy. He had a cheerful word for every one of his old servants as he rode up through the "quarters." When his carriage reached the big mansion, William Lee stood at the front gate to welcome his master.

"William," said the colonel, slowly, as they walked up the long path to the front door, "you have been a faithful servant to me."

"Yes, master," responded William, mechanically.

"And I hate to let you go."

"Master's not thinking about selling me away from him, is he?" asked William, his eyes glistening with tears.

"Why, don't you want to go, William?"

"No, Mas'r Stewart, I prefer to stay here on the old place. I prefer to stay where I can see Rachel—where——"

"Oh! you and brother Sam's Rachel still keep up the old attachment, do you, William?" asked the colonel, whipping a rose-bush with his cane.

"Yes, mas'r, and we've been looking forward all these days to the blessed time when we can be married. But if you sell me away from you, it will be good-by, Rachel—good-by——" and the poor octoroon's heart swelled up into his throat.

"Well, William, I've got something better than that for you," said Colonel Stewart, slowly drawing two large envelopes from his pocket. "Here, William," he said, "is a paper giving you your freedom."

"May the Lord bless——"

"There, never mind, my boy," interrupted the colonel. "Here is another paper from the Postmaster-General, appointing you to a messengership in Washington at $600 a year. There, take them both!" and bursting with subdued emotion, Colonel Stewart turned on his heel and hurriedly entered the house. He did not even give the astonished William an opportunity to reply.

As the master passed out of sight, it is impossible to describe the slave-boy's astonishment. There he stood, with his free papers in one hand, and an official appointment in the other.

"Oh, Rachel!" he said, dropping on his knees, while the tears rolled down his cheeks, "thank God, with me now!"

That night William walked over to Judge Stewart's house with a happy heart. He told his good luck to Rachel, showed her the papers, and then they laughed and cried together.

"Now," said William, "I'm going to Judge Stewart and ask him to let you marry me, Rachel."

It is strange how free he felt—how brave—how independent he walked as he passed up the steps to Judge Stewart's door.

"I have come," said William, "to ask you to let me marry Rachel."

Judge Stewart looked at William a moment over his glasses, and then replied:

"Well, William, I don't care. You can marry Rachel, provided you don't interfere with her work. Of course your children will belong to me. You belong to brother Sam, and——"

"No, Mast'r Stewart, your brother, has given me my freedom, and——"

"What! Sam been making a free nigger of you, boy?" interrupted the judge. "Sam been making an idiot of himself? Sam——" and in the excess of his rage, the judge struck his empty hand into the air, looked over his glasses and stood there.

"Yes, Mast'r Stewart," ventured William, "your brother gave me my freedom papers this morning."

"He did, hey! Well, that ends it. You can't marry Rachel. No free nigger for me. Rachel is a slave, and she must marry a slave. If she marries a free nigger, she will be running away herself, and, besides, I don't know when I may want to sell her to the New Orleans traders."

"Then I can never marry her?" pleaded William.

"Never, until somebody buys her from me. I'd see her dead first."

William went back to Rachel with a broken heart. They held a long consultation. First they resolved to run away. But there was no chance of success. The "Fugitive Slave Law" was in effect, passes were required by all colored people, slave or free, and, to run away was surely to be caught, returned, and then a dreadful whipping followed.

"Oh, William, what can we do?" sobbed Rachel.

"I know," replied William. "I will buy you myself."

"But you have no money."

"I can work and earn it," replied the determined lover.

"How much will you take for Rachel, Mr. Stewart?" asked William, the next day.

"Take for Rachel?" repeated the judge, with a puzzled look.

"Yes; maybe I can buy her some time."

"Well, a thousand dollars will buy her," replied the hard-hearted judge.

William Lee went to Washington the next week, and entered on his duties as messenger for Judge McLean. He worked faithfully, early and late. Every cent was saved. He even rented a little room over on G Street, and cooked his own food. Every time he laid by a dollar he said, "This is for Rachel."

On Saturday nights he would trudge on foot to Frederick County to see Rachel, where they held solemn consultations, and hoped only for the time when he could buy her and make her his wife.

Think of this, mercenary beaux of to-day! Think, heartless fortune-hunters, of toiling night and day, and paying our last cent for the love of a woman!

A year of labor and hope had passed, and William had saved $450. Another year of faithful labor and toil, and $900 gladdened the sight of this faithful lover.

It was Christmas morning.

"Oh, if I had one hundred dollars more," sighed William, "what a Christmas present it would buy to-day!"

"Let's see," said Judge McLean, as William handed him his mail-bag; "this is Christmas morning, isn't it, William?"

"Yes, Christmas, Mr. Secretary."

"Christmas. Let's see, what shall I give you for Christmas this year?" asked the kind-hearted old Postmaster-General.

"Oh, anything," replied William.

"But I mean, what would you like best?"

"In all the world, Mr. Secretary?" hesitated William.

"Yes, in the whole world."

"I should like to have money enough to buy Rachel of Judge Stewart," replied William.

"Rachel? What about Rachel?" asked the judge.

Then William told the story of his and Rachel's love, the trouble that they were in, how he was afraid she would be sold, how he had worshiped and worked for her for years, and how he still lacked one hundred dollars to buy her.

The old Postmaster-General took off his specs, wiped his eyes, and put them on again. Then he fumbled in his pockets. "F-i-v-e, t-e-n, t-w-e-n-t-y, t-h-i-r-t-y," he counted, and then he rolled them all together, and handed William a hundred dollars.

Too happy to live, William started on foot for Judge Stewart's that day. It was a long walk, but hope buoyed him up, and not once did he think of being tired.

"Here, Mast'r Stewart," he said, about six o'clock, his eyes all aglow with joy, "I've got the thousand dollars; now can I have Rachel?"

"My God! William, you don't tell me so!" exclaimed the astonished judge. "Why, I sold Rachel yesterday for eleven hundred dollars to go to Mobile!"

"And she's going——"

"Going, William? She's gone—went yesterday. She'll be in Richmond in two days by the boat!"

Broken-hearted and crushed in spirit, William hurried back to Judge McLean in Washington. The judge heard his story. Daniel Webster and John C. Calhoun were in the judge's room, and they both took a deep interest in the case.

"Let's raise the money and send William after her!" said the generous Webster.

"You can't do that," said Mr. Calhoun. "He'd be seized a dozen times as a fugitive, and they'd sell him, too."

"I'll send my private secretary with him," said Mr. Webster; and in two hours William and the secretary were on their way to Lynchburg by the Potomac boat—one day behind Rachel!

About two P. M., the *Mattie*, with William Lee and Daniel Webster's secretary, George Appleton, on board, reached Mount Vernon.

Rachel had passed down the Potomac on the *Rose Hamilton* the day before, in company with a slave-trader named Nelson. She had been sold, paid for, and Nelson gave he an hour to get ready to depart from the plantation. Besides Rachel, Nelson took with him two negroes whom he had also bought of Judge Stewart.

The destination of the poor slaves was for some time kept from them. When Rachel tearfully asked where they were to be taken, Nelson chuckled to himself, and replied, in his South Carolina poor-white dialect:

"Well, honey, we's a 'gwine to take you down to Colonel Green's place, on the Ma'yland shoa—right ne'a Washington."

Rachel knew that these "Maryland" shore plantations were very accessible to Washington, and, believing that to be her destination, she had no particular objection to going there. To be where she could occasionally see William was her only wish. But when she saw the *Rose Hamilton* pass Alexandria and Mount Vernon with no signs of reaching Colonel Green's place, she became alarmed.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, Nelson, who had been drinking up in the "Texas" with the captain and pilot, came down into the cabin where Rachel sat, looking rather mournfully out of the window at the Maryland shore.

"Are we almost there?" she asked, without looking up at the slave-dealer.

"Almost wha', girl?"

"Almost to Colonel Green's."

"Colonel Green! the devil, woman!" he exclaimed. "We passed there befo' ten o'clock. Wer' bound fo' Richmond now. I've changed my mind. Now, don't go sniveling about it. You might just as well know the truth first as last: I've bought you to sell again, and when we get to Richmond the devil knows whar' you will go to. That

depends on who buys you," he added, brutally; and then the slave-dealer swaggered out of the cabin.

That night was a dreary night for Rachel. Her slave companions soon fell asleep, but she was too sensitive to sleep. It was the white blood in her that suffered and secretly rebelled. A thousand plans of escape floated through her aching brain. Once she resolved to drown herself. She went and looked over the bulwark, but the waves looked so cold and cheerless, that she went and laid down again. About ten o'clock in the morning the boat put into Norfolk.

They had laid at the dock but a few moments when a friend of Nelson's, a brother slave-dealer, called to see him.

"Hallo, Nelson, what 'v' ou got here?" said the stranger, as he caught sight of Rachel and her companions in the cabin.

"Only a couple field hands and some parlor trash. How's the market he-a now?" asked the trader.

"Splendid for field hands, Nelson; but I reckon this white trash sells better in Richmond," he replied, looking at Rachel's delicate face and hands.

"If that's the case," said Nelson, "I reckon I'll try the market here."

It took the trader but a few moments to settle his bill with the clerk of the *Hamilton*, and in an hour Rachel and her companions were off to the auction-rooms of Messrs. Smith & Hawk.

MADAME DE LA TOUR, THE HEROINE OF ACADIA.—"THE LOVELY LA TOUR, AT THE HEAD OF HER LITTLE GARRISON, MET THE BESIEGERS WITH SUCH DETERMINED BRAVERY THAT THEY AGAIN WERE DEFEATED."—SEE PAGE 750.

The auction-rooms were filled with a motley crowd of slaves gathered up from Maryland and Virginia for the extreme Southern market. The low, swampy bottom-lands of the Mississippi and Red Rivers were just then being cleared up, and thousands of slaves bred in Maryland, Tennessee and Kentucky were sold annually in Richmond, Norfolk and Lynchburg for the lower plantation regions. The slaves were gathered up in small gangs by local traders, and then sold at auction to the planters themselves, or bid off by extensive dealers who shipped them in larger gangs to be resold at high prices in New Orleans and Shreveport. A large, healthy, full-black negro in those times brought $1,200 in Norfolk, and $1,800 in Shreveport. A light octoroon, like Rachel, would bring as much in Norfolk as in Shreveport, unless some dealer took a special fancy to her. It was not brain or beauty that possessed value. It was health, muscle, agility and endurance.

Words cannot describe the agony endured by Rachel all that dreadful night in the Norfolk slave-pen. She could neither eat nor sleep.

The next morning, when the slaves were arrayed in long rows for the auction, she looked haggard and worn.

By her side stood a rough, villainous-looking negro, with handcuffs on his wrists. They called him Runaway Jim. Three times he had escaped from his owners. Once he knocked his master senseless with a club and escaped into the swamp. Bloodhounds were sent after him, and, torn and bleeding, but not conquered, Runaway Jim was brought back to his master.

"How much for this black boy, Jim?" shouted the auctioneer. "Full-black, sound and healthy; number one field hand, twenty-two—warranted sound! How much?

"Twelve hundred am I offered?

"Who says one thousand?"

Some one in the crowd nodded, and the auctioneer continued:

"One thousand I am offered—thousan'—thousan'—one thousan'. Who says the fifty?"

Some one said the fifty; others made it a hundred, and Jim was finally struck down to a Shreveport dealer at twelve hundred and fifty dollars.

"Now trot up another one!" shouted the auctioneer, and the attendants pushed Rachel toward the stand.

"She looks like a sick nigger, gen'lmen, but she's warranted sound!" shouted Nelson.

"No high-strung white trash for me," growled a man with a low brow. "They always play the devil with the other hands."

"Good for nothing but cotton-picking—no hoe-hand, and plowing would kill her," chimed in a third.

"Well, how much am I offered for this likely girl? Who says a thousand?" commenced the auctioneer. "Who says eight hundred? Does anybody want her? Who'll start this likely girl?"

"Seven hundred," repeated a voice to the rear.

"Seven hundred by two bidders; who says the eight? tate—tate—tate—tate?"

"Mr. Randolph says the eight. Who says the nine?—nine—nine—nine; who says the nine? Nine am I offered? Nine—nine—nine. Who says the half? N'af—n'af—n'af?"

"Half!" responded the same voice in the rear of the room.

"Mr. Randolph says the half. Who says the thousand? Thousan'—thousan'—thousan'; who says the one thousan'? Thousan' I am offered?"

During all this time Rachel stood motionless. Grief had gotten beyond tears. She was in that state bordering on frenzy. There are times when tears are too weak to express the heart's emotion.

I saw a mother after the Mill River flood look calmly at five dead children in a row. No tears came to her eyes. Her eyelids were dry, and her eyeballs glared wildly around. Her mind was bordering on insanity.

So it was with Rachel. Nothing could torture her now. Death would have been a sweet relief. So, when the auctioneer at last "knocked her down" to Mr. Randolph at eleven hundred dollars, she did not know it.

She did not even hear Mr. Randolph when he turned round and said:

BENGAL WOMEN GRINDING CORN.—SEE PAGE 751.

"Take good care of her, gentlemen, and I will send after her in an hour to go out to my place."

Then they took Rachel into another room. They spread down a rude quilt for her to lay on. Then, patting her on the head, one man, kinder than the rest, said:

"There, child, don't trouble yourself any more; Randolph will be a kind master. Now go to sleep."

The kind words brought tears to Rachel's eyes; and when once the fountains were opened she wept long and bitterly. Finally her sobbing ceased. She was sound asleep.

The sleep which Rachel fell into was the sleep which succeeds utter exhaustion. Nothing disturbed her. When they came to take away Runaway Jim he made a great noise, but Rachel did not hear it. And even when the *Mattie* whistled, rang her bell, and rounded into port, Rachel did not hear a sound.

On the boat were William and George Appleton. They had no idea of stopping at Norfolk, but the boat landed to take on some freight, so they went on shore. The only walk from the boat led directly by the auction-rooms where Rachel lay asleep. Up this walk Mr. Appleton and William passed.

As they read the sign, "Smith & Hawk, Auctioneers—Sales of Negroes, Tuesdays and Fridays," William remarked:

"It is in just such an auction-room as this that we shall find Rachel when we get to Richmond. I do hope we shall get there before she is sold.

"We are twenty-four hours behind her. She will not surely leave the city the first day," said Mr. Appleton.

"Oh, what a happy day it will be for me," exclaimed William, "when I can pay the money for Rachel and take her back!"

They were now in front of the auction-room, and both naturally looked in. Around the room they saw sitting several groups of negroes. At one end they saw a woman sleeping, with her face to the wall.

"There has not been a woman here named Rachel, has there?" asked William of an old man who was frying some corn-bread and bacon on a skillet.

"No, I 'spects not. Dey're all here now 'cept Runaway Jim, an' dere ain't no Rachel here.

"Who's that poor woman asleep there?" asked Mr. Appleton, pointing to Rachel.

"Oh, she belongs to Massa Randolph. Dey's gwine to take de poor chile 'way dis afternoon. She feels mighty bad, and 'pears to me she's sick. Ol' Nancy 'lows so, too," replied the old negro, as he lifted a piece of bacon out of the skillet on a fork and tasted it.

"Poor girl—poor girl!" slowly repeated Mr. Appleton, as they walked out of the door and sauntered down toward the *Mattie*.

The boat had a large cargo for Richmond. Twenty roustabouts were singing and rolling in freight, "And between tobacco and coal, I reckon we'll be here two hours," said the captain.

At the end of that time dinner was ready. As the dinner gong sounded a passenger hurriedly entered the cabin.

"Ah, Mr. Randolph—glad to see you. Back to Richmond again, eh?" asked the captain, shaking the gentleman's hand.

"Yes, captain, 'n I've got a sick nigger down below. Guess she's going to die. Just my luck!"

"One you've just bought, Mr. Randolph?" asked the captain.

"Yes, just paid 'leven hundred dollars for her, an' now the doctor says she's got the brain-fever. Five hundred dollars won't insure her. Don't want no more white nigger, I don't, captain. They ain't tough 'nough for me."

"What's the slave-girl's name?" asked Mr. Appleton, who left William out on the front deck to join in the conversation.

"Rachel, sir; 'n I'd sell her cheap."

"Rachel! Rachel who?" observed the questioner, quietly.

"Don't know, sir. She belonged to the Stewarts, up in Maryland; but I bought her of Nelson, the trader."

"And she's very sick?" continued Mr. Appleton, calmly.

Indeed, Mr. Appleton was never known to get excited. Now, almost any one in his particular place would have betrayed a good deal of emotion, and, on hearing the name "Rachel," they would have rushed out and, with unsuppressed excitement, announced the news to William. Not so with Mr. Appleton. In fact, when Mr. Randolph proceeded below with Dr. Clayton, one of his neighbors, to examine the sick slave, Mr. Appleton sauntered leisurely along, as if he were the most disinterested person in the world. He left William standing out on the guards in the most matter-of-fact manner.

"How is she, doctor?" asked Mr. Randolph, as they reached the almost insensible form of Rachel.

"I don't think she can live, George," replied the doctor, feeling her pulse. "It's brain-fever—pulse 120—and delirious, too."

"Just my luck!" exclaimed Mr. Randolph. "Eleven hundred dollars for a dead nigger is dog-on rough, ain't it?" and the planter stood with his hands in his pockets and bit his lips.

"What would you sell her for as she is, and let the buyer take the chances?" asked Mr. Appleton, in a matter-of-fact way.

"Sell her for? Why, I'd like to have somebody offer me three hundred for her. I don't think I'd hesitate long."

"I'll take her at three hundred."

"You!"

"Yes," said Mr. Appleton, quietly counting out three one-hundred dollar bills. "Now, be kind enough to give me a bill of sale."

It took but a moment to make out the bill of sale, and, placing it in his pocket, Mr. Appleton hastened to the upper deck where sat William, buried in thought, with his head bowed against his hand.

"William," he said, "I have seen Rachel. Come with me, and I'll take you to her."

"Take me to Rachel! Oh, surely, you cannot!" exclaimed the astonished lover.

"Come and see."

In a moment the two passed down the gangway to the lower cabin.

"There," he said, pointing to the reclining form of the sick girl; but before he could finish the sentence William sprang forward, fell on his knees, and clasped Rachel in his arms.

"Oh, Rachel!" he murmured. "Rachel, are you dead?"

The sick girl recognized the voice, and, placing her hand to her brow, stared wildly at the speaker a moment. Then tears rushed into her eyes, and her arms hung around his neck.

There is a disease in the world which medicine cannot reach. It is sickness of the heart. The wild delirium of a starving soul. For such sickness the antidote must be a mental medicine—food and nourishment for the soul. It was this mental unrest which killed Mr. Greeley—a lost love, the Presidency. Buried hope killed Mr. Chase and Napoleon III. If this same doctor could have given Mr. Greeley the Presidency, or given to the sick Napoleon the Empire he lost at Sédan, they would have been well men now. So with Rachel. It was the destruction of all hope that made her soul sick. William restored to her was the one antidote which could save her life.

Of course they gave her water, bathed her head, gave her gentle nourishment, and when they told her the news—how William had bought her, and would take her back to liberty and love, the medicine went to the sick brain, the fever broke, and the slave girl fell into a quiet sleep.

"Oh, Mr. Appleton, just to think," commenced William, the next morning, "here I have Rachel, and six hundred dollars left to buy a little house. I am too happy to live!"

In forty-eight hours Rachel had so far recovered that they took the return boat for Washington.

When they arrived there, old Judge McLean could not find words to express his delight. He even sent a note to Clay and Webster, telling them that William had found Rachel. The letter ended by stating that they would be married the next evening at the Postmaster-General's house, and inviting Webster and Clay to come and witness the ceremony.

There have been statelier weddings in Washington than the wedding of William and Rachel, but there was never a happier one. The Postmaster-General's daughter called in Miss Carroll and Miss Adams, a niece of John Quincy Adams, who then occupied the old Adams mansion on "F" Street, and together they gave Rachel a beautiful wedding trousseau. And when Dr. Wainwright, from the old Church of St. John, which looks across Jackson Square upon the Presidential mansion, had finished the wedding-service, and asked the blessing on the handsome octoroon and his beautiful liquid-eyed, olive-brown bride, the scene could not have been grander or holier. The sympathetic chords of the big, warm hearts of Clay and Randolph and Webster were touched, and then went up from that happy group a sweet benediction to God.

MADAME DE LA TOUR, THE HEROINE OF ACADIA.

In early colonial times Charles Etienne de la Tour, the hero of Fort Cape Sable, commanded the eastern part of Acadia, or Nova Scotia, and the Chevalier d'Aulney de Charnise the western, as far as Penobscot. Between the rival commanders in Acadia there were certain points of resemblance—both were youthful, both were brave, enterprising and ambitious; both the happy husbands of proud and

beautiful wives. Under such circumstances, it is not to be wondered at that there was a constant feud between the two young officers and their young wives.

At one time La Tour appears in person at Boston, to beat up recruits, as, more than two hundred years after, another power attempted to raise a foreign legion. Close upon this follows a protest of D'Aulney, and with it the exhibition of a warrant from the French king for the arrest of La Tour. Upon this there was a meeting of the council, and a treaty, offensive and defensive, made with D'Aulney.

Meanwhile, Marie de la Tour arrived at Boston from England, where she had been on a visit to her mother-in-law. The captain of the vessel upon which she had re-embarked for the New World, having carried her to that city instead of to the River St. John, according to the letter of the charter, was promptly served with a summons by that lady to appear before the magistrates to show cause why he did it; and the consequence was, madame recovered damages to the amount of two thousand pounds. With this sum she chartered a vessel for the River St. John, and arrived at a small fort belonging to her husband, on its banks, just in time to defend it against D'Aulney, who had rallied his forces for an attack upon it during the absence of Charles Etienne.

Marie de la Tour was at this time one of the most beautiful women in the New World. She was not less than twenty nor more than thirty years of age; her features had a charm beyond the limits of the regular; her eyes were expressive, her mouth intellectual, her complexion, brown and clear, could pale or flush with emotions either tender or indignant. Before such a commandress D'Aulney de Charnise set down his forces in the year 1644.

The garrison was small—the brave Charles Etienne absent in a distant part of the province. But the unconquerable spirit of the woman prevailed over these disadvantages. At the first attack by D'Aulney the guns of the fort were directed with such consummate skill that every shot told. The besieger, with twenty killed and thirteen wounded, was only too happy to warp his frigate out of the reach of this lovely lady's artillery, and to retire to Penobscot to refit.

Again D'Aulney sailed up the St. John, with the intention of taking the place by assault. By land as by water, his forces were repulsed with great slaughter. For three days the French officer carried on the attack, and then again retreated. On the fourth day a Swiss hireling deserted to the enemy and betrayed the weakness of the garrison. D'Aulney, now confident of success, determined to take the fort by storm; but as he mounted the wall the lovely La Tour, at the head of her little garrison, met the besiegers with such determined bravery, that they again were repulsed.

That evening D'Aulney hung the traitorous Swiss, and proposed honorable terms if the brave commandress would surrender. To these terms Marie assented, in the vain hope of saving the lives of the brave men who had survived, the remnants of her little garrison. But the perfidious D'Aulney, who, from the vigorous defense of the fort, had supposed the number of soldiers to have been greater, instead of feeling that admiration which brave men always experience when acts of valor are presented by an enemy, lost himself in an abyss of chagrin, to find he had been thrice defeated by a garrison so contemptible in numbers and led by a woman. To his eternal infamy let it be recorded that, pretending to have been deceived by the terms of capitulation, D'Aulney hanged the brave survivors of the little garrison, and even had the baseness and cruelty to parade Madame de la Tour herself on the same scaffold, with the ignominious cord around her neck, as a reprieved criminal.

To quote the words of the chronicler: "The violent and unusual exertions which Madame de la Tour had made, the dreadful fate of her household and followers, and the total wreck of her fortune, had such an effect that she died soon after this event."

WOMEN OF BENGAL GRINDING CORN IN A HANDMILL.

The Indian province of Bengal, although one of the most fruitful regions of England's vast eastern empire, has on several occasions become the scene of devastating famine.

One of the most terrible visitations of this dreadful scourge was that of 1874, when thousands perished before the tardy measures of relief, undertaken by the English viceroy, became available. When the government relief was finally received, and supplies of rice and corn dealt out by the relief agents, such incidents as that which forms the subject of our picture were everywhere to be seen.

The rude stone hand-mills used by the natives of India are similar to those still to be found among the peasantry of Europe, and although clumsy in construction and very laborious to operate, grind much faster and finer than one would suppose who judged of their capabilities without trying them.

THE VICE OF HURRY.

Hurry is the modern Old Man of the Sea. It is for ever with us. We cannot unclasp the clinging talons that suffocate us. Heavier and heavier grows the burden day by day. We are hurried on to our work; we are driven in our very sleep; and if we ever pause in predetermined idleness, it is to find ourselves, like Miss Preston's hero, "resting like fury." Haste makes waste, says the proverb. Surely it does; waste of tissue, waste of nervous force, waste of temper, waste of the fair sights we move too fast to see, of the pleasant experiences we are too hurried to accept. The wise Romans cherished the maxim, Hasten slowly. It was well enough for them, we think, when the habitable globe was a little strip of earth, and science was not born, and invention waited to be understood, and life was a simple and luxurious estate, without past and without future.

But what are we to do in an age when a patriarch's span would not suffice to learn and to accomplish all that the time commands, and when a historic past and an illimitable future lay each its tax upon us? Hurry as we may, we cannot overtake that Duty with whom we meant to keep even pace. Were we to lag, we should lose even the path her feet have trod. If all of life were doing, there might be reason for this wail. But being is a far better, more fructifying, more helpful state. More than half the things we count essential to be done might be left undone with profit to ourselves and our kind. And the remaining fraction of imperative undertakings that now dominate and worry us can be easily accomplished if we take them in the right way.

Goethe filled out and supplemented the ancient wisdom in his motto, "Without haste, without rest." It is the deliberate, regular, unbroken toil which tells on the work, but not upon the worker. Walter Scott, who was a miracle of accomplishment, wrote to a young friend:

"Do instantly whatever is to be done; take the hours of reflection or recreation after business, and never before it. When a regiment is under march, the rear is often thrown into confusion because the front does not move steadily and without interruption. It is the same thing with business. If that which is first in hand is not instantly, steadily and regularly dispatched, other things accumulate behind, till affairs begin to press all at once, and no human brain can

A CHINESE RICE-MILL.

stand the confusion. Pray mind this—it is one of your weak points; a habit of mind it is that is very apt to beset men of intellect and talent, especially when their time is not filled up regularly, but is left to their own arrangement. But it is like the ivy round the oak, and ends by limiting, if it does not destroy, the power of manly and necessary exertion."

There is the whole philosophy of large accomplishment. Yet, until misfortune compelled him to err against his better judgment, Scott seldom worked more than two or three hours a day. He completed volume after volume at this easy rate of speed, and had abundant time for other interests, because the sun was not more punctual in the skies than he at his appointed task.

Dr. Bowditch, a very busy man, translated the great *Mécanique Céleste*, giving it less than two hours of work a day. But then the planets he explained did not move in their prescribed orbit more evenly than he in his. Nothing was suffered to interrupt or postpone those daily two hours. Dickens said that he owed whatever success or reputation he had made to the habit of sitting down regularly to his work, and sticking to it a certain time, however much he might be tempted away, either by external attractions or by the feeling that he was not in the mood for writing, and had nothing to say.

If, then, headwork, which is proverbially subject to outside conditions, can be thus regulated by will and made available, far more can all other forms of industry. If the housekeeper have method and a correct perspective, she can make her thousand cares fall into line and obey her. The mother who will learn to systematize shall have some delight of leisure, though her offspring equal in numbers the historic matron's who lived in a shoe. The woman of society, with her hundred engagements, may thus find time for books and work and healthful play. Nor need the hardest-driven farmer's wife despair. For hurry is commonly a curse self-imposed. Either we try to do too much, or we try to do our moderate stint in the wrong way. It is not so much the pressure without as the entanglement within. A little pruning here, a little straightening there, and the gain in health and comfort would be incalculable. It was not meant that we should be ruled by our affairs, but that we should rule them. That was a fine saying of Sir Amyas Paulet, and worthy of all acceptation, "Let us stay a little, that we may make an end the sooner."

RICE.

RICE (Oryza-Sativa) is one of the great articles of food, whole nations making it their principal nourishment. It has been cultivated in the East Indies from time immemorial, and from its Arabic name, *aruz*, comes the Spanish name, *arroz*, and our appellation also through the Latin. There are one hundred and sixty-one varieties known, most of them requiring a marshy ground, like the wild rice of our northern lakes. Still there are varieties, such as the dry or mountain rice (Oryza Mutica), raised in Ceylon, Java, Hungary and Virginia. This latter kind is, however, not prolific, producing only fifteen or twenty bushels to the acre, while the swamp rice has produced ninety bushels, yielding forty-eight pounds of clean rice to the bushel. To the Chinese as to the Southern Hindoos it is the great staple of food, and their word for rice, Fan, enters into many combinations. A beggar is called Tou-fan-tee, that is "The Rice-seeking One." Even the ordinary salutation, "Che fan?" answering to our "How do you do?" means "Have you had your rice?"

Rennie mentions that our countrywoman, Madame de Bourboulon, when walking near the French Legation at Peking, while her husband was Minister in China, was invariably saluted by the women of the neighborhood with the "Che fan?" showing a kindly feeling to this French-American lady that they never extended to men, of whom they never inquired whether they had had their rice or not.

Rice growing in swampy lands subject to a fever is a grain that defies European constitutions. Negroes, Hindoos and coolies seem alone able to bear the malaria.

Rice grows in a sort of hull that does not easily come off, and has to be removed by rubbing or beating. Our illustration shows a Chinese apparatus for thus cleaning the grain. The hopper in the centre receives it, and it is then ground between the stones, not set so as to crush the grain, but only to free them from the hulls. A rice bowl and chopsticks are added, as these are the almost uniform articles set before the people, and with which rice is eaten.

Of the whole rice crop in China we have no statistics. In the United States, in 1850, more than two hundred and fifteen millions of pounds were raised, though in 1860 it had declined to one hundred and eighty-seven millions, and is now undoubtedly much less, as housekeepers no doubt infer, from the higher prices.

RICE-BOWL AND CHOPSTICKS.

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